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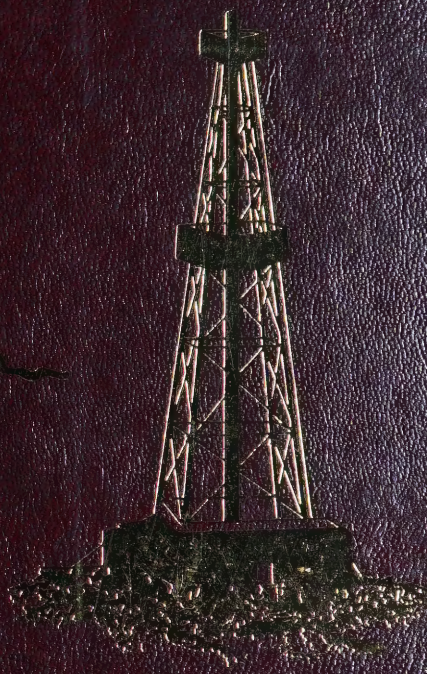
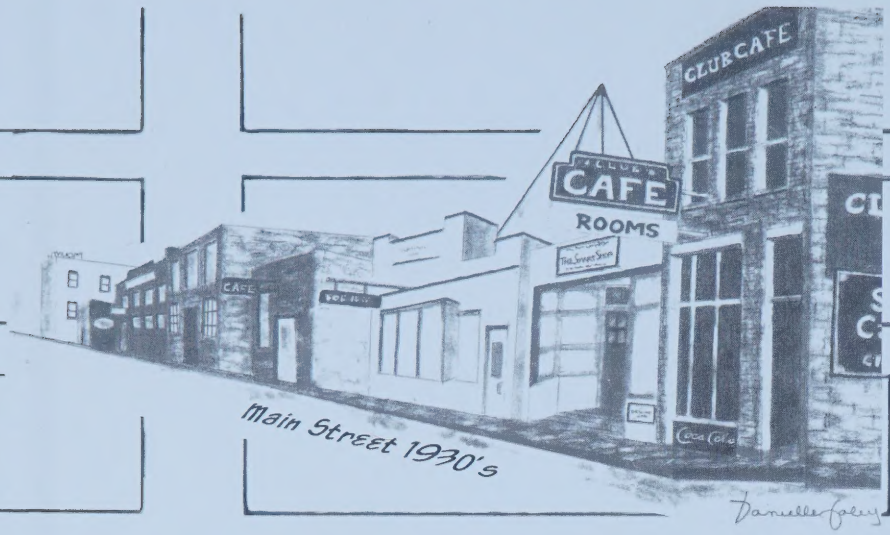
The Days After Yesterday



Rocky Mountain House / Nordegg and Area History



Res. Bucknall

Church Anglican

Res. Bretts

51 Ave

Res. J. Moules

Res. B. Ross

Res. Van Norman

Barn

Look - Out Tower

Lands & Forests Office

50 Ave

Barn Joe Moules

Res. J. Allen

Res. Jackson

Imperial Bank

Main Street

Church Presby

Manse

Res. E. Ross

Res. Steifox

Dr. Office Blumis

Res. Hannah

Res Pederson

Meat Pete Prato

R.W. General Store - Driscoll

51 Ave

Church Catholic

Res. S. Hoocker

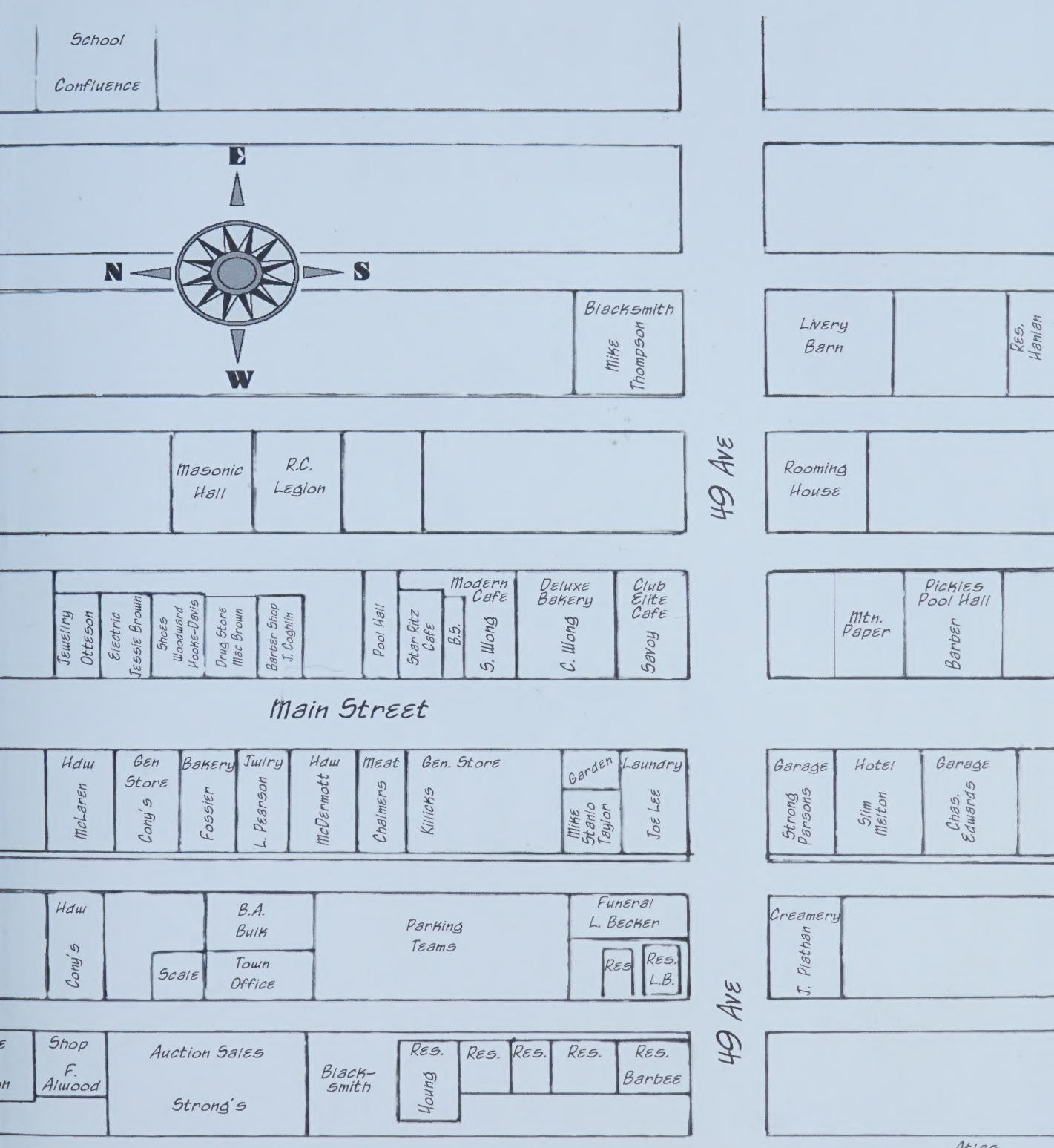
Res. W.J. Kirby

Post Office

Res.

Dr. Office

50 Ave


School
Confluence
E
N
S
W
Blacksmith
Mike Thompson
Livery Barn
Res. Hanlan
Masonic Hall
R.C. Legion
49 Ave
Rooming House
Jewellry Otteson
Electric Jessie Brown
Shoes Woodward Hooks-Davis
Drug Store Mac Brown
Barber Shop T. Coghlin
Pool Hall
Star Ritz Cafe
B.S.
Modern Cafe S. Wong
Deluxe Bakery C. Wong
Club Elite Cafe Savoy
Mtn. Paper
Pickles Pool Hall Barber
Main Street
Hdw McLaren
Gen Store Cony's
Bakery Fossier
Jwlry L. Pearson
Hdw McDermott
Meat Chalmers
Gen. Store Killicks
Garden Mike Stanio Taylor
Laundry Joe Lee
Garage Strong Parsons
Hotel Slim Melton
Garage Chas. Edwards
Hdw Cony's
B.A. Bulk
Scale
Town Office
Parking Teams
Funeral L. Becker
Res
Res. L.B.
Creamery J. Plathan
49 Ave
Shop F. Alwood
Auction Sales
Strong's
Black-smith
Res. Young
Res.
Res.
Res.
Res. Barbee
Atlas Lumber Co.

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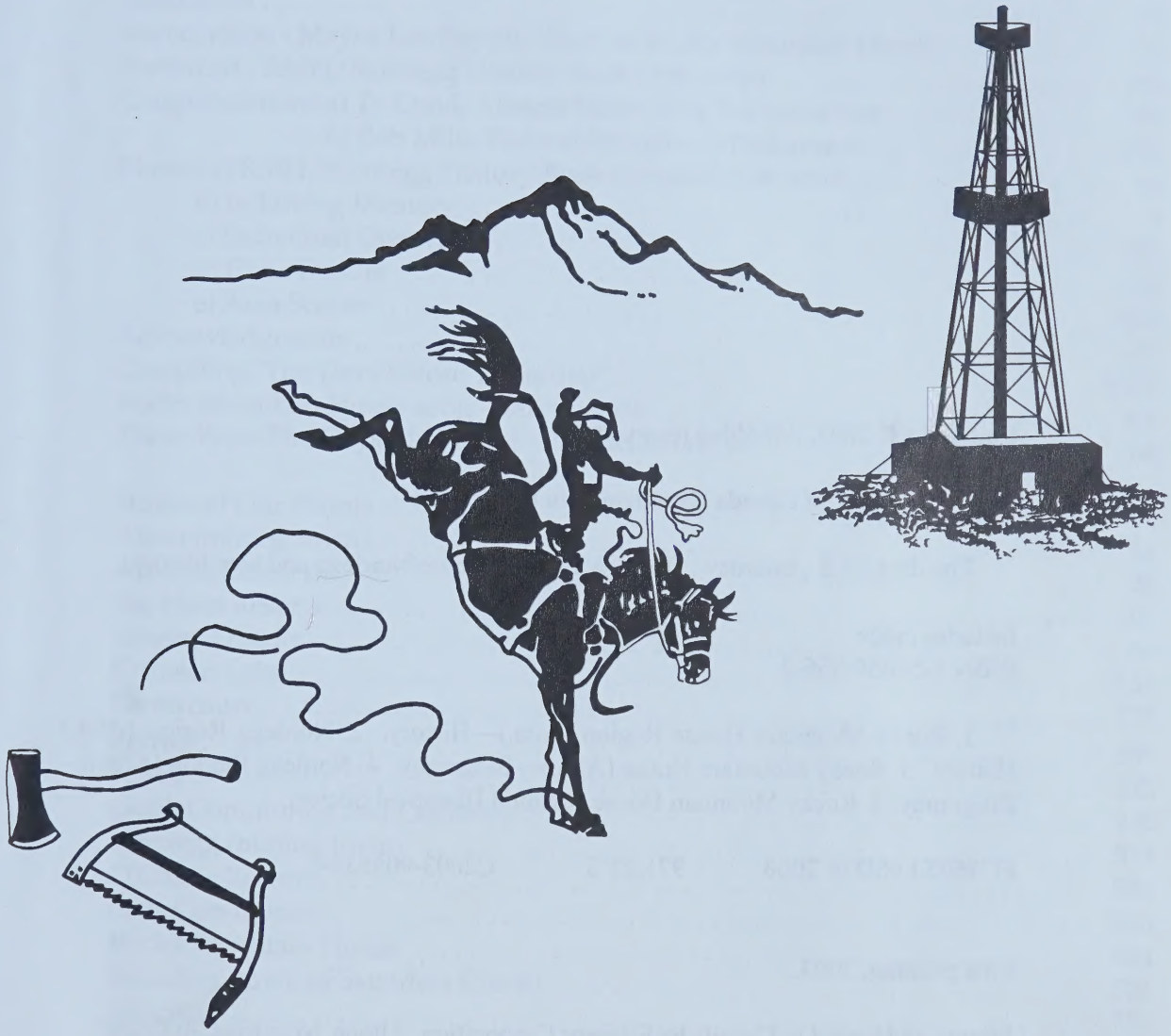
The Days After Yesterday



Rocky Mountain House / Nordegg and Area History

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DEDICATION

Father God:
We keep forgetting all those who have lived before us.
We keep forgetting those who lived and worked in our communities.
We keep forgetting what our fathers have done before us.
We commit the sin, Lord, of assuming that everything begins with us.
We drink from wells we did not find.
We eat food from farmland we did not develop.
We enjoy freedoms we did not earn.
We worship in churches we did not build.
We live in communities we did not establish.
Today, make us grateful for our heritage
as we dedicate this book to those who have gone before us.
Amen

TOWN OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE

P.O. BOX 1509 5116 50 AVENUE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE AB T4T 1B2

March 20, 2003

To Members of the History Book Committee, Rocky Mountain House

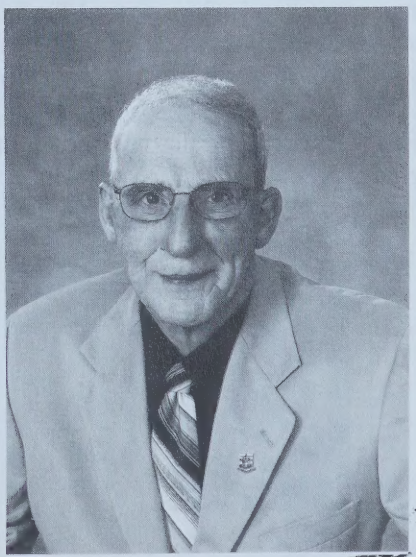
The great essentials in life are something to do, something to love, something to hope for. These are what make up the characters of our forefathers of this area.

This collection of the early history of this area by so many volunteers is to be commended. The stories shared tell of the joys, the sadness, and the extreme hardships that were involved in opening up the west. Why did they come and from where? The countries of the world are too numerous to name where they came from. Their hope was to make a better life for themselves and their children. The recording of these stories is a challenge to our children, not only in understanding the hardships endured by their ancestors but to work and persevere for the challenges put to themselves by their own future. It is also understanding how the early settlers lived while maintaining the traditions they brought with them. These all together make for a richer and more productive future for all.

Congratulations on your completed project.

Sincerely,

D.L. (Lou) Soppit
Mayor "Mayor Lou"



Foreword

From the early 1900s to the present day, our area—the Rocky Mountain House/Nordegg belt which lies in the foothills and eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains—has attracted a special type of citizenry. By virtue of the rugged terrain our residents have, by necessity, been hardy individuals who have traditionally coped with harsh conditions. Early pioneers were wonderful storytellers, and we are certain you'll agree that both former and present-day residents have held with tradition as they describe various aspects of their heritage in "The Days After Yesterday."

Some narratives are statistical, while others follow an old-time storytelling technique, prompting either a tear or a hearty laugh.

Rather than offering separate chapters for each district in our area, or a lengthy introduction, "The Days After Yesterday" plunges right into our most important feature—the stories of our people, presented in alphabetical order.

Since history is made each day, "The Days After Yesterday" differs from many history books in its contemporary approach. And by happy coincidence, the personal histories begin with our two youngest contributors, Hyland and Montana Abraham.

In the words of an ancient philosopher, we have attempted to "draw back the curtain that surrounds each other's lives," to foster love through understanding. We sincerely hope "The Days After Yesterday" helps us to view our neighbors, friends and relatives in the best possible light. The RMH/Nordegg History Book Committee invites you to sit back and enjoy; you are in for a real treat.

ALBERTA
MINISTER OF INFRASTRUCTURE

February 26th, 2003

TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE REUNION AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY
& MEMBERS OF THE HISTORY BOOK COMMITTEE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE MUSEUM

On behalf of Premier Ralph Klein and my Alberta Caucus colleagues, I am honoured to have this opportunity to extend sincere congratulations to the Rocky Mountain House Reunion and Historical Society, and the History Book Committee of the Rocky Mountain House Museum upon the publication of "THE DAYS AFTER YESTERDAY".

As a third generation farmer in our constituency, and one who has been closely associated with Rocky Mountain House and area and its citizens over the last two decades, I welcome this chance to commend all who volunteered their time toward the crafting of this book.

I understand that over 620 stories and more than 1500 photographs were submitted to the committee, making their work a real challenge! Faced with far more material than they could use in the book itself, the committee came up with the innovative idea of putting the extra stories and photos on a CD ROM, which will be included at the back of the book.

"THE DAYS AFTER YESTERDAY" is unique in some other respects as well. Many stories and photos of the historic Nordegg community are included, and will guarantee an interesting read! As well, the committee members spent hundreds of hours interviewing the residents of the Sunchild, O'Chiese and Big Horn Reserves. The result is some wonderful stories of our community's aboriginal ancestors which have never before been published anywhere in Alberta.

Our provincial government was pleased to be able to contribute grant funding to make the writing and publication of this landmark history book possible. It will be an enduring legacy, preserving our local history for the benefit of the present and future generations.

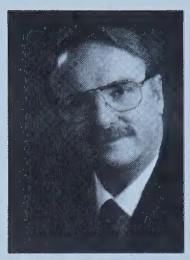
We have much to celebrate in our community! The Rocky Mountain House Bicentennial celebrations in 1999 recognized the 200th Anniversary of the contributions of our forefathers, and their courage and vision.

Again, my hearty congratulations to the many who have given unselfishly of their time and efforts to make this book an enduring legacy!

Sincerely,

Ty Lund, M.L.A.
Rocky Mountain House
Minister

424 Legislature Building, Edmonton, Alberta T5K 2B6 Telephone 780/427-2080 Fax 780/422-2722



Dear Friends:

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the committee and residents from the Rocky Mountain House and Nordegg areas on the completion of the history book The Days After Yesterday.

The west country, full of heritage and adventure, is one of the most exciting areas within the Province of Alberta. The beautiful setting, with its rich history and pioneer families, truly reflects the spirit of the west. Through diversification in the lumber industry, agriculture and numerous entrepreneurs, the west country has become a land of opportunity for the many individuals that have settled in the area and enriched the history of Alberta.

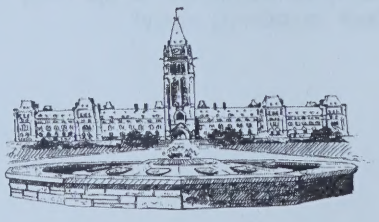
I have had the opportunity to travel around the globe and experienced a great deal, however when I come back to our riding I realize how proud and thankful I am to be a Canadian, living and working alongside people such as yourselves.

I am sure that this book will provide hours of reading and entertainment of days gone by and dreams that have become reality today. Congratulations!

Yours truly,

Bob Mills

Bob Mills, MP
Red Deer



History Book Work Bee at Lorraine Schroderus' home

"Days After Yesterday" float 2002
- photo by Terry Gray

- photo by Brian Mazza

History Book Committee

Front Row: Irene Salmon, Annette Gray, Angie Edgerton, Dick Howard
2nd Row: Grace Proskow, Helen Zander, Margaret Devlieger, Marian McEwen, Shirley Garrett, Dena Miller, Gen Lecerf
Back Row: Lord Beaudin, Dennis Gray, Gordon Lee, Lawrence Stewart
Missing: Joan Beaudin, Barb Richardson, Edna Penner, Margaret Martin, Viljo Kohtala, Brian Mazza

Rocky Mountain House Museum

Happiness is working with friends.

Marion McCauchlan Armstrong
Born 1865
Died 1925

Alex Bertagnolli
Born December 22, 1916
Died October 17, 1996

Edna Brown
Born November 12, 1912
Died January 2, 2002

In Loving Memory

Time is . . .
Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love - -
Time is Eternity.

Michelle Diane Berthiaume
Born May 18, 1968
Died October 26, 1986

Harold James Bryant
Born July 10, 1910
Died February 12, 2000

Hugh M. Cooke
Born 1896
Died June 3, 1968

Stella Cooke
Born 1911
Died August 10, 1987

Harland Conkey
Born February 12, 1920
Died May 20, 1986

Colin Davis
Born May 4, 1965
Died November 28, 1993

Virginia Belle Denis
Born May 26, 1959
Died January 5, 2002

Harold Munro Dyer
Born June 23, 1924
Died January 1, 1996

William Bruce Graham
Born November 24, 1942
Died June 11, 1994

In Loving Memory

What comfort there can be
in the warmth of memory.

Josephine Gray
Born 1900
Died 1992

Ira Gray
Born 1894
Died 1964

Filomena Gray
Born 1910
Died 1997

Tommy Gray
Born 1903
Died 1975

Robert Graham
Died 1926

Nettie Graham
Died 1961

Rakel Killick
Born October 21, 1902
Born 1908

Harold Killick
Died 1976
Died 2000

William Teasdale Graham
Born March 19, 1909
Died May 3, 1994

Patricia Gertrude Graham
Born Mar 17, 1920
Died February 5, 1999

Joyce Orava
Born May 9, 1928
Died June 26, 2001

Gerald R. McCaw
Born August 8, 1958
Died February 9, 2000

Bob Orava
Born May 31, 1966
Died July 15, 1990

In Loving Memory

Though you've lost someone so special
and your sorrow is so deep,
May you find true consolation
in the memories you keep.

John Rodtka
Born August 13, 1920
Died February 22, 1995

Peter Pennet
Born 1917
Died February 26, 1999

Fern Rooke
Died March 31, 2003

Richard (Dick) Rooke
Died July 17, 2000

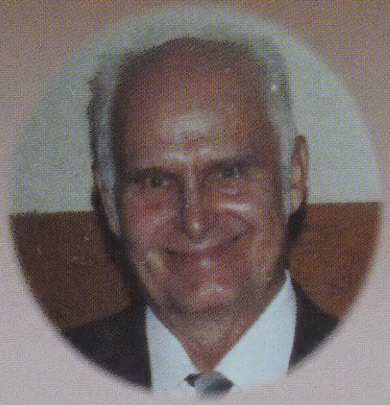
Pierre LeCerf
Born April 25, 1897
Died August 27, 1982

Blanche LeCerf
Born March 14, 1899
Died December 24, 1980

Ada Belle Killick
Died 1969

Jack Killick
Died 1973

Elenor Corretta Sands
Born 1902
Died 1984



Harry Arthur Salmon
Born May 7, 1914
Died August 30, 2000

James Prentiss Sands
Born 1921
Died 1945

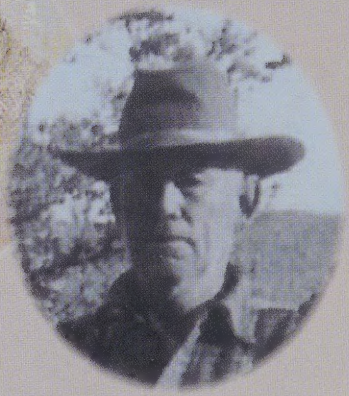
In Loving Memory

In life we loved you dearly
In death we love you still
In our hearts you hold a special place
No one could ever fill.

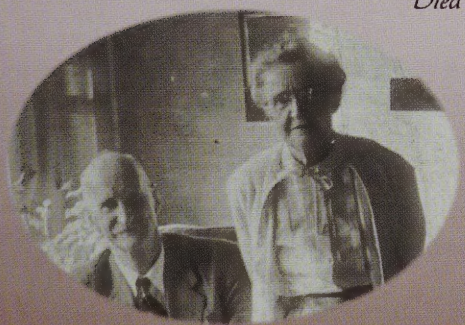
Francis George Siddall
Born April 2, 1913
Died November 3, 2001

Arie Valstar
Born August 7, 1906
Died August 21, 1996

Nel Valstar
Born May 9, 1907
Died May 12, 1981



Clarence Sever Sands
Born 1883
Died 1952



Henry Stelfox
Born 1883
Died 1974

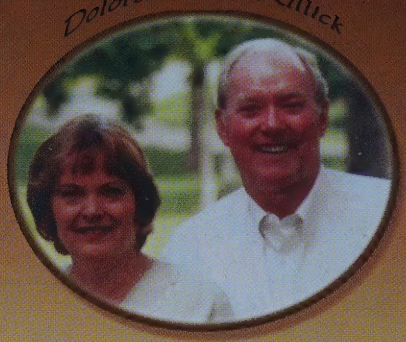
Janet Stelfox
Born 1888
Died 1958

Clarice Moore Sinclair
Born September 22, 1915
Died May 21, 2002

William Sinclair
Born November 14, 1909
Died April 5, 1985

Many Thanks For Generous Cash Donations

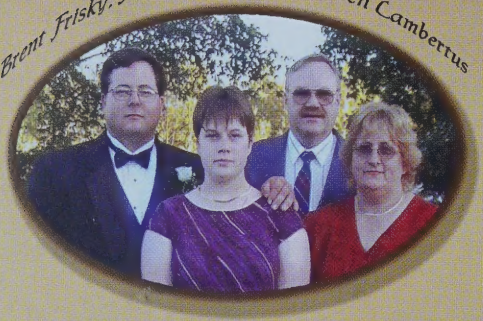
Dolores & Jack Killick



The Sackela-Geiger Family
Haley, Alexa, RoseMarie, Jere

Joan & Pat McDonald

Brent Frisky, Amber, George & Doreen Cambertus

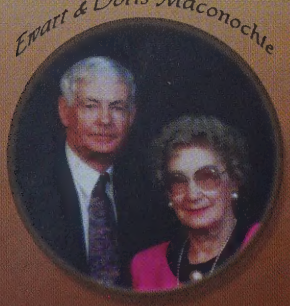


Wendy & Ron Killick

Foothills Tank Rentals Ltd.

Dennis & Annette Gray

Ewart & Doris Maconochie



Also thanks to Husky Oil Operations Limited, Weldwood of Canada Limited, Quinn Construction Ltd., Jack and Angie Edgerton, Marion McEwen, Brian Mazza

Town Council
Rocky Mountain House
October 2001

Brazeau Collieries in Nordegg
- photo by Christy Meese

- photo by Christy Meese

- photo by Terry Gray

Clearwater County Council
2003

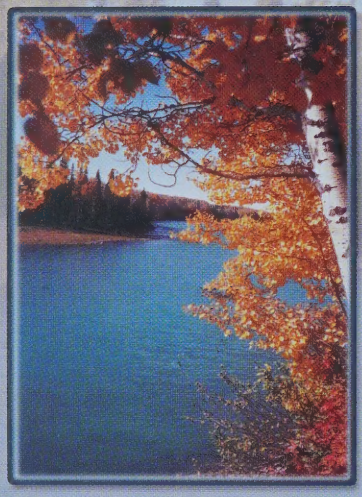
Red Deer & District Community Foundation

ALBERTA HISTORICAL RESOURCES FOUNDATION

ALBERTA LOTTERY FUND

The West Country

2000 Celebrations at Old Fort National Historic Site, Rocky Mountain House



North Saskatchewan River
- photo by Annette Gray

- photo by Terry Gray

Abraham Lake
-photo by Annette Gray

Painting by Maurice Louison
formerly of the O'Chiese/Sunchild

Acknowledgments

On behalf of the History Book Committee I wish to acknowledge all those who have helped in the production of "The Days After Yesterday."

Firstly, hats-off to my fellow committee members for their "devotion to the cause." From inception, our committee (a subcommittee of the RMH Reunion Historical Society) has worked independently, soliciting volunteers and funds, interviewing and writing histories, computerizing data and attending meetings. Sincere thanks to each and every committee member. It has been a wonderful experience working side-by-side without a single word of dissension—a time when new friendships were made and old friendships cultivated.

Secondly, a big thank you to the Rocky Mountain House Museum directors and staff for providing a meeting room and allowing us to use the museum as a correspondence depot.

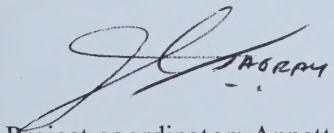
Thanks to those who contributed stories and pictures; your view of history helped compile a history book worthy of passing down to future generations. Special thanks to our typists, proof readers, photographers, those who baked cookies for "cookie walks," worked on parade floats and assisted with book sales. Some of you were unable to attend meetings regularly, but worked long and hard in the background. Your help was greatly appreciated.

To those who provided much needed funds, either by way of grants, cash donations or memorial contributions, we say "thank you." We are particularly grateful for financial assistance from the Town of Rocky Mountain House, the County of Clearwater, The Alberta Historical Resources Foundation, The Alberta Lottery Fund and the Red Deer and District Community Foundation. Without these funds this project would not have been possible.

We regret not being able to name all of our contributors. Your time, effort and talents have made a difference in the lives of a great many people. You will be fondly remembered in the memoirs of future storytellers.

To quote Albert Schweitzer, "I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who have sought and found how to serve."

A heartfelt "thank you" to one and all.



Project coordinator: Annette Gray

COMPILING "THE DAYS AFTER YESTERDAY"

Main Crew: Annette Gray (coordinator/editor), Marian McEwen (secretary), Angie Edgerton (treasurer), Irene Salmon (custodian of photos), Barbara Richardson (main typist), Dena Miller(coeditor), Joan Beaudin, Shirley Garrett, Viljo Kohtala, Margaret Martin, Helen Zander (proofreaders), and Grace Proscow, Fran Teskey, Lord Beaudin, Dennis Gray, Gordon Lea, Lawrence Stewart (special assistants)

CD ROM and Correspondent: Brian Mazza

Name the Book: Margaret Devlieger
Cover Design: by Vilma Ebl
Rodeo—a Crossover from Pioneer to Present-day Entertainment

Colour-page design: Dean and Wendy Jorden

Typists (alphabetically): Pat Anderson, Pat Cowan, Daphne Ferrey, Teresa Ferrey, Marlene Konynenbelt, Lisa Muckle, Cheryl Paisley, Karen Paquette, Rose Mary Pengelly, Kim Sentes, Doreen Thomsen, Marilyn Train, Corrine Williams, Nicole Wynn

Research: Carrie Mason, Pat McDonald, Edna Penner, Phyllis Redcalf.

Other helpers (alphabetically): Anne Belliveau, Dan and Helen Brockman, Winnie Chevalier, Donna Clark, Betty Cumberland, Richard Edwards, Nina Evashkevich, Daphne Ferry, Teresa Ferry, Doreen Fey, Lynn Fish, Edith Fitch, Allison Frisky, Jack Galloway, Janna Grandy, Dennis and Terry Gray, Melissa Gray, Lauren Hare, Roger Horne, Lynn Horsman, Dick Howard, Mary Jacobson, Ken Janigo, Jessie Johnston, Ashley Kennedy, Cameron Kirby, Andrea Lagriox, Maxine LaSalle, Gen LeCerf, Jean Marie Mason, Irene Medin, Christy Meese, Nathan Moore, Katie Otto, Marvin Peterson, Walter Prokopetz, Clarence Raivio, John Reid, Rose Marie Sackela-Geiger, Lorraine Schroderus, Ramona Stewart, Tracy Sugden, Withrow Weaver, Debra and Megan Wynn.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN MEMORIES

(Written By LARRY SANDS)

HEADING WEST OF THE FOUR LANE, 54 TO CAROLINE,
NORTHWEST UP INTO ROCKY, MY HOME TOWN'S ON MY MIND
AS I TURNED THE FIVE-MILE CORNER, MY HEART WAS BEATING FAST
THINKING OF MY OLD HOME TOWN, WHEN I'D SEEN IT LAST

CHORUS:
ROCKY MOUNTAIN MEMORIES
ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE WILL BE
ROCKY MOUNTAIN MEMORIES TO ME

AS I PULLED INTO THE COUNTRY TOWN I'D LEFT SO LONG AGO
THE WIDE PAVED ROADS, INDUSTRIAL PARKS,
GOOD LORD THEY CHANGED IT SO.
AS I WALKED ON DOWN THROUGH MAIN STREET
OF THE TOWN I ONCE KNEW
WELL STRANGE FACES PASSING HERE AND THERE,
WHO I WAS NO ONE COULD TELL

REPEAT CHORUS

STOPPED AND REMINISCED AWHILE WITH FRIENDS I USED TO KNOW
TALKED ABOUT THE OLD TIMES, WHERE DID ROY AND WILLIE GO,
TALKED ABOUT THE GOOD TIMES, ASKED ABOUT A FEW OLD FLAMES
SOME WERE HERE AND SOME WERE GONE,
I DIDN'T KNOW THEIR MARRIED NAMES

REPEAT CHORUS

HEADI NG EAST ON #11, MY HOME TOWN'S NOW BEHIND.
AS I TURNED THE FIVE-MILE CORNER,
THOUGHTS WERE RUNNING THROUGH MY MIND
WHEN I'LL BE HEADING BACK THIS WAY,
ONCE MORE MY FRIENDS TO SEE
HEY I DON'T KNOW, BUT 'TIL THAT TIME,
I'VE MADE MORE MEMORIES.

REPEAT CHORUS

THOSE WERE THE DAYS MY FRIEND

by local historian, Pat McDonald

Up and at it! Those were the first words you heard in the cold Alberta mornings of long ago. There was no second call as you crawled out of your straw-tick mattress laid over the wooden slat bed. With the temperature almost as cold inside as outside, you made a beeline for the heater to huddle around it for a moment as you struggled to dress near the stove. It seemed so early, but as you reluctantly pulled on your chore clothes you could hear the fire in the kitchen stove begin to crackle. You splashed your face with cold water from an enamel wash basin in the kitchen. Now you were awake! There was no fighting with brother or sister over time in the bathroom. There was no bathroom—in most cases just a cool jaunt to the outdoor privy with the Eaton's Catalogue.

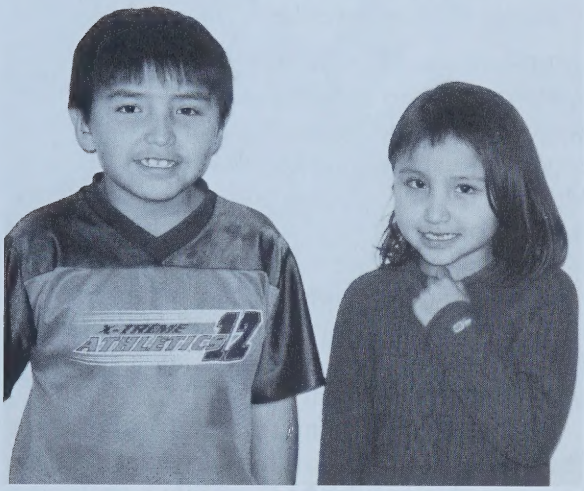
Then on to chores. For some it was helping in the kitchen, making beds and preparing school lunches. For others there were outside chores. Some had livestock to feed and water, stalls to clean, pigs to feed and cows to milk. Once the chores were finished, it was time for breakfast and changing to school clothes. Entertainment was what you made it then, and pioneers thought nothing of a twenty-five mile ride in a sleigh to a dance, sometimes taking the piano with them. Social gatherings were very precious. Children accompanied their parents as there were no sitters, and were put to sleep under any available chair or table. People danced until dawn to avoid going home in the dark and cold.

Old-timers admit there were very harsh times, but the memories seem to become more tear-filled and nostalgic when they remember times such as Christmas amidst the cold and the want. The winters were long and bitterly cold, with no central heating, and homesteaders relied on the big stove in the kitchen. Bricks would often be heated in the oven, or on top of the stove, and then placed in towels and flannels to heat the beds. With temperatures hovering sometimes near 50 below there were nights when, in the cold and the stillness of a wintry night, you could hear the cracking of the trees.

Before the coming of the telephone or the radio, communication was difficult as was the isolation. One did not always see the neighbour who might live miles away. Sometimes a sound or even chimney smoke was all that would let you know that your neighbours were okay. At harvest time there were the memories of the threshing crews who could eat you out of house and home. But Ah! The aromas! Blueberry fields, pies baking in the oven, the smell of hot crunchy baked bread made in those deep bread pans, not like today where you can take one loaf with all its nutrients added and squish it down to one good homesteader slice. Remember the aroma of fresh baked beans in those bean crocks with slices of bacon and pork added, home made butter, and the soups!

There was always the welcome sight of those first crops; the sight of grain; the smell of fresh straw. A good yield would mean bills could be paid with, hopefully, a little left over for the coming year. Maybe next year another piece of the quarter section could be cleared.

ABRAHAM, Hyland and Montana
as told to Annette Gray



Hyland and Montana Abraham.

Hyland and Montana Abraham (pictured here), are great-great-grandchildren of Silas Abraham, for whom Lake Abraham is named. They make their home at Big Horn with their mother, Lorraine Abraham, who is a trained health care specialist and works at the Big Horn Health Centre.

Their grandfather was Morgan Abraham, son of Norman and Bella Abraham, and Hyland and Montana have four brothers and sisters. The family in order of birth are Barrilyn, Todd, Stephen, Blaine, Hyland and Montana. Barrilyn, Todd and Stephen first started school in Rocky Mountain House because the Big Horn School was shut down for a period of time when the children were young.

The children's mother, Lorraine Abraham, took her schooling at the reserve when Mr. and Mrs. Penner were teaching at the Big Horn. Lorraine received further education in Drumheller, then went to take occupational training in community health care at Lac La Biche, north of Edmonton. She has worked as a CHR (Community Health Representative) for nine years and helps the regional nurse two days a week, working at the health center each Monday and Friday. Lorraine enjoys crocheting and beadwork and takes Hyland and Montana to watch hockey games—and they really enjoy the games if their older brothers are scoring goals.

ABRAHAM, Joe and Verda
as told to Annette Gray

Verda came to the Big Horn Reserve in 1960 as the young wife of Joe Abraham. Joe is the son of John Abraham and grandson of Silas Abraham from whom Lake Abraham takes its name. Since there was no power or indoor plumbing on the Big Horn until 1970, Verda had to wash clothes by hand, scrubbing them on a scrub board. At first her family used to travel by team and wagon, and when they needed groceries they had to make the long trip to Nordegg. Later they went to Rocky Mountain House for groceries and medical care.

When Verda's babies were born, she made them traditional bonnets. A layer of six bonnets were worn until the baby was a year old. Her daughters' bonnets were trimmed with lace, and her infant sons wore caps. The babies were placed in moss bags (bags lined with moss, picked and dried by the women for the purpose of keeping the infant clean and dry). Babies never got diaper rash in these bags as the moss had great healing power.

Verda says she is fortunate to have a happy marriage. Her mother-in-law, Annie Abraham,

Joe and Verda Abraham's granddaughter at the 2002 Big Horn Students' Powwow.

taught her many things, such as how to tan hides and make moccasins.

Six girls and three boys were born to Joe and Verda. They are Eldred, Rayline, Joeline, Yolanda, Michelle, Vincent, Harry, Lindsay and Eldrena. All were born either in Calgary or Rocky Mountain House.

Sons, Eldred and Vince, competed in local rodeos. Eldred was a regular contestant in bulldogging and Vince, saddle-bronc and bull riding. Verda's eldest daughter used to ride a horse to school, a distance of two miles. Her daughters enjoyed skating in the winter when the Bighorn River froze. Whether horseback riding or skating, girls had to wear dresses in those days, and this was not always practical. However, there has been a change in policy, and today girls on the reserve can wear jeans and shorts if they choose to.

Joe and Verda have thirty-six grandchildren, the eldest of which is twenty-four and the youngest is an infant of ten months. They also have seven great-grandchildren ranging from eight to one year of age.

ABRAHAM, Marvin and Eleanor
as told to Annette Gray

Marvin Abraham and children, Tracey and Wacey.

Marvin was born in 1960, in Calgary Hospital, and grew up at Big Horn. Marvin's father always had horses, so Marvin came by his love of horses and horsemanship skills quite naturally. Marvin, his father and both of his brothers trained horses and also took part in rodeo events. Marvin was a regular participant in bareback and saddle bronc events until he suffered a back injury after being thrown against steel panels at Daines Rodeo School. After that he took part in team roping for several years.

Now, he is content to watch others get "bucked off" at rodeos, while he drives a school bus, something which has kept him busy for the past fifteen years. However, he still runs an average of thirty horses. Of these he keeps eight as saddle horse for recreational riding.

Marvin's wife, Eleanor, was born at Hobbema and raised in the nearby Smallboy camp in the Nordegg area. She enjoys sewing and designing costumes and her work is absolutely gorgeous. Some costumes are custom made for paying clients who have specially ordered them.

Marvin took his schooling on the reserve, and his teacher was Mrs. Lamb.

Marvin's father was Morgan Abraham, his grandparents were Norman and Bella Abraham and his great-grandfather was Silas Abraham.

Marvin and Eleanor's children are Tyson, Lance, Crystal, Wasey and Tracey. The older boys are involved in Junior B Hockey and play for the Nakoda Eagles, a Morley team. There is a lot of travelling to be done when the boys are

playing in the league. This winter, Marvin has driven the boys to hockey games as far south as Standoff, and as far north as Paul Band Reserve—and many places in between.

Pictured here are Marvin and his two youngest children, Tracey and Wacey. Tracey is a "Mother's Helper," and often helps Eleanor with sewing and appliqué projects. The children have a very affectionate black Lab named "Al," who believes he's an important member of the Abraham family.

Rock and Charlie Abraham.

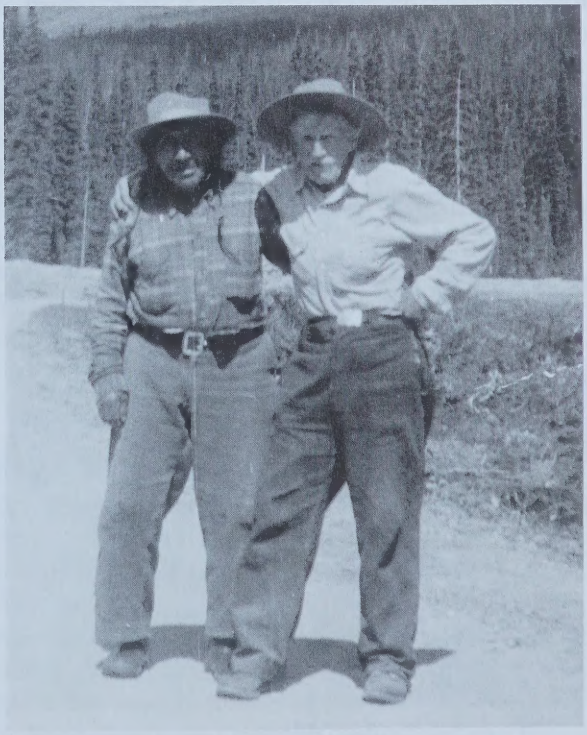
Copper teepee at Abraham Lake named for Silas.

ABRAHAM, Silas
as told to Annette Gray

Silas Abraham attended the agricultural school in Morley and was one of the first people to take up permanent residence on the Big Horn Reserve in the early 1940s. After construction of the Bighorn Dam, the body of water backed up behind the dam became the very picturesque Abraham Lake, named in honour of Silas Abraham. A woodsman, hunter and a revered elder, Silas died in the late 60s and is buried on a hillside overlooking the Bighorn River.

Silas has many direct descendants still living on the Big Horn Reserve, through his sons, Norman (the father of Morgan and Charlie Abraham), and John (the father of Joe and William Abraham).

Morgan Abraham's children are Lorraine, Marvin, Harvey and Boyd. Charlie has many children, too.



Silas Abraham and Tom Wilson.

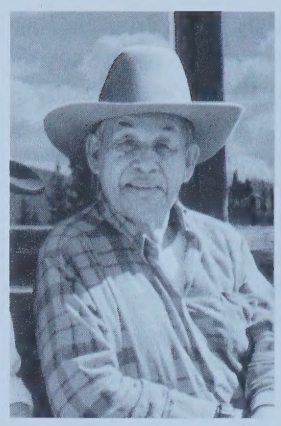
Joe Abraham and his wife, Verda (Pouchette) Abraham, have nine children, thirty-six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Many of Silas Abraham's descendants performed traditional dances at the Annual Children's Powwow held in June 2002, in Nordegg Hall.

ABRAHAM, Rock / BEAVER, Linda
as told to Carrie Mason

Rock and Linda Abraham have been wonderful role models for the aboriginal people for many years. They have raised a large family who are promoting Christian principles and carrying forth stories and dances from the "Traditional Stoney Culture."

Rock was born December 8th, 1943, on the Hobbema Reserve; he was raised on the Big Horn Reserve with his parents, Norman Abraham and Jenny Rabbit, (see the Schug story for more information).

Like the rest of the family, Rock has pleasant memories of his father, Norman Abraham, who was loved and respected by many. He is remembered for his kind and Christian ways and also for the political contributions he made to the Big Horn Reserve. Rock recalls the stories told by his father about the government sending men out in the beginning of the century to "take names" (and count heads) in the Kootenay Plains area,



Norman Abraham.

then known as "Saskatchewan River Valley." He also told of traveling with John and Joe Rabbit Sr. (twins) to Cold Lake every year to attend meetings as representatives of the Stoney Tribe at Kootenay Plains, from 1938 to 1943. Then in 1943 the government recognized the establishment of the Big Horn Reserve, and by 1948 band membership had been established.

Rock was married to Linda Beaver in the late 70s, and most of their married life has been lived at Big Horn Reserve and Rocky Mountain House. However, they now live in Caroline, Alberta, and have been there for several years.

Rock and Linda have eight children. Their names are Josephine, 26, Juanita, 16, (attending school at Living Faith near Caroline), Celina 25, (living in Caroline and working in Rocky), Joanie, 22, (also attending Living Faith and working in Rocky), J.R., (living at home, awaiting kidney transplant), Sylas, 19, Aaron, 18, (attending Living Faith School) and Nathan, 17.

The boys are in various stages of learning traditional teachings and native crafts and art. The girls have been involved with playing and singing gospel music since they were very young. Linda and Celina play guitar and Josephine plays electric bass. They have been a familiar

Rock Abraham.

Norman, Jenny and grandchild (Rock's daughter, Josephine).

sound at weddings, funerals, summer camps and services for several years.

Rock and Linda are a popular team, providing cultural awareness workshops for a variety of venues and bringing their joyful sound of gospel music to gatherings all around Alberta.

AHEARN, Barb (King)

From top left, clockwise: Barry, Mitchell, Roxanne, Barb, circa 1992.

I am Barbara Lynn Ahearn, daughter of Lloyd and Florence King. I was born in Rocky Mountain House in August of 1957. I moved to Red Deer after graduation, the summer I turned 18, and now consider Red Deer my home as I have lived here longer than in Rocky.

The other day my sister, Patty, and my niece, Caitlin, were driving up the street in Rocky when Caitlin saw the sandwich board advertising the Rams' game, and she asked her mom if she could go. I did not realize that the Rams still had a hockey team. When I was younger I went with my dad every Wednesday and Saturday and actually watched the games and, to this day, I still love watching hockey.

I remember when main street started at the show hall (movie theatre) and ended at the next intersection part way up the hill. I see some of the same businesses are still there, like the Ritz Cafe and the Smart Shop. As teenagers we hung out at the Ritz, never dreaming there would ever be a Boston Pizza in town! Quite a few of the old businesses are gone. My mom used to get groceries at Cony's Store on main street, and there is now a 7-Eleven where the Burger Baron was that I used to work at.

We used to trek to "Big Rock," which was in a mass of trees and is now surrounded by houses. We would speculate on how the rock got there, falling out of nowhere. We used to ride our bikes to Crimson Lake. This would be out of the question for young children on today's busy highway.

My husband, Barry, is an oilfield consultant who works in the Rocky area a lot of the time. Our son, Mitchell, turns 23 in February of 2002. From the time he was a baby until now, hockey has been his focus. He played his junior years in B. C. and Saskatchewan, and last season he played for the College Kings. This year he is in Oklahoma City. Our daughter, Roxanne, will turn 20 in May of 2002. She is trying to find her niche in life and has been to college off and on and cannot decide what to take. She works at a car wash for now and has applied for a work visa to Australia, so the adventure begins. I am an Iridologist and Health Consultant. I like working with people and helping them see the benefits of good nutrition, herbs and vitamins.

When I was growing up, Rocky was still a small town. I have the feeling that in no time it will be classified as a city. Our family is growing as well. We get together for a camp-out every May long weekend, and this year we will have another addition to our family. Our youngest brother and his wife will have a new baby in March. Although I have not lived in Rocky in quite sometime, I feel a kinship as that is where my roots are.

AHLSTROM, Garth and family

Garth, the youngest of Vic and Ida's children, lives with his wife, Aline (Smar), on a farm north of Leslieville. Along with farming both Garth and Aline work for the Clearwater Feeders Association. For a number of years, Garth worked at Edwards Garage and is well known in the Rocky community. Garth and Aline enjoy horseback riding and entertaining friends and family. They have two sons, Shane and Teryl.

Shane is married to Julie (Perepelkin) and they have a baby daughter, Georgeanna. At the

Back row: Teryl, Julie, Georgeanna, Shane.
Front: Garth, Ida, Aline.

present time they are living and working in the Dawson Creek/Fort St. John area.

Teryl lives near Leslieville and works part time for the Clearwater Association and for Ahlstrom Construction. Life is never dull around Teryl as he has a way of bringing a smile to all his friends and family.

AHLSTROM, Lavern and family

Gordon and Pauline (Ahlstrom) Leslie with children Glenn and Melinda.

Lavern, Victor and Ida Ahlstrom's second son, continues to farm with his wife, Coral (Peterson), and their son, John. Lavern's farm is a quarter mile east of his parents' home place. Lavern and Coral's daughter, Pauline, is married to Gordon Leslie. They have two children, Melinda and Glenn. Pauline and Gordon farm in the Leslieville area.

Back row: Gordon Leslie holding Glenn Leslie, John and Nelson Ahlstrom. Front row: Pauline (Ahlstrom) Leslie, Lavern Ahlstrom, holding Melinda Leslie, Coral Ahlstrom.

Lavern and Coral's son, John, their second child, farms with his father and enjoys mechanics and restoring old vehicles.

Nelson, Lavern and Coral's youngest son, recently moved to Vic and Ida's home place. Nelson helps his dad with the farming and also works in the heavy oilfield construction business.

When not farming and raising cattle, Lavern is active in politics and various agricultural organizations. He was a member of the Agricultural Service Board for many years, is a member of the Rocky and Area Agricultural Society and has served on the Stampede Board. He is currently serving as the leader of the Social Credit party and has run in five different elections. He is also a long time member of the Leslieville Elks Club.

KENNEDY, Luella (Ahlstrom) and family

Luella, the third of Vic and Ida's children, married Rocky businessman Clayton Kennedy. Over the years they have owned and operated a number of businesses in Rocky including Edwards Garage, and Kennedy Rental and Leasing. Clayton is a very active member of the Rocky community. Luella was a member of the Kinettes and is still active as a volunteer for Meals-on-Wheels.

Clayton and Luella had two sons, Brent and Blake. Brent married Mary Peterson of Midland,

Clayton, Luella, Ashley, Mary, Brent.
Front: Stephen, Peter and Zachery.

Michigan, and they have four children: Ashley, Zachary, Peter and Stephen. Brent is the president of Edwards Garage Ltd.

Blake passed away in his sleep on December 26, 1985, at the age of 22 years. When he was eight years old, Blake suffered severe head injuries after falling down a flight of stairs. His death was related to the injuries he sustained in that accident. Blake's determination to overcome his physical challenge was an inspiration to those around him. At the time of his death, he was working as a salesman at his parents' dealership. He was a very kind, sensitive and well liked person.

AHLSTROM, Raymond and family

Back row: Vernon, Dean, Monica. Front: Ray and Hazel.

Back: Vernon and Louise with children,
Samantha and Alyssa.

Raymond, Vic and Ida's fourth child, lives with his wife, Hazel (Steel), in Alhambra. Ray and Hazel have been involved in the oilfield for 36 years with Ahlstrom Construction. In 1996 they started a helicopter division, Ahlstrom Air. Hazel is also a retired school teacher. Raymond spent many years entertaining the people of Rocky and area as a drummer in local bands. He has a passion for hunting and gun collecting. Ray and Hazel have three children, Monica, Vernon and Dean.

Monica lives on the family farm at Arbutus. She worked as a reporter for a number of years with The Mountaineer newspaper. At present she is working on a career as a writer and professional speaker. She is also involved in Search and Rescue. She helped to start Rocky Search and Rescue. She is the founding president of SAR Alberta, and president of the Search and Rescue Volunteer Association of Canada.

Vernon is married to Louise (Pattison) and lives north of Leslieville. They have two daughters, Samantha and Alyssa. Vernon is a supervisor for Ahlstrom Construction. He and Louise enjoy hunting and the outdoors. Recently Vernon has taken up flying and has bought his own small plane.

Dean married Elizabeth (Sasse), and they have one daughter, Amelia, and another child on the way. Dean is self-employed in the trucking and oilfield business. At the present time

he, Elizabeth and Amelia are living in the Dawson Creek area.

AHLSTROM, Victor and Ida and family

Back row: Garth, Wayne, Lavern, Ray, Luella (Ahlstrom) Kennedy. Front: Ida and Vic.

Victor and Ida (nee Barber) Ahlstrom moved to the Arbutus district in the fall of 1943 from Perdue, Saskatchewan, after having being hailed out seven years in a row. At that time they had four children, Wayne, Lavern, Luella and Raymond. Their fifth child, Garth, was born a year later.

Vic's father, Johan (John) Ahlstrom, came with them from Saskatchewan. John Ahlstrom was born in Amal, Sweden, and came to the United States in 1900. He and his wife, Lizzie, moved to Saskatchewan in 1904. When he first came to the US from Sweden, John changed his last name from Augustusson to Ahlstrom. He passed away in 1966.

Ida with grandchildren. Back row: Nelson, John and Shane Ahlstrom; Brent Kennedy; Teryl, Carl, Chris. Front: Vernon; Pauline Leslie; Ida, Monica; Brenda Thompson and Dean Ahlstrom.

Vic had heard there was good farm land around Red Deer, so he took some of his crop insurance money and bought a train ticket for Red Deer. When he arrived in Red Deer, he went to R.J. Rollis Real Estate Agency to inquire about land. Mr. and Mrs. Wrigglesworth were in the office at the time, and they asked Vic if he would like to look at their farm. By six o'clock that night Vic had bought the farm.

The quarter was originally homesteaded by Francis Craig. Mrs. Sarah Jane Adams bought it from Francis Craig in 1915 and traded it to Jim Duncan in 1921. Jim Duncan sold it to Tim Kirby in 1929 and Mr. Kirby sold it to the Wrigglesworths.

Vic left Saskatchewan November 11, 1943, on a train bound for Alberta with the cattle, machinery and household goods. Ida, Grandpa John and the children came two days later. In the following years, Vic and Ida bought the NE 35-38-6-W5th previously owned by Louie Colburg. Later they purchased the Zachariahson's quarter, the NW 35-38-6 W5th.

Although they had been raised on the prairie, both Vic and Ida came to love their new home and farm at Arbutus. It was a truly mixed farm, and they raised Herefords, milked cows, sold eggs and chickens and raised pigs throughout their farming life. Both were fond of horses. Vic liked the draft animals and was especially fond of Percherons. In 1967 Vic and Ida drove a team of Percherons from Rocky Mountain House to Calgary as part of the Centennial celebrations. In the 1980s Ida offered sleigh and wagon rides at her farm. At that time she was raising Saddlebreds and had a team of Fjord horses.

Vic was a very active member of the local community. He was a long serving member of the Rocky Agricultural Society and a member of the Rocky Stampede Board. Vic was instrumental in forming the Rural Electric Association in the Arbutus area and was a member on the telephone board. Both he and Ida were avid curlers.

Vic was overcome by a stroke while harvesting

and passed away on October 17, 1972. Ida carried on farming for many years on her own. She also worked in town at Petticoat Junction, a clothing store for women.

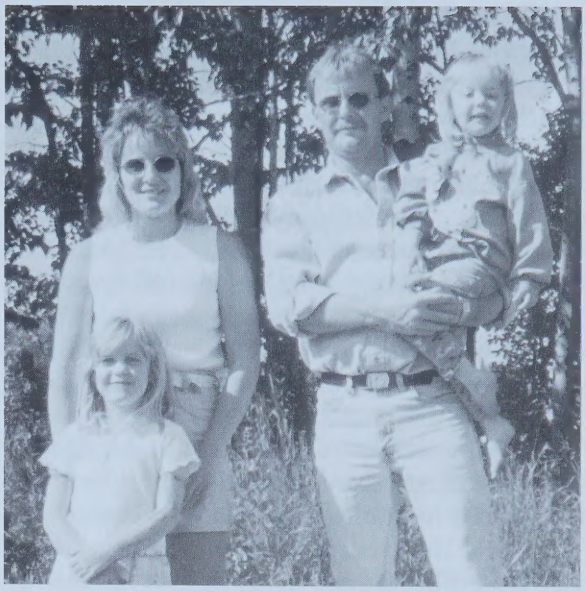
Ida is well known for her sense of adventure and fun. She loves to dance and taught all her grandchildren how to two-step and waltz. Many lessons were given in the kitchen, dancing around the table. She was a regular participant in the Rocky parade with her team of Fjords. She traveled a great deal, and her home was always open to friends and family.

In 1999 Ida chose to move to Westview Lodge, staying only a short time before moving back to the farm where she currently resides.

AHLSTROM, Wayne and family

Brent, Austin and Brenda (Ahlstrom) Thompson.

Wayne is Vic and Ida's eldest son. He and his wife, Joyce (Summers), still farm in the Arbutus area. Joyce worked for many years as a department supervisor at the Rocky Co-op. Although retired from the Co-op, Joyce still works in Rocky and helps with her daughter's greenhouse business. Wayne spent a number of years as a councilor on the Improvement District Board and continued on when the ID became the Municipal District of Clearwater. A favorite past time is hunting trips in the west country, on horse back, with his brothers and other friends.



Kari and Carl Ahlstrom with children, Kortney and Camille.

Wayne and Joyce have three children. Brenda, the oldest, is married to Brent Thompson and they own and operate the Country Garden Greenhouse. They have a son, Austin. Carl is Wayne and Joyce's eldest son; he works as a supervisor in the pipeline industry. He is married to Kari Nielsen, and they have two daughters, Kortney and Camille. Carl and Kari live on the former Zachariahson quarter along Highway 11. Chris, the youngest of Wayne and Joyce's children, lives and works with his parents on the farm.

Back row: Kari, Kortney, Carl and Chris Ahlstrom and Brenda (Alhstrom) Thompson. Front: Wayne and Joyce.

ALBERT, John Timothy
written by Tim Albert, October 30, 2001.

I was born Feb. 27, 1940, in Rocky Mountain House Hospital. I grew up on the farm and walked one and a half miles to the first school I attended. When that school closed down, I went two and a half miles to another, and the last two years I went by bus to Leslieville. At age fifteen, I finished grade eight and farmed full-time with Dad in the summer. Most winters we sawed lumber for ourselves and then for neighbours. At present I live in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I may move back to Central Alberta to retire.

My parents were Charlie and Violet Albert. They got married and started farming in 1928, nine and a half miles northwest of Leslieville. They sold the farm in 1966 and retired to Sylvan Lake. Dad passed away in 1971, at age 73. Mom passed away in 1983, at age 73. There were ten children: three girls and two boys are older than I am, and three girls and a boy are younger than I am. My oldest brother and sister are deceased, as is a younger sister.

When Dad and Mom moved onto the home quarter, NE 19-40-5-W5, there were only about 30 acres broken. Dad cleared by hand and broke with horses another 70 acres. In 1949 or '50 we purchased the SW 30-40-5-W5. There were about 80 acres broken, and we hired my uncle with a caterpillar to clear and break another thirty. I helped pick roots and bring this land into production. In 1960 we purchased the NW 30-40-5-W5. It had about 80 acres broken, and we cleared and broke about 60 acres with a caterpillar.

Our farm was a mixed operation. Dad raised from 10 to 100 head of pigs, and I raised between 50 to 200 head of sheep. We both took care of the cattle. We had 8 to 15 milk cows, 15 to 25 range cattle and 10 or so work horses. Of all the horses, my pride and joy was a blue roan gelding. We raised him and also his mother and grandmother. The gelding weighed 2600 lbs. He was very quiet, very easy to handle. He was always willing to do whatever you asked him. If we hooked him to something too heavy, he would stand there and "spin" just like a tractor, but never got excited. We had to make a special heavy harness, he was so powerful. We used the horses for haying and hauling bundles right up to the time we sold out in 1966. The fall of 1965, I hauled bundles at thrashing time for the neighbours for $7.00 per day. Yesterday I poured concrete all day at $15.00 per hour—and I'm still no farther ahead.

In 1958 my sister, Edith, and I built the major part of a new family home, and we did a good job of it. The only assistance we had was from two neighbours; one wired the house for electricity and the other helped with doors and windows. All in all we lived a simple lifestyle, but I can say I enjoyed it.

ALEXANDER/ HERINGER FAMILY
submitted by Patricia Alexander

Patrick was born in Lacombe where he spent the first ten years of his life on the Tom Alexander farm. Then the family moved to Three Hills where they owned a local drug store, as Patrick's mother was a pharmacist. In the spring of 1973, Patrick moved out to the Carlos district north of Leslieville.

I, Patricia, was born at Ponoka where my dad, Elmer Heringer, worked for Arrow Drilling. Then in 1958, my family moved back to the Carlos district which was the home district of both my grandparents, William and Gertrude Lees, and Karl and Bertha Heringer. I attended school at Leslieville and David Thompson. In the summer of 1971, my friend, Debbie Hogberg, and I became the first student volunteers in the Rocky Hospital. We worked eight-hours shifts, and were given many jobs to do. We lived in residence at the hospital, and we really enjoyed the experience.

I met Patrick when he and I were both working for a neighbour, Robert Freitag. We were married in the spring of 1974 and have lived here on the farm ever since. Patrick and I both worked for the Local Improvement District #10 on fencing jobs. I was one of the first female to be made foreman for a government labor job.

In 1980 Patrick became an employee of Texaco/Esso, where he worked as a battery operator, mostly in the Willesden Green and Open Creek area. He also did some work in Everdell and Cow Lake areas. Since my husband, my father, and my brother all worked in the oil patch, I welcomed the opportunity to work in the oil patch, too, when Trarion Resources asked me to be their operator in 1982. I was one of very few female operators in the oil patch at this

time. As time went on, more and more companies hired me to be their operator. I eventually formed my own company, Pat's Contract Operating. Over the years, my hired operators and I have worked for over thirty companies in the Alhambra, Leslieville, Bingley, Centerview, Aurora, Faraway, Gimlet, Buck Lake, Winfield, Rimbey, Sylvan Lake and Eckville areas.

Although Patrick still does some oilfield consulting, he is spending more time living his dream of tending to the ranch. With that objective in mind, we have acquired more land and have now registered our ranch's name as "Carlos Valley Ranch," whereby helping to keep the Carlos area name alive. Three other ranches in the area also carry the "Carlos" title: "Carlos Acres," owned by Perry and Lucy Bouvier; "Carlos Cattle Company," owned by Don and Randi Halladay and "Carlos Bison Co.,"owned by Gordon and Elaine Young.

Patrick has been very active in community and district affairs. He served as president of the Aurora Hall Board, chairman of the David Thompson School Council. He coached the West County Rams boys' fastball team (based in Rocky), to a provincial level win. He is presently a director for the Blindman Feeders' Co-op, Bluffton Breeders' Co-op, and the Rocky REA.

We have four children, all of whom attended the Leslieville and David Thompson schools. Tracey worked during the summer and after school at the Rocky IGA. After graduating from David Thompson, she went to Red Deer College and became a pharmacy tech. She got a job in Lacombe at Shopper's Drug Mart where she met her husband to be, Jason Grant. They were married in Sept 1997.

Kim worked after school and during the summer at Shopper's Drug Mart in Rocky. She moved to Lacombe and got a job at the Royal Bank. She now works in a Red Deer branch as a Customer Assistance Officer. At Tracey and Jason's wedding, Kim met Jason's "best man," Mike Thompson. Kim and Mike were married in March 2000. Mike owns and operates Van Concrete in Lacombe.

Beau lives on his ranch, the former Albert Freitag place, which is just across the road from the home ranch. He is battery operating and is also pursuing a course at the Red Deer College in Gas Process Operations.

Tina our youngest, worked for the Clearwater Veterinary Clinic and also the Clearwater County Transportation Dept., before spending eight months working on a dairy farm in Australia. She did return and is now pursuing her lifelong ambition in the veterinary field of animal health. She is presently attending college in Fairview.

Colin Davis, a cousin of mine who was born in Rocky, lived with (and near) us for fourteen years. After he graduated from David Thompson, he went to work for Pollitt Construction, doing oilfield Maintenance. Colin was involved in a serious oilfield explosion. Unfortunately, after years of fighting for his life and trying to make a comeback, he died as a result of a snowmobile accident in November of 1993. (He is sadly missed by all.)

At this time we have two delightful grandchildren, Camryn Grant and Cole Thompson, who enjoy entertaining their grandparents at the ranch. They represent the fifth generation of my family to enjoy "Carlos Valley."

My only brother, Don, attended Leslieville and David Thompson schools, also. After graduating, he started work in the oil patch for ICG Resources as a battery operator. He spent five years in the Ahambra and Faraway fields. He then spent time near Peerless Lake. After pursuing other adventures, including four years with the Airforce Reserves, training as an Aero-engine Technician, he came to work for my company for seven years. He is now an employee for a company we contracted to in the Faraway/Gimlet area.

In September 2001, Don married Teresa Lemke of Crestomere. Teresa is the great-granddaughter of Henry Stelfox who was one of Rocky's earliest pioneers. Don continues to patronize Rocky's merchants regularly, even though he now lives near Gull Lake.

ALEXO COAL COMPANY

submitted by Annette Gray

One of the most difficult jobs confronting our book committee was locating former residents of Alexo, the small coal mining town which, for over thirty years, bustled with activity before giving way to Alberta's oil and gas industry. Fortunately I was able to interview two former residents: Winnie Chevallier whose husband worked in the Alexo mine in 1939-41, and

Sophie Glade at Alexo.

Walter Prokopetz who lived in Alexo from 1948-55. Then, just as the book was going to print, David Frenette from Camp Alexo brought us some priceless pictures and stories. Before looking at David's photos and material, let's hear what the former residents had to say:

Winnie says, "the mine was situated high on a hillside. When the coal was brought out of the mine, it was dumped on an incline and slid down to where it was loaded on a train. Below the mine were small houses, some frame, some log—about thirty of them. They were owned by the coal company and had to be fumigated between tenants, because they were often infested with bedbugs. Below the residential area, a very steep hill led down to the train station."

One day Winnie had to make a trip to the station to pick up some dressed chickens which relatives had shipped up by train. At the time her son, Dennis, had just celebrated his first birthday, so she put the baby in his sleigh, and with her twin sister, Dorothy Davis (whose husband also worked at Alexo), set out to get the chickens. They had no trouble going to the station,

Alexo General Store with warehouse on right and storage sheds on left.

but what a time they had, carrying the large box of meat and pulling the sleigh up a very icy hill. "It was one step forward and two back," she joked.

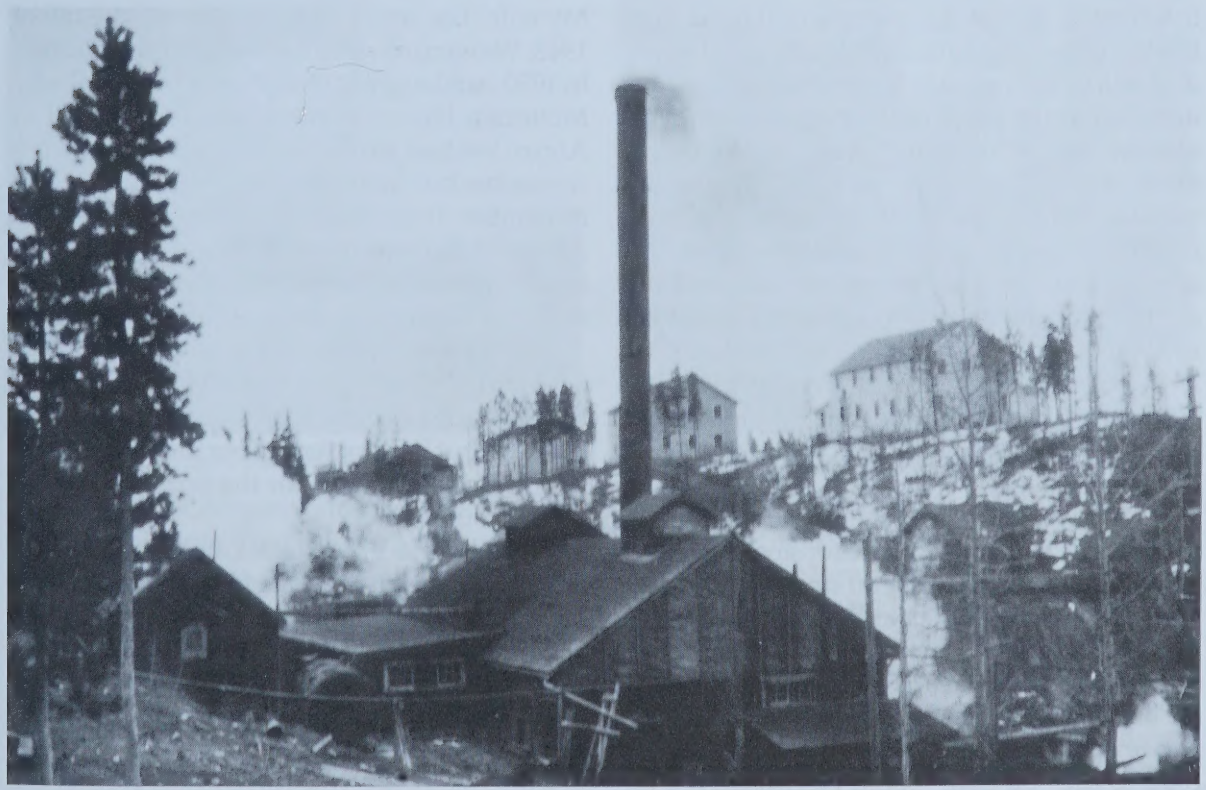
Winnie also attended one or two dances in town. Thinking back to Alexo's heydays, she believes they were held in the schoolhouse and, as she recalls, "they were very quiet and didn't last too awfully long."

Walter and Lee Prokopetz tell us the coal mine at Alexo was opened by major E. F. Pullen in the early 20s. There were approximately thirty-one homes in Alexo, and all were company owned. When operating, the mine employed about forty miners and machine-men at any given time. There was a cook house, store, hotel and a bunkhouse. Another building housed three different establishments: a show hall, poolroom and doctor's quarters. Alexo also had a schoolhouse, and the first school opened in 1925. Mrs. Frank Patterson (Fran Teskey's mother), taught school at Alexo. There was a wash house for the miners. The powerhouse, hoist room and mine office were in separate buildings, but were situated in the same area. The coal tipple screened the coal into various sizes, tump coal being the largest. The next size smaller was egg coal, the size of large eggs, then pea coal, about half the size of egg coal, and the very fine screenings were called, "slack." The mines closed in 1955 due to lack of coal orders, bringing to an end the town of Alexo and the camaraderie it had once known.

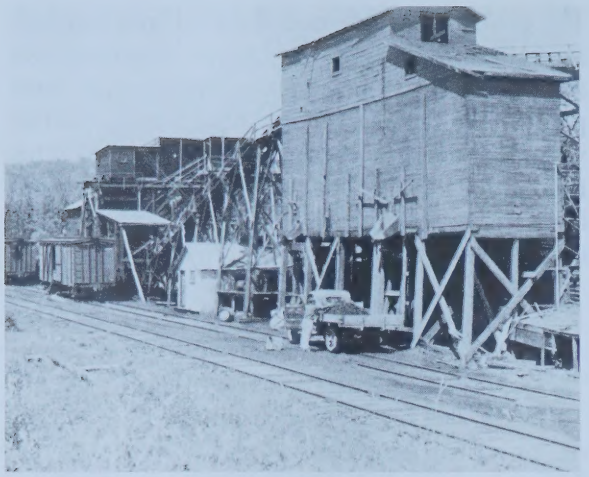
ALEXO COAL COMPANY LIMITED

from writings by Peter F. Pullen
condensed by Dena Miller

"Alexo" is derived from the name of an old time prospector, Alex Kelso, who discovered and staked a rich nickel-copper ore body in the fall of 1907, in northern Ontario. Alex Kelso passed away in 1917 and the nickel mine carrying his name was closed in the spring of 1919. It was learned that there were opportunities for the development of coal mines in Alberta. Mr. William Anderson, who had been running the Alexo mine previous to it being closed, was now working in the Saunders coal field some 100 miles west of Red Deer, Alberta. Through him, in November 1919, 1,400 acres of coal leases



Alexo camp buildings. L-r: Cook house, hotel, bunk house, poolroom, hoist house and power house.



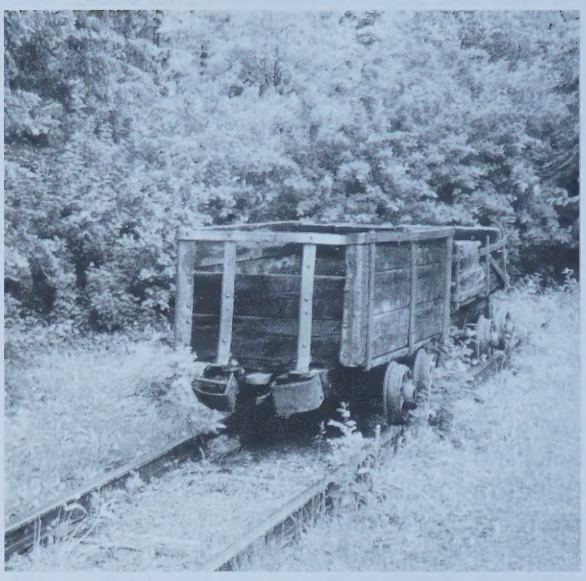
Alexo Tipple.

containing an estimated five million tons of coal were acquired by the Kelso Mining Company Ltd. The C.N.R. line ran through the property.

On May 18, 1920, the Alexo Coal Mining Company was incorporated under the laws of the Province of Alberta with Mr. Anderson as manager. The first coal was shipped in January 1921. When Mr. Anderson died suddenly in November of that year, E.F. Pullen came west to take direct control of the operation. The establishment of a market for a new coal mine during the depressed times of the early 1920s was difficult. In 1926 an electric generating plant was installed at the mine permitting the use of an electric long-wall coal cutting machine and mechanizing the coal preparation plant at the railway siding. In 1929, production of coal reached a peak of 47,000 tons and then decreased through the depression years and the start of World War Two to a low of 17,600 tons in 1940. Tonnage then increased to 34,400 in 1947, following which it decreased to 14,500 tons in 1955, the year of closure, the last operating mine on the C.N.R. branch line from Red Deer to Nordegg.

The village of Alexo comprised some thirty dwellings, a hotel, bunkhouse for single employees, cookhouse and a general store. Until a road was constructed through to Nordegg in the mid-1930s, the railway provided a tri-weekly mixed (two coaches on the end of a freight train) service bringing in passengers, mail and supplies. However, it was not until about 1947 that the road to the "outside" could be considered an "all-weather" access route.

ALEXO MEMORIES
by Walter Prokopetz



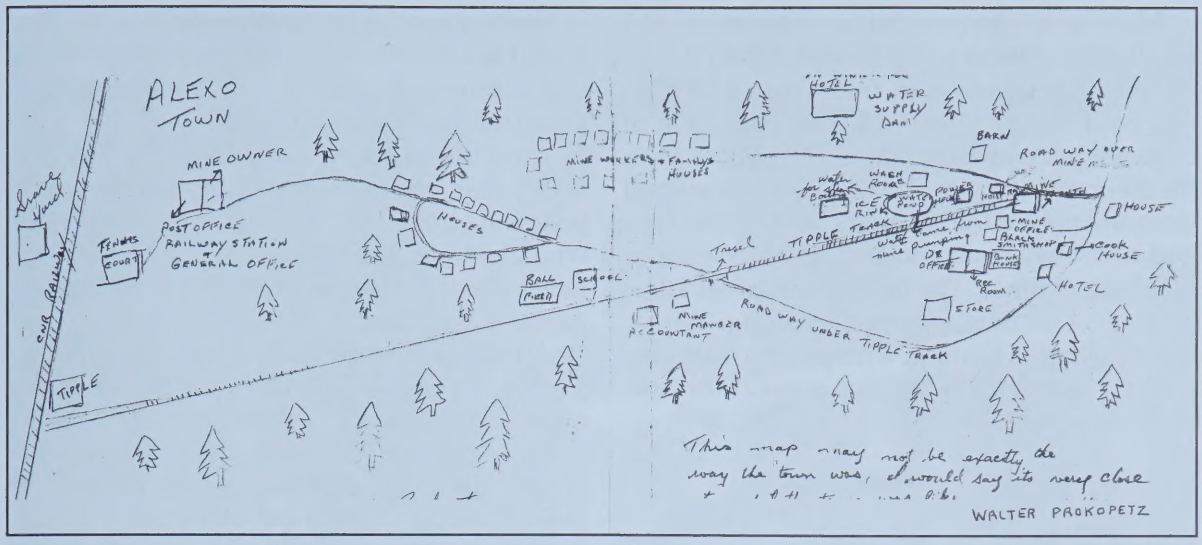
Alexo coal car, photo by Walter Prokopetz.

The following are my recollections of life in Alexo. I can only tell you about the town and mine, from 1948 until the mines closed in 1955. The mine and town were situated on a hillside. My wife, Lee, and I came to Alexo in the fall of 1948. We were newly married with no children. In 1950 our daughter, Cheryl, was born in Rocky Mountain House as there was no hospital in Alexo. We had a company doctor, but I do not remember him attending child birth. In fact, as I remember, there was only one child born in Alexo while I was there. Excuse me, I forgot to mention our son, Robert, was born in 1954, also in Rocky Mountain House.

At that time, Mr. Tennent was the mine manager, and Mr. Dave Williamson was the pit boss. Bob Kerr was the fire boss. There was another fire boss, but I do not remember his name. These men were responsible for the operation of the underground mine.

On the surface, Mr. Jack Lain was the Chief Steam Engineer in the power house. Some of the Third Class Steam Engineers were Mr. Patterson, Mr. Jones, Mr. I. Garvin, Jr., and Wayne Kamcas. There were several changes in these positions over the years, but I can't tell you who or when this took place.

The cook house was run by Pete Kerr at the time. The hotel was run by Mr. Dempsey and



Map of Alexo.

Johnson, Boiler man engineer.

Mel Burvel, sitting at mine mouth.

his wife. The Company store was run by Mr. Scott and his wife. That's about all I can tell you about the main area of town and the operation of the mine. The population of Alexo was approximately 160 people (families and children).

The coal was all hand loaded under ground, then hoisted up a slope to the surface. Each trip was ten coal cars (approximately one ton) and it was let down a fairly steep slope to the tipple where it was weighed and was entered in a log book. Each miner had his own number attached to the coal car. This coal was screened to four different sizes: lump, egg, pea and slack coal. Most of the coal went to eastern markets.

Things were fine for the first couple of years after I arrived, then the eastern markets were turning to oil, which in turn dropped the sale of coal and caused the mine to work two to three days a month. This took place in April. Some of the miners and families started looking for other work.

Now, as to what we did for entertainment: I recall a few dances in the school, a field day in the school grounds with annual races for children and adults. Great fun and people! Those days we were happy to meet the people from the other end of town. The women had a softball team and played the Saunders women. The men had a baseball team and played Saunders and Nordegg at times. The fishing was great and a good deal of time was spent fishing. Winter sports were ice skating, with pickup teams for hockey. Broom ball was very popular for both men and women.

Alexo Hard Ball Team.

View from the rails above Alexo.

We had movies in the fifties held in the Rec Hall. The admission for adults was fifteen cents and children were free. There were also two pool tables which the men enjoyed.

After the highway was paved to Rocky, the Rocky Stampede was great fun. Not too many people had cars in the early fifties, but people who did have cars would drive the less fortunate to Rocky. Also, we went to a lot of hockey games in Nordegg.

All this came to an end with the disappointing news from Mr. P. Pullen, the owner of the mine, that the mine was shutting down for good in the Spring of 1955. Mr. Pollit, Fire Boss, and Wally Prokopetz, Fire Boss at the time, were given the task (with some other men), to salvage the hoists, air tank, fans, pumps and rails from the mine. When this was completed, Mr. Pollit and myself drilled a series of holes about 100 feet from the mine mouth. We loaded these holes with dynamite and blew the opening shut. This was a sad day for many of us who worked with our friends during Alexo's coal mining years.

ALEXO - Mine Manager's House
written by Mary Brough
(submitted by David Frenette)

When we went to Alexo, the hills were very barren due to recent forest fires. We lived in the log structure which was built for Mr. Anderson (the mine manager who died in Alexo). This was added to in 1927, resulting in the home shown in the photograph. Downstairs there was a dining room, living room with fireplace, kitchen, two bedrooms and a summer kitchen (the original) which served as a laundry room and general work area and small bathroom. A hall lead into the office buildings. Upstairs there were three bedrooms and a bathroom and storage room under the eaves. It was surrounded by a beautiful garden with white picket fence. The path leading up the hill to the grass tennis court had a trellis arbour below the road. Caragana hedges were used and resulted in the profuse growth of this bush on the property.

Along the picket fence in front of the house there were beautiful six foot delphinium plants of various shades. I took some of the seeds—with poor results. I hope the roots can be dug up and put in some area for all to enjoy. There were also

Mine manager's house.

oriental poppies, but these plants have possibly died out. Things that grew there were an outstanding success for the short season.

When I was last there in May of 1984, the remains of the fountain and rain barrel which had been located at the corner of the house—odd bits of fencing, the mounting for the flag pole in front of the office, the finer grass among the trees on the upper level where the tennis court had been were reminders of other years.

ALLEN, Albert Edward
by Irene Salmon (Allen)

My great-uncle, Albert Edward Allen (Ed or Ned), was born in 1861 to Scottish immigrants, John and Maria Allen, who farmed at Vankleek Hill, Ontario (not far from Ottawa). However, Ned always claimed he was born in Quebec. He was the eldest child, followed by a brother, William, and two sisters, Margret and Minnie.

At the age of 46, Ed decided to move west and arrived in Alberta about 1907. He filed on a homestead on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan River, about five miles west of Rocky Mountain House (NW 7-39-7-W5). It contained about 135 acres, mostly bush and muskeg. He cleared about 25 acres, the hard way, with some good horses, saw, axe and a grub hoe. The trees he cut down were used to build himself a nice little cabin, then a warm barn for his horses and, later on, a work shop. In the winter he worked in the bush, hauling or skidding logs, and in summer he kept busy improving his place and clearing pasture for his horses. The horses were his livelihood, and he took good care of them.

Ned was a quiet man. He never married, but enjoyed company and playing cards with friends and neighbours, plus the occasional trip to town for supplies. In February 1925, he suffered a nervous breakdown and was seriously ill in a Calgary hospital. After several months, he was moved to a hospital for the chronically ill in Daysland, Alberta, where he eventually died January 31, 1929, at the age of 68 years. He is buried there. Edward Allen's farm was sold for taxes December 17, 1932, to William Austin for $150.00.

ALLEN, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. and family
by daughter, Irene (Allen) Salmon

Elvera Allen (nee Turnquist).

My father, John Carson Allen (Jack), was born in the small lumbering village of Chelsea, Quebec in 1891, the eldest son of William Alfred Allen and Isabelle Carson. Jack was a rebellious boy, so his mother placed him in a Catholic convent in Ottawa. The nuns were very strict and life was hard for a young English boy in a French

John Carson Allen.

Catholic school, so he ran away. He was only 13 years old, but he managed to find a job driving a team, hauling short logs to the E. B. Eddy match factory in Hull.

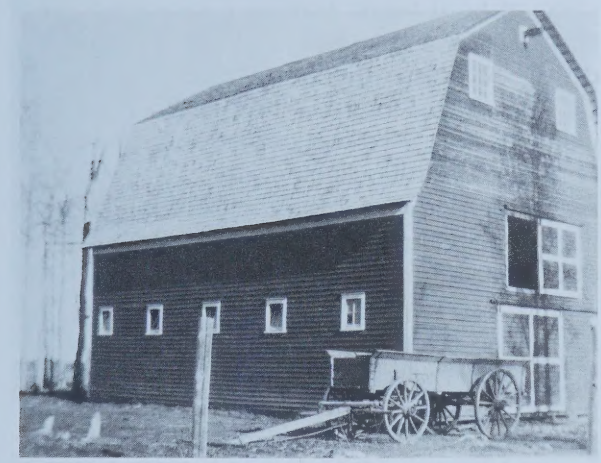
About 1905 his family started moving westward, stopping in Port Arthur for a few years, then to Edmonton, Alberta, but Jack continued into British Columbia where he got on a river drive, running logs from Fort Steele to Cranbrook. Around 1912 he returned to Central Alberta and filed on a homestead on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan River, about five miles west of Rocky. Jack had a pal, Sam Shepherd, from the United States who was rumoured to be an acquaintance of the notorious James Gang. Sam visited Rocky and his friend from time to time.

Sam Shepherd and Jack Allen.

Elvera Anna Turnquist was born in Kopparsburg, Sweden, in 1898 and came to Canada with her family in 1903, settling in the Evarts district. She likely met Jack when he was hauling freight from Innisfail via Evarts and on to Rocky Mountain House. They were married January 23, 1914, at her parents' home in Evarts. Jack and Elvira lived on his homestead for a few years until he was able to purchase the Webster place (SE 18-39- 7-5-3), which was directly across the river, and they started farming. During the winter Jack would be back in the woods working for the Phoenix Lumber Company or operating his own tie camp, in which case Mother would leave the girls with neighbours and take the boys out of school to go to camp and cook. Dad said "If you don't have a good cook you can't get good workers," but this was hard on the boys' schooling.

The Allens had seven children: four boys, William (Bill), Donald, Clifford and Cameron, followed by three girls, Irene, Alice and Agnes. Unfortunately, Clifford died in infancy and his is one of the first graves in Garth Cemetery (1920-21).

Jack Allen's house and barn. He moved this house ¼ m. with horses and stump-jack in 1927.



Jack Allen's red barn, built in 1922 or 1923 by Jack and Allan Turnquist.

Jack Allen's red barn (owned by Fred Fisher Jr. in 2002).

Dad prospered on the farm and in the mid twenties was able to build a large barn with help from his brother-in-law, Allan Turnquist, who accidentally fell off the steep roof while shingling, but was not seriously hurt. The barn is still standing, but is in sad need of repair. In 1926 he purchased a Buick coach car. Back then cars were a novelty, and there were only a few cars west of Rocky.

Tragedy struck in September 1927 when their house burned to the ground, and the children were placed with friends and neighbours until Dad could provide some type of shelter. About a quarter mile east was quite a large two story house owned by Jim Thompson. Dad moved it with a stump puller (jack) and two horses and put it on the same foundation as the house that had burned. The family was settled in before winter.

In 1929 Dad bought an International 30-40 tractor to do his farm work, but sold it to Aleck Lawton in 1931, who drove it from the Allen farm to his place, ten miles north of Withrow. I have heard that they could still get it to run in 1999. In the early thirties Dad sold the farm to Bob McLaren, who owned a hardware store in Rocky, in exchange for Bob's house in Rocky plus a cash payment. I'm not sure why he sold the farm, perhaps so the children could continue school, since Garth School only went to grade eight, or maybe Mother wanted to live in town.

In Rocky, Dad worked a variety of seasonal jobs for many different people, such as foreman for George (Haywire) Morrison who operated a government relief camp building on a stretch of Highway 11, east of the five mile corner. I think there was a lot of corduroy under that road. The workers were paid one dollar a day plus meals, bed and tobacco. Charlie Bruce had a contract to build a wooden pier at Sylvan Lake—not one of Dad' s favourite jobs. He said that he was working in waist deep water most of the time. He worked for Ram River Oil, building a ferry at Phoenix; another time it was a bridge across the Baptiste River. Dad must have inherited his father's ability to cruise timber, and he did a lot of it for Charlie Bruce, Atlas Lumber Company and others. He told stories of bear encounters while out with Eric Whidden and Ernie Ayres. Seemed every summer there were forest fires. Fighting fires was one of the jobs he tried to

avoid, but never could. He would be one of the first men the forestry would pick up and send out with a crew.

In 1943 the Allens sold their property in Rocky and moved to Vancouver. Mother found work in the city, but Dad went up the coast to Rivers Inlet and worked at a cannery for several months. He could not adapt to rainy weather, so he returned to Rocky in the fall. Mother liked it there, away from the snow and cold weather of Alberta, so she remained there, as did two of her daughters, Alice and Agnes. Irene returned to Rocky and married Harry Salmon.

Mother and my sisters made several trips back to Rocky to visit family and friends, but always returned to the coast. Mother passed away there October 26, 1987, and is buried in Victory Gardens, Surrey, B.C. My sister, Alice, died December 10, 1990, in Alberni, B. C. She is survived by six daughters and one son.

On his return to Rocky, Dad was foreman at Atlas "Camp 8" where the Japanese internees worked with armed guards on duty. He said he had no trouble with the men once he complied with their request for better beds, some privacy in the bunkhouse, showers and their own cook. He got along very well with the Japanese foreman, Harry Sato, and they kept in touch after the war was over. The men did very good work, sometimes too good. Once, after a visit by the boss from Calgary, Dad got a letter saying they were spending too much time limbing the logs and should only do three sides and thus increase their production. February 17, 1943, was a sad day for everyone in camp when an Atlas truck accidentally backed over a Japanese worker and killed him. The driver was devastated and had to take time off. The following year the Atlas Lumber Company hired Dad to scout out and build a road from Ben Olson's (O'Chiese turnoff) north across the Baptise River and beyond, which he did with a TD 14 cat operated by Harry Salmon and a swamper, Mervin Johnson. There have been some changes, namely "Mikes Hill," but basically it's the same road now used by oil companies, logging trucks and tourists.

In 1946 my brother, Bill Allen, returned after serving five years overseas with the armed forces in England, France, Belgium and Holland. He drove truck and worked as a sawyer in mills around Rocky for a couple of years then moved to Quesnel, B.C. where he continued to work in the lumber industry until he retired. Bill never married. He died May 22, 1999, and is buried in Quesnel, B.C.

One summer Dad cooked for G.S.I., a geophysical survey crew, when they were surveying the Ram River area. This was a new experience, travelling with Ken Thompson's pack outfit, living in tents, cooking outside—weather permitting—and moving every day or two. Dad's last job was operating a small camp for Charlie Bruce in the Rockyford area where he oversaw the logging, kept an eye on the mill and even did the cooking. Age, and over 50 years of hard work, had him thinking it was time to retire, but he had trouble getting a birth certificate. Seems a lot of statistics were lost in the 1905 fire in Ottawa. When he finally got his pension, he moved one of his camp buildings onto his son-in-law's land just west of Rocky and settled down for the first time since leaving the farm. But his retirement was short lived due to an unfortunate incident. Dad had acquired a craving for ice cream, something he never had in camp. So, he purchased a used propane fridge which proved to be faulty and, within two weeks, he was asphyxiated from the gas along with his cocker spaniel, Goldie. He died September 16, 1967, and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House.

Donald Allen married Eleanore Schmidt in 1943. They had one girl, Jackie. Donald worked most of his life in the Rocky area. He died February 7, 1972, from exposure. He is buried near his father in Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House.

Cameron Allen and wife, Toots, live at Horburg, as do their two sons, Carson and his wife, Marie, and Grant and his wife, Lori.

My sister, Agnes, has been widowed twice. She lives in Surrey, B.C. and has three sons: Eddy and his wife, Sue; Robert and Darcy.

I have lived all my life in Rocky.

ALLEN, William (Bill) and Isabella
by granddaughter, Irene Salmon (nee Allen)

William Alfred Allen (Bill) was born July 2, 1862 or 1863, in the Ottawa, Ontario area. His parents and John and Maria Allen farmed at

William and Isabel Allen, circa 1890.

Vankleek Hill, not far from Ottawa. Bill had an older brother, Albert Edward, and two younger sisters, Margret and Minnie.

Isabella Carson was born in 1866 in the small village of Cascades, Quebec. Her father died when she was only five years old, leaving her mother, Elizabeth, a widow at age thirty-three with five young children to raise. Isabella had three bothers: Henry, Hugh and William, and one sister, Ettia.

William and Isabella were married around 1889. They were my paternal grandparents.

Grandfather (Bill) had a good job with J. R. Booth Lumber Company, so they moved to Hintonburg, a suburb of Ottawa into an impressive two-story red brick house where four of their children: Etta, John, Alice and Bill were born. They were living in Ottawa at the time of the big fire in 1905, but moved to Port Arthur shortly after, where Grandfather continued in the timber business working for the Dominion Lumber Co.

Standing: Etta, John, Alice. Seated: Wm. Jr. , Wm. Sr. holding Ola, next Isabella, 1907.

William and Isabella's fifth child, a daughter, Ola, was born at a small place called Rainy River.

The west seemed to beckon Bill, and 1910 found the Allen family settled in Edmonton, except for Grandfather (Bill) who was cruising timber in the Clearwater Forest Reserve for McEwen Estates a large eastern firm. The country appealed to him, so Bill took up a homestead on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan River (SE 17-39-7-W5), directly across from the remains of a Hudson Bay trading post, now the Rocky Mountain House National Historic Site. He worked for the Phoenix Lumber Company in the winter and on his homestead in the summer. By 1912 he had erected a fine two-story house overlooking the river and sent for his family from Edmonton. The older children were in high school or college and refused to leave the city and give up their education, all except John who, like his father, preferred the outdoors and life in the timber business.

Grandma arrived at the homestead with the youngest daughter, Ola, in July 1912; it was quite a shock after having lived most of their lives in the city. Although this place was only about five miles from Rocky Mountain House, there was no road, just a trail. So, wagon or sleigh, depending on the season, was the only means of transportation. There were no bridges on the Saskatchewan or the Clearwater Rivers; in the winter you crossed on the ice; in summer you used a row boat.

Grandmother was not prepared for the isolation, loneliness and lack of conveniences of life in the wilderness, but she did stay for about four

months. Then they agreed to a separation and she and Ola returned to Edmonton where Grandmother took in sewing to support herself and the younger children. She remained there until she passed away in September 1925 at the age of 59 years. She is buried in the Edmonton Cemetery.

Grandfather continued to work in the woods or on his homestead, until 1916 when, claiming to be a much younger man, he enlisted in the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry (P.P.C.L.I.) and was sent overseas with the "Thirteenth Mounted Rifles" to serve in England.

After several months living in tents in the damp climate, he became afflicted with arthritis and was found to be medically unfit for military service and returned to Canada. He continued to work in the woods until he was able to draw a pension. Each month he would hitch his faithful old horse, Pete, to the homemade cart or sleigh and head to Rocky to pick up his mail and some supplies. The present site of the provincial building was at that time just vacant lots with hitching rails where you could tie your horses. He would feed and water Pete, then go to the Melton hotel for a home cooked meal, perhaps a few hands of "two bit rummy" or visit with friends and comrades in the pub, always trusting old Pete would get him home safely.

It was on just such a trip, one cold day in February 1938, that Grandfather fell asleep on the way home and spent the night outside in the sleigh. He came down with pneumonia and died a few days later in Mrs. Sim's nursing home in Rocky. He was 75 years old at the time of his death, and is buried in Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House.

ALTWATER, Charlie, Sheila and family
submitted by their nephew, John C. Reid

Charles Henry Martin Altwater was born in 1933, in Dinant, a small coal mining settlement near Camrose, Alberta. He graduated from Grade 9 at the country school at Swayia, east of Camrose. Soon after that he started work. In 1953, he moved to the Rocky area to drive heavy equipment during construction of Highway #11 between Red Deer and Rocky.

Sheila Dorine Paisley was born in 1934, in Nipawin, Saskatchewan, where her family farmed. She was eight years old when the family moved to Trail, BC, and almost twelve when they

Sheila Altwater with son, David, in 1962.

moved to a farm near Rocky. She rode a horse named Dimples to school in Alhambra and had to cross a bridge on the Horseguard Creek the horse didn't fancy. Many times the horse threw her off, but just as many times she got back on. It was a draw as to which one was the most stubborn. She also reports feeling pretty sorry for herself when, at age thirteen, a pitchfork was accidentally put through her leg, and at fifteen her appendix had to be removed. As a young woman, she did various housekeeping jobs and worked as a telephone operator, the latter work being her favourite.

Charlie and Sheila met at a dance in Lesliieville in the summer of 1953. Seven months later, in 1954, they were married in the Memorial Presbyterian Church in Rocky. Their daughter, Carol Ann, was born in Rocky in 1955, and their son, David Charles, was born in Ft Nelson, BC in 1960. Sheila remembers being so proud of her little girl that one time she spent her last dollar on a bonnet for Carol.

When the Highway #11 job was finished, Charlie worked on oil rigs in the Stettler, Camrose and Eckville areas. Sheila got a job as telephone operator at the Eckville switchboard. Sheila's cousin, Gerrie Johnson, lived with them for a while when she had only a hot plate on which to cook.

In 1956 Sheila and Charlie joined Sheila's parents and brother in Fort Nelson, BC. Charlie worked in the mechanic shop at the base, and

Charlie Altwater in 1960.

ran a garbage service in the town. When David was born there, Sheila and the baby were the only patients in the Air Force hospital. In 1962 they returned to Rocky and built a shop (at 5004-44 St.) in which they ran "RM Tire and Radiator Service" for eleven years. They then moved to Vancouver Island where they built a house and Charlie worked for M&B Logging and Crown Zellerbach. Before returning to the Rocky area, they operated a motel in Port Alberni for two years. Since 1988 they have lived in the Alhambra district.

Their daughter, Carol, married Ivan Job of Innisfail in 1977, and they continue to live on Ivan's family farm there. Carol and Ivan have two daughters: Lindsay born in 1981 and Chelsey born in 1984.

Son, David lived with Charlie and Sheila, and was paralyzed in a vehicle accident between Rocky and Alhambra in 1992. He passed away on his 34th birthday in 1994. When David was in Foothills Hospital in Calgary, he became friends with the well-known recording artist, George Fox. Inspired by David, George co-wrote a song with Brenda Dennis entitled "David's Got A Dream." George and Brenda later invited David and his family to a concert in Red Deer where George sang the song.

Charlie is a trained pilot and heavy-duty mechanic. At one time, he had his commercial pilot's license and he continues to maintain his mechanic's license. Charlie, Wally Protsack and John Thomsen started the Rocky Flying Club about 1965. They arranged flying schools and hosted fly-ins—activities that the Flying Club continues to pursue.

ANDERSON, Mike and family

written by Viljo Kohtala

Mike Anderson and his wife were born and raised in Finland. They first immigrated to Wyoming before moving to the Bingley district to

Mike Anderson, son of Alfred on left and son, Tenho, behind horse, about 1915.

homestead the S.E.15-40-6-W5, on July 7, 1912. They acquired an adjoining quarter, west of William Barnes, about 1926.

The family left the farm in the early years to live at Saunders Creek where Mike worked in the coal mines.

The story is told of how Mike won a free bag of flour. He bought a hundred pound sack of flour at Driscoll's Store in Rocky Mountain House, causing Mr. Driscoll to ask Mike how he was going to get the flour home. Mike had not come to town with horses, but, being a well-built man, answered that he intended to carry the flour home on his back, a distance of eleven miles. Mr. Driscoll offered him the flour—free of charge—if he could carry the bag home without setting it down. Mike did, and a horseback rider verified the deed.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had six children: Tenho, born about 1911; Alfred, born about 1912; Eddie, born about 1914, one daughter, Senja, born about 1919; Seeli, born about 1924 and Adolph, born about 1925. All the children, except Adolph, attended Bingley School.

The family sold their farm in 1931 to William Strong of Rocky Mountain House and purchased the N.W. 21-39-6-W5 in the Oras district where Eddie, Senja, Seeli and Adolph attended school. About 1933 the Andersons sold the Oras farm and moved to Karelia, in the USSR where they suffered great hardship.

Mike died in the USSR in the mid 1930s; Tenho died in 1942; Mrs. Anderson died in 1949 and Eddie died in 1951. The others were still living in Karelia in 1975. No further information is available.

ANDRYKEW, Irene Elizabeth (Bryant)

I took grade one in Nordegg, and then rode the school bus to Rocky Mountain House for grade two. We moved into Rocky Mountain House in 1967, where I continued my schooling until grade eleven. I went to work as a waitress in different restaurants in Rocky and area. While growing up in Rocky, the arena was my "home-away-from-home," where I took part in figure skating and, when the first girls' hockey team was formed, I played goal and forward for the team.

I was married on October 11, 1980, to Tim Andrykew. We first lived in Rocky Mountain House, then moved to Condor and lived there for seven years. We then moved back to Rocky where we lived until Tim got a transfer to Fox Creek in July of 1992.

We had four children: Jess Michael, Avery Thomas, Adam Dane and Saegan Katerina, before separating in 1996. I moved to Red Deer in August of 1996 and enrolled in Red Deer College, taking Business Administration. I graduated in June of 2001. I worked at various part time jobs while going to college and was recently hired full time at Collicutt Hanover.

ARBUTUS DISTRICT

written by George Philips

Settlement of the Arbutus district began nearly one hundred years ago. Many changes have taken place since the arrival of the first settler. Bush trails have given way to paved roads. Large agricultural fields have appeared where forests once stood. Many acreages with modern houses dot the countryside, and oil rigs are visible on the horizon. The children are bussed to centralized schools in Rocky Mountain House, and everyone has access to a modern hospital and ambulance service.

Hanbury Lewis was the first settler in the area. When he came in 1907, he was the only settler between the Clearwater River and Horseguard Creek. His homestead was SE 32-38-6 W5, the place where the Feddes family now lives. In order to visit anyone, he had to cut a trail from his house across country to the nearest neighbour, almost eight miles away.

What is now the Arbutus district was mostly settled after 1910. For the next five years there was quite an influx of settlers. Some of the first were H. Lewis, Nels Carlburg, Wm. Philpot, J. C. Adams, W. Craig, Newcombs and Cochranes.

1912-13 saw the arrival of J. A. Philips (who came from Montreal), S.B. Adams, D.W. Adams, J. A. Gardiner, E.V. Gardiner and the Dollans family from North Dakota. Then there was W. Hockaday who came from England and was killed in France during the First World War. Others were Jim Duncan, George Herbert, C. Lescarbo, Mr. Papineau, Mr. Christianson, J. McCutcheon, A. Calkins, Mr. Fredine, Conleys, Brodericks and the Jacksons. At this time there were no roads, so to find his land the homesteader had to follow the surveyors cut lines and read the numbers on the metal stakes at the northeast corner of each section.

As the district became populated, the settlers realized the need for a school. So, in October of 1913, a number of residents met at Conley's to organize a school district. Among those present were Mr. Conley (who acted as chairman). Mr. Fredine, E.V. Gardiner, S.B. Adams, Mr. Brown and Herbert—all of whom were elected to make up a school board. The Conleys had come from Nova Scotia, so Chet Conley suggested they name the district "Arbutus," after the trailing Arbutus which is the provincial flower of that province. Mr. Conley, who had been working to organize the settlers since 1912, continued on as chairman and secretary of the meetings with the help of his daughter, Elta. During that time he negotiated with the Department of Education to get the boundaries of the district approved, so that all the children in the area would be within a reasonable walking distance, either to Arbutus School or to adjoining districts.

In September 1914 the board finally received word that the province had approved formation of the Arbutus School District. The official notice was sent to S.B. Adams who was the trustee elected for the longest term. He was asked to call the trustees together to elect a chairman and secretary-treasurer. Mr. L.L. Conley was voted in as chairman. E.V. Gardiner was secretary-

treasurer—but almost two years elapsed before a school was in operation. Land and money were needed to build and furnish the school. The board decided to borrow a thousand dollars to go ahead with the building. They got out logs and built the school with the help of volunteer labour. Mr. Broderick, who was a carpenter supervised the construction.

This first school was located on the north side of NW 22-38-6-W5, then owned by Arthur Philips. Later his son, James, owned the land; today it is owned by Garry and Marlene Holmes. After a great deal of hard work and frustration the school finally opened on July 3, 1916. Mrs. Brown, who had taught school in England, was the first teacher. At the time she was living on the farm where Dick Oosterhuis now lives. Some of the families attending the school were Fredines, Conleys, Jacksons, Kirbys, Bensons and McCutcheons. By this time George Herbert was chairman and Arthur Philips was the secretary-treasurer.

The second teacher was Tom O'Conner who was studying to be a lawyer. He taught until Christmas 1918 and put on the first Christmas concert which proved to be a great success. This became an annual event in the district, from then until the present day. After leaving Arbutus, Tom finished law school and became a prominent lawyer in Calgary. One of his clients was the outspoken Bob Edwards, editor of Calgary's Eye Opener newspaper .

The 1918 concert was such a hit that it inspired adult members of the community to show off their talents. Mr. McCutcheon began training the adults to sing Christmas carols. They practiced once a week at various homes, then performed at the concert. McCutcheon was a good conductor and continued working with his group of singers for many years. Another old timer (who entertained at the concerts) was Mr. Lascarbo who sang "O Come All Ye Faithful" in Latin every year. He had once trained for priesthood, but traded this career for the freedom of homesteading.

Mr. and Mrs. Hackett moved into the district in 1918, after Mr. Hackett returned from serving overseas in WWI. They brought with them seventy-five horses and turned them out to rustle in the bush and muskeg. The following spring only three of the horses were alive. It had been a harsh winter with deep snow. The horses starved to death because they were unable to get enough to eat. When the school opened for the summer of 1919, Mrs. Hackett became the third teacher at Arbutus.

It should be noted that the school year ran from April to the middle of December. Snowstorms and cold temperatures made it difficult for the students to walk the long distances to school. So after the Christmas concert the students were given an extended holiday which lasted until sometime after Easter.

Parents with children who had to travel the farthest wanted the school moved to a more central location. The bachelor homesteaders, of whom there were large numbers, were strongly opposed to the move; they felt they were paying too many taxes as it was. (I believe the taxes were about ten dollars a quarter.) After several hot meetings, with the school house packed to the rafters, it was agreed the school should be moved to the SE 33-38-6-W5.

The taxpayers had conflicting ideas about the cost of the move. Finally Arthur Philips offered to move the school for $450.00. The crew of workers took down the chimney and the roof and loaded them on two sleighs. They removed the log walls, jacked up the floor and the usable materials were taken by sleigh to the new location. Frame walls were put up on the original floor and the old roof was put back on.

The school inspector agreed to this and offered to double the grant for the year to $125. He also increased the size of the school district by nine more sections of land and doubled the taxes for one year, allowing taxpayers to redeem half of their taxes by working on the school.

When the school was completed, the inspector arrived to give his final approval. He told the construction crew that the windows were on the wrong side. Regulations stipulated the light was to shine over the students' left shoulder. Once again the chimney was dismantled, along with the blackboards and cloakroom, and revamping began. It was 1922 before the school was ready for use. Randall McLean was hired as teacher. Similar to Tom O'Conner, he left after teaching one term and returned to the University of Alberta to study psychiatry. He later studied at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia and the Sorbonne in Paris. After graduating he

worked at the Ponoka Mental Hospital for many years, eventually becoming the head of all Alberta mental hospitals.

For the next forty years Arbutus school served the community's educational needs (Grades 1-9 and later 1-6). In the early 1940s, a kitchen was built on the north end of the school to accommodate the district ladies' fund-raising events. The Arbutus Fall Supper became one of the highlights of the community, and still is today. People walked, rode horseback or came with team and wagon to enjoy the food and to visit with their neighbours. The Arbutus ladies acquired a reputation for being "the best cooks in the country." Today, people are still coming long distances to the fall supper—but travel in fancy cars and SUVs.

When the school closed in 1962, the students were bussed to Rocky Mountain House. Mrs. Marie Randall, who still lives in the district, signed the register for the last time. After that, the schoolhouse was used as a community center until it was torn down in 1986 to make way for a modern building complete with electricity and running water. This building is the center of activity. It is used, not only for the Arbutus community, but also for groups in the outlying districts. Private parties, 4H meetings, dances, weddings, anniversaries, reunions, the annual Christmas concerts and fall suppers are held here, and last summer the Arbutus centre hosted its first horseshoe tournament.

Over the years there have been hundreds of settlers come and go. In early times the district was not an easy place to make a living. There was heavy timber and much of the land was covered with muskeg. Many settlers did not stay. However when one family left, another moved in. Roads were in poor condition and many times it was a challenge for a team and wagon to travel on them. There were few government funds for road improvement until 1957. Road maintenance was undertaken by the local farmers who borrowed a grader and purchased gravel to make the worst spots passable. In 1948 Arthur Philips canvassed the district and raised $275.00 to put a thin layer of gravel on the one-mile stretch of road, from # 11 Highway to the Arbutus school.

The district was fortunate to have had so many fine people settle in the area over the past 95 years. Some of the families who came to Arbutus in the 1920s and early 30s were Sutherlands, Sloans, Ellisons, Clemonts, Browns, Krafts, Speedys, Randalls, McLellans, Petersons, Bignolds and Dolans. During the dry years of the depression many new settlers arrived from the prairies. Among those were Cunninghams, Wrigglesworths, Patons, Ardells, Scotts, Antrims Williams and Hartles. During the forties fewer families came. Some of them were McLeods, Vavreks, Nels Nielsons, Paulsons and the Vic Ahlstom family. The first settlers to come from Holland after WW II were Mr. and Mrs. George van der Veen and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Pool and family, the Korver family, Smid, Feddes, Hoeksema, Konynenbelt and Tensen families. No doubt there have been many families who have been missed. Those of us who still live in the Arbutus district are grateful for the contribution these early settlers made; they helped make Arbutus the progressive community it is today. The early history of the Arbutus district given in this article was taken from notes written by Arthur Philips prior to his death in 1972.

TEACHERS WHO TAUGHT AT ARBUTUS SCHOOL FROM 1916-1962

Mrs. Brown-1916-17
Mr. Tom O' Conner-1918
Mrs. Hockett-1918
Mr.Sugden-1920-21
Mr. R. McLean-1922
Miss Clarke
Miss Flecher-1924
Mrs. Nielson
Miss Coops-1925-26
Miss Doan
Miss Mary Ross-1927
Mr. Cole
Miss Parkinson
Mrs. Jones
Miss Janet Laut
Angie Bow
Harry Peterson-1937
Mrs. Marie Randall-1943-44
Miss Elsie Sutherland
Miss Nadine Wilson
Miss Marion Goldstrom
Douglas McDonaugh
Grant McCoy
Mr. Johnstone

Clarence Weeks
B. Williams
Mrs. Resneshenko-1950-51
Mrs. Clarke-1951-52
Mrs. Van Kleek-1952-53
Betty Bean
Jackie LeCerf-1953-54
Mrs. Dawn Philips-1954-56
Mrs. Marie Randall-1956-60-62
Mrs. Dawn Philips-Feb.-June-1960

ARMSTRONG / SMITH

This is a story of two families: the Armstrongs and the Smiths, compiled in 2000 by Joyce Smith, with much help from Reta Schultz (nee Armstrong).

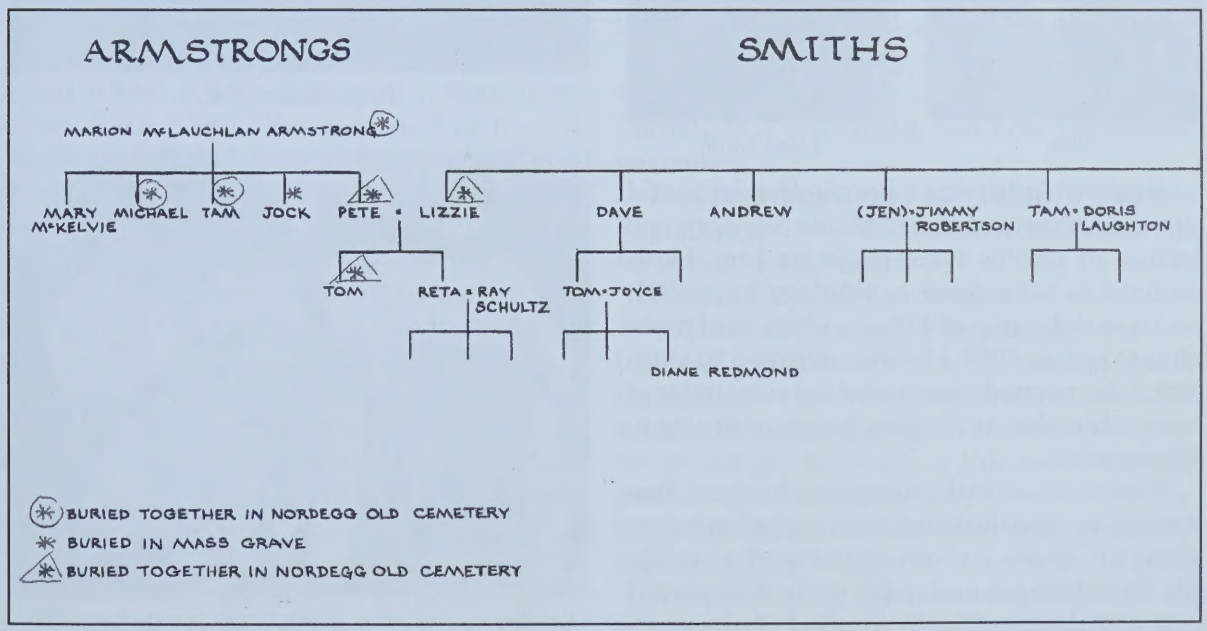
The story begins in 1912 when, after her husband's death, Marion McLauchlan Armstrong emigrated from Dunfermline, Scotland, to Canada, with her four sons, Tam, Jock, Peter, Michael, and her daughter, Mary. They lived for several months in Lethbridge before moving to the Coal Branch (Crow's Nest Pass), where three sons worked in the mines. They then moved to Nordegg in 1914, having been recruited by John Shanks.

Peter Armstrong then wrote to Lizzie Smith, whom he had left behind in Dunfermline, and asked her to marry him. She duly arrived in Canada, and they married in Red Deer in 1915, and settled in Nordegg where they had two children: Tom Armstrong, born 1916, and Reta Armstrong, born 1921.

Due to the unemployment situation in Scotland, Lizzie Armstrong (nee Smith) suggested to her brother Dave (my father-in-law) that he come to Nordegg to work. Unfortunately, we do not have an exact date for this, but his picture is in the Nordegg Heritage Centre in the football team of 1922. He later returned to Scotland (we think in 1925) where he married and had two sons, one of whom was my husband Tom.

During Dave Smith's stay in Nordegg he was joined by two of his brothers, Andrew Smith and Tom Smith, and a brother-in-law, Jimmy Robertson (married to Jen Smith, who remained in Scotland with their son). Little is known of how long Jimmy Robertson spent there, but he is in some of the Nordegg photos in our possession, and we know he eventually returned to Dunfermline where he had another son and a daughter.

Tom Smith is known to have married Doris Lawton (a neighbour of Dennis Morley and his mother, and a cousin of Vera Farnworth, whom we met when we were visiting Nordegg in 1999). They had two sons, one of whom was last heard of in Vancouver. The other son eventually returned to Dunfermline where he lives with his wife and seven children.



Family tree.

Tom Smith, Joyce Smith, Reta Schultz (Armstrong), Ray Schultz taken in August 2000.

Pete.

Dave Smith.

Pete with son ,Tom.

Andrew Smith was a keen golfer, artist and photographer, and many of our Nordegg collection of photos were taken by him. He is thought to have come to Nordegg after 1921, and was definitely still there in 1931, and probably as late as 1940. He later returned to Dunfermline, married, then spent the remainder of his working life in Toronto, before returning to Dunfermline.

Now to return to the Armstrong brothers. Tam Armstrong was deafened in an explosion before going to Canada. At Nordegg he worked as Tipple Box Manager, and in his spare time played golf with Andrew Smith. He died of a heart attack and is buried in Nordegg.

Red Deer Golf Course. Bobby Craig, George Learmond, Tam Armstrong, Andrew Smith.

Tam Smith and Jimmy Robertson.

The youngest son, Michael, was killed by a fall of coal in Nordegg in 1923 and is buried in the old graveyard beside his mother, Marion McLauchlan Armstrong, and his brother, Tam.

Jock Armstrong was the Pit Boss who fired the shot which blew up the mine in the explosion of 1941. He is buried in the Miner's Graveyard in Nordegg.

The remaining Armstrong brother, Peter, along with his wife, Lizzie (nee Smith), and children, Tom and Reta, left Nordegg in 1925, though Tom and Reta continue to spend their holidays in Nordegg with their aunt, Mary McKelvie (nee Armstrong).

Due to the Depression, the family returned to Dunfermline in 1932, but headed for Canada again in 1940. After a short spell in Vancouver, Peter, Lizzie and Tom returned to live in Nordegg, leaving Reta in Vancouver. Peter worked in the store until his death in 1944. Meantime, Reta returned to Nordegg in 1942 and worked in the mine office for a few months before moving to Edmonton. She then married Ray Schultz in 1945. She did not live in Nordegg again, although she still visits regularly.

Tom Armstrong and his mother, Lizzie, remained in Nordegg (where Tom had a light job in the mine) till 1946. I understand that Tom Armstrong had an excellent voice and used to end the many concerts in Nordegg by singing "Goodnight Sweetheart."

Tom Armstrong died in 1974 and his mother, Lizzie, in 1976. Both are buried in the Nordegg Old Cemetery, along with Peter Armstrong.

ATWATER, Earl
by Nina Evashkevich (freelance-writer)

Homestead where Earl grew up as a boy, July 1962.

"During the depression, we were the poorest of the poor. We would shoot squirrels and trap weasels to make money. We were paid 10 cents for each hide. A loaf of bread cost 10 cents. That loaf of bread sure tasted good because we were so starved."

"We always had four to six weeks each winter that was -40 to -60 F. We never had enough clothes, let alone warm ones. In the winter we had to wrap rags around our feet because we had no boots or shoes suitable for the weather."

Rocky Mountain House resident, Earl Atwater, remembers the Depression, the Dirty Thirties as it was called, and how hard times were then.

Earl was born Feb. 13, 1926, to parents Raymond and Nellie Atwater, who came to Alberta from Nova Scotia.

Most of Earl's life has consisted of work. "We would cut firewood with a Swede saw for a dollar a load (no chain saws back then), and take it the eight miles to town, three times a week, with a team of horses and sleigh. If the load was split, we would get $1.50 for it; this could buy100 pounds of flour at Joe Cony's store in Rocky Mountain House. Times were hard; everyone was struggling."

"I often worked for farmers. I was only 13 when I started driving 'bundle teams' during harvest. It was hard work."

In September, 1941, Earl started working on the railroad as a section man. He was thrilled to be making two bits an hour, it was much better than the 50 cents a day he had been making. With the railroad, he worked on the Rocky section, which included Oras and Harlech.

Earl loves working outdoors. He has been a horse wrangler, combine operator, cat skinner, brush and mine prop cutter, gravel truck and semi-truck driver. He's worked on the construction of a pulp mill and on farms driving all manner of harvesting equipment.

Earl started working for Crimson Lake Provincial Park when it came into being in 1949. He worked there for over 28 years. His father, Raymond Atwater, worked for the Park for 19 years.

During the years of 1958 to 1970, Earl owned rental cabins on Crimson Lake. In 1959 a young lady from Ponoka named Hulda Leimert and her friend rented a cabin from Earl. Earl thought she was okay!

There were no fridges back then but there were ice boxes for each cabin. "I delivered small amounts of ice to Hulda's cabin, so that I could get to know her better. The Lord brought her to my doorstep," says Earl.

"Then he was always on my doorstep," laughs Hulda. "He proposed to me on his knees in the living room." Earl and Hulda have been married for 41 years and have two girls and five grandchildren.

With all the work he did growing up, he never had time to go to school. Four years ago, at age 69, Earl enrolled in the Adult Literacy Program at the Rocky Mountain House Library. Statistics say that one out of every four people are illiterate. He is the oldest person at the literacy conferences.

"I never had time for book learning when I was young and I do now. It is wonderful to be able to read my Bible." He spends one hour a day, two times a week in Adult Literacy and also does some homework. Earl encourages anyone who has a problem reading to enroll in the Adult Literacy Program.

He purchased his first vehicle, a Model T Ford, in 1941 and has owned 90+ vehicles since. "It's a nice hobby to have, but I still haven't owned a Jaguar yet."

Earl's summer hobby is riding his bicycle. He has ridden to Red Deer, Nordegg and Fort Saskatchewan. He often rides into Rocky and has coffee with his friends at McDonald's Restaurant.

Earl enjoys traveling and has been to Alaska twice and across Canada twice. "I love coming home to Rocky Mountain House."

While Earl is home, he volunteers a lot: snow shoveling, helping people build their homes. He helped with the construction of the Rocky Mountain House Church of the Nazarene for over a year. He helped set up the Riverview Playground on 60th Street.

"I learned good work ethics when I was growing up, but I hope I never have to be that hungry again."

BAICH FAMILY

Tony and Anne Baich.

Tony and Anne Baich moved to Rocky Mountain House in September 1966, having purchased the MacLeods Family Shopping Centre. They had four boys: Robert, Victor, Barry and Francis. Barry and Francis were still in high school at the time. The MacLeods store was located down on main street. The family decided to build their own MacLeods store up the street. In 1972 MacLeods stores had become US owned (Gambles) and the family wanted to stay on as a Canadian retail, so they became part of the Link Hardware chain. In 1975 they added on to their building and started a Honda and Suzuki motorcycle franchise.

Baich family.

In 1980 they became a Home Hardware and Home Furniture. In January 1988 they bought out Revelstoke Building Supplies and turned it into Home-All. 1998 found them building a 28,000 sq. ft building to amalgamate the three stores into one building at the bottom of main street. December 1998 they opened the doors to the new store Home Hardware Building Centre.

Francis, Judy. Front: Victoria, & Elizabeth.

Tony along with his sons chartered the Knights of Columbus Council. Tony and Anne retired around the year 1974 and began going to Mesa, Arizona, for the winters. They would spend their summers in Rocky, but often would head out with their motor home to visit friends and family in Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia. When Tony was home, he may not have been working in the store, but he was around to have a cup of coffee and a story or two. And if you weren't ready to listen he'd say "Do you want to hear this, or do you want your money back?" He often helped out at the Church, distributing Holy Communion to the sick and elderly who could not make it to church. Tony passed away May 4,1984, in Rocky. Anne continued spending her winters in Mesa for a few years. She would come home for Easter to spend the holiday with her family and friends. She loved to paint and learned to do China painting. Each of us who has any of her painted plates will treasure them forever. She passed away on April 23, 1994, in Rocky.

Robert married Gloria Kunkel of Pincher Creek in September 1970. They have four girls: Deborah (Engineer), is Store Manager of Home Hardware in Rocky Mountain House. Nicole (Accountant), is in Red Deer. Christine married Kevin Gue in September 2000. She is a Civil Engineer in Edmonton. Theresa is a student at the University of Alberta in Edmonton and works at the store.

Victor married Lorraine Labonte, Morinville, Alberta, June 1967. They have two children, Lise and Dan. Lise is a school teacher at St. Matthews Catholic School, and Dan works for RVB Managements. Lise married Warren Peterson also of Rocky Mountain House. They have two children, Colin, 9, and Abigayle, 7. They attend St. Matthew School.

Victor played hockey all through the years and played for the original Rocky Rams. He was known in 1967/68 as a high scoring left-winger. He is proud to have been coached by the late Clifford Brierley. Lorraine volunteered at schools her children attended. She taught paper tole and other crafts for the Rocky Arts and Guild for a number of years. Their daughter, Lise, also taught wood painting for the Guild. Vic and Lorraine enjoy spending time with their grandchildren.

Baich's Hardware, 1966, (r-l), Tony, Anne, Nita Janigo, Frances Findlater, Vic, Barry, Bob, (Francis seated) and Marj Williams

Barry married Linda Brookes of Rocky Mountain House in July 1972. They have two children, Joe and Rebecca. Joe, graduated from the University of Calgary with a Bachelor of Commerce Degree and is now living and working in Romania. Rebecca, after a year at Mount Royal College in Calgary, is doing some travelling and is in Australia working. Barry played football through his high school years. He also played for the Rocky Rams and was a member of the Motorcycle Association. In 1991 Barry was the Rocky Chamber of Commerce President. Linda has her Bachelor of Science of Nursing Degree. She is the daughter of Rose and Richard Brookes of Rocky Mountain House. December 2001 Barry semi-retired from the retail business and is now busy with his own property management.

Francis married Judy Martindale from Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan, May 1981. They have two girls, Victoria and Elizabeth. Victoria, born in Kindersley, Saskatchewan, is currently in Grade twelve. Elizabeth was born in Rocky while Francis and Judy were here for a wedding. She is in Grade 9. Both girls attend St. Matthew Catholic School. Judy moved to Rocky in October 1980 and worked as teller for CIBC. In September 1981 Francis and Judy moved to Kindersley, Saskatchewan. In July 1994 they moved back to Rocky where Francis worked with Barry in the Home All Building Supply store. October 1999 found Francis switching companies and going to work at the Co-op Home Building Centre. Judy currently works in the office for Home Hardware and has been there for over five years. Francis is very active in

Warren, Dan, Vic. Front: Colin, Lise, Lorraine & Abigayle.

the church and became Grand Knight for the Knights of Columbus. He and a few Knights were instrumental in building a special room which housed a 52" T.V. screen in the wall. They started Saturday matinees with VCR movies (as the theatre burned down a couple of years before), and served popcorn and drinks for the children. They also started having a supper/movie night once a month for the adults. Francis loved to have a "theme" with the movie. His favourite was "Titanic," and supper was "Sub Sandwiches" served with "Iceberg" lettuce. Dessert was ice cream "floats" and "lifesaver" suckers. Ernie Murias, fellow Knight, came in wearing a lifejacket as he had heard "the boat sinks."

BAKER, Ralph Daniel
by Marg Valstar

Ralph was born July 9, 1921, at Coronation, Alberta, to Nellie (Williams) and Christopher George Baker. Both Nellie and Chris were born in England and immigrated to Canada about 1910. Times were tough in Coronation what with drought, poor land and huge rocks on their farm, so they moved to the Andrews district near Eckville in 1922. Ralph was barely walking when he ran away—on the move, even at that age. Luckily his mother saw his little red toque disappearing over the hills. Ralph started school in Eckville when he was about seven years old.

In 1927 they moved into the town of Eckville where his father worked in a butcher shop. In 1928 half the town was destroyed by fire, so they moved to Leslieville. Ralph quit school in 1935 with only a Grade 6 education and went to work on Steve Reilly's farm where he milked cows by hand, fed pigs, and chickens and worked the fields with horses. He was paid $15.00 a month, plus his room and board. He also worked for Roy Davenport during the winter, cutting fire wood and hauling it with horses into the town of Leslieville.

There wasn't much work, so he joined the army to served in World War II. He and Barney Crawford signed up in Red Deer, on March 31, 1942. Shortly after, they went by train to Calgary for a week of military training, and from there to Cornwall, Ontario. After a short visit home, they were sent back to Halifax by rail, then sailed nine days on a Polish boat. The weather wasn't good; the ocean was rough, and Ralph couldn't swim, either. They landed at Glasgow, Scotland, on June 1, 1942. From there they went by train to Aldershot, England—and more boot-camp. Ralph first started training for the Signal Core, but found Morse code was more than he could master. So, he worked as a driver-mechanic and often drove trucks to the front lines. More than once he had to bail out and hit the dirt. He was in Italy for fifteen months. He was also on the Mediterranean Sea, in Rome, Artona, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. He belonged to the Royal Canadian Signal Corps, and was given the tag #M100348. He was paid $40.00 per month and $20.00 of that was sent home to his parents. In 1943 he received $46.50 per month, and in 1945 he was making a whopping $52.50 per month.

The soldiers carried a little metal ration box with them (which looked similar to a sardine can) and measured about 3" x 4" x 1 ½ " deep. The contents looked like chocolate, but didn't taste that good. This was used only in case of an emergency, and was supposed to last them 48 hours. If you cheated, and ate more than you were allotted, it would cost you seven days pay. The men polished their gun barrels with shoe polish, ironed their boots to make them shine, had to bleach their gaiters (spats) and belts, and used brown paper as a pressing cloth on their uniforms.

Peace was declared in May of 1945, and Ralph returned to Canada unscathed. He sailed home on the Queen Elizabeth (a Cunard White Star liner) in four days. Again he came back to Leslieville by rail, arriving home in January of 1946. His parents, who had been farming the north half of 21-40-5-W5, moved into Leslieville. So, Ralph took over the farm, milking about eight cows by hand, cutting fire wood in the winter and selling it in town for $10.00 a cord.

Entertainment took the form of country dances, and Ralph usually travelled to the dances by horse and sleigh. A fiddle and guitar player made up the band, and the happy crowd danced to waltzes, polkas, schottisches, butterflies and square dances. The midnight suppers were usually made by the ladies and brought in brown paper bags, while the coffee would be brewing on the old wood stove. Sometimes a box social was held. Each girl made enough lunch for two people and put it in a secretly decorated shoe box. The boxes were auctioned off, and the successful bidder got the girl along with the lunch. I'm sure there was no cheating, and no one knew whose box was whose. It was while Ralph was kicking up his heels at one of these dances that he met Irene Heikkinen, the daughter of Ida (Korhhonen) and Matt Heikkinen.

Irene was born at home in the Bingley area. When she started school, she couldn't speak a word of English, since only Finnish was spoken at home. However, Irene did well at school; she learned the English language quickly and skipped the second grade. She walked about two and half miles to the Bingley country school. Later, she walked about the same distance to the Leafland school for Grade 8. After that she boarded in Leslieville for a while, until a teacher arrived at Golden Heights and she finished Grade 9 there. That was it! From that time on, she had to stay home and help on the farm, milking cows and doing chores. And do you know how she got her driver's license? She ordered it through the mail.

Shortly after Irene's parents returned from a trip to Finland, Ralph and Irene were married The harvest was late that year, but Irene and Ralph took the day off to be married on October 24, 1947, in the Bethel Union Church at Leslieville, by Rev. Scarrow. There was a supper at Matt and Ida Heikkinen's, followed by a

wedding dance at Centerview Hall. For midnight supper, sandwiches, cake and cookies were served in brown paper bags, and a box of oranges was passed around later. Next morning the party was over, and it was back to harvesting—no time for a honeymoon.

After farming for a short time on his dad's farm, Ralph and Irene moved to Blackfalds, where they worked on a dairy farm, milking cows, some by hand and some by machine. Then, back to Leslieville where they lived on the same farm as Matt Heikkinen. Ralph worked for Eli Saarela, running a "Cat," and working on the farm. Later he went to work for Danny Taylor, doing the usual farm and field work and driving truck, hauling cattle and grain. Then he worked at Winchester's lumber camp, waking up one morning to find that snow had drifted from the door to the wood stove. From here, the family moved into Rocky where they lived in the Fisher cabins. Ralph operated a grader for the Department of Highways before hauling lumber and working on the planing mill for Filipowiczs. The family's next move was to Leslieville, and from there Ralph worked for the CNR, on the section crew, between Codner (otherwise known as Oras) to west of Leslieville and then to the Horburg and Phoenix areas. Yet another move took them to Crossfield where they worked for a farmer, doing field work and growing potatoes. Once again, they returned to Leslieville where Ralph bought a quarter section (SE 26-40-5-W5) from Matt Heikkinen for $2000.00, moving the house he built at Filopwicz's to their new farm. The house had two rooms, and there was no electricity. They used Coleman or coal oil lamps. Heating and cooking was done with a wood and coal stove, and they had no telephone or running water. Television was unheard of. Water was drawn by lowering a bucket on a rope into a hand-dug well which was cribbed with wooden planks.

Since the family was getting larger, Ralph built two more rooms onto the house. It was a real luxury to have a living room with its own heater too. And soon there was a drilled well with a hand pump, and a phone on a party line. Each families' phone had a ring, consisting of a certain sequence of short and long rings. If you wanted to phone long distance, you hoped the Leslieville switch board operator was on duty to put your call through.

Ralph worked out on the rigs as rough neck, motor man, or on the derrick, while Irene was left to milk the cows, feed the pigs and chickens, thaw the frozen water pump and pipes to the cattle trough, and look after the children. Once, when she was out milking, she looked towards the house and, through the kitchen window, saw flames coming from the kitchen. Running to the house she found two petrified kids who had tried to put a tomato carton in the stove. Before they could get the carton all the way in, it caught fire, and they didn't know what to do. Luckily, it was in the fire box, so no damage was done, but the incident gave everyone a good scare.

In 1958 Ralph went to work for Bill's Service in Rocky, a business that repaired and sold farm machinery, owned by Bill Simmelink. At last Bill was able to be home in the evenings! He also used his own truck as a cream truck, picked up the farmers' five gallon cream cans and dropped them off at the Rocky Creamery. There the cream was tasted, graded, weighed, and then dumped into a bulk tank. Then the empty cans were returned to the farmers. The cans were silver with a green collar, and the owners' names were painted on each can. Delivery days often coincided with a visit to the dentist for the children, as that was the only time someone was going to town. In 1963 Ralph sold the farm and moved to Rimbey, where he worked at the BA Service Station, then worked for a New Holland farm machinery dealership owned by Spen Muddle. The family rented a big two-story house, about four and half miles northeast of Rimbey, before moving to Bluffton where Ralph worked on road construction and bridge building, and Irene worked in Bluffton's macaroni factory.

Can you imagine homesteading? In 1964 the Bakers moved to a homestead, a mile north of the Pendryl Store, between Winfield and Buck Lake. No land was cleared, not a building or a fence had been built on the property, and there were absolutely no services. There was a half section of bush to be cleared, land to be broken, rocks to be picked, seeding to be done, and buildings to be constructed. The family's first house was only a shack, attached to an old

mobile home. The last mile of road from the store was mud, and if it rained they were in trouble.

Ralph did some welding, worked in Edmonton, building houses, operated road graders for the County of Wetaskiwin and did maintenance work on a number of the local schools. He also owned his own sawmill, did the usual mixed farming and built a very nice home. They landscaped the yard, had a big garden and planted some apple trees. Irene worked outside, helping with the field work, sawmill, chores and gardening. After all this work, they sold the farm to their sons, Bob and Darrell, and had a farm auction on June 2, 1984. Once again, Ralph built a house, this time on an acreage, southwest of Red Deer, on the old Burnt Lake Trail. As usual, they had a huge garden and root cellar with enough food to supply half the country.

In 1990, Ralph at the age of 69, built a duplex in Rocky Mountain House for his son-in-law, Gus Valstar. At the same time, Irene was busy making rugs (using a loom which belonged to her mother), gardening, preserving fruit and vegetables and doing crafts.

In 1994 they sold the acreage and after a brief stay in Red Deer moved to Rocky Mountain House. In 2000 their Rocky house was sold, and they moved back to the country, buying an acreage which had been subdivided from the original quarter they bought, years before, from Matt Heikkinen.

Times have changed and things have improved; houses are warmer; the roads are paved; vehicles have four wheel drives and air conditioning. Electricity and natural gas makes living easier, and indoor plumbing beats all. There are cell phones galore, computers, and bank machines to frustrate the older generation. It is a hectic world! Who knows what the future will bring?

Ralph and Irene have seven children: Margaret, Janet, Betty, Bob, Darrel, Patrick (deceased) and Wesley. Margaret Irene was born May 14, 1948, in Eckville. She started school in Leslieville, then to Crossfields, back to Leslieville, then David Thompson, Rimbey and Winfield. Margaret married Laverne Muyres and they have four children: Michael, Shane, Cody and Candace. Later they divorced, and Margaret married Gus Valstar.

Janet Elsie was born June 17, 1949, in the Lacombe hospital. Janet attended school at Leslieville and David Thompson school, also Bluffton, Rimbey and Winfield. She married Raymond Becker, and they have three girls: Nadine, Carla, and Jolene. They have a nice home near Buck Lake where they raise elk and have an oil field maintenance business.

Elizabeth Anne (Betty Anne) was born April 15, 1954, in Rocky Mountain House, while the family were living in a cabin where the Town Centre Trailer Park is now located. Betty started school in Leslieville, then Rimbey, Bluffton, and finished in Winfield. She then came to Rocky and worked at the Peak Restaurant. Later she married Arnold Engblom (now deceased). They had two children, Shay Anne (who has a little girl, Sydney), and Tyler. Betty was a secretary for Red Deer plumbing companies for some time, but is now living on an acreage near Trochu.

Robert Ralph (Bob) was born May 2, 1956, in Rocky Mountain House. He has a daughter Jessica, with Jan Laird, and lives on his parents' former homesteaded in the Pendryl district. He has worked on sawmills, driven tank and gravel trucks, operated graders and heavy equipment. He also worked in oil field maintenance and is presently doing carpentry work.

Darrell Wayne was born March 21, 1958, also in Rocky. He married Lynda Davidson, and they have two girls, Brittany and Nicole. He worked for Border Paving for many years, mainly as a grader operator and has even worked in some of the newer subdivisions around Rocky. He is self employed and is presently building a house, as well as doing renovating work.

In August 1961, a still born son, Patrick Arthur, was born and buried at the Leslieville cemetery. It was a sad summer for Irene, as her father died of a heart attack a few days prior to the baby's birth.

Wesley Arthur was born June 10, 1970, in Wetaskiwin, while the family were slaving away on the homestead. He was a good accordionist, and his mom and dad did a fair bit of travelling when he played in the old time accordion championships at Kimberly, British Columbia. Wes started school in Winfield and graduated from Lindsay Thurber School in Red

Deer. He first worked at Zeller's in Red Deer and then Rocky Mountain House. He was also a music teacher for Buck Mountain Music in Rocky. Wes then worked as a forestry clerk at the Nordegg Ranger Station and was also a fire fighter on the initial attack crew. He helped re-bolt many of the lookout towers in the Rocky area. Wes is now a Woodlands Operation Co-ordinator for Alpac Pulp Mill in Boyle, and owns a house in Athabasca.

BALDRY , Lee and Beth

My parents and family moved from Saskatchewan to Sylvan Lake, Alberta, in 1941, to a farm north of Sylvan. Beth (Knieper) was born and raised in the Sylvan Lake-Bentley area on a farm. Beth and I were married in January of 1945. At the time I was working for Strong and Parsons, near Rocky Mountain House, loading props. So we rented a cabin from the Griffins for three months, before working elsewhere for the summer and fall.

Then we returned to Rocky Mountain House in November and rented a place where the Kentucky Fried Chicken is now located. Our first son was born in November 1945. I worked for Charlie Edwards that winter 1945/46. We then worked in various areas before moving to Crammond, Alberta. We had two children then. Peggy was born in January of 1948. We farmed there for forty-one years. We also had five more children: Janet, Susan, Candis, Bruce and Greta. Grant lives at Red Deer, Alberta; Peggy Ennis lives at Caroline; Janet lives at Red Deer; Susan lives near Camrose; Candis Haney lives at Condor; Bruce and Lori live at Innisfail and Greta Smith lives at Bashaw. We sold our farm and moved to Eckville in 1993. We find Eckville a nice friendly place and are pleased to retire here.

We enjoyed our time at Rocky Mountain House, and I do believe Rocky is one of the most picturesque places in Central Alberta.

BARNES, William
submitted by Viljo Kohtala

William Barnes homesteaded the S.W. 15-40-6-W5, in the Bingley district in 1911. His widowed sister, Mrs. Gourlay, kept house for him. He left the district in the mid 1920s.

BARRETT, Oliver
by M. Keslake

Oliver and Greta's 50th Anniversary, with Fred, Marian, Larry and Linda.

Oliver's grandfather, Noah Barrett, and grandmother, Mary Anne, and four children moved to Nova Scotia from Palbadar, Pellatin, Cornwall, England in 1887. Later they had three more children. Oliver's father, Charles, was born in Cornwall in 1876.

In 1895 Charles married Catherine Nichols in Nova Scotia. They had eight children, two of which died very early in life. Charles came out to Alberta with a brother, Sydney, and homesteaded southeast of Rocky Mountain House in the Horseguard district. Catherine and children came out to join him, later. In 1911, Catherine died, leaving her husband and six young children.

Charles Barrett family.

Ron Henderson with sisters, Judy and Gail in 2000.

One of Catherine's children was Oliver Barrett, who had been born in Truro, Nova Scotia, on May 30, 1904.

On June 28, 1929, Oliver married Greta Hansel, and they settled on his homestead which he had been building up since 1927. Later, in 1947, Oliver and Greta moved to Rocky.

Greta had been born in Germany on March 22, 1909, and arrived in Alberta on October 15, 1924, with her parents, Paul and Carolina Hansel, and her brother, Max Hansel. They settled on a farm in the Alhambra district. They also moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1947.

Following is a list of Oliver and Greta's children: Marian (Barrett) Keslake, born in 1930, has three children; Larry Barrett, born in 1934, has seven children; Fred Barrett, born in 1941, has two children; Linda (Barrett), born in 1945, has two children. Marian Barrett married Doug Henderson in April, 1948. Marian's children are Ronald, born in 1949; Gail, born in 1951 and Judy, born in 1955. Marian divorced in 1970, and in 1977 she married Stanley Keslake from Dorset, England, who died in 1988.

Ron Henderson has a son, Lee, born in 1977

Gail (Henderson) Strohschein has a daughter, Deanna, born in 1969.

Judy (Henderson) Paisley has two step-sons, Vince and Kevin.

Oliver Barrett died in 1990, and his wife, Greta, died in 1995.

BARTON, Lori (Park)

I was born in Rocky Mountain House in 1960 to Rob and Dorothy Park, and I certainly couldn't have found better parents if I'd tried. I've heard that my sister, Darline, went door to door telling our neighbors that she had a sister and "it didn't matter whether I was a sister or brother, as long as I was healthy." However, I think both she and Pat wished I had been a boy, later on, as I used to tear the heads off their paper cutout dolls. Apparently they spent a lot of time trying to get away from me.

I remember when I was six years old, Dad fixed up our bathroom and installed a full-sized bathtub (which we were all quite excited about). He also put in a laundry chute which we were very impressed with. It didn't take long for Pat and Darline to take full advantage of the chute. They would run into the bathroom, lock the door, then escape down the chute to the basement, and go to play while I stood pounding on the bathroom door and hollering to be let in. Luckily, I had Mom on my side, and she quickly put a stop to that, mainly because the bathroom door was still locked and no one could get in.

We did have some fun together though, Mom would give the three of us girls money to go to the Saturday matinee, and we figured if Pat paid to get in and then let Darline and me in the exit door, we would have more money for candy. We

Howie and Jake Barton with Grandpa Robert Park.

were all adults when we confessed to Mom and Dad what we had done. Although Mom was quite shocked, I have a feeling Dad and his brothers had probably done their share of similar stunts.

I also had my big brother, Layton, who was always nice to me. He would take me for rides on his bicycle and later on his motorcycle, which was even more exciting. With hanging around Layton and his friends, and going to the Ritz Cafe with my sisters for a pop, I thought I was really part of the "in crowd." When I was eight, we moved to the farm, and it was then that I met my best friend, Lani Titford. We met the first day of school in Grade 3 when I sat with her on the bus. She was quite upset because she was saving the seat for Joanne Scott, but eventually she forgave me, and we all became friends. We had many great times together, and I have many wonderful memories of growing up in Rocky. I graduated in 1978 and then went to work at Brownlee Drug Store, and later to Sears.

In 1981 Mom and Dad moved to Vernon B.C., and Pat and her girls and I decided to move too. I arrived in Vernon in July, and by November I had moved back to Rocky. I had found it very hard to leave all my friends behind. Since the Titford family was like my second family, I was quite happy to be back. I got an apartment, a job at the Bay, and stayed until December of 1985. By then I was really missing my own family, so Dad came out, loaded all my stuff in the van and brought me back to Vernon.

The following August, I met Brian Barton and knew there was a reason I had moved to Vernon. Brian had moved to Vernon from Weyburn, Saskatchewan, when he was twelve. Both sets of his grandparents were farmers there, and his uncles both still farm there today. I love going to visit Weyburn because it reminds me of Rocky. Small town farming communities have the friendliest people, and they make you feel like you've known them your whole life. Brian's mom moved back to Weybum, so we get out there fairly often.

Brian works for Safeway. He started there as a student in high school and has now been there for 26 years. We got married May 27, 1989, and Howie Robert was born May 2, 1992, and Jake Michael completed our happy little family on November 16, 1993. I was Assistant Manager at Coles Book Store for six years, but decided not to go back after our boys were born. I'm now a full-time mom and enjoy being home with the boys.

Lori, Howie, Jake and Brian Barton with Rob and Dorothy Park.

Our sons are the most important things in our lives, and we are very proud of them. They are always busy with soccer, baseball, cubs, swimming and curling. Howie is very artistic and very social. Jake likes to work, and he is always looking for ways to help out. We think he might be a carpenter like his Grandpa Barton, as he loves to build things. Brian's dad passed away in 1994, but we know he would be very proud of his grandsons.

We feel very fortunate to have Mom and Dad living close to us. They are both in good health and a tremendous help to our family. We are happy to have most of my family around Vernon, as well as Brian's brother and sister-in-law. Vernon is home to me now, but I had twenty-five great years in Rocky. I couldn't imagine a better place to grow up. I will always love the town of Rocky Mountain House and I think of it often. Rocky and the people there will always be very special to me.

BASSO, Pete (Pietro) and Barbara (Sieben) and son, Rino Basso
submitted by Rino Basso

Dad was born in Fuime Venito, Northern Italy, on March 27, 1905. He was the son of Antonio Basso and Giovanna Turcatel. He had

four brothers and three sisters.

In February 1927 Dad's sister, Mrs. Amalia (Basso) Contardo, began the paper work to sponsor dad's immigration to Canada. Amalia and Gildo Contardo had resided in Nordegg since 1925. Aunty "Malia" and Uncle Gildo moved to Calgary after the mine closed and resided there until their death. Amalia passed away in 1970, and Gildo in 1969.

In March of 1927 Dad left his town of St. Giorgio Della Richinvelda in the province of Udine, northern Italy, for Cherbourg, France, and booked passage on the Cunard ship line, taking the S.S. Arabic for Halifax, arriving in Canada on April 27, 1927. In May of 1927, Dad arrived in Nordegg. He had obtained his carpentry certificate and training in France (Montetare), where he worked with his brother, Andrea, doing finishing carpentry work on railway passenger cars. His first year in Nordegg saw him working on the road from Rocky Mountain House to Nordegg for 25 cents a day. He then secured a job in the mine and worked as a timber man and later as a miner. He used his carpentry skills and did minor jobs for families in town.

A happy day in Dad's life was in October 1933 when he became a Canadian Citizen. Dad loved the outdoors and fished and hunted in the Nordegg area. His first love was his family. He enjoyed singing and was proud of his Italian heritage.

On October 10, Dad moved on from the life of a bachelor and married Barbara Sieben, (daughter of John Sieben and Monica Phillips). The wedding ceremony took place in St. Theresa's R.C. Church, Nordegg, officiated by Father N.A. Mackenzie.

Mother was born on the family farm, in the district of Groswerder, Saskatchewan (near Macklin), on December 1, 1915. After high school and working for local families, Mother moved to Turner Valley, Alberta, in 1931, where she worked for the Shepard family (owners of Shepard's Garage). In 1935 Mother moved to Calgary and took a six-month Home Nursing and Home Economics course at the "Lougheed House." Mother worked for Dr. Bouk in Calgary, and met Dad at Mrs. Angela Rebaudengo's house (the Italian Counsel Corp.) where she stayed.

In Nordegg mother helped Fr. Mackenzie prepare children for their first Communion. Many children did not know their prayers in English, so she taught them the required ceremony responses.

On July 22, 1946, I, (little -2lbs. 5/8 oz. Rino) was born. I received my schooling in the Red Deer Separate School system, then attended the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology in Edmonton, in the Architectural Technology Program. I have been employed for the past thirty years by the Government of Alberta as Senior Preservation Advisor for the Department of Community Development, Heritage Resource Management Branch. I reside in Calgary.

After the mine explosion, Dad's heart was not in mining. He moved with his family to Red Deer in April of 1947. While in Red Deer, he worked with Horstrom Brothers Construction on the Alpha Dairies Plant and other projects until 1957 when he started Basso Construction, building custom homes. Dad retired in 1970 and passed away in Red Deer at Easter, on Holy Thursday, April 7th, 1982. Mother still resides in the family home in Red Deer.

BAUER, Edgar
submitted by son, Darcy

Dad was born 71 years ago in Vegreville, Alberta. His parents were Julius and Lydia Bauer. He was the second eldest of their four sons. His brothers were Lloyd, Kurt and Herman. Unfortunately, Lloyd passed on from cancer two years ago. Herman lives in Vegreville and Kurt lives in Rocky.

The name Bauer means "farmer" in German, and farming is something my dad enjoyed all his life. Growing up on a farm, Dad and his brothers learned from a very young age what hard work is all about. When Dad was twelve Grandpa Miller died, and Dad moved to their home to help Grandma run the farm, staying there until he was seventeen. Leaving his own family at such a young age was one of the hardest times of Dad's life.

I remember Kurt telling us about visiting the farm: Dad use to horde a large stack of spearmint gum. Kurt said it always took a lot of persuasion to get Dad to give him a piece.

Another story I recall Dad and Kurt telling was about childhood hockey games. They used

Sears catalogues for shin pads, played hockey on a frozen pond, made their own hockey sticks from willow trees and used a frozen horse dropping for a puck. They said it really stung when they got nailed by those pucks. Dad enjoyed watching hockey and was always there supporting us through our hockey-playing years.

Prior to marrying Mom, my dad had a turkey farm. Later he went to SAIT where he graduated with honors at the top of his class as a tinsmith. He married Mom in 1957 and they were quite a handsome couple. I was born a year later, followed by my brothers, Dale and Darren, and my two sisters, Connie and Bonnie. Dad and Mom have six grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

Around 1959 we moved to Rocky, along with my uncle Kurt. Dad and Uncle Kurt started B&B Plumbing and Heating. Being young entrepreneurs, they eventually expanded their business into appliances, TVs, then furniture and floor coverings. I remember when colour television first came out; all of us would go down to the store on Sunday evenings to watch "The Wonderful World of Disney."

Later on, along with Clayton Kennedy and Lawrence Mazza, my dad and Kurt established several dry-cleaning plants around the province and, for the past twenty-five years, Dad has been one of the partners in The Walking Eagle Hotel and Lodge. He enjoyed his involvement with Kinsmen and K-40s. Then there were the "Cavalcade Days." I have fond memories of the cavalcades, as I'm sure many of you do. I think our family attended everyone of them. Over the years Dad also enjoyed fishing, camping, golfing, curling and for the past ten years driving his tractor. Dad was quite a craftsman and liked carpentry. Recently, along with Dale and Darren, Dad and Mom built a log cabin down by the river. This was one of their dreams. Dad was a very private person who enjoyed the company of close friends and loved his family very much. He passed away in January 2003.

BAYLY, Bertie and Gladys
a synopsis of "The History of Gladys and Herbert Bayly," by Mrs. P.M. Dixon. The complete text can be found on the accompanying CD ROM.

Edwin, Gilbert, Bertie, Vincent, Alice, Agnes and Herbert Edmond at Clearwater Ranch.

This is the story of a family who once owned a ranch south of Rocky Mountain House on the Clearwater River. They loved the country and, similar to other settlers, they were full of ambitious dreams as they devoted themselves to working the land. For a short period of time, they played an important role in the community, especially Gladys who took an active role in organizing local events.

Gladys was a likable young woman with a keen sense of adventure. She was born in 1890 in South Africa, the daughter of Dr. Robert and Marianne Gordon. She had two elder brothers, George and Ronald, and in 1902 the family moved from Africa to Hertfordshire, England, where Gladys attended the Berkhamsted School for Girls, and her brothers were pupils of the Berkhamsted School for Boys. While at school, Gladys's brothers became friends with the Bayly boys, which in turn resulted in Gladys meeting her future husband, Bertie Bayly.

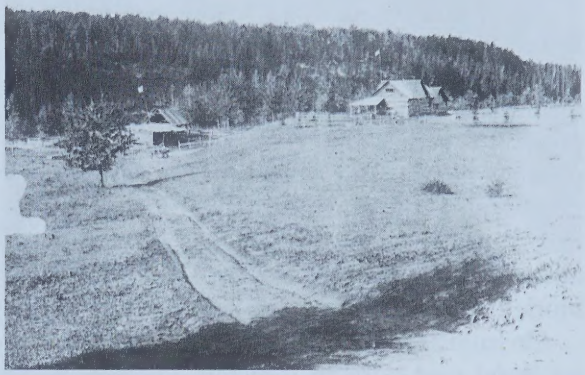
Strange as it may sound, the Berkhamsted School played a significant part in the history of Central Alberta and was responsible for bringing Glady and Bertie Bayly to the west country. This sophisticated school had very ancient foundations. It first opened in 1541, as King Edward VI's Grammar School for Boys.

Gladys and Beryl Bayly, Nell and Dorothy Gordon.

Over the years, the school changed its name to Berkhamsted School and became co-educational. Dr. Thomas C. Fry was the headmaster of the school from 1888 to 1911. He toured the United States and Canada in the early 1900s, stopping in Red Deer to meet one of his "old boys," by the name of Simpson who owned a quarter of homestead land.

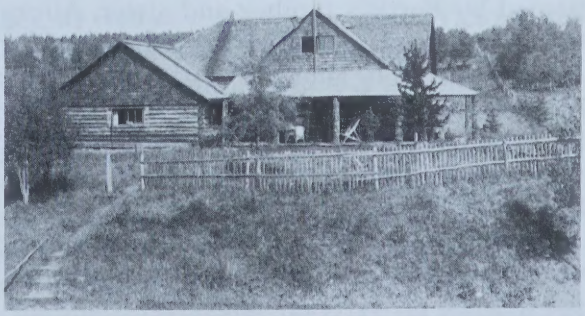
Dr. Fry was quite impressed with the country and decided to open a farming school near Red Deer where his students could get two years farming experience before going out on their own. He purchased Simpson's quarter and eventually owned all of Sec. 2-38-27-W4 and the south ½ and northeast ¼ of Sec 11-38-27 W4—nearly 1200 acres. He built a large house and named the property "Berkhamsted Farm." The school on this farm ran for at least nine years, perhaps ten. Dr. Fry sent six to eight boys to the school at a time, and each stayed for two years. At the end of this two-year period, the young men were earning $25 a month clear.

By way of the Berkhamsted Farm, the four Bayly brothers, Edwin, Herbert (Bertie), Gilbert and Vincent, came to Canada in 1906 and claimed homesteads in the Rocky Mountain House area. They took adjoining land and built a home beside the Clearwater River, in what was to become the Dovercourt district. A year later, their parents and sister, Alice, arrived, and lived in Edwin's large home. The Bayly brothers had separate farms, but they all worked together. Once a month they held an Anglican service in their home, conducted by the Rev. Heaven from Leslieville. In 1909 the first wedding was performed in Edwin's living room when Alice Bayly married Howard Ringrose.



Clearwater Ranch.

In 1910 Bertie Bayly returned to England and, while visiting the Gordon family in Berkhamsted, he became engaged to Gladys. Very likely many impassioned letters travelled the Atlantic in the months that followed, for when Gladys came to Canada, in 1911, Bertie eagerly awaited her arrival, and the young couple were married in Montreal.



The Bayly home.

Picnic on the Clearwater River.

The honeymooners traveled by train to Innisfail, then by buggy to the Clearwater Ranch where, under the watchful eye of her mother-in-law, Gladys was introduced to the life of a pioneer housewife. She worked hard trying to prove herself: milking cows; gardening, butter-making; making jams and jellies from wild berries; chinking the log house with moss each year and, at harvest time, it was her job to drive the binder, four horses abreast.

On June 21, 1912, Gladys and Bertie's daughter Beryl was born in Innisfail. She was baptized Beryl Gordon by Rev. Heaven in Edwin's house. 1912 was also the year that Rocky Mountain House became incorporated. Soon, there was no need to go sixty miles to Innisfail for necessities, when shops and a doctor were available in the new town which was only ten miles away. Rocky Mountain House also afforded some entertainment in the form of dances and picnics, and, when Gladys entered the horsemanship class in Rocky's first Agricultural Fair, she won first prize.

In early 1914 Gladys and little Beryl paid a visit to friends and family in England, accompanied by Bertie's mother and sister, Alice. Gladys was overjoyed to see her parents again, especially her ailing father, but she lost favor with her mother-in-law by extending her visit. Mother Bayly and Alice left for Canada on schedule, without Glady who returned later that summer to a very frosty reception.

Early in 1915, Bertie and Gladys read an advertisement in a newspaper—a family wished to exchange property on Vancouver Island for a farm in Alberta. So, the young couple decided to make the exchange. Selling their stock and equipment by auction on May 7, 1915, they left Rocky Mountain House via train, then took the Trans-Continental from Calgary to Vancouver. The next day they took a Union Steamship for Courtney and Commox. Full of high hopes, they located their "exchange." It was a disaster—ten acres of bush with a small frame shack.

To add to the dilemma, Gladys was about to give birth to twin daughters. They lived in the shack while hunting for property more to their liking and soon purchased a farm named "Crystal Springs." When finally settled, both Gladys and Bertie were very happy at Crystal Springs where they ran a small dairy, and where their last child, a son, was born in 1917.

During this time, Bertie's parents were still living on their ranch near Rocky Mountain House. However, in 1916 they sold their ranch and, with Bertie's brother, Gilbert, and sister, Alice, came to live at Crystal Springs. Two years later, Gladys's father died in England, so her mother joined the family at Crystal Springs, and it was she who persuaded Gladys and Bertie to move to the Gordon family home in South Africa. In 1919, Gladys, Bertie and their four children, accompanied by Mrs. Gordon, sailed to Cape Province, and eventually owned a fruit farm near Wellington where the children grew up.

What became of the Berkhamsted Farm? An almost forgotten entity in the history of Central Alberta, the farm remained on a profit-sharing basis with Dr. Fry. When Dr. Fry died in 1929, his equity fell to his sons, Basil and Charles. Basil died in 1930, and Canon Charles E. M. Fry kept the property for seventeen more years, during which time he was a frequent visitor to the farm and was well known in the district. In 1947 the farm was offered for sale in four units, and the Eversoles, who had been managing the farm, bought 240 acres for their own use.

Two other young men, connected with Red Deer's Berkhamsted Farm, were Frank and Leonard Patterson. Coming from England in 1907, the twin brothers became day-students at the farm while living with their sister, Annie Holt. Frank eventually settled in the Alhambra district, and Leonard in the Red Deer district. Frank served as Justice of the Peace for many

years, and Ralph served as secretary-manager of the Red Deer Fair. Descendants of the Pattersons, still living in the region, are presumed to be the only remaining connection to Red Deer's once active Berkhamsted Farm.

BEANBLOSSOM, Victor
by Nina Evashkevich (from Sensational Senior)

"I've seen Rocky Mountain House change from a little hick town with outside toilets and gravel streets, to pavement and beautiful homes. When I was growing up, four families of neighbours would come over almost every Sunday, and we would play ball. We had quite a group, and it was a lot of fun."

Victor's father, Floyd, and grandfather, Levi Beanblossom, came to Rocky Mountain House from Missouri in 1915. Here Floyd met his wife, Louise Zucker, when she came from North Dakota for her sister's funeral. Floyd and Louise were married in 1919 and had eight children. Victor, the youngest of the eight, was born March 3, 1932, a half mile west of the fort at Rocky Mountain House. Sadly, Louise passed away in 1948 at the age of 46.

Victor grew up on a farm in the Crimson Lake district. They owned about 30 head of cattle, and also had horses, chickens and pigs. When he was fifteen, his family moved to a house which sat where the Rocky Wood Preservers is today. They lived there for about five years. He attended school at Crimson Lake until he was 15, then attended one year at the Garth School. It was hard to get teachers in those days, so school was intermittent.

"I remember a weed inspector coming to our house to get his book work done. He owned a 1938 rag-top car. The afternoon was really hot with a big cloud in the north. The neighbour kids were coming to visit. They just got in the barn when a bad hail storm hit. The hailstones were about three inches across, the size of a hardball. It killed quite a few chickens. The horses didn't know where to hide; they just got pelted. The inspector's car got riddled, especially the roof. I've never seen hail that big again."

Victor and his dad moved to Rocky after Victor purchased the property he still lives on, and between 1951 and 1962, he took a job with the CPR in town, then got transferred to Alhambra. Much of the time, the work was seasonal, so he would often have to work in bush camps during the winter. He worked as a bull cook, building fires in the bunk houses, hauling wood and water and doing other janitorial work. Sometimes he worked as a flunky, helping the cook in the kitchen and dining area, and at other times he worked as an edgerman at the mill, feeding boards through the saw. These boards had already been cut on two sides, so the edgerman's job was to trim the remaining two edges off the lumber.

Victor and Mary Beanblossom.

In 1955 Victor met his future wife, Mary Coulter, through her sister who lived in Rocky Mountain House. Mary lived in Vermilion, Alberta, so their three-year courtship was done mainly by letter writing—trips to the post office, as well as many miles put on Victor's vehicle for visits. They were married December 6, 1958. "She's the best part of my life," smiles Victor. He and Mary have two boys and one girl. "Although discipline needs to be consistent in families, the big thing missing for teenagers, today, is communication. They want to be talked to. There needs to be more communication and hugs in families."

Between 1969 and 1974, Victor worked on CPR track maintenance and repair. From 1975

Our family. Valerie, Mary, Leonard, Vic, Bruce.

to 1989, he worked on the tracks between the Ram River plant and Rocky Mountain House. "There were 20 derailments in 20 years during that time."

"One of the most interesting places I've visited is Churchill, Manitoba. In June of '97, we got on the train at Portage La Prairie, and thirty-five hours (2-1/2 days) later, we arrived in Churchill. While on the train, I saw one of the prettiest sunrises I've ever seen in my life, all red and shades of pink."

Victor would like to see Yellowknife and, if things settle down in the Middle East, Mary would like to see the Holy Land. So, there may be more traveling in their future. Since Victor retired in 1989, he has been busy helping people: trimming hedges, mowing lawns, shoveling snow and generally helping anyway he can. He says he is trying to slow down some, though. "I'd like to be remembered as a kind and caring person who helped others."

BEAUDIN, Lord and Joan

We moved to Rocky Mountain House in August 1986 from Lacombe. We had purchased "Action Towing," in 1985, from Les Horsman and Audrey Williams. That first year, the business was operated by our daughters and their husbands, Corinne and Dale Coulter, and Pam and Richard Rempel. Our son, Michael, worked with us until 1987 when he moved to Calgary after high school graduation.

Lord and Joan Beaudin.

Action Towing was operated for a few years from the car-wash next to Cole's Auction Mart. In 1989 we purchased property from Sterling Kolskog that had previously been the drive-in theatre. Action Towing and Parts was run from this location, east of the cemetery, until we sold it to Ron and Mary Ames, in November 1994.

Joan worked at Jolly Jumper Day Care for a few years. She started child-care in her home in 1988, continuing until March 1994.

Both Joan and Lord are active in Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Rocky Whirlaways Square Dance Club and Rocky Museum.

They lived in Maple Ridge, B. C., from November 1994 to October 1997. Since retiring in Rocky Mountain House, they have taken membership at Wilderness Village RV Resort and live full-time in their fifth-wheel trailer.

BEAVER, Morley
as told to Annette Gray

Morley Beaver and his brother, Pete, and their families were among the original residents on the Big Horn Reserve. Although both brothers still have relatives on the reserve, most of their descendants have taken up residence in Morley and elsewhere.

BEAVER, Pete
interpreted by Pearl Francheater for Carrie Mason

Pete has always been a pleasant sight around the O'Chiese Band Office and around the neighborhood. He is 83 years young and looks

healthy and spry as he strolls around, wearing that familiar little grin and mischievous twinkle in his eye.

Pete was born in 1918 on the east part of the Reserve. He has outlived his wife and all of his brothers and sisters. His father was Johnny Lagrelle, and his mother was Mary Frencheater (Cree name, " Macinik"); she came originally from Rockyboy, Montana. Their children were Georgie Beaver and Madeline Frencheater (our interpreter, Pearl Frencheater's mother).

Johnny Lagrelle moved, so Pete was raised by his step-father, Paul Beaver Sr. who was from the Morley Band living at Big Horn Reserve, and Pete assumed the name Beaver. Johnny later had three more children: Louise, Sarah and Daniel.

Pete was unable to provide the birthplace of his father and could only say that he was born in the 1800s. Johnny's siblings were Simon, Mary Jean, Norman and Mike Lagrelle. Pete does not speak English; however, he does speak Saulteaux, Stoney and Cree. In his younger days, Pete worked for Cliff and Bill Brierley, cutting down trees and skidding them to a landing with a skid-horse. He also worked and lived at the bush camps of Andy Miller and Stan Grabber who had a bush camp out toward Nordegg. Earlier, he worked around Alberta cutting brush as far north as Fort Nelson and Fort St. John where he helped clear land for the townsites. Pete recalled his rodeo days when he traveled with George Littlebear from one rodeo to the next, sometimes winning a few dollars as prize money. Pete has one son, Ross, who still lives in Manitoba and a daughter, Joanne Gladue, who lives at O'Chiese and is a social worker with Child Welfare.

One of Pete's cultural contributions to the community has been the Trading Dance he hosts every fall. He serves as an Elder on Band Council and always has a lot of fun pulling pranks on people. His specialty is playing tricks on the "old" people.

BEAVERBONES, Harry
submitted by Carrie Mason

The Beaverbones family is one of the original O'Chiese families and are generally known to be hard working people. Harry Beaverbones is one of this sort and he was not impressed at being disturbed for an interview in the middle of a mechanical project.

However, it was not long before he was demonstrating his, "mohchawin" (rough Cree for "crazy") sense of humor and enjoying recalling "the good old days" experienced by either himself or his father, George Beaverbones.

Harry was born March 10, 1947, at Chambers Creek on the way to Rocky Mountain House. He and his wife, Marie Saulteaux, have seven children who all go by the Saulteaux name, which is customary in that culture. Marie was born in Edmonton and both she and Harry are very proud of their only grandson, Greedon, who is now ten months old. Their own children are: Harriet, Sherry, Desiree, Bonnie, Geneva, Harley and Harrison.

As a child Harry attended the Sunchild School which was run by Mennonites, later on he finished his education through upgrading in Edmonton. As a young fellow he enjoyed playing baseball and hockey. However, Harry's favourite pastime was rodeoing where he competed in bareback riding. To prove it, he sports a long scar on his arm where a smashed bone has been repaired with two steel pins. Powwows and rodeos were a lot of fun, he says, "That's where you met all the women." Harry is a traditional singer and drummer, but does not dance professionally due to a bad leg, although he still enjoys participating in round dances. Another one of his pastimes is playing the guitar and singing a bit of "Country."

Years ago Harry worked in lumber camps around Rocky Mountain House. He also worked in camps around Hinton, driving a skidder, cutting timber for the pulp mill and working seismic. Later he moved to Edmonton where he received his carpentry training after he finished upgrading. He lived in Edmonton for twenty-three years, working as a carpenter. Today, Harry is the maintenance man working for Public Works at O'Chiese Reserve.

George Beaver bones, Harry's father, spoke only Cree and Saulteaux and was married to Mary Yellowface who was from Rockyboy, Montana. Their children were George Beaverbones Jr., Shorty Beaverbones (who was lost and never was found), Caroline Beaver-bones (who served as Chief of O'Chiese), Bessie, Jeanie and Harry (who are twins), Kotap Muskeg (now deceased) and Mary Beaverbones (also deceased).

George Beaverbones moved west from Saskatchewan during the war to protect his sons from being enlisted. Apparently young Native boys were being picked up and enlisted into the military without any knowledge to their parents.

One of Harry's fondest memories is attending Sun Dances near Rocky at a camp spot called "Jackpine" out in the sand hills close to what is now the golf course. That whole area, according to Harry and others, is still considered Sacred Ground.

Getting to the Sun Dance was a story in itself. The road from the Reserve to Rocky was bad, to say the least, and a regular trip to town would take one day each way if they started out early in the morning. The annual journey to "Jackpine Camp" consisted of a cavalcade of families in wagons and would take three to four days as they camped along the way holding all kinds of ceremonies every evening in preparation for the Sun Dance.

The most exciting part of the journey was getting over what Harry refers to as "Diamond Hill." In many spots along the way trees had to be cut down and cut into logs that were laid out horizontally to build a corduroy road across the muskeg. When they arrived at Diamond Hill the wagons had to be pulled up over the hill, one at a time, by a big Belgian team of four horses owned by Sam Strawberry. The women and children would all have to walk over the hill as it was too dangerous to remain in the wagon. The only ones who rode in the wagon were the old people who were too crippled to walk. Getting safely down the other side of the hill was an exciting victory, and they could then all carry on to the Sun Dance. After the Sun Dance was over, several of the young men would ride out by horseback to go to work stooking on nearby farms.

Working for farmers in those days was a common thing, and the men would share work haying, brushing and clearing land etc. The people would always help one another. At the north end of the Reserve, known as Nordegg Flats, the men would get the ground ready and the women would plant gardens. Everyone would share the work and in the fall they would all share the vegetables. The men would hunt together and then share all the meat. The men would also work together, cutting house logs and building log homes for one another. "Everyone helped one another and it was good," says Harry.

BECK, Gordon and family

Gordon Beck was born in Nordegg, Alberta, on December 21, 1920. He was the eldest of two boys. His younger brother, Harold, died suddenly at the age of eighteen from a diving accident. Gordon's father, David Beck, worked at the coal mine in Nordegg. Gordon's mother, Lillian, was from Edmonton.

Marjorie (Baxter) Beck was born in Rocky Mountain House on November 12, 1923. She was the third child of Edward and Estelle Baxter.

Gordon and Marjorie met in Rocky and courted for a short period of time. During their engagement, Gordon was stationed at Dauphin, Manitoba. Gordon was a mechanic for the Air Force during the Second World War. Marjorie worked at the post office and as a clerk at a local store. On June 13, 1944, Gordon and Marjorie were married in Rocky. Reverend Peck officiated at the ceremony. The couple resided in Comox, B.C. for a time where Gordon was still enlisted in the Air Force.

After the war was over, Gordon and Marjorie moved back to Rocky Mountain House. They had five children: Douglas, Michael, Judith, Denise and Reginald. Gordon drove a lumber truck for the Atlas Lumber Company and later for Art Fisher's Lumber Company. Edward Baxter, Gordon's father-in-law, requested that Gordon join him and his brother-in-law, Bert McGrath, in the family business. The Baxter Garage was located where the present day Provincial Building is located. The Baxter family owned this property for thirty plus years. Gordon helped run the business as an Esso and John Deere dealership. The garage was originally a Mercury dealership and later a GMC dealership. In later years Gordon was part owner-operator of the town's ambulance service.

Gordon and his friend, Jack Strong, built a family cabin at Crimson Lake during those years, and the family spent many summers at Crimson Lake.

Marjorie was also a business-minded person. She sold Avon for many years. She and her sister,

Katherine McGrath, operated the Eaton's Catalogue Sales Office for several years. When Eaton's closed the catalogue sales offices, Marj and Kay operated a jean shop for a couple of years.

Marj and Gordon were very active in the community. Gordon was instrumental in developing the Pine Hills Golf Course. He arranged to have a John Deere tractor donated to clear the greens there. He also assisted in the building of the clubhouse. Gordon belonged to the Kinsmen Club of Rocky and later on the K-40s. He and a group of devoted members built the first stampede grounds at the north end of town. Gordon and Marj (a Kinette) often worked at the booths, selling tickets or food during the rodeo.

Gordon also helped build the playground that is currently west of the Town Hall. It has since been replaced with new equipment, yet many children played on the original playground. He was also active in the Presbyterian Church, helping to build the manse and serving as an Elder. He was past president (1972) and long time member of the Royal Canadian Legion.

In later years Baxter's Garage was sold. Gordon then worked as a salesman at Edwards Garage for a few years. Gordon passed away on September 30, 1978.

Marjorie continued to live on the family's acreage on the Frisco Road in the home Gordon had built. Marjorie was involved with the I.O.D.E. and helped establish the local library. Many Saturday afternoons she could be found in the library, shelving and carding books. She was a Kinette and a K-40 member as well as a member of the Hospital Auxiliary. She volunteered for Meals on Wheels, Heart and Stroke Foundation, the Heart and Lung Association, the Red Cross, the Canadian Cancer Society, the Rocky Historical Society, Westview Lodge and was a Brownie leader for several years.

Marj passed away on November 18, 1997, in Red Deer. She and Gordon had many happy years together, having strong ties to their home, family and community.

BECKER, Ken and Mavis

Ken was an electrical contractor for forty-seven years and remained active until retiring in 1994. He sold the business to Peter de Bruyn and Gordon Van Bosch who built a new "Modern Electric," but Ken still owns the original building on main street.

Ken and Mavis were married in 1951, and last year they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. They raised three children: Dallas, who teaches music in the schools in Edmonton; Mark, a chemical engineer in Calgary, and Cheryl, who is married to Paul Hostin in Hinton. Paul and Cheryl have two lovely daughters, Andrea and Celene.

Mavis retired from piano and theory teaching in 2000, after fifty-five years of piano instruction. Ken keeps busy with horses as a hobby, and both Ken and Mavis do volunteer work in the community. They also enjoy sightseeing in various parts of the world.

BELDER, John and family

Many Dutch immigrants came to the Rocky Mountain House area in the early 1950s. The Netherlands had gone through the Second World War and had just been rescued by the Allied Forces (most of whom were Canadian Troops), from the terrible oppression of the German invaders.

Many families, who were wanting to provide a good future for their children, saw the Netherlands as very crowded with little opportunity to own their own homes or farms. At that time if a young couple wanted to get married, they could not just set a date for a wedding, but they had to put their name on a list in order to rent a home which often took years. In Canada they heard there was a lot of room and opportunity.

John Belder and his family were among those who left their home in Dubbledam and came directly to Rocky Mountain House. Today that trip would take about 11 hours, but in 1952 it was a fourteen day trip. The family then included John and Maria and their two children, Bastiaan (4 years old) and Marlene (1 ½ years old). They left Rotterdam on a ship with their container that held all their furniture and many things they would need in their new home. This ship sailed to Halifax. At that time John had to sleep on the men's side, in bunks, and Maria and children slept in the women's area. During the day they were together. There were so many people in one room (many little ones still in diapers and many seasick), that this was not a pleasant trip.

John Belder's son, Peter, helping his father wash potatoes before bagging and selling to Rocky Mountain House stores.

After docking in Halifax they boarded a train and started their journey to Rocky Mountain House by steam train, eventually arriving in Red Deer where the Van Heerens (John's sister and her husband) were waiting for them. They drove the last 50 miles by car and shared the home with the Van Heeren's until their furniture (which had been sent on to Wetaskiwin) arrived. Their first home was in "Old Town," in an extremely drafty home with bed bugs. Here John and Maria welcomed the arrival of their first Canadian born child, Lena. John soon got a job on the railroad maintenance crew and purchased a farm with his brother-in-law, Case Van Heeren, and with Ed Van Heeren, one mile east of town, just east of Rainbow Ford, where Gerry Van Heeren lives today. At that time, this particular road was only passable in good weather. During spring thaw and rainy weather the family would have to leave their car on high ground and walk home through the mud. When their second Canadian child, Trudy, was about to be born, Maria had to walk through this muddy section in order to get a ride to the hospital.

John did not enjoy the work on the railroad and soon got a better job at the Atlas Lumber

Belder Family 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Mill, dry-piling lumber with some other Dutch immigrants. During this time they farmed the land and began raising some cattle and hogs. On one occasion John purchased a sow, hauling it home in the back of a truck. On his arrival he was so excited he called his wife, Maria, to come see their first pig. When Maria arrived she looked into the back of the truck and she asked, "Where is it?" John impatiently said, "In the back of the truck, of course." Maria had to tell him there was nothing in the back of the truck. Apparently the hog had jumped out on the way home. So off John went to find the sow which he eventually found, walking by the river.

Ma Belder cooking Sunday dinner on coal and wood stove.

After years of hard work John decided to sell his share of the farm and purchase a farm of his very own. In the fall of 1954, he bought a half section north of town, on the Frisco road, where his daughter Trudy de Bruyn still lives today. They moved on November 11, 1954, with the four children they had then.

The farm had a house, barn, woodshed, a few old granaries, a pump house, a chicken coup and (lets not forget) an outhouse. At that time there were no luxuries, such as electricity, running water, etc. John soon found piling lumber for others was just not profitable enough, so he decided to take on contracts for dry piling lumber by day, and farming at night. Here Peter was born to complete the family.

John and his family were happy in their new country. The family immediately became active in the First Christian Reformed Church which was just being organized. John played in the Rocky Community Band and was later joined by his son, Bastiaan, and daughters, Marlene and Lena. The band performed at many local functions, such as the parade and Remembrance Day services. The band members also put on concerts and played at the Westview Lodge.

John Belder playing clarinet in Rocky Community Band.

Maria became a member of the Rocky Community Choir. Both John and Maria loved music and would often be heard singing or whistling as they worked. John was also involved in organizing and opening the Rocky Christian School, and he was president of the school when the school building was moved to Rocky and opened its door for the first students. By the time the school opened, it was too late for his own children to attend, but he was very happy when all his grandchildren were able to get some of their education at Rocky Christian School.

John soon was able to quit his job at the Atlas and work full time on the farm. Like most farmers in the area he grew the usual crops of grain and hay, but supplemented his income by growing as many as 45 acres of potatoes and vegetables. This was a job that required planting, weeding, harvesting, sorting, washing, packaging, and then selling to the local stores. In the early days he sold by peddling door-to-door. In later years he sold produce at the Rocky and Red Deer Farmers' markets. This of course was more than one man could do on his own, so it became a

family project. By that time the helpers consisted of his wife and five children, and in later years even a few young grandchildren helped. As the business grew, friends and neighbors were also recruited. John loved his work as a market gardener and, being the sociable person he was, he thoroughly enjoyed the selling end as he was able to meet, talk and joke with his customers. At that time Rocky was small, and if anyone came to Rocky looking for John Belder, the potato grower, everyone knew who he was, and where he lived.

John retired soon after his 65th birthday, but just could not leave the soil alone, so he built a hobby greenhouse in which he grew tomatoes and cucumbers in the spring, summer and fall months. Once again, he grew too many for the family to eat, so off he went to the farmers' market and sold vegetables to a number of his old customers. Then, in the winter he and Maria went with a number of local Snow Birds to drink in the hot winter sun, in California.

His love for Rocky Mountain House must have impressed his children as all five children are still living and working in Rocky. They are Bastiaan (Ada) Belder, Marlene (Case) Korver, Lena (Jerry) Feddes, Trudy (Peter) deBruyn and Peter (Josephine) Belder.

BELLIVEAU, Margaret Anne (McMullen)

Margaret Anne McMullen was born in Nordegg on January 13th, 1934, to Martha (Mattie Fallow) and Arthur (Mac) McMullen. Anne and her younger brother, Art, took all their schooling in Nordegg. She was presented with the Governor General's Medal for the highest marks in Grade 9, for the Rocky Mountain House School Division, in 1947-48.

Anne entered the Faculty of Education, University of Alberta, Edmonton, in 1952. Her first year teaching (1954/55) was in Nordegg. After Nordegg closed in 1955, she began teaching at the military base of Camp Wainwright. In 1957 she married Charles Belliveau, who was with the armed forces in Wainwright. Charles (Chuck) is originally from Nova Scotia, a descendent of Antoine Belliveau, one of the original Acadians brought from France in 1644, to settle Port Royal. In 1959/60, Chuck spent a year in Gaza, Egypt, as a member of the United Nations Peacekeeping Force.

Anne taught school in Wainwright until 1969 when Chuck was transferred to Clinton, Ontario, where she also taught. In 1971 the family was transferred to Calgary, and in 1972 Anne began teaching for the Calgary Board of Education, specializing in fine arts (photography, music, and dance) journalism, and high school English. In 1973 she began night classes at the University of Calgary, completing her B. Ed. degree in 1979. She also trained in photography at U of C, Mount Royal College, S.A.I.T., Arizona State and with renowned photographer, Walter Petrigo. She designed and taught photography courses in Calgary schools and, over the years, her students won numerous local, provincial, and national photography awards.

One of her proudest teaching accomplishments was in guiding thirteen of her Grade 12 English students to a diploma mark of 100% in the English 30 Part A (Essay Writing) Provincial Exam, during the years 1991-1997.

She retired from the Calgary Board of Education in January, 1998, and increased her ongoing volunteer commitment to the Nordegg Historical Society. She has worked with the Nordegg group, chiefly in publicity and promotion, and as historian, since 1985. She is called upon to give presentations about the Nordegg area to adult groups, historical societies, and schools. Anne also works with photographic aspects of the Nordegg Heritage Centre displays and presentations, and the Historical Society's archival material. She also designed, and maintains, the Historical Society's web site.

In 1999 Anne completed 27 years of research on Nordegg and area, and her resultant book was published commercially (*Small Moments in Time, the Story of Alberta's Big West Country).* In 2000, a research project to gather information for interpretive signs to be put throughout the Brazeau Collieries Historical Site, resulted in sufficient material to create a second book, *When Coal Was King*, now produced by the Nordegg Historical Society. Anne also compiled the Nordegg section of Rocky Mountain House's Bicentennial book project, *Where the River Brought Them,* by Pat McDonald. This narrative, entitled *John*, is a factual account of Nordegg history, using fictional characters to tell the story.

1855 - 2002
Fallow/McMullen
Belliveau/McMullen
John Gavin Fallow
Janet (McKenzie) Fallow
Martha (Mattie Fallow) McMullen
Mary Anne (Robinson) McMullen
Edward McMullen
Arthur (Mac) McMullen
Charles Leland Belliveau
Margaret Anne (McMullen) Belliveau
Arthur Edward McMullen
Collette Jean (Collin) McMullen
Clare Gerard & Kelly (Ratushny) McMullen, Matthew Edward Clare, Kelsey Rae, Alanna Jeanne
Kelly Mendes, Arthur Leran McMullen, Christopher Arthur McMullen
Charles Matthew & Patricia (Lee) Belliveau, & Charles Ryan
Nicole Anne Marie Swainsbury
Graham & Karen Anne (Belliveau Swainsbury) Parsons
Michael John & Cheryl (Derbyshire) Belliveau, Michael Aidan, & Kristian John
Nathan Patrick Arthur Belliveau
Mark & Michele Collette (McMullen) Taylor, Samantha Michele, Nicholas Mark, Jessica Marie
Dale & Celeste Elaine (McMullen) Ulasitz, Symon Kyle, Nicole Alyssa, Jeremy Kristian

Family tree.

Anne and Chuck have four children, all born in Wainwright, and four grandchildren, all born in Calgary. The families all live in Calgary.

Charles Matthew (February 17, 1958), married Patricia Lorraine Lee on June 10, 1989. They have one son, Charles Ryan, born May 13, 1990. Chuck Jr. joined the Naval Reserve while attending U of C, and fully enjoyed the experiences of training and working with the Navy. The Belliveau family's military tradition now is carrying into the third generation, with Ryan having become very involved in Navy Cadets. Chuck Jr. is a member of the Board of Directors of both Navy League of Canada Calgary Branch, and Sarcee Meadows Housing Cooperative. He is employed by Canada Post. Patricia has 25 years of experience in banking and securities work. She is employed with Sarcee Meadows Housing Cooperative.

Karen Anne (Swainsbury) Parsons, (September 29, 1959) married Brian Swainsbury on July 25, 1981. Their daughter, Nicole Anne Marie Swainsbury, was born October 2, 1982. On August 1, 1997, Karen married Graham Parsons. Karen, following in her maternal grandmother's footsteps, also took professional vocal training. She is a graduate of Mount Royal College in the area of Social Work (1996). Karen is employed in the Registrar's Office of Mount Royal College, as Acting Coordinator of Student Evaluations and Transcripts. Graham is employed by Kerridge Concrete, working in the construction industry. Nicole, a student enrolled in the Bachelor of Arts program at Mount Royal College, also works with Calgary Parks and Recreation, chiefly as a skating instructor and program leader.

Michael John (September 30, 1964) married

his high school sweetheart, Cheryl Derbyshire, on July 21, 1990. They have two sons, Michael Aidan (May 4, 1995) and Kristian John (March 7, 1998). Mike received his B.G.S. in 1988, his M. Sc. in Criminal Justice from Portsmouth, England in 1999, and his Post-Graduate Certificate in Police Management from Australian Graduate School of Police Management, Sydney, in 2002. He is a detective with the Calgary Police Service. Mike coaches Little League baseball, Minor Hockey, and Minor Soccer, sports in which Michael and Kristian are involved. Cheryl (B.G.S. '88 and B. Ed. '94, with distinction) is employed with the Calgary Board of Education.

Nathan Patrick Arthur (January 1, 1967) is a professional musician, and an instructor with the University of Calgary and the Calgary Catholic School Board (B.Mus. 1996). Although all four Belliveau siblings became involved in music, in one form or another, Pat has chosen it to be his life's work; he is totally involved in his music career. He has toured and performed with internationally known groups and stars of the music world, including Mel Torme, Vic Damone, the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, Johnny Mathis, Neil Sedaka, Harry Connick Jr., The Temptations, Lighthouse, Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, and numerous others. He released his first CD, as a leader, in 1997, and is featured on over 30 other CDs as a guest sideman. He also records for radio, television, and independent movie soundtracks.

BENSON, John, Anna and family
submitted by Cameron Kirby

John Benson, his wife, Anna, and their son, Harold, came from Sweden in 1915/16, to settle on a homestead four miles north of Rocky Mountain House, across the road allowance from the homestead of Tolaf Hagen.

Clearing and breaking the heavily wooded farm site by hand was a formidable challenge to John, a slight man below average height. He persevered and succeeded in clearing, breaking and bringing into cultivation that part of his homestead suitable for growing grain crops. However, the yield was meager from the sandy, gray-wooded soil. For several years John augmented his income by working as a cook in the CPR Dining Car Service during the summer months.

John's son, Harold, attended school in Rocky Mountain House. In the 1920s Mr. Benson built a house in town. A year or so later, Mrs. Benson and Harold moved to Chicago where her brother, Carl, lived. They did not return to Rocky Mountain House.

In Chicago, Mrs. Benson, a skilled seamstress, earned her livelihood sewing curtains and drapes for the W.C. Field Department Store. This in turn led to her and Harold establishing an interior decorating business. In 1931, Harold married Mildred Moriarty who participated in the family business. They had a daughter, Sunny.

Harold died at an early age. Mildred now lives in Briston, Wisconsin. Sunny is married and continues to operate the family business in Chicago.

BENUM, Wilf and Irene

Wilf was born on a farm near Seven Persons in southern Alberta on September 18, 1919, and lived there for the first twenty years of his life. In 1940 he joined the army and took his basic training here in Canada. He was sent overseas in 1943 and was stationed in Aldershot, England, for a while. Then he was moved to Scotland where he met Irene French. She was born on May 26, 1919, near Edinburgh and grew up on a farm on the outskirts of Strathaven. They were married July 31, 1943, in Strathaven, Scotland. From there Wilf was sent to Sicily, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, being discharged on the thirteenth day of November, 1945, in Calgary.

Meanwhile Irene packed her belongings. As a war bride she was given passage to Canada and was allowed to take two large trunks. She sailed to Canada on a large ship full of other war brides. She arrived in Calgary in May, 1945, and lived in Calgary until Wilf returned and they made the decision to go farming. They moved north to the Butte district in 1946 and started their life on the land where they still live. Wilf's brother, Merle, had worked in the Rocky area in the late 1940s with his trucking business, hauling lumber for local mills and to Medicine Hat.

Wilf started out farming with an old Wallace tractor with steel wheels (as well as a team of horses) for breaking the land. In 1950 they bought a new tractor, a 44 Massey Harris, from

Bernard Leavitt who had the agency for Massey Harris Machinery in Rocky Mountain House. He also bought a 28 inch Massey Harris threshing machine in 1952 and did custom threshing from 1953 to 1956. The first combine was purchased in 1957. For a few years he worked in the winters at Edwards Garage as a mechanic and Irene looked after the cattle. A lot of farmers had winter jobs off the farm to supplement their income.

Although there was a small grocery store in the Butte area that supplied most of their food and fuel, the family went to Rocky for the rest of their needs. Three of the Benum children were born in the Rocky Hospital with Dr Greenaway providing medical services. Later Dr. Mellor looked after the childhood illnesses, followed by Dr. Hein. Dr. Semple was their dentist. They did their shopping at Cony's, Killick's and later the Bay. Tim at Kirby's Blacksmith Shop often fixed their breaking plow shears and other equipment.

As few people had refrigerators, large two-foot-square blocks of ice were sawed from the Clearwater River and stored under sawdust. These were used in iceboxes in the summer months and for making a special summertime treat—ice cream.

Once a month Reverend Cunningham from the Rocky Presbyterian Church drove out to the Clear Creek School to hold Sunday afternoon services which the Benum family usually attended. Several loans were taken out at the Imperial bank over the years, and Wilf enjoyed dealing with Stan Hooker, the bank manager. They were also customers of Helen Hunley who was one of the few women in Alberta to have a machinery business, and later the insurance business. On the odd weekend, when there was free time from root picking and other farm activities, the family enjoyed driving out to the mountains on picnics and exploring the deserted mining town of Nordegg.

Wilf and Irene had five children: Robert who died at childbirth, Shirley (1948), Jim(1951), Leslie(1953) and Tom (1954). They enjoyed 4-H and Lighthorse activities and were always involved in community events. Wilf served on the Rocky Gas Co-op for six years. Around 1980 they started attending the Lutheran Church in Rocky and have been members ever since. They now have nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

BERGER FAMILY

submitted by Ruth Berger

My grandpa, Anton Berger, and grandma, Gertruade (Niedermoser) Berger, came to Canada from Austria in 1908. At the time they had two children: my father, Anton, and his baby sister, Theresia (or Relly as she was called). Anton was intrigued by the glowing reports he had heard about Canada. Believing he could make his fortune in a year or two and then return to Austria, he and his wife sailed for the new land, taking their young son, Anton Jr., with them and leaving the baby, Relly, in the care of Gertruade's parents. It would be 46 years before Aunt Relly would see Grandma and my father again—and only when she left Austria to come to Canada, alone.

Life in Canada was not easy, but Grandpa found employment in Nakusp, B.C., where their children, Joe and Gertie, were born. After the family moved to Alberta, John was born in Medicine Hat and Harry was born in Red Deer. Uncle Walter and Uncle George were born in the Rocky area. George was born in the big farm house that was built in 1925, on the homestead farm which he owns today. Grandma also raised her two nephews, Joseph and Louis Niedermoser. Joseph died when he was fourteen years old in the log house on the Taimi Road (where Walter was born). Louis married Violet Oja and has lived in the Rocky area all his life.

Grandpa first rented a quarter near Oras. Then Mr. Laukkanen vacated two quarters of land in the Taimi district, and Grandpa was able to homestead both quarters. The original home site was located on the west quarter, but since the Taimi road skirted the east quarter, the family built a new home on the quarter next to the road.

When my parents, Anton and Mary (Szach), were first married they lived on their farm which is currently owned by the Vant Bosch family (north of Alvin Brown's farm (NE 5-40-6-W5). My mother had been raised in Detroit where her father worked for "Ford," before he came to Edmonton to work for the city of Edmonton. When Grandpa Szach retired, he came to live with my mother and father. He lived in the Taimi area until his death in 1944 or '45.

After Grandpa Szach died, my parents

moved to B.C. My half-brother, Ion Berger, was born in 1938; my brother, Gary, was born in 1941; my sister, Xenia, was born in 1945; my brother, Neal was born in 1947 and I (Ruth) was born in 1950.

Our family was living in Creston, B.C., when my parents separated, and Neal and I were placed in the Blackmore Place Orphanage, in Creston, for a year before joining Xenia and Gary on my grandparent's farm at Taimi. By this time Grandma was getting up in age, so Aunt Gertie, who had no children of her own, raised us.

We children had great fun on the farm, especially on the slough which used to fill with enough water to paddle around in a rowboat or raft. In fact the water measured ten feet deep in places. Aunt Gertie allowed us to go boating, but we were told to stay away from the slough if there were no adults around to supervise us. However, if the house was empty when we came from school, we would sneak down to our own "little lake" and have a whale of a time!

Uncle Walter usually drove us to school in the morning, but we often walked the three miles home. We carried our lunches in flat tin boxes and when the canyon road was icy we would ride our lunch boxes down the hill. Another thing Neal and I enjoyed was trying to catch fish, on our way home from school. We would find a stout willow, whittle the end into a sharp point and try to spear suckers, but we never caught anything. If we lost track of time and were real late getting home, we'd catch "heck" from our normally easygoing Aunt Gertie.

We went to Taimi School until 1959. Then, because the district couldn't get a teacher, we were bused into Rocky Mountain House. Folks were not happy about sending their children to school out of the community. We missed two weeks of school while discussions took place, but in the end the School Division closed the school, and we had no alternative but ride the bus. Going to Rocky Elementary was very intimidating for us "country bumpkins," because there were three times as many kids in one room as there had been in our little rural school. Within a few weeks we grew accustomed to the larger classes and eventually enjoyed school. I graduated from Rocky High in 1968.

In 1971 I moved to Calgary and later spent a year travelling in Europe and Northern Africa with my friend, Lorraine. One of the highlights of our trip occurred towards the end of our tour in Bury, Lancashire, England, where we stayed with a lady who took us to see all the sights, including the midway in Blackpool and car racing in Manchester.

When we returned home, I came back to Taimi. By this time only Aunt Gertie and Uncle George remained on the farm, and I was living with them when my son, David, was born, on November 29, 1972.

David and I stayed in Taimi for six more years. In 1978 I moved back to Calgary where David started Grade 1 at Knob Hill Elementary, while I enrolled in an Interior Design Course at Mount Royal College. Three years later, I moved to Red Deer to work as a Kitchen Designer for a year. Then in 1982, I returned to Rocky Mountain House to work with a cable company.

After completing his education, David worked for seismic companies, as an Observer and Party Manager for Schlumberger and Veritas. He has traveled all over the world, places like Yemen, Tunisia, Venezuela, Bolivia, the USA and Northern Canada.

My daughter, Marissa, will soon be a teenager. She was born in 1989 and goes to school at St. Matthews, Rocky Mountain House. Her hobbies are crafts, music and caring for pets.

My uncle John married Bertha Higgins, and they have three children, Donna (1946), Edward (1947), and Gordon (1955).

My brother, Gary, married Alice Flamand. They live in Drayton Valley and have three children, Wanda, Gary Jr. and Darcy.

Sister Xenia married Christopher Stanford. They had two children, Jonas and Sarah. Xenia lives in Calgary.

Brother Neal married Brenda Gray. They live in Sherwood Park and have two children, Tarah and Justin.

Ed married Deborah Delaney and they live in Rocky. Their children are Morgan, Craig, Tim, Angela, Pamela and Willie.

Gordon married Vera Horvath. He lives in Red Deer, and they have a son, Dean.

Ion lives in California. During the '60s he had a main part in an American daytime soap, plus he made occasional appearances on Hawaii 5-0

and the FBI story. In the 1970s he switched to set productions, doing lighting, sound, etc. I don't know the correct title for the job he used to do, but he is retired now.

Fortunately, Grandpa Berger's original homestead is still in the family, making it possible for my children to enjoy his farm in the beautiful Taimi area, the way I did when I was growing up.

BERGER, Walter
Memories of growing up in Taimi
by Walter Berger

Walter was born in 1922 in the one-room log house on the Taimi road, where his parents squatted while waiting for their own house to be built on the homestead at Taimi. His parents were Anton and Gertruade Berger who emigrated from Austria in 1908. Walter had a sister, Gertie, born in 1910, and four brothers: Joseph, born in 1911; John born in 1912, Harry, born in 1919 and George, born in 1926.

Walter's first memory is of being in a room where Gertie and two friends were visiting. Gertie's friends offered him a dollar. As much as he wanted the money, he was too shy to take it. Instead he ran to hide under a table.

Bergers' milk cows pastured on government land around the farm. They were often joined by the neighbor's mean tempered bull. One day Walter and his brother pounded a nail in the end of a pole and went looking for the bull. To this day Walter is thankful they didn't find it.

The first of the Bergers to attend Taimi School were Gertie, Joe and John with Louis Niedermoser. Joe remembers how the bigger boys bullied them when they started school. The bullies would chase them home, threatening to thrash the Bergers. The Berger boys weren't afraid to fight, but their parents were very strict. The rule was "no fighting," so the Bergers learned to run like jackrabbits. Finally they decided to make a stand. Instead of running, they stood their ground. Joe said they weren't as tall as their opponents, but they were wiry and quick and won the fight easily. However, Gertie got home before her brothers and told on them, so the boys were punished. But they earned the respect of their classmates and the former bullies became lifelong friends.

Walking was a way of life. It was three miles to Taimi School and if the water was high, the Berger children had to follow the road. If it was low, they cut west across the south bank of the canyon and crossed the creek on a small footbridge.

The children often walked seven miles to town to see a movie—a one and a half hour walk. Sometimes they went to an afternoon matinee, other times they went to an evening show. Admission was twenty-five cents. The Berger boys enjoyed sports and often walked to one of the community centers after a hard day's work, just to participate in a ball game.

In the late thirties Gertie became seriously ill. Walter and Harry ran the entire seven miles to town to get Dr. Greenaway. It took Dr. Greenaway six minutes to travel the rutted road to the farm, pick up Gertie and take her to the hospital for a month-long stay.

In 1953, in the summer and fall, it was very rainy. The slough at the farm had so much water that when it froze Harry used a cat to clear the snow off the ice, and there were hockey games all winter. One of our neighbors, Dorothy Watrin, was a nurse in Rocky Mountain House. She brought other nurses from town to skate on the slough. The family never forgot that winter when so many neighbors and townspeople came to skate at the farm.

BERTAGNOLLI FAMILY
submitted by John Bertagnolli

The Bertagnol1i family name has been a part of the history of Rocky Mountain House and district for almost 100 years. It was on the Clearwater River, south of town, that Guiseppi (Joe), Marco and Luigi (Louis) Bertagnolli filed their homesteads in 1904, 1905 and 1907, and today the land is still farmed by the descendants of these hardy pioneers.

The family's eldest son, Carlo, emigrated from a beautiful little village named Fondo. At the present time, Frondo is in the Italian Tyrol, but prior to the end of World War I, this region belonged to Austria, and the Italian families living there resented this. It led many of their sons to leave their homeland and seek fortunes elsewhere in the world, for they were Italian and felt no loyalty to Austria. Thus it was that the four sons of Guiseppi and Domenica Bertagnolli each left home and came to Canada. Had they

not come to Canada, they would have been drafted into the Austrian Army when they came of age. Only the eldest son, Carlo, returned to Fondo to look after his mother and sisters when their father passed away in 1904. The other brothers remained in Canada for the balance of their lives and became farmers in the Rocky Mountain House area.

The first Canadian stop for Carlo was at Fernie B. C. The coal mine was going strong in Fernie, and work was easy to find. Following Carlo's lead, Marco and Guiseppi immigrated to Femie and went to work in the mines. However, the brothers had been raised on a small farm and they longed to acquire farmland in Canada. By the summer of 1904 Guiseppi (Joe) was actively seeking a homestead. No doubt he realized how dangerous mining was, since he and his brothers had helped rescue trapped miners from the Frank Slide the previous year.

That summer Joe's search for land brought him to the homestead office in Red Deer where he joined up with another adventurer and walked west to see what was available. They carried with them only a loaf of bread and some tea, hoping to live off the land for a week, while they were exploring the country. Game proved to be scarce, and when Joe returned to Red Deer to file his homestead, he was a very hungry man.

However, he had succeeded in finding a quarter section that was to his liking (NW 12-38-7-W5). It was on the banks of the Clearwater River. It had a view of the Rocky Mountains, good soil and required a minimal amount of clearing. Thus began a hectic two years of proving up his homestead in the summer and working the mines in Femie in the winter.

His brother, Marco, filed on the SW 14-38-7-W5, the following year, and together they proved up their homesteads and claimed their land. With the acquisition of the title to their land, the brothers quit working in the mine and concentrated all their efforts on being farmers. By European standards they had a very large parcel of land—more land then they ever dreamt of owning.

In 1907 their youngest brother, Francisco Luigi (Louis), joined them in Canada, filing onhis homestead, the SW 18-38-6 W5.

Now, for the first time, the three brothers were together on their farms at Rocky Mountain House, and for a time they lived together in the log cabin Guiseppi had built. The cabin was close to the Clearwater River, so it became a natural stopping place for travellers who were fording the river. There were many travellers, most of whom had problems pronouncing the Bertagnolli name. They began to refer to the Bertagnolli brothers as, "the Bert Boys," and the name stuck. Even today some of the family are referred to by the "Bert" name, although it is becoming more, to use "Bertagnolli."

At first the brothers had to walk to Innisfail to get supplies. They did this twice a year, carrying six-month provisions on their back. Needless to say the land provided most of the necessities of life for them. Their first beasts of burden were a team of oxen, but soon these were replaced by a team of horses, which speeded up trips to Rocky Mountain House and Innisfail.

Joe and Emma.

In 1914 Joe began courting a young Scottish-Canadian girl whose family were homesteading a few miles south of his own. That summer Joe and Emma (the eldest daughter of Thomas and Sophia Clark), were married and settled on Joe's homestead. They had four sons: Tom, born in 1915; Alex, born in 1916; Vernon, born in 1921, and Donald, born in 1931. Emma passed away in 1972, and Joe died in 1976. Both are interred in Pine Grove Cemetery.

Marco, who was also known as Billy, was injured in a farm accident, and passed away in 1929. He is buried at Ponoka.

Louis remained a bachelor farmer until 1921. That year he invited Orsala Zambai (a girl he had known from Fondo),to emigrate to Canada, so they could be married. After the ceremony in Red Deer, Louis and Orsala resided on his homestead, east of Joe's. Louis and Orsala had two sons: Otto who died in 1941, and Waldo who continues to live on the family homestead.

Joe and Emma's family all loved music, a tradition which came from both the Bertagnolli and Clark sides of the family. When the piano (which Emma's family brought with them from Ontario), was caught in a devastating housefire at Joe and Emma's, in the 1930s, Joe saved it by rolling it end-over-end, out the door of the burning house. This proved to be a blessing, and the family often spent evenings around the piano, playing and singing. Tom and Don became accomplished musicians, playing not only the piano, but the clarinet, saxophone and trumpet as well. Don played in a band for several years and played for dances in the Rocky area. The piano remains in the Rocky area, owned by Tom and Donna Clark.

Joe and Emma's eldest son, Tom, married Phyllis Steward of Red Deer in 1940. She was the school teacher at Arbutus School, and Tom drove the school bus (his 1929 McLaughlin Buick car), delivering pupils to the rural school.

Tom and Phyl had four children, Mildred, Marion, Margaret and John.

Mildred nurses in Rocky. She and her late husband, Keith Johnson, had a son, Joe (Amy), who resides in Ottawa.

Tom and Phyl.

Marion is a business woman in Rocky. She and her late husband, Sam Kostynuk, had one son, Calvin (Jill), and two granddaughters residing in Rocky.

Margaret is a business woman in Spirit River, Alberta. Margaret's son, Ron (Karen), lives in St. Catherine, Ontario, and has a daughter. Margaret's daughter, Rhonda, works with Margaret in Spirit River, and her youngest daughter, Rose, attends the University of Calgary.

John (Barbara) lives in Calgary. Their son, Jay, lives in Toronto, and their daughter, Rayna, (David), has a daughter and they reside at Shawnigan Lake, B. C.

Tom farmed until 1946 when the family moved to town. While Tom ran the ferry across the Saskatchewan River, Phyl taught school at Frisco. With the building of the bridge, Tom took a job as a mechanic at Sorenson's Garage. Later he worked at Carter's Garage, until he retired. Tom was the volunteer Fire Chief of Rocky for eighten years.

After teaching school at Frisco, Phyl taught at Leslieville, Rocky Elementary and Rocky Junior/Senior High School. When she retired from teaching, she was the librarian at Will Sinclair High School. When she wasn't teaching in a formal setting, Phyl taught English to many of the immigrants who came to Rocky after WWII. It was not uncommon for her dining room table to be surrounded by "the young" and "the old," learning the language of their new land. Pupils whom Phyl taught at Arbutus, Burnt Lake and Sunset Hills continued to visit her whenever they were in Rocky. Some visited her fifty years after she had been their teacher

Both Tom and Phyl were very active in the Rocky community, serving on town council, church boards, the IOOF, Masons and many civic committees.

Alex Bertagnolli (Joe and Emma's second son), married Marcella Della Costa, a neighbour's daughter, in 1949. Their eldest son, Laurie, farms near the original family homestead, south of Rocky, while their youngest son, Barney, farms east on Alex and Marcella's original farm. Their second son, Gary (Shirley), resides in White Rock, B.C. and their daughter, Beverly Cech (Stan), lives in the area. Alex passed away in 1996 and is buried in the All

Hallows Cemetery at Dovercourt. Marcella still resides on the family farm. Vernon, their third son, married Louisa Addy of Rocky in 1952. Two of their four children still reside in the Rocky area; they are Deborah (Fred) Kunkel and Barbara (Bernard) Anderson. Their son, Roy, and family reside in Surrey, B.C. Their son, Robert, passed away in 1983. Vernon died in 1987 and is buried in Pine Grove Cemetery. His wife, Louisa, still resides in Rocky.

Donald, the youngest son of Joe and Emma, married Jean Addy, and they continued to farm the family homestead. They had five children: Rebecca (Dale) Soppit who resides in Rocky; Joseph who lives in Edmonton; Clark (Colleen) who live in Rocky; Karen (Dave) Holway who lives in Airdrie, Alberta, and Mark (Anne-Marie) who lives on the family farm, and owns the homestead of his grandfather, Guiseppi. Donald died in 1985, and Jean married John Warneke in 1991. They farm at Condor, Alberta.

The "Bert boys" are a fine example of a pioneering family. They left their homeland and established themselves in a new land, raised a family and left the country better for having lived here. Theirs is a success story—an early chapter in the history of the Rocky Mountain House area.

BERTAGNOLLI, (Francesco) Louis and Orsola

In 1907 Louis came to Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, from Fondo, Italy, to join his brothers, Joe and Billie, who had taken up homesteads in the Dovercourt area. Louis filed on the SW 18-38-6-W5. In the early years, the brothers spent the winter working in the coal mines at Fernie B.C. and Nordegg. The rest of the year, they spent clearing land and building to prove up their homesteads. In 1921 Louis invited Orsola Zambai from his home town of Fondo, Frentino, Italy to come to Canada. They were married in Red Deer on Dec 3, 1921. In 1922 a son, Waldo, was born, and in 1924 another son, Otto John, was born (deceased in 1941). The boys attended the Clearwater School #4179, which was a two-mile walk from home. Their teachers were Miss Fitchett, Maisie Durnford and Peggy Stelfox.

In the forties Waldo worked at lumber camps in the winter with Jim Spence (south of the

Francesco (Louis) and Orsola Bertagnolli's wedding picture, December 3rd, 1921.

Clearwater on the South Raven), and for Carl Sorenson (in the Buster Creek area, north-west of Rocky Mountain House). He usually had a tractor on the sawmill and rolled logs to the mill. After supper he would help truckers, Charlie Mofford, Slim Garnett and Andy Miller, load railroad ties and lumber. This was all hand work.

June 2, 1956, Waldo and Evelyn Rauch, only daughter of neighbors, John and Berta Rauch, were married. The young couple took up residence on the original homestead where Louis and Orsola had been living. Louis and Orsola then purchased a farm closer to Rocky Mountain House from Jim and Myrtle Nichol, and lived on this farm until their passing. Orsola died in 1969 at the age of 73 years and Louis in 1975 at the age of 87. Both are buried in Rocky's Pine Grove Cemetery.

Three children were born to Waldo and Evelyn: Otto, Teresa and Frank.

Otto John Louis was born May 27, 1957. Having been with the R.C.M.P. since February 1978, he has been stationed at Fernie, Prince George and Vancouver in B.C., and is now stationed at Red Deer, Alberta. Otto married Anna Billetski, from Alhambra, on August 12, 1978. They have

two sons: Jordan, born October 17, 1983, and Blaine, born September 9, 1986.

Teresa Marie was born October 19, 1959. She married Bruce Reynolds on September 10, 1994. They have a daughter, Haley Marie, born July 13, 1995. Teresa and Haley live in Calgary where she works as a dental assistant.

Frank Erwin was born July 13, 1963, and has taken over the farm. He married Leona Wilson from Sooke, Vancouver Island, B.C., on September 17, 1988. They built a house nearby where they live with their children: Craig, born October 26, 1989; Jalina, born July 21, 1992 and Brett, born September 19, 1997.

BERTHIAUME, Gordon and Barb
submitted by Barb Berthiaume

Gordon and I were born and grew up on farms, south of Spruce Grove, Alberta. We met at country dances and got married in 1947. The first winter after we married we went in a sloup (a big stone boat), to a lumber camp where Gordon cut logs with a cross-cut saw. I melted snow to wash clothes for all the men in camp. The laundry was all done by hand, using a washboard. When we came out of the bush, that spring, we rented a farm, and I did a lot of farm work there. Gordon went to work on an oil rig for Cantex Drilling, and for many years we moved all over the country, following the rigs.

Back row: Lyle, Deena, Garry, and Elvin. Center: Barb and Gordon. Front: Melissa and Brianna.

Some were not easy moves. From then on he worked on rigs, some offshore rigs, some in the States, too.

When we moved to Rocky Mountain House, forty years ago, I thought it was the end of the world. The trailer court we lived in was a pile of rocks. There was no arena, no skating rink and our boys played hockey outside. As it turned out, Rocky wasn't too bad of a place for kids to grow up. We had three sons: Garry, Elvin and Lyle, and a daughter, Michelle, who passed away in 1986.

Garry used to play hockey, ball and curl, when he was growing up, and he still curls. For some time he worked on oil rigs, once on an offshore rig up north, before going into business for himself. He and his wife, Dena, have two lovely daughters, Melissa and Brianna. I used to take them skating and sleigh riding, but now they're getting older and they have their own things to do. They are very sports-minded and swim, play soft ball and basket ball.

Elvin used to played hockey, too, then he went into music. He played the guitar, banjo, piano, travelled the road with bands and even went on tour to Russia. Now he repairs computers and works out of Red Deer. His job keeps him busy, but he still finds time for his music. He was married and has a son, Dillon, our only grandson. Dillon went to school in Calgary and took computer programming. He is married and has a son, Nolan, who is a very active little fellow.

Dillon Berthiaume's Graduation, 1995.

Lyle used to play hockey and was a good goalie. He is a loner and lives in Kamloops B.C.

Our lovely daughter, Michelle, was taken from us in a car accident in 1986. She was a very busy girl; she was a Brownie, a good swimmer, figure skater and helped teach figure skating.

I was a Brownie leader for years and helped in the Girl Guide organization. I used to work in the Sears order office. I baked and sold my baking at farmers' markets, and if anyone

wanted pies they could call me. I also worked at the golf course and baked for them. I haven't got all that much to do, anymore, but I keep busy, helping at the Legion and working around home. Gordon is retired and enjoys fishing; he's been a serious fisherman all his life, fishing from dawn to dusk in nearby lakes. In the winter he goes ice-fishing, and years ago we both enjoyed salmon fishing in the Campbell River area in B.C.

BERTHIAUME, Michelle
submitted by her mother, Barb.

Michelle was born May 18th, 1968, at Rocky Mountain House, to Gordon and Barbara Berthiaume. She was a beautiful baby—blonde hair, big blue eyes—a very good baby, not too bad at nights, but still she kept me busy. She grew to be a quiet little girl, yet when she went to school, she had many friends.

Michelle.

When she was in Grade 2, we took Michelle and her brother, Lyle, to Disneyland which was a nice trip for the children. She was a Brownie, earned lots of badges and enjoyed camping in the bush. Other times we went out of town with the Brownie pack and slept in schools—on the floor, of course.

She took up figure skating and participated in all the figure skating events for quite a few years. Many times we had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to skate before school and, while she was involved, I helped a lot with the figure skating club.

Soon she was in Grade 12, which she passed easily, graduating with high marks and more credits than she needed. Michelle wanted a trade, so off she went to Red Deer College to study to become a legal secretary. One evening Michelle and her friend, Janet Gray, decided to go for a drive. On the way home, a native man fell asleep at the wheel of a one-ton truck and ran into her car. We lost Michelle that night (on October 26, 1986), and it will hurt forever. She was our only daughter. Guess she is watching over us from heaven!

Friends started a scholarship fund in her name at the local high school, and each year I go to present a student with the Michelle Berthiaume Award, which makes me feel a little better at the time.

BERTRAND / BORSTAD
submitted by Mary (Borstad) Jacobson

John Henry Bertrand came from Vermont where he was born on January 6, 1850. His wife, Mary Eudora (Adams), was born on June 6, 1853, and they were married in 1880. Their children, Harry Earl (born in 1883) and Helen (born August 30,1886) were both born in Mantorville, Minnesota. John, Mary and their son, Harry, came to Rocky Mountain House in 1907. Daughter Helen stayed in Minnesota because she was teaching school in Glenwood, Minnesota. Each year she joined the family during summer holidays.

The original homestead which John Bertrand owned and farmed in 1907, is the present town site of Rocky Mountain House. In 1912 John and a dozen or more people pooled their resources to employ T.D. Green, a land surveyor, who surveyed Bertrand's land into town lots. Each lot was sold for twenty-five dollars and some were sold as far away as Minneapolis.

When Mr. Bertrand first came to this area, he used to haul freight and mail from Innisfail to Stauffer and Prairie Grange (Rocky Mountain House). When Helen came to visit in the summer, the family used to meet her at the train station in Innisfail and bring her to Rocky by team and wagon. The trip to and from Innisfail was often plagued by mishaps, such as the time the wagon bogged down while fording a stream and Helen and her mother had to wade to shore until the horses and wagon were freed. Another time the wagon upset and Helen's mother was badly injured.

In 1913 Helen took up permanent residence in Rocky Mountain House and on March 11, 1914, she married Martin Borstad (Christian Marineos Borstad).

Martin Borstad had seen many hard times before meeting Helen Bertrand. Originally coming from North Dakota, he worked as a lumber jack in Washington, Alberta and British Columbia,

Helen and Martin Borstad cutting 50th Wedding Anniversary cake, March 11, 1963.

(r-l) Mary, Louise and Ruth Borstad.

but when the lumber camps shut down Martin couldn't find a job. So, he ended up in Edmonton, eating in soup kitchens and standing around waiting to "grab a wheelbarrow to earn a little money."

When a man promised Martin a job, he jumped at the chance to work, but the job didn't pan out. So, he and Jack Birt pooled their resources and went as far as Red Deer. While in Red Deer, Martin worked at odd jobs, putting up hay and loading lumber. Then someone told him about homestead land west of Red Deer and he and Jack went to check it out, walking much of the way to what would later become Rocky Mountain House. After looking at land near Chicken Creek and a muskeg lake, Martin decided to take a homestead in that area, with the idea of having a place to hibernate when out of a job. However, it cost ten dollars to file on a homestead quarter—ten dollars Martin didn't have.

Martin soon found work helping to build a bridge. When paid he went down to the land office and he and Jack Birt drew straws to decide which quarter to file on, with the result that Martin filed on the N.E. 3-40-7-west of the 5th. Later Martin purchased the southeast quarter of the same section.

After filing on the homestead, Martin worked on a sawmill until he had enough money to buy a team of horses, a wagon, a sleigh and a grub stake (supplies needed to live). In 1908 he began to work the land and by 1909 he had broken ten acres of his newly acquired homestead. He also built himself a shack to live in by hewing logs from the timber on the property, dovetailing the logs by hand for a proper fit and finishing the roof with shingles from a local sawmill. Using a team and walking plow, Martin sowed timothy and the next year his hay was three feet high.

In 1910, or thereabouts, Martin met Helen Bertrand and, after their marriage in 1914, the young couple moved to town, where their daughter, Mary, was born on December 1, 1915. A son, Arnold, was born May 20, 1917, and died the following September at the age of four months. Louise was born March 3, 1921, and Ruth was born September 22, 1924. In the following years, the Borstad family lived intermittently between town and the farm. Then in 1945, they sold the farm and moved to Rocky Mountain House for good. Martin was 89 when he died in 1968, and Helen was nearly 85 when she died in 1971.

(editor's note: It is interesting to note that Martin's friend, Jack Birt, also lived in Rocky Mountain House and served as the town barber.)

BIG HORN, HOME OF THE WESLEY BAND

(written by Annette Gray)

The Big Horn Reserve, established in 1948 twenty miles west of Nordegg, is a relatively new entity in the history of the Stoney people. For centuries the Stoneys, a branch of the

Siouan nation, led a nomadic existence. They roamed throughout the central plains of North America, following game trails and gathering edible plants when and where the changing seasons provided them with food, clothing and shelter. They spoke various dialects of the Dakota (or Nakota) language. In the States these aboriginal people are known as Assiniboin; in Canada they have taken the name "Stoney," perhaps from their custom of using hot rocks to boil their food.

There are many stories told about early encounters with the Stoney people in the North Saskatchewan River basin. From 1889 to 1911 Mary Schaffer, the famous Philadelphia explorer/photographer, accompanied several expeditions into the Canadian Rocky Mountains. One such trek took her to the Kootenay Plains and she recorded her four-day visit with the Silas Abraham and the Paul and Sampson Beaver families. At that time, Samson Beaver had drawn a map of the Jasper area which enabled the explorers to locate Maligne Lake, on a subsequent expedition, and name two of Maligne's geophysical landmarks, Sampson's Peak and Sampson's Narrows after the mapmaker.

Mary was intrigued by the beauty of the Kootenay Plains which she recalled had only two white inhabitants, Elliot Barnes and Tom Wilson. "There is no describing the 'Kootenai' Plains," she said. "To appreciate them one must breathe their breath deep into the lungs, must let the soft winds caress the face, and allow the eye to absorb the blue of the surrounding hills and the gold of the grasses beneath the feet. To see the Plains at their best, one should come over the Pipestone in August, and look down on the scene from the rolling hills to the south. Then the golden-brown of the ripened grasses flood the valley with light, for miles the river winds and twists from west to east, an occasional Indian shack comes into view, the faint ringing of a bell denotes that a few tiny specks on the landscape are really horses, and the white dots are teepees of the Indians. No wonder the Indians from Morley come here year after year; I only wonder that the whole tribe does not attempt to move in, in a body."

Mary, unknowingly, described the sentiments of Peter Wesley, the great TaOtha, who was destined to lead a group of followers from Morley Reservation to the Kootenay Plains, and a few years later the Wesley Band took up permanent residence along the Bighorn River.

Recently, when residents of the Big Horn were invited to submit their histories to "The Days After Yesterday," it was my privilege to make several trips to the Big Horn to conduct interviews—and what a pleasure it was. The enjoyment was kindled by the knowledge that five generations of my family and the Stoney people have shared history since 1907 when Grandpa Tom Gray settled on the west side of the North Saskatchewan River and opened a store near the abandoned Hudson Bay Fort.

A 1910 edition of the Echo reports that Tom Gray and his sons were freighting supplies from Innisfail to Tom's "RK'Y M'T House Store," and this early photograph shows Stoney families at the store during a New Year's Day feast, hosted by Tom and Min Gray. Ira, Tom's son, said that over a hundred Stoney men, women and children were dinner guests of his parents each year in the early 1900s. The late Norman Abraham also recalled these celebrations. "We used to go to Tom Gray's Store, and old Tom would dance all night," Norman recounted, laughing heartily as he remembered the days of his youth.

Big Horn families visit Tom Gray's store (New Years Day, 1916.)

The Stoney people continued to visit Tom's store (once rented to the Spence and Killick families), until Tom sold the land and buildings in 1939. In subsequent years, the people of the Big Horn have had various business dealings with our family and still enjoy good relationships—just as they did so many years ago.

Before Nordegg closed in 1955, the Stoney people took part in the town's sports days and

parades. Former Nordegg residents remember the Stoneys making a colorful entry to these events, coming in full regalia: traditional headdresses, beautifully beaded leggings, vests and dresses. In return, when the Stoneys held their rodeos, the "Big Horn Days," they always invited the people of Nordegg. Men from the Big Horn also worked in the Nordegg mines and bush camps.

Edna Penner, another of our "history book volunteers," is an longtime friend of the Stoney people, having lived on the Big Horn Reserve for over twenty years. During this time she and her husband, Peter, taught school in the log school house which was constructed by the Wesley Band in 1948-49. Peter, Edna and their two small daughters first took up residence on the reserve in August 1954. They worked on the reserve (for the Federal Government) for twelve years before being transferred to Hobema Samson Day School in 1966. In 1972 the Big Horn residents welcomed the Penners back. For eight more years, Peter taught pre-school to grade nine classes by day, and adult literacy courses in the evenings. Edna taught music, health and home economics to the older girls as well as operating the dispensary. Later the Stoney people hired the Penners for three more years to oversee the management of the Big Horn Store and Service Station which is located midway between Nordegg and the David Thompson Resort. Peter and Edna's two children learned to speak the Stoney language and quite naturally the family developed lifelong friendships. When Peter died in 1999, his Stoney friends considered him "their own." Not only was Peter buried in the Big Horn Cemetery, but the Stoney men officiated at the burial service.

Edna says the years she spent on the reserve were among her happiest; she felt she was among friends. The Stoney children were well-behaved, eager to learn and a joy to teach. Education was taken very seriously and even the adults walked long distances to attend evening classes. The girls excelled in handicraft work and sewing, making beautiful dresses for themselves and western shirts for their men-folk, and although employment was menial at first, the residents have now branched out to careers in the oil industry and social services. Since many of the reserve's young people are heavily involved in professional sports, today's families spend a great deal of the time in hockey rinks and arenas all over Alberta.

It is interesting to note that, although Big Horn residents select their own councilors, they have never had a resident chief; the Stoney Chief resides in Morley where all tribal affairs are dealt with.

At present, the Wesley Band Councilor is John Wesley, grandson of Peter Wesley, the man who chose to settle beside the Bighorn River. The first residents on the Big Horn were members of the Abraham, Beaver, Dixon, House, Shortneck, Wesley and Wildman families. Population was slow to increase in the early years due to high infant mortality. However, with improved health care, numbers has risen dramatically. Today over two-hundred people make their home on the Big Horn Reserve.

We sincerely thank our friends currently living at Big Horn for contributing family histories for "The Days After Yesterday." These can be found under the following headings: Hyland and Montana Abraham, Marvin and Eleanor Abraham, Joe and Verda Abraham, Silas Abraham, Morley Beaver, Jack and Rosie Crawler (descendants of Moses House), Esther Dixon, Mary Louise Dixon, Thomas and Olivia Dixon, John House, Joe Shortneck, Barry and Paula Wesley, John Wesley, Peter Wesley, Jim Wildman and Killian Wildman. The history of other non-resident descendants of original Big Horn settlers are also included in this book.

BIG HORN - Family memories

Peter Wesley, Gabey Dixon, Albert Dixon and John Wesley. Cowboy shirts made by school girls.

Easter 1952, Back row: Norman, Silas and Joe Abraham, Isaac Beaver, John Abraham, Killian Wildman, Joseph Rabbit holding Casey Wildman, (Lawrence Rabbit sitting on roof) Sarah (Abraham) Schug, Hazel Rabbit, Wallace Wildman, Herby Rabbit. Middle row: Morley Beaver, Sophie Crane, Mrs. Beaver, Annie Abraham, Rachel Wildman, Flora and Eliza Rabbit. Front row: Jenny Abraham, Nora Rabbit, Mary Jane Beaver, Roger Rabbit and Ruby Rabbit.

Wally House, Philip Pouchett, Robert Wesley, Moses House, Nat House, Jim Wildman, Jacob House, Killian Wildman, Wally Wildman, Isaiah Crawler with Jim Beaver standing behind Killian.

Irene Beaver and daughter.

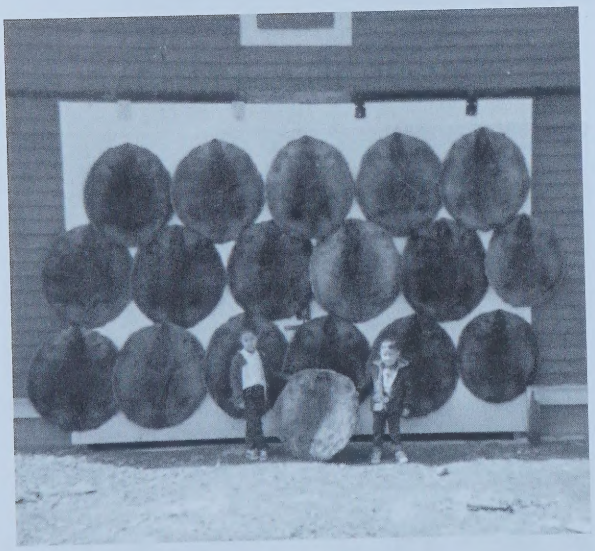
Some of Isaiah Crawler's grandchildren.

BIG HORN - Homes

BIG HORN - Retaining cultural heritage

George McLean ,Walking Buffalo.

Teepee.



Beaver skins.

Big Horn Men in Rocky Parade.

Rocky Native Centre.

Chiefs in headdresses.

New school at Big Horn, named "TaOtha" to honour Peter Wesley.

New Big Horn teacherages.

First day of school in 1972. Barry, Reggie, and Dion Wesley, unknown.

Cake, a reward for cleaning the school yard!

Edna Penner by first Big Horn teacherage, her home for 20yrs.

BIG HORN TRANSPORT LTD
a family business, 1947-2002, submitted by Bonnie Sirianni

The year was 1947, the place Nordegg, Alberta, and the young entrepreneur was Guido Blasetti. Not wanting to be a coal miner, Guido started a company by the name of Big Horn Transport, naming it after the Big Horn Store, from which he first hauled groceries. The company eventually became Big Horn Transport Ltd., which celebrated fifty years of service in 1997.

Starting in Nordegg, Guido began his business by running a bus to take the miners from town up to the mine. When a shift ended, Guido would be there to pick up the men again. The charge for this service was ten cents, which is not much today, but then it was a considerable fee.

One year later, Guido's company had grown tremendously. Besides delivering small orders around town, he now had a contract for hauling the mail from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House and Nordegg. As the months went by, the company grew bigger and busier. The service he provided was in high demand, so Guido invested in more trucks and trailers. With the company growing like it was, and having seven children and one on the way, Guido decided to move to Red Deer where he could look for more business and further expand the company.

Many years later Guido's wish came true. In 1965, two of his six sons, Andrew and Philip, were old enough to work with him. Since the boys were only eleven and thirteen years old, they could not drive the trucks, but they could help around the truck yard and do different odds and ends for the company. They quickly learned to drive a truck and in this way became involved in the family business. Twelve years later, three younger sons came into the picture. They were Guy, Ray and Ernie. Nine years after that the youngest son, Mark, started working in the business as well.

By the time Mark joined the company it had been operating for thirty-nine years and as you can imagine it was not operating the way it had started, with one truck and trailer, but with 90 trucks and 250 trailers. All six brothers were now involved in the company, so they decided to expand their route, opening four different

Guido Blasetti family.

branches across Alberta and Saskatchewan. They are now located in Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge and Regina. Since the expansion of business, Big Horn Transport Ltd. now operates in western Canada and western USA. In 1997, Guido Blasetti and Big Horn Transport Ltd. celebrated their fiftieth year of service in the field of transportation.

In 1999 Guido won an historic award from the Alberta Trucking Association commemorating the 50 years of trucking, which he began when he obtained a contract to haul groceries to Nordegg homes from the all-purpose general store, the Big Horn Trading Company.

BINGLEY SCHOOL DISTRICT
by Viljo Kohtala

The Bingley district came into existence when the Bingley Post Office was established on SE 23-40-6-W5 by J. W. "Will" Christian on November 15, 1910. He had suggested the name "Lincoln" for the new office but as it was in use elsewhere, that name was rejected by the postal authorities. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ogden suggested the alternate name "Bingley" which had been their home town in northern England, and the postal department approved the name. The post office was moved in 1918 to the Ogden homestead SE 22-40-6-W5 to their log home on top of the hill overlooking the deep coulee of the Lasthill Creek. Several years later it was moved to the new Ogden residence on the north side of their farm.

Many of the homesteaders came to the area in the 1906-11 period, and were mostly of English, Scottish and Finnish origin. The necessity for a school for the children was readily apparent. A school district was established September 25, 1911, and the name "Brock" was applied for but was not approved as that name was in use elsewhere. The first school trustees' meeting was on October 11, 1911 and the name "Bingley" was approved Dec 11, 1911.

The site was approved June 21, 1912, and authorization given to the school trustees to borrow five hundred dollars to purchase the site, erect and equip the building. Three hundred dollars was borrowed by the board, the treasurer being J.W. Christian, to complete the building and purchase furnishings. The schoolhouse was built by Stanley Wilson with Alfred and Ben Chenery helping.

Advertisements were placed in the Calgary Herald for a female teacher, holding a third-class

certificate. At the next meeting the secretary was requested to write to the Canadian Teachers Agency stating our requirements.

A teacher, Miss Jenny Graham, was hired at $60.00 a month. She resigned after teaching June and July 1913 because of non-payment of her full salary. Following this, two more teachers, Miss Johnson and Miss Anne Schmidt were hired to finish out the term. The Department of Education inquired as to why Miss Graham had not received full payment, to which the secretary replied that the tax receipts were badly in arrears and there was no money to pay overdue salaries.

Bingley School, 1915.

Miss Elizabeth Meston was hired ($60.00 per month) as teacher on September 7, 1914. S. Sande was appointed chairman, J.W. Christian retained the position of sec-treasurer and George Diggins was appointed assessor. They proposed that Bingley children should be sent to the Beaver Flats School. This was done and George Diggins and his son, Harry, drove the first school bus—a team and wagon—and the Bingley children were transported to Beaver Flats, along with three desks for the use of the Bingley children. The children, riding this first horse drawn school bus, were Lempi Lake, Frank Larsgard, Joe, Mabel and Norris Mannix, Mary Mikkila, Jesse Nielsen, Wenni Kohtala and Ethel Lowe.

By July of 1916, Bingley School was reopened with Miss Carrie Hope and Miss Hilda Eritsland teaching at separate times until 1917.

Teachers were as follows:
Jenny Graham - June and July 1913
Anne Schmidt - Aug. to Dec. 1913
Elizabeth Meston - Sept. 7 to Dec. 23, 1914, at Bingley, and 1915 at Beaver Flats
Carrie E.Hope - July to November 1916
Hilda Eritsland - 1917
no records available for 1918, 1919
Gladys Holmes - 1920 - 1921
Faith Moseley - Sept to Dec. 1921
Delinda Thompson - short term 1922 and 1923
Mary Albert - short term 1924
Birch- balance of 1924 term

School was held only in spring, summer and into December with winter closures, until December of 1924. At that time the trustees changed the year schedule to allow for holidays in July and August.
Steven Rodgers, Jan. 1925 to June 1926
Leon Rushcall, Sept. 1926 to June 1927
Maurice Carnett, Sept. 1927 to June 1928
Marie Lund, Sept. 1928 to June 1929
Betty Baldwin, Sept.1929 to June 1930
Mr. Holdich, Sept. 1930 to Nov 1930
William J.Morris, Nov. 1930 to June 1933

In the early 1930s the trustees concluded that the original windows were placed too high on the east wall. They were lowered, and the lighting and glare problems on the blackboard were eased allowing a view outside to the school yard. The building had no insulation. A workbee of parents was organized to haul shavings or sawdust to fill the walls and above the ceiling. Lightning rods were installed about this time. The cloakroom walls were removed as they were a beehive of mischief. Continuing teachers were as follows:
J. A. Bruce Simpson, Sept 1933 to June 1935
Douglass Holeton, Sept. 1935 to June 1936
Howard B. Carrico, - September 1936 to June 1937

The government of Alberta about this time felt that rural and urban children should have equal educational opportunities. Discussions in 1936 resulted in pubic meetings, proposing centralizations of school districts, and an act was passed in the legislature allowing these amalgamations. The Rocky Mountain School Division No. 15 was formed July 4, 1938.

A new school was built at Bingley with a furnace and many modern conveniences. The opening was in 1938 with Robert McRoberts as teacher. He left teaching to enroll in the R.C.A.F.

Bingley Fast Ball Team.

and died in a flight mishap. Continuing with the teachers:
Robert McRoberts, Sept 1937 to June 1940
Roberta McQuaig, Sept 1940 to June 1941
Lila Ruth Dicken, Sept 1941 to June 1942
Ruth Hill, August 1942 to June 1943
Thomas A. Bowhay, October 12, 1943 to June 1950

The busing of the higher grades to Rocky Mountain House began in 1950 of students from Bingley, Beaver Flats and Oras. The bus was owned and operated by Douglas Meston. In September 1953 the grades left in Bingley were one to six. The final list of Bingley teachers to its closing:

Marilyn Anderson, Sept 1950 to June 1951
Marilyn Pravatt, Sept and Oct 1951
Marilyn Schroderus (Anderson), Nov 1951 to April 1952
Marguerite Read, May and June 1952, Sept 1952 to June 1953
Harold Rogers, Sept 1953 to April 1954
Carolyn Devine, May and June 1954
Amy E. Lowen, Sept 1954 to June 1955
Rosina Brookes, Sept 1955 to June 1959

The Bingley School finally closed at the end of June 1959 and was sold to Mrs. Lee who then sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Diggins. It burned down in January 1970.

BIRT, Jonathan (Jack)
submitted by Daniel Birt

Jonathan (Jack) Birt, with his two brothers, Arthur and Walter (who was my father), went to Western Canada for the harvest swing. They separated and went in different directions. One day my father landed up in the railroad station in Red Deer, and was surprised to run into one of his brothers. While they were talking, the third brother showed up, which was quite a coincidence, considering none of the brothers had planned to meet that day.

Uncle Arthur and Uncle Jonathan, homesteaded in the Rocky Mountain House area, while my father returned to P.E.I., then moved to Rumford, Maine where his father lived. Sometime later, Arthur, came down with asthma, so he, too, left Rocky and joined Grandfather in Maine.

Uncle Jack remained in Rocky Mountain House and became a barber. His barber shop was on Main Street. He once owned the lots where Bauers Furniture is located (formerly the IGA), as well as the homestead quarter. I can remember Uncle Jack writing to say he was dying from a blood clot in his leg and, when he died, my father went to Rocky Mountain House to bring his body back for burial. Uncle Jack (Jonathan Alexander Birt) was born on Prince Edward Island, January 4, 1880, and died in Rocky Mountain House, in December 1927. He was buried in Cardigan, P.E.I., next to his mother.

My father, Walter Birt, died in 1932, leaving eight children, seven boys and one girl, ranging in age from two to eighteen years. I was nine years old at the time. My grandfather died about three months after my father. He was buried in P.E.I.

Arthur died December 31, 1957, in East Millinocket, Maine, USA, and my brother and I took his body to P.E.I. to be buried next to his parents and brothers. My grandparents were Christopher Birt (1858-1932) and Catherine Sutherland Birt (1860-1895). I am enclosing this newspaper article:

Impressive I.O.O.F. Service for J. A. Birt; Deceased (Rocky Mountain House)

A very impressive funeral service was held in the I.O.O.F. Hall at 3:00 p.m. on Sunday, December 10 (1927), the hall being crowded with friends and acquaintances.

The Oddfellows attended in regalia and Bros. E. S. Brett and W. W. Gray conducted the service, with Mr. Stanley at the organ. The sad passages from the I.O.O.F. ritual, combined with appropriate hymns, was very affecting, and many a furtive tear was in evidence. It is hard

to describe in words adequate to express the feelings of the congregation—affection, sorrow and regret pervaded.

The casket occupied a central position, covered with a profusion of wreaths and sprays—just a slight manifestation of the high esteem in which he was held in this district. From the centre hung the Collar of D.D.G.M. of the I.O.O.F., which office Jack held two years ago.

The principal mourners present were Walter H. Birt of E. Millinocket, Maine, and H. McLeod of Leslieville, cousin.The deceased's father, aged 68 years, lives at Rumford, Maine.

Tuesday morning the casket was sealed and shipped to the deceased's birthplace, Cardigan Bridge, P.E.I., where it will be interred in the presence of his relations and old boyhood friends.

Good-bye, Jack, good-bye. You'll be missed here—and remembered.

BLACK-BLASETTI, Lois

Lois and Jerry Bailey and family in 1962. Back: Norma, Eleanor, Bernadine, Georgina. Front: Roy, Malcolm, Lois, Lorraine, Jerry, and Dorothy.

Lois Black was the second child of Rachel and Malcohn (Mac) Black. Rachael was born Rachel Forest in Musselborough, Scotland. Mac was born of a pioneer family in Fort MacLeod. Rachel and Mac married in Fort MacLeod, and in 1919 they took up residence in Nordegg. In 1927 one of their daughters died in infancy. They raised three daughters and a son: Francis, Lois, Marguerite and John (Jack), in Nordegg, and after the war they took up residence in Calgary. Mac died in 1973 and Rachel in 1978.

Lois completed her Grade 8 with the Royal Conservatory of Music in piano, and is a talented musician. She had a wonderful time playing in the Nordegg dance band, in addition to playing the piano for the United Church services and other activities.

Lois married Ernest Blasetti on December 6, 1940. Ernesto (Ernest) Blasetti was born in Nordegg in 1914, the second of four sons of Andrea and Bernardina Blasetti. He was the first non-native baby born in Nordegg. Ernest enlisted in the armed forces, but continued to work in the Brazeau Colleries. Since mineworkers were very vital to Canada's war effort, he (like many men from Nordegg), served his country best at home. As well as working as a locomotive driver in the mine, Ernest enjoyed the outdoors, especially horseback riding. That interest led him to begin a part-time packhorse business where his knowledge of the Nordegg area was an asset. Lois and Ernest began to raise a fine family, while both continued their interests as time allowed. Bernadine was born in October, 1941; Malcolm in July, 1943; Georgina in December, 1944; and Eleanor in November 1946. Ernest died in a tragic mining accident on February 9, 1949, leaving Lois pregnant with a fifth child, Norma, who was born in August.

Lois remarried on November 17, 1950, to Jerry Bailey who came to Nordegg from Amherst, Nova Scotia, to work as an accountant for Brazeau Collieries. Lois and Jerry had two children, Roy, born in June 1952 and Dorothy, born in November 1953.

In 1955 Lois and Jerry moved to Calgary where Jerry was employed by Husky Oil. Another child, Lorraine, was born there in September 1957. In 1962 Lois, Jerry and six of their children moved briefly to Cody, Wyoming, but returned to Calgary where Jerry was employed with Associated Grocers. Lois was widowed a second time when Jerry succumbed to a heart attack at aged 40 on February 2, 1968. She currently resides in the Father Lacombe Nursing Home in Calgary. Her children and their families currently reside in the Calgary and Edmonton areas.

BLASETTI, Andrea and Bernardina
submitted by Mafalda Blasetti

Andrea (Andrew) Blasetti and Bernardina Serani were married in Antrodoco, Italy. Less than a month after their marriage, Andrea

Andrea and Bernardina.

Blasetti family.

immigrated to Canada while Bernardina remained in Italy. Andrea arrived at Ellis Island on February 19, 1910, and went to work in the under-sea mines in Nova Scotia. He soon moved west where he worked on the roads in Calgary, and later worked at Burns Packing Plant. In 1912 he sent for Bernardina and she came as far as Calgary. At that time Brazeau Collieries was opening up, so Andrea moved to Nordegg to work in the mines.

Bernardina remained in Calgary where their son, Guido, was born on September 14, 1913. Then in June 1914, she decided to join her husband in Nordegg. Guido was nine months old at the time, and they rode to Nordegg on the floor of a box car. Bernardina was the *only* woman on the trip, and she was nursing her baby. The rest of the travellers were men going to work in the Nordegg mines. Andrea had been living in a bunkhouse near the mine. So, when Bernardina and baby arrived, they lived in a tent for the summer months. A house was completed for them before winter.

Five more children were born to Andrea and Bernardina—all in Nordegg. They were Ernest, Mary, Evo, Mafalda, and Frank. Andrea was a hard worker, digging coal, supplying wood, gardening during the summer months, hunting and fishing to supply food for his family. Bernardina did laundry and sold bread to bachelors. She was a good cook and could cook every possible animal meat that was brought home, cooking with mushrooms, dandelions, and any berries found growing in the area. By today's standards it was a hard and difficult life, but they managed to stay in Nordegg until the closing of the mine in 1955, when they moved to Red Deer. They managed to have sixty-one and a half years of marriage. During this period they lost two sons, Earnest and Frank, in the mines.

BLASETTI, Frank and family

Frank Blasetti immigrated to Canada from Antrodoco, Italy, and settled in Montreal. He later returned to Antrodoco. His two brothers, Andrea and Giovanni, were living in Nordegg, so Frank decided to relocate to Nordegg from Antrodoco around 1922. Frank, a widower, had a son, Mario. Frank married Josephine Poscente on August 7,1930, and, with their son, came to Nordegg that same year.

Frank and Josephine had three daughters, Paula, Mary and Joanne. Paula was born in 1932 and is married to Wayne Hart. They have four children: Ronald, Sandra, Stacey and Tammy. Mary was born in 1934 and has three children, Martin, Manuel and Marcie. The third daughter, Joanne, was born in 1947. All three daughters live in Calgary.

Frank and Josephine.

Frank's son, Mario, was born in 1918. He married Jenny Barbaro, and their daughter is Anna. After Jenny's death, Mario married Kay Cardamon. There are three children of Mario and Kay: Frankie, Mario (Jr.) and Gloria. Mario and Kay have now passed away.

Frank and his family first lived on 14 Martha Street and later moved to 28 Martha Street. He was the town shoemaker and also worked in the mines. The family moved to Calgary in 1955 when the mine closed down, and Frank continued to fix shoes in Calgary. He passed away in August 22,1975, at the age of 82 years.

Josephine never worked outside the house, but was always cooking and baking. There was a candy she made at Christmas called "cobetta." All who knew this would come over to have some of the candy. She also made "biscotti," and everyone loved it. She passed away on August 17, 1983. She lived to be 81 years old.

BLASETTI, Giovanino (John) and son, Angelo, and families

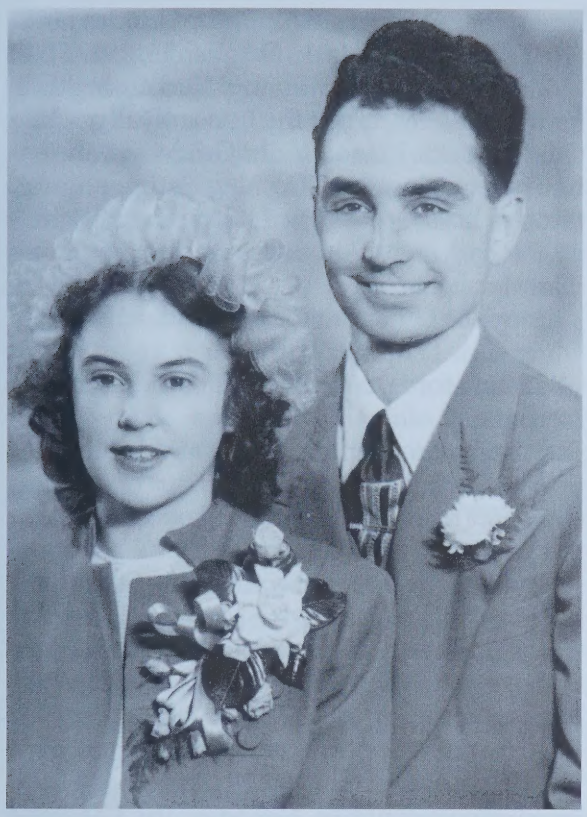
Giovanino Blasetti left Italy in 1903, landing at Ellis Island (New York), and then proceeded on to Fernie, B.C. Records show that by 1914 he was working for Brazeau Collieries in the new town of Nordegg. In 1921 he returned to Antrodoco, Italy, where he and Elvira were married. It was in Antrodoco that the young couple were blessed with two of their four children, Angelo and Anna. Angelo Thomas was born on November 13, 1922, and Anna was born on May 7, 1924.

The Blasetti Brothers.

After Giovanino had made several trips to and from Italy, the family decided to move permanently to Canada. Elvira, Angelo, and Anna made the long journey to Ellis Island, then to Nordegg, to meet with Giovanino in July of 1927. Giovanino worked for Brazeau Collieries (coal mines), while Elvira looked after the home and gave birth to their third and fourth children: John Blasetti was born on February 17,1928; Chester Blasetti was born August 25, 1930. Giovanino continued to work in the mines for many years, although he became quite ill with cancer. He died on October 20, 1941.

Due to Giovanino's illness, Angelo had to support the family by working in the same mines as his father. Angelo was able to complete Grade 9 schooling in Nordegg. Later, after taking correspondence classes, he became a fire-boss, then pit-boss. Angelo married Norma Smith on October 8, 1949. Norma also completed her Grade 9 in Nordegg School and later worked in the mine offices. Angelo and Norma had the first of their seven children in Nordegg. Lorne was born on November 8, 1950, and Dennis was born on May 24, 1952.

By 1952 Angelo and Norma had settled in East Coulee, Alberta, where Angelo continued to work in the mines. He eventually became the mine manager of the Murray mine. Angelo and Norma completed their family with the



John and Angela Blasetti.

additions of David, born on April 21, 1954; Dina, born on May 12, 1957; Cheryl born on November 2, 1958; Ron born on December 5, 1960, and Noreen born on August 21, 1962. All were born at the Drumheller Hospital. Angelo had begun studying for his mining engineering degree when he passed away suddenly on February 11, 1961. He is buried in Drumheller.

Giovanino's daughter, Anna continued to live in Nordegg, where she worked in the boarding house and the bakery for Guido Blasetti. Anna went on to marry Melvin Ashmore, on April 29, 1946, in Nordegg. Anna and Melvin had two children: Carol was born in Nordegg on February 22, 1948, and Linda was born on October 14, 1950, in Calgary. When the mines closed in 1954, Anna and Melvin Ashmore left Nordegg, to settle in Calgary.

After the death of their father, Giovanino Blasetti, his two younger children, John and Chester Blasetti, also continued to live in Nordegg. John worked at the Big Horn Store where he became a manager. Chester worked in the mines. John and Chester both left Nordegg in 1954, to settle in Calgary.

BLASETTI, Guido

Guido was born in Calgary, at the Calgary General Hospital, on September 14, 1913, to loving, hard-working parents, Andrea and Bernardina Blasetti. Andrea, Guido's dad, who was looking for work, went to the Brazeau coal mines at Nordegg, digging coal, before Guido was born. In the spring of 1914, baby Guido and his mother, Bernardina, arrived in Nordegg on the train, in a box car full of men looking for work in the Brazeau coal mine. One of the men, Jim Razzutti, spoke Italian and English, and he helped Bernardina, and baby Guido, arrive safely in Nordegg. Guido and his mom, Bernardina, were the first woman and baby to arrive in Nordegg in 1914. Andrea, Bernardina and Guido lived in a tent for several months before getting a house.

From that time on, Guido grew up in Nordegg. He had three brothers, Ernesto, Evo, and Frank, and two sisters, Mary and Mafalda. In 1919/1920, Guido began school in Nordegg. From 1927 until 1931, Guido and his brother, Ernesto, went to the Convent in Lac La Biche. Then in 1932 Guido went to College St. Jean in Edmonton with the Oblate Fathers. Guido became very good friends with one of the priests, Father Gaudette, whom he brought to Nordegg several times. Guido finished college and then taught school in Lac La Biche for a short time, before returning to Nordegg. He was instrumental in developing the Catholic Church in Nordegg.

By 1937/1938, Guido was 25 years old and dating a few of the Nordegg girls. The Vella girls, Carmie and Angie, lived next door, and there were others, but a tiny 4 foot 10 inches, 96 pound Italian girl caught his eye—Julia Poscente.

Julia's father, Filippo Poscente, was not in favour of Guido courting his daughter. However, the two young people got engaged and eloped to Edmonton on May 17, 1941. Guido and Julia were married by Father Gaudette, Guido's best friend. Maggie (D'Amico) Morris was the maid of honour and Frank Blasetti (Guido's brother) was the best man. The wedding was at St. Joseph's Cathedral and the celebration was at the McDonald Hotel in Edmonton.

Guido got rooms for the honeymooners, one for Maggie and one for Frank. It was Maggie's

Guido and Julia Blasetti.

first time away from home and, being only 19 years old, she got scared. She knocked on the door of Guido and Julia's room where she stayed for the rest of the night with the honeymooners.

Guido and son, Nordegg.

Life went on for Guido and Julia and, on May 4, 1942, the first of nine children were born, in the Nordegg Hospital. The baby was a boy, and they named him Guy (Terry). The following year on March 9, 1943, another boy, Raymond, was born. Then number three was a girl, Frances (Joe Manna), born April 28, 1945. Then followed Andrew (Connie Suto), December 8, 1946; Patricia (Steven Kiss), April 1,1948; Laura (Bert Tysowski) October 7, 1949; Ernest (Bev) May 20, 1951; Philip (Linda) January 27, 1954, and Mark, October 16, 1957.

Guido and Julia worked very hard raising their family. Julia managed the house totally, while Guido was the breadwinner. Guido was an "entrepreneur" to a tee. He never stopped and, through his life of raising a strong Catholic family, he had many "irons in the fire," running many businesses.

Some of Guido's ventures and adventures were:

-A driving force to form the Catholic Church in Nordegg.

-Ran and managed the garage and service station in Nordegg.

-Ran and managed the bake shop and restaurant.

-Leased the butcher shop for a short time, and the boarding house.

-Had a milk and grocery delivery with a horse and wagon, with Cyril Phillips and Vince Fitzsimmons.

-Sold insurance policies and savings for Crown Life Insurance.

-Sold men's suits in Nordegg for LaFleche Brothers' Men's Wear, from Edmonton.

-Guido also sold cars, fridges (the first in Nordegg), stoves, washing machines, and the first automatic washers and dryers.

-He ran a bus service for the miners, for baseball, hockey, and curling teams, and for the boys scouts.

Then in 1946, he bought a 3-ton truck for $3,000.00 to haul coal for the mines. But it never happened, so he got into hauling mail, groceries, and beer, etc., from Rocky Mountain House and Red Deer to Nordegg.

By 1947 Guido kept the garage, bake shop and restaurant and the bus and truck service. The trucking was named Big Horn Transport Ltd., even back then in 1947. Julia ran the bake shop and restaurant, as well as the family, so she was a very busy person also. As Nordegg started to slow down, Guido made plans to move to Red Deer. He kept Big Horn Transport Ltd., selling the other businesses in Nordegg by 1953.

Guido bought more trucks from Hepworth Motors in Red Deer and put them to work on contracts with the Chrysler Plant in Red Deer and other mail runs that he acquired. Between

1955 and 1957, Guido had mail contracts from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House, Red Deer to Coronation, Edmonton to Lloydminster, Edmonton to Provost, and many more.

In 1957 Guido, Julia and all the family relocated (with Big Horn Transport Ltd.), to Calgary. He sent the first four children away to the Convent in Red Deer and College St. Jean in Edmonton.

Guido ran Big Horn Transport Ltd. by himself for many years, with all the mail and freight contracts. Then the light started to shine. The boys were older and had other jobs, but in 1965 Andrew and Philip joined forces with their dad and helped run Big Horn Transport Ltd. In later years the light shone brighter, and in 1976 Guy, Raymond and Ernie came in the business.

Guido gave his sons tremendous experience and background. He always said money in the bank is no good, so he bought many trucks and trailers; the boys had no choice but to put them to work. By this time there were 300 trailers and 90 trucks.

It wasn't until 1984 that the youngest son, Mark, came on-stream. Guido spread the boys out from the Calgary head office of Big Horn Transport Ltd., with Ernest and Mark managing the Edmonton branch, and Andrew managing Lethbridge branch and the USA account. In 1990 Big Horn Transport Ltd. formed an office and yard in Regina. Now Big Horn Transport Ltd. operates in Western Canada and Western United States from Alaska to Texas.

Guido was an entrepreneur who saw his company grow along with his family and, with his good wife, Julia, he saw it stretch beyond the 50 year mark, extending opportunities to the third generation.

Guido started to slow down in later years and, by 1993, at the age of 81, he was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. He was able to walk, and enjoyed his family immensely to the ripe age of 88. On June 20, 2001, 7:00 p.m., Guido passed away, after contacting pneumonia. He touched the lives of many people. Those who met him or had anything to do with him admired and respected him. There were over 1,700 people at his prayers and funeral at St. Joseph's Parish in Calgary. The family will always remember him as a mentor and eternally pray for him.

BOLES, George and Lillian
submitted by Audrey Boles Campbell

60th Wedding Anniversary, December 25, 1997.

George Boles and Lillian Wirda were married in 1937 and resided over 45 years on the home quarter, one mile east of Rocky on the Leslieville highway. On the original homestead George and Lillian raised three children, Audrey, Foster and Karen.

Farming operations included a partnership in Boles Dairy, delivering milk door to door in Rocky for 18 years. Many times Lillian had to fill in with the farm chores besides the daily household duties—there was no running water or electricity in the early days. The milking business was sold in the early 50s to Central Alberta Dairy Pool. George and Lillian continued a mixed farming operation which included such ventures as threshing crews in the fall, numbering four teams and as many as ten men on a crew. One fall 27 farms had their crops harvested by George and crew.

Logging operations helped supplement the farm income; George worked as a skidder for Charlie Bruce, a well known local lumberman, for several winters. In more recent years George and Lillian established a small herd of Angus cattle. They also found time to become involved in local clubs such as the Kinsmen and Kinettes, (they are lifetime members in the K-40s), the

George's horses on the ground tangled up.

agricultural society, 4-H clubs, curling clubs, and the Rocky Light Horse—all became hubs for work and play.

George is an avid sports buff and played baseball with the local baseball team for many years. George and Karen were part of the Light Horse contingent which rode to Calgary and participated in the Calgary Stampede Parade to celebrate Canada's Centennial in 1967. George drove a team of horses in the Rocky Parade every year for over 30 years. He was also involved in the heavy horse pulls around the community.

Lillian has spent many hours knitting socks and mitts and making rag rugs on a traditional Finnish loom. She also continues to exhibit baking, handicrafts, garden produce and flowers in the local fair, winning the Husky Book Award on several occasions.

George likely feels more comfortable driving a team of horses than his truck or tractor. Mishaps occurred over the years when the horses decided to go one way and George the other. One of the more memorable sideshows occurred when George took an early coffee break from feeding cattle one frosty morning. The horses were "parked" by the kitchen door, when suddenly all hell broke loose. The hay rack mounted on sleigh bunks was the first to crash. Horses were snorting and puffing and as George emerged from the kitchen door, steaming hot coffee in hand, the sight of flailing horses hooves and snapping leather greeted him. With shouts of saintly encouragement from all bystanders, George ventured forth in the mass of flying hooves, harness, double trees and two very frightened horses. A sharp knife quickly freed the horses from their predicament. Fortunately no one suffered any serious injuries and the horses, though still snorting and unsettled, were none the worse for wear. Margaret Edwards, a close neighbour witnessed the incident and in only a tone attributed to a lady who never mixed words said, "George, I hope that'll be a damn good lesson!"

George and Lillian moved to their homestead quarter north of Rocky in the early 80s where they have built a lovely home site surrounded by a grove of spruce, pine and popular with a beautiful sunset view to the west. They continue in good health. They still have some horses and of course birds to feed and are very involved in the museum. Whenever someone needs information on *who's who* in Rocky they are directed to George Boles. One of their grandchildren once asked, "Grandpa, do you and Grandma know everyone?"

Audrey and Doug Campbell live on Vancouver Island and enjoy boating and fishing in the Bamfield Broken Island Group.

Foster and Rita live in Calgary and are now semi-retired enjoying weekends and holidays travelling with their fifth-wheel, often coming to the farm to help with chores; no milking cows though!

Karen and Chuck Armstrong live on Lillian's home quarter and are well known in the Alberta Cutting Horse Association. Chuck is active on the cutting circuit and Karen is the association's secretary. Chuck also works for Quinn at the Husky Gas Plant and Karen is secretary for Memorial Presbyterian Church.

George and Lillian have five grandchildren, two step-grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

BOLTON, Charles and family

I was born Charles Bolton on June 21, 1923, to Jessie and Arnold Bolton in my grandparents', William and Fleta Shale's old farmhouse, three and one-half miles south of Lacombe. Mom and Dad worked in Lacombe on Bill Henderson's farm for two and one-half years before moving to the farm three and one-half

miles south of the Hespero Cemetery.

I started school at Lake Side School, two miles from Henderson's farm and southeast of Lacombe. Later in the Hespero area, I attended Daisy Nook School. I quit school in February, 1939, so I could help out on the farm. I have many happy memories of our old log house, built by Dad, Uncle Bill Bolton and my brother, Clarence, who was eleven at the time. It was a 16' x 24' building, I think. As a child I remember many house parties where there was lots of fun and laughing.

Hard times were pretty much normal for most families. We had our own meat, eggs, milk, butter and vegetables. We ground our own wheat for porridge and some whole-wheat flour for bread. There were no power, gas or phone bills to pay. Wood was used in the cook stove and airtight heater. It kept me busy, filling the wood box, after walking two and a half miles home from school. The old buck-saw got kind of dull at times, but it was good exercise.

Wildlife was plentiful. We ate many partridges, and shot many rabbits to feed the chickens. I spent lots of time hunting and trapping weasels. Grandma Shales loved eating partridge meat. My grandparents often came out from Lacombe in the summer time. With no way of keeping the meat fresh, Mom would say, "Charlie we need three or four partridge for dinner." My dog, Rover, and I would take off and were usually back in half and hour or less with enough meat for dinner. I had to clean them too! At the age of eleven, I was a pretty good shot with a .22 rifle.

At thirteen years of age, I did janitor work at the school in the winter. I would leave before daylight to light the fire an hour before school started at 9:00 a.m. Once, it was 40 degrees below zero for two weeks. Out of forty-three children registered, only three attended, and it was difficult to keep warm.

I helped on the farm and worked in the bush in the winter. Threshing time was always fun. We worked long hours during the day, then went to country dances until 3:00 or 4:00 a.m., getting home just in time to change clothes and go back to work in the fields.

I joined the Air Force in May of 1943. I was stationed at Edmonton, Lethbridge, Regina, Saskatchewan, Tofino, B.C., Whitehorse,

Audrey and Charles Bolton, November 6, 1947.

N.W.T., Vancouver, B.C., and was released in May of 1946. After that I worked for a fish company, Nelson Brothers, and lived with Mom and Dad on Lulu Island, until October of 1946 when I returned to Alberta.

I bought a new Studebaker truck for the sum of $2,726.25 to haul gravel and lumber. On November 6, 1947, I married Audrey Meryl Greenman, and we lived in Eckville. On November 15, 1946, I hauled the first load of gravel out of a gravel pit located one-half mile from

Audrey and Charles Bolton, 1984.

Ricinus. It was 35 degrees below zero.

In 1948 I bought a brush-cutter with my brother, Clarence. Later we bought a cat to pile brush and went into the brush cutting and piling business. We engaged in logging and saw milling in the winter of 1948 and 49. We ended our partnership in the spring of 1949, and I went back to trucking.

Rhonda Sharon Bolton was born on June 17, 1949. Audrey became ill and spent eleven months in the Sanitarium in Calgary recovering from tuberculosis, then returned home in December of 1950.

In the fall of 1950, I bought a mill to saw lumber in the Chedderville area. In trying out the mill, Clarence was accidentally killed on February 10, 1951. We sold everything and moved to Steveston, Lulu Island. I did commercial fishing on the Fraser River with my own boat for one season and after a short stay at Crescent Beach and William's Lake we moved back to Eckville. I purchased a DT35 bulldozer cat and modified it to an over shot loader and loaded gravel for the Municipal Districts of Lacombe and Raven.

Julie Charlene Bolton was born on September 10, 1952; two years later, Cindy Lee Bolton was born on April 29, 1954, and, two years after that, Catherine Shelly Bolton was born on March 28, 1956.

In 1957 Audrey, our four daughters and myself moved to Rocky Mountain House. We rented a house from Addys on Highway 11A. We later bought our first home from Tom Titford. That little house was, and still is, located on the corner just west of Westview Lodge and north of Acton House. We have many fond memories of living in that little house, lots of Christmases were spent there with family and a host of friends.

Nola Gaye Bolton was born on July 1,1960, on Dominion Day (now known as Canada Day).

I loaded and hauled gravel in the summer, and hauled lumber and ties in the winter. I worked as a millwright and sawyer at Camp 14 for one winter, and Camp 15 west of Rocky Mountain House (Atlas Lumber Co.) for five winters. I hauled asphalt for the last nineteen miles of the road from Condor to Rocky Mountain House. I loaded and hauled gravel for the Municipal District of Red Deer for two years.

In the spring of 1961, we purchased fifty-three acres east of town and began to build our first new house. I put two small trailers together and Audrey, our five daughters and myself lived in that until it got too cold. Then Audrey moved the family into the unfinished house. I was hauling gravel west of Nordegg at that time, and they froze out.

I started a local business under the name of C. B. Bolton, digging basements and supplying sand and gravel. I bought a backhoe and installed water and sewer systems in the area. I have fond memories of Hap Cox, as he worked with me for five years until he left to work for the Pine Hills Golf Club.

Our family attended the Nazarene Church over the years and we met some wonderful people who have stayed on in our hearts and memories.

Kim Karlene Bolton was born on June 4, 1964. And to our surprise, Charles Merle Bolton arrived on October 22, 1969.

I continued to work locally installing water and sewer systems. Over the years we built and lived in seven different homes, including the house I reside in now northwest of Rocky. We supported our children in their various activities, especially figure skating in which Rhonda, Julie, Cindy, Cathy, Nola and Kim were participants. At that time the Rocky Figure Skating Club had a membership of over two hundred.

Audrey helped to keep the skating club operating. She made costumes for the yearly ice carnival, assisted with set designs, phone detail and overall supported other parents who were involved. Audrey was always there when needed. We drove and attended many early morning and evening practice sessions and competitions in which our daughters took part. Both Rhonda and Cathy were carnival queens: Rhonda in 1967 and Cathy in 1972.

Julie took part in the Light Horse Association, and she and Cathy rode in various events held at the rodeo grounds each year. I was kept busy shoeing horses, trimming manes and keeping the tack in good working order. There was always something going on. Rhonda ran for Rodeo Queen in 1966, and Cindy was crowned Rodeo Queen in 1969.

Charles Jr. was involved in cross-country motorbike racing. We spent many summers repairing and servicing his bike, so he could to travel to different destinations and race. He was fortunate to have Owen Morgan, his brother-in-law, to race with—and we were fortunate enough to be there to watch them.

I retired in the summer of 1984 to care for Audrey, when she was diagnosed with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease). Cindy was killed at the age of thirty years in a car accident on December 24, 1984 (Christmas Eve). Kim, the youngest of the six girls, was also in the same accident. She sustained serious facial injuries, a broken pelvis, kneecap and foot injuries. Audrey passed away on April 20, 1987.

I married Dorothy Mueller in May of 1989 and, after nine years of marriage, we divorced in September of 1998.

My children: Rhonda (Bolton) and Duncan Brown reside in Wetaskiwin. They have two children. A daughter, Tara Lynn and her husband, Harley Scorah, and their children, Samantha and Brendon, reside in Wetaskiwin. A son, Kerry Brown, lives in Edmonton.

Julie (Bolton) and Frank Layden, live in Rocky Mountain House. Julie has two daughters, Stacey and Amy Williams, and a son Christopher Ellertson of Red Deer. She has one granddaughter, Jacinta Souther, of Taber, Alberta. Frank has a daughter, Chelsey Layden, of Fort McMurray, and a son, Bret Layden, who lives in Lethbridge.

Cindy Bolton's three sons all reside in Rocky Mountain House. Clint Nile is married to Deanna Courvosier; they have one daughter, Taylor. Blaine Nile and Jeanie Roeth have a son, Brady. Blaine has two daughters, Mikayla and Darion Nile. Ryan Nile, works and resides in the Rocky Mountain House area.

Cathy Bolton resides in Rocky Mountain House and has two daughters: Joelene (Stevenson) and Mark MacDonald have one daughter

Charles Bolton and grandchildren.

Charles Bolton and children – Rhonda, Julie, Cathy, Nola, Kim, and Charles Jr.

Madison, and they reside in Rocky Mountain House. Jill (Stevenson) and Steven Murphy reside in Rimbey with their two children, Tiana and Jared Murphy.

Nola (Bolton) and Owen Morgan reside in Rocky Mountain House with their daughter, Jenna Gaye. Their son, Dustin Evan Morgan, passed away March 12, 1999.

Kim (Bolton) and Dan Fleming reside in Fort Worth, Texas. Dan has one daughter, Danielle.

Charles Merle and Kelti Bolton have two sons, Brody Lee Charles and Brantly Terryl Bolton. They reside in the Leslieville area.

To date I have thirteen grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

BORLEY, Raymond (Ray) and Peggy
submitted by Ray and Peggy

Ray Borley was born on December 23, 1948, in the General Hospital in Calgary. His mother is Megan Borley (nee Jones) and his father is James Borley. Ray's wife is Margaret (Peggy) Borley, (nee Phillips). Peggy was born on November 29, 1954, in the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary. Her mother was Maria Phillips (nee Gerbrandt) and her father, William Phillips. Ray and Peggy have three children: Alisha (4/15/72); Jason (1/30/74), and Donald (8/24/78).

Ray originally came to Nordegg in February of 1983, and spent two years working on and off in the area, hauling rock from the limestone quarry. As time went on, he spent more and more time here and, in 1988, he decided that it was too far to commute from Calgary. The whole family moved to Nordegg on July 1, 1988.

Alisha, Jason, and Don loved it in Nordegg. They could ride motorcycles, snowmobile, go fishing and play baseball with the prisoners at the minimum-security prison. Peggy hated it right from the start, especially the isolation and the lack of facilities, and also the lack of privacy.

About this time, another family moved to town, with three boys about the same age, so our kids had someone to spend time with. One incident comes to mind. On Friday after school, Jason and Ryan (one of the neighbor boys) decided to go canoeing down in Shunda Creek. Lucky for us they told another neighbor to tell Mom to pick them up at Harlech at 8:00 p.m. Well, about 10:00 p.m. we finally found them walking on Highway 11. They were soaking wet. They were grounded for weeks. After that they only canoed on Fish Lake.

As they grew a little older all of this changed. They yearned for the big city lights and could hardly wait to move away from Nordegg. Now, both Jason and Don would love to move back to Nordegg and live here forever. Alisha found a special place in Nelson, B.C., a town and area similar to Nordegg.

Peggy and Ray have now made Nordegg home, and Ray feels it was the best thing that ever happened to them. Nordegg has offered us many opportunities that would not have been available to us if we had stayed in the city. We have met many people who grew up, or were born, in Nordegg when the mine was still operating. They have told many stories about the old days and, sometimes, as Ray is working in the quiet of the day, he says that he imagines the old town and its people in motion, giving him a feeling of his family's own history.

BOTT, Art and Myrtle
submitted by their daughter, Eva (Bott) Glover

Arthur Bott is a son of Fred and Keitha Bott of Withrow, Alberta. Art married Myrtle Brooks, daughter of James and Signe Brooks of the Diamond Valley district, in 1946. That fall they took up residence in Eckville where Art worked in the Alberta Wheat Pool elevator. In 1947 they moved to Oras where Art was elevator agent until the elevator closed in 1948. They moved to Condor and then to Leslieville in 1950, where Art went to work as a painter with Harry Lloyd of Leslieville. Art and Myrtle also worked as janitors at the school.

In 1954 they moved to Rocky Mountain House where Art continued his career in the painting business. In 1957 they purchased the old van Norman place, one block off main street on 49th St., directly across from the Anglican Church. They renovated the van Norman home and lived on this property until 1989. The "old barn" next to the alley was a former livery stable operated by Mr. van Norman in Rocky's earlier years. Mr. van Norman delivered groceries using his horses and wagon. Art renovated the inside of the barn and used it as a garage and shop for his business. The barn remained a town landmark until 1999 when the buildings on the property were demolished to accommodate construction of Sandkastle Kourt, an adult living complex, which now stands on the property.

The years to come would see Art donning other hats in the community, along with a painter's hat. In 1956 he purchased a new turquoise and yellow Plymouth station wagon to transport ladders and paint. This was the first of several of his station wagons to be used as an ambulance. Art would be in the driver's seat and would usually be accompanied by a member of the town police department or the medical profession, as he transported patients to the hospital, not always in great weather and road conditions (no pavement in those days). Art also served for five years as an auxiliary police officer for the Town under Police Chief Don Towers, working with full-time police officers, Fred Galvin and Ivy Neil, and auxiliary officers, Marinus Konynenbelt and Roy Donnison. Art became a member of the volunteer fire department shortly after moving to Rocky in 1954, becoming Deputy Fire Chief in 1965 and Fire Chief in 1976. Myrtle played a large role in the activities of the Fire Department, manning the phones and relaying information and instructions. Art served on the Town Council for three years. He was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for one year, and president for one year. He was appointed Chairman of the David Thompson Highway Cavalcade Committee in 1969. The Cavalcade was an annual event held during the summer at the Kootenay Plains west of Nordegg to promote the construction of the David Thompson Highway. The last Cavalcade was held in 1977 when the highway was officially opened. A monument alongside the highway at the Kootenay Plains commemorates this event. Art is well known for his musical ability and has entertained at many gatherings with his singing and guitar playing. He is also well known for his hobby of knitting socks on a sock machine which was purchased in the 1920s by his father who paid for the machine with two calves. Art demonstrates his machine at various locations and functions, such as the Leslieville Antique Days, Stephansson House events (near Markerville), Heritage Park in Calgary and the Rocky Museum.

Myrtle was always a great support to Art in his business and community service activities, assisting in any way she could. The pathway to the door of their home was well used by friends and neighbours, as the welcome mat was always out and the coffee pot was always on—no appointment required. Myrtle loved and enjoyed her family and friends and found pleasure in life, appreciating even the small everyday things. In 1972 the Chamber of Commerce honored Art and Myrtle by giving them the Community Builder of the Year Award.

Art retired from his painting career in 1992. In 1999 Myrtle passed away after suffering a stroke. Art later married Joy Bertsch of Calgary, and they reside at Art's home in the Lochearn area of Rocky.

Art and Myrtle had five children: Eva, Raymond, Sharon, Fred and Keith. All children completed their schooling in Rocky Mountain House.

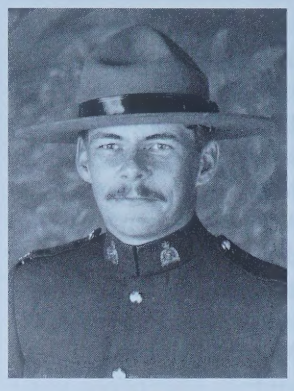
Eva graduated from high school in 1964 and began work at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. In 1965 she married David Glover,

son of Rev. George and Isabel Glover of Rocky, and they have resided in the Rocky area for most of their married life (see Glover history).

Raymond graduated from high school in 1967 and then from NAIT, Telecommunications Technology in 1970. He was employed by AGT (Telus) as a communications technician in the Rocky area from 1972 until retiring in 2002. Ray married Audrey von Hollen, daughter of Gusty and Gwen von Hollen, in 1971. They have two children: John (1974) and Susan (1976). John has a daughter, Cayley (2000). Susan married Michael Dietz in 1996 and lives in Rocky. They have one son, Jacob (1998). Ray and Audrey live on their acreage by Dovercourt where they own and operate Grandma Bott's Gift Shop and Tea Room.

Sharon graduated in 1972 and attended Trinity Western College in Langley, B.C. When she returned home to Rocky Mountain House, she worked at the town office for several years then moved to Red Deer where she worked at city hall, first in the utility department, then in the payroll department, for ten years. In 1987 she married Ted Cole of Edmonton. Ted worked for the Government of Alberta in the Payroll and Pensions Department. Then together Ted and Sharon managed a Mac's Convenience Store in downtown Edmonton. In 1989 they moved to Port Elgin, New Brunswick, where they took over management of Cole's Grocery Store, when Ted's father retired. Ted and Sharon continue to manage the store in Port Elgin. They have three boys: Liam (1990), Logan (1992 and Taylor (1995).

Fred graduated from high school in 1976. He worked for Jim and Andy Smith at their service station west of town, AGT, the Town of Rocky Mountain House as an arena attendant, and at the Rocky RCMP detachment as a guard. It was at the detachment that he met his future wife, Cheryl Wright, when she worked in Rocky for the summer as a special constable. Fred took his RCMP training in Regina in 1980, and married Cheryl in June 1981. Fred has worked as an RCMP officer in Edmonton, Williams Lake, Sechelt, and Vancouver, BC, and is presently working at the detachment in Mission, BC, and living in Rosedale, a suburb of Chilliwack. Cheryl is an occupational therapist and works in Mental Health at the hospital in Hope. Fred and Cheryl have three children: Daniel (1984), Sarah (1986), and Katie (1988).



Keith Bott.

Keith graduated from high school in 1982. He attended SAIT in Calgary for two years studying radio broadcasting. In 1987 he married Patti Schmaltz of Beiseker, Alberta. Keith and Patti lived in Red Deer where Keith was employed by CKGY Radio Station, later moving to Edmonton where he worked for CISN Radio Station. Keith joined the RCMP in 1989 and, after training in Regina, was posted to Punnichy, Saskatchewan, then Elbow, Saskatchewan and is presently living and working in Lloydminster. Patti is employed by Lloydminster Credit Union. They have two children: Jayda (1988) and Jordi (1992).

BOTT family
in an interview by Ashley Kennedy

Fred Bott was born on March 31 in the late 1800s in Ontario. He was described as a "good man." His wife, Keitha (Tweed) Bott, was born February 11, 1900, in Iowa. Fred and Keitha had a homestead in Withrow. Their children, seven sons and three daughters, were all born and raised in the Leslieville/Eckville area.

The Bott children had to walk two miles to school. They never missed school unless there was a shutdown which only happened when temperatures reached -30°C. The school day ran from 9:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. and was held in a one-room classroom in which eight grades were taught. However, you could take Grade 9 by correspondence.

Art was born on May 8, 1925, in Eckville, Alberta, to Fred and Keitha Bott. After school, he worked on the family farm during the depression. Art courted Myrtle Brooks, whom he met at church in Diamond Valley, and they were married in 1946. In 1952 he found work in Rocky Mountain House and moved there in 1954, thinking this was a great place to live. For many years Art worked as a painter in the community of Rocky.

Myrtle and Art had five children, Eva, Raymond, Sharon, Fred, and Keith. All of their children were born and raised in Rocky Mountain House, but now Sharon lives in New Brunswick and Keith lives in Lloydminster. Raymond's wife, Audrey, owns the local business of "Grandma Bott's Gift Shop and Tea Room." Keith is the model for a statue titled "Hope" in Lloydminster.

Over the years, Art has played an active role in the community of Rocky Mountain House. For two years he was the president of the Chambers of Commerce. He belonged to the Central Alberta Chambers of Commerce during the promotion of the David Thompson Highway and was the Chairman of the Committee which promoted the highway. Art has also entertained the community with his amazing musical talents. He plays the guitar, bass guitar, and keyboard. Art says, "True musicians are born not made!"

Art and Joy Bott.

He also enjoys making wonderful socks. In 1999 Myrtle passed away, and Art married a former schoolmate, Joy, on September 30, 2000. The couple continue to reside and enjoy living in Rocky Mountain House to this present day.

BOUVETTE, Thomas and Amelia Mae
submitted by Carrie Mason

One of the last of the large Metis families in the area was the Bouvette family, many of whom still reside in the County of Clearwater. After raising a family of thirteen children, Tom and Mae Bouvette began a career working as a team to improve the quality of life for the Aboriginal people.

Tom was born on August 23, 1917, in Hardisty, Alberta. He married Mae Steinhauer on September 5, 1939. They were living in Calgary and expecting their second child, when Tom was shipped overseas to serve in the Second World War.

Their first child, Ralph Bouvette, was born in Vilna, Alberta, on January 3, 1940, followed by Carrie who was born in Calgary on May 30, 1941. The " baby boom" was ushered in by their next child, Lois Marguerite, who was born in Westlock, Alberta, on the 19th of September 1946. The sorrow of losing their fourth child, Benjamin, born on October 22, 1947, was consoled by the birth of their fifth child, Herbert, who was also born in Westlock on November 1, 1948. Also born in Westlock were George, born on March 24, 1950, and Millicent, born on October 2, 1951. The family then migrated to the Rocky Mountain House area, settling first in Nordegg where Donald, their eighth child, was born in the Nordegg Hospital on September 28, 1953. The following four children were born in Rocky Mountain House. Deborah was born on September 7, 1954, and Thomas was born on August 10, 1955, during the exodus from Nordegg. The next two children, Trudy, born on September 27, 1956, and Michael, born February 17, 1958, were born after the family was settled in Rocky Mountain House. The last two children, Patrick, born on October 22, 1959, and Richard, born on April 25, 1961, were born in Innisfail, after the family had settled permanently on a farm east of Caroline in the Raven area. By this time, both Ralph and Carrie were adults residing in Rocky Mountain House.

Tom was born to Charles Emile Bouvette who was born in Manitoba and migrated west to Alberta where he married Nellie Elizabeth Howse who was born in Fort Quepelle, Saskatchewan, and was of British/Cree descent. Both the Howse and Bouvette families have ties to historical names: the Bouvette Clan being connected to Louis Riel and the Howse Clan being direct descendants of the old British Hudson's Bay man, Jasper Howse, for which the Howse Pass is named.

Charlie Bouvette died at an early age in 1918, leaving his young wife with four children: Benjamin, Robert (Bob), Tom and Marion. Nellie then married Jack Croy who was also a long time resident of Rocky, and they had four more children: Aurther, Charles, Pansy and Martha. The only surviving members of this family are Marion, who lives in Vernon, B.C., Art who lives in Quesnel, B.C., and Pansy (a.k.a. "Pat"), who lives in Medicine Hat.

It was Tom's brothers, Art and Charles, who were making a good living in Nordegg hauling mine props in the late forties that lured Tom and Mae to Nordegg.

In the early days, Tom and his brothers made a living breaking and training horses. Ben traveled to rodeos and carnivals with his trick horse for years; he drowned in Prince George, B.C., performing a trick in the water with his last trick horse. Bob was a long time resident of Rocky Mountain House where he worked, training and caring for horses with some of our renowned guide and outfitters: Verhaeghes, Raivios and Sands, just to mention a few.

Tom was also a skilled horseman in his early years. However, feeding a large family became a priority, and he was compelled to work in whatever field was available. Some of these jobs consisted of running a ferry on the Pembina river, cutting mine props on Baldy Mountain at Schuberg's camp near Nordegg, running bridge crews around Rocky Mountain House and cutting timber at the camps of Filipowitzs, Spences and Hardys.

After settling on a homestead in Raven, Tom set up his own sawmill where he employed all his children after school, Saturdays and holidays. It was during this time that he got very involved in Metis politics which resulted in many trips to Edmonton and Ottawa where he participated in the repatriation of the Constitution process. He was also very involved with the incorporation of the Metis Nation into the Indian Act, the rights of which have yet to be established. His dedicated involvement in Metis politics did, however, result in housing projects and training programs for Natives in the Rocky Mountain House area. The establishment of the Rocky Native Friendship Centre was another of his pet projects, supported faithfully by his wife and secretary, Mae, and a dozen other supporters who have been commemorated on a large plaque at the Friendship Centre. Tom passed away from cancer in 1985.

Mae Bouvette was born to James Steinhauer, grandson of the famous Ojibwa missionary Reverend Henry Byrd Steinhauer, and Amelia Mumford who was from Nova Scotia and a niece to Sir Thomas Hill, one of the Fathers of Confederation. There were six children in the Steinhauer family: Winnifred, (a school teacher); Hope (who is 93 and lives in Virginia, U.S.A.); Ralph (who served as Lieutenant Governor in the 70s, now deceased), Herbert (who served as Indian Agent to Hobbema for years and is deceased); and Kathleen (who nursed in the Rocky General Hospital for over twenty years and was known as "Kay" Whitford); Kay is also deceased.

Mae was a devoted wife and served faithfully as Tom's secretary throughout all his undertakings. Her three year term as first Executive Director of RNFC was a volunteer position for the first year, and after nearly thirty years, she still volunteers occasionally as a Native Elder. Her commitment to advocating education and hard work has been rewarded as all of her children have been productive citizens: two administrators, two school teachers, two welders, one journeyman carpenter and a variety of other interesting careers.

Mae's dedication to her children is still evident as she prepares for every family feast which generally occurs seven or eight times a year. A Bouvette gathering is a typical example of Metis culture which centers around family, friends, food and fun. Metis people are typically very hard workers and know how to celebrate after a long siege of work. When the Bouvettes meet there is a busy Saturday with the men swapping tales, the children playing and the women preparing a meal. Some of the men also cook the meat and make excellent bannock. Everyone forms a circle for family prayer and thanksgiving, then the feasting begins while the Bouvettes flaunt their famous appetites. Due to the fact that the Bouvette and Mason clans have connected four times in marriages, there is a combination of two musical Metis families who sit down to do some serious "pickin' and grinnin" after the feast. When they honored "Grandma Mae" on her 80th

birthday, in 1999, there was a bandstand set up under a big-top with close to 200 people in her back yard. She is well loved by many friends and relatives.

BOUWMAN, Ben and family
submitted by Seenie Bouwman

Ben was born in Edmonton on August 15, 1926. Seenie Konynenbelt was born in Nobleford, Alberta, on November 19, 1929. Their paths crossed at a church camp near Barrhead. They were married in Nobleford on June 26, 1952.

Ben along with his parents, Bill and Anna, and brother, John, and sister, Grace, moved from Neerlandia, Alberta, to Rocky Mountain House in 1950.

After their marriage, Ben and Seenie moved into a small log house on their farm property near Rocky Mountain House. It was very cold; water froze on the stove overnight.

On April 5, 1953, their first child, Henry William, was born, but lived only a few hours. They were deeply saddened. Exactly one year later, on April 5, 1954, Barrie Wesley was born. The Bouwmans were overjoyed. Kathy followed on November 15, 1956; Wendy on November 14, 1958, and Kevin on September 28, 1962. The family was complete when Yvonne was born September 6, 1968.

After working at several different jobs, Ben decided to go into the plumbing, heating and gas-fitting trade. He joined partners with Edgar and Kurt Bauer in 1958, to become Bee & Bee Plumbing and Heating. Later they parted ways. Ben operated the plumbing business, and Bauers operated the furniture. Son, Barry Bouwman, is the present owner and operator of Bouwman Plumbing.

The Bouwman family.

Those were busy years for Ben and Seenie. Church was also an important factor in their lives—and both were involved. For many years in succession Ben served as an elder. The children were never bored during the summer holidays. They remember simple joys, like picking berries, making mud pies, biking and the visits from their grandparents. Now there are nineteen grandchildren.

Ben retired early because of health problems. Every year for twelve years, Ben and Seenie were able to visit their daughter, Yvonne, and her family who live in New Jersey, USA. They went on many camping trips in their RV. Yearly reunions with their children and grandchildren are treasured memories. On September 15, 2001, Ben passed away during gall bladder surgery in Red Deer. He is sadly missed by his family, but lives on in the lives of his children and grandchildren.

BRANT, Robert and Lily

We came to Rocky Mountain House in the summer of 1980. Bob was hired on as a Building Inspector and worked in this capacity for nine years. He did other jobs for the Town as well. We took a float around to the different towns on their parade days, and enjoyed doing this for several years.

We enjoy this part of the country, having come out this way camping many years before moving here. The people are very friendly and we enjoy them all.

Bob has belonged to the Lions Club and we have enjoyed their many activities especially the Co-op Breakfast and the Demolition Derby among some things. We belong to the Anglican Church and through the years have done many things relating to the church. We volunteer at the Visitors' Center, and enjoy this very much for we get to meet a lot of interesting people.

We are retired now and enjoy camping when health permits. We have been married for fifty years and have a son, a daughter and three grandsons.

BREMNER, Marilyn
as told to Carrie Mason

Marilyn was born April 29, 1959, in the Rocky Hospital and although she now resides on the O'Chiese Reserve she has lived a good part of her life off-reserve.

She attended upgrading in Rocky Mountain House and did some training in carpentry under the Opportunity Corps Program. In terms of employment, she and her sister, Susan (who passed away with cancer), were a well-respected team as chambermaids and janitors. They both worked at the Banff Springs Hotel, Red Deer Inn and faithfully served the Rocky Friendship Centre as janitors for five years.

Marilyn has enjoyed sewing and remembers learning to make Star Blankets at the O'Chiese Reserve as one of her favorite projects. She participates in the annual Sun Dances every year and has hosted several Memorial Round Dances for family members who have passed on. She always wanted to learn traditional singing and is very proud of her young nephews who have become traditional dancers. Jamie won fourth prize in boys' Traditional, and Dallas won first in boys' "Grass Dancing" at the Big Horn Powwow in 2002. They are both children of her deceased sister, Susan. Her brother, David (and his wife Becky), also have a dancer in the family. His name is Colton, and he does exhibition dancing in boys' Traditional and Grass Dancing.

Joe Bremner was Marilyn's father. He was of Scottish descent, but lived on the O'Chiese Reserve and spoke both Cree and Saulteaux. He ran a trap-line for years and worked in some of the bush-camps in the Rocky area.

Mary (nee Whitford) Bremner was Marilyn's mother. She was born June 1, 1930, at Manitou Lake in Saskatchewan. There were eight children in the Whitford family: Mary, Mike, John, Jimmo, Charlie, Eva, Pete and Jack.

Joe and Mary had twelve children: Marilyn, Dora, Josephine, Ruby Anne, Beverly, Susan (deceased), Donald, Calvin, Allen, David, Jack and Elvis (both deceased). Marilyn's maternal grandparents were Alex Whitford and Rosie Bigjohn.

The Bremner name is Scottish meaning "a large sword." This large sword is apparently still on display in a museum in Scotland. There is an avenue in Red Deer which is named after this line of Bremners.

BRIERLEY, Chester and Mabel
by Dawn Philips

Chester and Mabel Brierley were not considered the early pioneers of the Rocky Mountain House area. From the time they arrived in 1922, they contributed a great deal to the development of the community and the preservation of local history. It was Mabel's interest in archeology that prompted her to begin lobbying the Canadian Government to preserve the ruins of a fur trading post which was on the land that Chester had purchased in her name from the Hudson Bay Company. In the 1930s she donated the land where the cairn and chimneys are at the present historic site.

Over the years the Brierleys experienced many hard times. Money was scarce and there were times that foreclosure of their land was a possibility. Through hard work, good management and perseverance, they managed to clear the land and establish a modern farm.

Chester James Brierley, better known as Chet, was born in Long Prairie, Minnesota, April 24,1889. As a young boy he moved with his parents to northern Washington where his father worked in the logging camps. Chet, the eldest of five, was eight years old when his father was killed by a falling tree. It was then he learned to accept the hard knocks and responsibilities of life which were to prepare him for the life of an Alberta pioneer. Later his experience of working in the lumber camps in Northern Washington, gave him a background for a long and progressive career in lumbering in the Rocky Mountain House area.

In 1907 Chester immigrated to Alberta to work on a ranch near Carsland. Later he went into the construction business, building railroad grades and grades for irrigation dams. At the same time he farmed near Carmangay. In the winters of 1918-1922 he explored the possibilities in the lumber business by working for the Phoenix Lumber Company west of Rocky Mountain House. While there he fell in love with the area and purchased land from the Hudson Bay Company.

Then in early November 1922, Chester and Mabel loaded their belongings in their Ford

truck and, along with their five small children, they left their home in Carmangay to begin a three day journey which would take them to their new home three miles west of Rocky Mountain House. It had been a difficult decision, but seven years of crop failure and a failed business venture gave them no choice but to begin a new life in what Chester considered the "Land of Opportunity." The land purchased from the Hudson Bay Company gave promise of providing more prosperous times for the Brierleys. There was an adequate water supply, a heavy stand of timber on the property and prospects of a job at the nearby sawmill.

However, the 1920s and '30s were not prosperous times for the Brierleys. Life was difficult, especially for the fun loving Mabel. Chester was away for long periods of time, working in the lumber camps to earn enough money to make the payments on the newly purchased land. Mabel was left alone to run the farm and raise her children. It was during that time she gave birth to four more children at home with the assistance of a neighbour lady. Two of the children died in infancy. A neighbour made the coffins and the funerals were held at home. The four older boys were pall-bearers. When telling these stories she ended with, "They were hard times, but it had to be. Everyone was the same."

Besides the farming operations Chester built up a thriving lumber business. His biggest effort was known far and wide as the Diamond Mill which operated twenty-four hours a day. It provided jobs for hundreds of men. During the depression, men were given work on the farm for their board and room until a job was available at the mill. In the early 1940s the entire camp and timber birth were destroyed by fire. After that Chester took charge of the tie operations for the Atlas Lumber Company.

His great love of the outdoors led him to become interested in the guiding and outfitting business. He and Clarence Sands were partners for over twenty-five years, taking out hunting parties. Prior to his death on December 1, 1947, the Hudson Bay Company gave Mr. Brierley recognition for his services as a land agent for the company.

Mabel Annie Brierley was born in Cork, Ireland, December 24, 1891, the eleventh child of Thomas Lionel Folley, an English soldier, and his wife Sarah Anne Young. By tradition, if your father was a soldier you too were expected to belong to the army. At sixteen Mabel took teachers' training by working six months in a classroom. However she decided that being an army schoolteacher was not the life for her. So, at the age of 17, she left her homeland and set sail for a life of adventure in Canada. A job was waiting for her in a country store at Caresland, Alberta.

It was there that she met Chester Brierley, a handsome cowboy who became her husband a year later. Their first home was a tent near the construction site of a railroad grade. Although Mabel had never made as much as a cup of tea prior to her marriage, she courageously took on the task of cooking for the construction crew. This no doubt prepared her for the numerous meals she cooked over the years. It is safe to say Mabel was best known for her hospitality which she extended to anyone who visited her home. Friends and strangers were treated alike. One time she cooked breakfast for a murderer who had just been released from jail. People who knew her still marvel at the meals she cooked on short notice. There were times she took entire families into her home for extended periods of time, and delivered babies for neighbour ladies.

Thrift was probably one of the greatest assets to the Brierley family. Mabel walked three miles to Rocky Mountain House to sell butter and eggs to get money to support her family. The $25.00 a month that Chester sent her was saved to help make the payments on the farm. Mabel sewed many useful and beautiful items out of flour bags: sheets, pillow cases, table cloths, aprons and tea towels. She was one of the few women of her time who refused to leave public affairs to the men. She was secretary of the Garth School District and caretaker of the grounds surrounding the chimneys, a position she held for 25 years. For her work she received $25.00 a year. She lobbied the government to make sure the ruins were preserved and steps were taken to prevent erosion of the river bank in front of the site. After she moved to town, she served five years on the Rocky Town council, the first woman to do so. During her terms of office she acted as Police Commissioner and Deputy Mayor.

Mabel was an active member of the Anglican church and a staunch member of the I.O.D.E. During WW II, she knitted dozens of pairs of socks and mitts for the Red Cross, and took great delight in opening her home to several English Air Force trainees from Penhold.

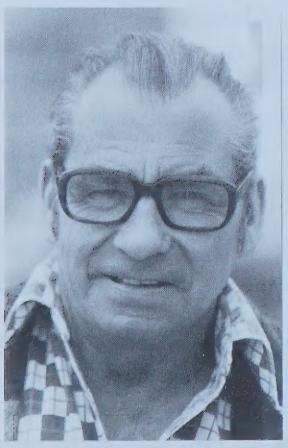
In 1973 Parks Canada honoured her for her contribution to the preservation of the area's history. During our bicentennial year, she was mentioned in question period in Ottawa. Her picture was on the October page of the 2001 Parks Canada calendar.

Mabel Brierley's sense of humour, her love of people and adventure, combined with an unfailing faith, helped her to look upon the hard times as the "good times." She died in Red Deer on August 11, 1973, dying as she had lived, with courage and a deep faith. Both Chester and Mabel are buried in Garth Cemetery.

There were nine Brierley children: Edna (1912-1986), m. William Fisher; Bill (1913-1969), m. Jean Richardson; Russell (1914-1990) m. Minerva Gish; Leonard (1916-1943) killed in action in Italy (W.W.II); Clifford (1918-1997) m. Neva Gibson; Milo (1926-1927); Dawn (1932), m. George Philips; Elleene (1933); Gilbert (Bud) (1934), m. Angie Suta.

BROCKMAN, Daniel and Helen (Slaymaker)
by Annette Gray

Both Dan and Helen belong to early pioneer families who settled in the Rocky Mountain House area. Dan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brockman (English immigrants), came to the area in 1910, and Dan was born October 12, 1915, in a boarding house, situated on the corner of 49 Avenue and Main Street. In 1937 Helen's parents, Paul and Clara (Lund) Slaymaker, moved from Barons, Alberta, to a farm near Oras, with their five children: Helen, Vernon, Gertie, Dick and Pauline.



Dan Brockman.

Helen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul and Clara Slaymaker.

In 1939 Helen and Dan were married. Their first home was on the Brockman family farm, a half a mile east of Rocky. Dan's mother named the farm, "Pine Grove Farm," because there was a heavy stand of pine trees on the north side of the property. A few years later, the town of Rocky Mountain House bought four acres of land from the Brockmans for a cemetery and registered it as "Pine Grove Cemetery."

Dan and Helen's first move was four miles north of town on the Frisco Road. Then, in 1945, they left Rocky for Wetaskiwin where Dan

Helen playing the saw.

operated a drey business. One year later, they returned to Rocky and have made their home in town ever since. In the '60s, they were best known as the owners of D. & H. Bowling (bowling lanes) and Helen's Beauty Salon. After selling those businesses, Dan worked for the Provincial Government, while Helen opened Rocky's first Simpson-Sears mail order office. Throughout their lives, Helen and Dan have supported many local charitable organizations; in recognition of their work, they were presented with the 1976 Community Builders Award by the Rocky Mountain House Chamber of Commerce.

The Brockmans had three children: Sandra, Charlotte, and Leslie. Sandra married Art Herman, and they have two daughters, Joan and Barbara. Joan married Brad Belitsky, and they have two sons, Zackery and Ryan. The Belitsky family have recently returned home from Jakarta, Indonesia, where Brad works in the oil industry. Barbara is married to Rick Pinder, and lives in Rocky Mountain House.

Charlotte (Brockman) Makowski lives in Red Deer and has three sons, Lance, Derek and Curtis, and a daughter, Christine.

Leslie's children are Boyd, Sheldon, Cleo, Sena, Danny and Jason. He and his wife, Sandra, live in Ponoka, Alberta.

To read more about the Brockman/ Slaymaker families see pages 349 to 352, and pages 641 to 643, in the "Days Before Yesterday."

BRODERICK, Ken

My father was a telegrapher for the CPR. On January 21, 1921, he became the operator at "Lochearn," which was the first name the CPR gave the railway station at Rocky Mountain House. As we five children were going to school, we remained in Banff with our mother when Dad moved to Rocky.

As soon as school was out, Mother, with five children in tow, descended on Rocky. We moved into a very small cottage next door to the Durnfords. I started school in the old one room school and learned to write on a slate. We moved to the Wayne place, across the road from Ernie Titford's house, perhaps a year later. I remember that the Chautauqua was in progress during the summer holidays.

That was the year many of the livery stables were torched by an arsonist, and I remember seeing, as we walked to school, terribly burned horses, standing in agony by the road.

Our older sister, Mildred, with a group of schoolmates hiked out to the site of Pangman's Pine. Into the bark of that tree was carved, "Peter Pangman, 1793." Apparently that historic tree fell into the river when the bank eroded.

In 1922 our father bought a quarter section adjoining the CPR tracks, about a mile east of the station. Because times were very bad for farmers during those years, he realized that it was a bad investment, and we moved away from Rocky at the end of the school year in 1923.

In the late fall of 1929, wanting a retirement home, our mother bought a farm near Stauffer, some 20 miles east of Rocky. My older brother, Ted, and I went to the farm a few months after she bought it. He was seventeen and I was fifteen. Mother died a few months later, and Ted and I farmed at Stauffer for many years.

BROSINSKY, Ray and family
submitted by Ray Brosinsky, 2002-02-01

I was born in Macklin, Saskatchewan, to Leo Henry Brosinsky (Jan.10, 1916-Feb.8, 1989) and Katherine Rosemary Reichert (Sept. 5, 1919-Feb.10, 1989). We farmed twenty-five miles south of Macklin until the spring of 1949 when we moved to a farm five miles north of Mirror,

Ray and Joyce.

JB Crafts and Hobbies.

Alberta. Five years later, we moved to a farm eight and a half miles east of Bashaw where my youngest brother continues to farm today. I was the oldest of twelve children and made my way off the farm, joining the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce on June 1, 1961, at Donalda, Alberta. This was the day when the Imperial Bank of Canada and the Bank of Commerce amalgamated into one bank. Around Christmas I was transferred to Forest Lawn Branch in Calgary for about one and a half years.

On June 3, 1963, I was transferred by the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce to Rocky Mountain House. I drove in with my 1951 two-door Meteor which had an automatic transmission and cost all of $225.00. All my belongings were in a suitcase, and I roomed and boarded for about three months at Stan and Aulene Arychuk's. After that I moved to Marvin and Ruth Peterson's where I stayed until the bank moved me to Willingdon, Alberta.

While in Rocky I met Jean Elizabeth Cook, daughter of Fred and Ann Cook. About a year after, I was transferred to Willingdon, Alberta, and Jean and I were married on October 9, 1965. We spent another year in Willingdon and were transferred to Grimshaw, Alberta, for three and a half years, where Heather Lynn was born Sept 22, 1969, at Peace River, Alberta. We moved again to Gleichen in July, 1970, and Stephen David was born on August 26, 1971, in Calgary. In April, 1972, we moved to Taber, and in April, 1974, we found ourselves at Grande Cache. Jean became ill in November 1974, and doctors found she had a brain tumor. After her operation, Jean needed therapy, so we moved to Red Deer where she passed away on June 26, 1975.

While I was working at the Red Deer branch, Jean's friend, Joyce, transferred in from Calgary. We were married on February 5, 1977. Joyce continued to work for the bank in Red Deer, while I was transferred to Sylvan Lake for 5½ years. In April 1981 Joyce left the bank and we purchased Phil's Crafts from Phyllis Bott. We renamed the store JB Crafts & Hobbies Ltd. Joyce's brother Harvey still calls his sister "JB" which is where the name came from. A year later, on July 12, 1982, I left the bank and moved the family to Rocky Mountain House. For more information on Joyce's family history look up her story on the "Ottesons."

While we transferred around the province, Jean and Joyce's families were both from Rocky, so visiting family has always meant coming home to Rocky. There is no better place to live. We intend to retire here. To view a photo of our family please see the photos under Martin Otteson.

BROWN, Alvin and Joyce

I, Alvin Brown, will write a little history of my life. I was born at Limerick, Saskatchewan, on August 28, 1932, and lived there until 1937 when we moved to Calgary. In 1939 we moved to Rocky Mountain House and have lived here from then on.

After I quit school, I worked at different jobs. First I worked for the Atlas Lumber Company in the planing mill which was at the bottom of main street. That winter I worked at a bush camp where we sawed trees into lumber. In the spring I bought a truck and hauled gravel in the summer, and lumber in the winter. I hauled oil and water to Drayton rigs and then got into general trucking. That was the best part of my life! I hauled grain, hay, coal, but the livestock hauling was the best. I have hauled livestock for over thirty years, and the people I hauled for were really good people.

In July 1956, I married Joyce Winslow of Ponoka. We live on a farm about five miles northeast of Rocky, in the Taimi district. We have four children: William, John, Hazel and Karen. William is a teacher, and he and his wife, Arlene, have two children, Sarah and Emily. John is a carpenter. He and his wife, Linda, have a boy and a girl, Jeremy and Lisa. Hazel lives

in Edmonton and works for the Edmonton Police Department, and Karen works for Petro Canada Gas Plant and lives in her grandmother's yard.

In 1954 there was an oil discovery at Drayton Valley, so I put a tank on my truck and got a job hauling oil from Drayton Valley to Edmonton. That job did not last long. Then I got a job to haul oil for New Superior Oil of Calgary. That company had discovered oil about twenty miles northwest of the Baptiste River. I would say this was the first oil found around Rocky. The next year an oil company from the United States, Southern Production, struck oil out at Ferrier. I hauled oil from there, also. I hauled this oil to tank cars at the Jack Pine siding and from there it was shipped to Calgary.

The Jack Pine siding used to be located about three miles west of Rocky and is known for the big fire that occurred March 6, 1931. The fellow that told me about this fire had been there at the time. Apparently there was no snow that winter, and he and his brother cut firewood all winter. They had about 150 cords piled up at the Jack Pine siding, ready to be sawed and put in a boxcar. A. P. Fisher Company was going to buy about fifty cords. The day they were to start sawing, it was very warm outside, and a Chinook wind was blowing so hard the men stayed in the cabin. Due to the wind, Andy Klein (Ralph Klein's grandfather) who owned the sawing outfit, did not come that day, either. But the boxcar was there, ready to be loaded. Now for the sad part—at approximately one o'clock the men smelled smoke. When they came out of the cabin, it was on fire. This cabin was about one and one-half miles west of the Jack Pine siding. They owned a Model A Ford truck, so they hopped into it, and drove as fast as they could to try to save their wood. When they got to the siding the wood was already on fire, and the wind was blowing so hard there was nothing they could do. First it burned all of the piles of wood, all of the railway ties and mine props, before burning the railway water tower, one-half miles west of town. (the tower was where water was kept for filling steam locomotives.)

The fire kept coming toward Rocky. The man said that about dark the fire jumped the river, which was only the second time in history a fire had jumped the river. He said the pine cones were coming down like bombs and exploding when they hit the ground. I guess everyone thought the town was going to burn. Suddenly, as if someone had blown out a light, the wind died down and it started to snow. The man said it snowed so hard—a wet snow—that by midnight there was twelve inches of snow.

The fire started when another woodsman, unbeknown to the two brothers, was cooking coffee over an open fire, and a whirlwind sent his fire into some trees. When the brothers walked to the siding the next day, they found a pile of burnt iron where the boxcar had been, and a pile of ashes where the wood was piled. They said the train track looked like a snake. I looked at some pictures and it did. I had forgotten about this fire until I saw it mentioned in the Alberta Report. I am still wondering how the magazine reporter got to know about the fire which he mentioned occurred on March 6, 1931.

When the Browns first came to Rocky Mountain House in 1939, we lived on the "Fox Ridge Road," which is what the Cumming girls named this road in 1912. It is known today as the road to the Plant Ranch. I will list some of the families who used to live on this road: Cummings, Howells, Charlie Rear, C. Edwards, Lasen Leesons, Magoon, Hayworth, G. Mofford, G. Watt, C. McKee, Chapman, Luyckfasseel, Morran, Ouesko, Anton Berger, Bill Deuday, E. Barrett, W. Nelson, C. Wilson, and B. Gilbert.

In the early days, the radio always came on at 7 a.m. in our house. The Calgary radio station broadcast a program from Adams, Wood and Weiller, who were commission agents in Calgary. In those days, if you had cattle to sell, you had to sell them through a commission agent, and they gave a market report on the radio. After the cattle report, Wilf Carter used to sing three songs and, when he sang his last song, it was time to get up.

I am sort of retired now, but I'm interested in antique machinery and enjoy my team of Percheron horses. Joyce has been a courier for the Wild Rose School Division and has been affiliated with the Rocky Historical Society and the Rocky Museum for many years. She enjoys music with her friends and has a great love for horses. We both enjoy life on the farm as well as many holidays spent driving around the country in the summer.

BROWN, Edna
by Joyce Brown

Edna Irene (Marples) Brown was born in Limerick, Saskatchewan, November 12, 1912. She came to Calgary with her family in 1937 and moved to Rocky in 1939.

The Brown family lived on a farm northeast of Rocky, SE 35-39-7 W5. Her children are William Thomas (Pat) of McLure, B.C., Alvin George (Joyce) of Rocky Mountain House, Adella (Lorne Moorehead) of Hinton, Evelyn Felpchuck of Steinback, Manitoba, and Allan Brown of Tumbler Ridge, B.C.

Edna spent many years cleaning house to supplement her farm income. She lived in her log house on her farm for as long as she was able, later residing at Westview Lodge in Rocky and finally living in Valley Park Manor in Red Deer where she passed away on January 2, 2002.

BROWNLIE, Thomas
by Angie Edgerton

Thomas Brownlie graduated in Pharmacy in Belfast, Ireland, and came to Red Deer in 1929. He worked in Porter's Drug Store and from there went to Lethbridge to manage Eatons drug department.

In the spring of 1938 he bought M. P. Brown's drugstore in Rocky Mountain House, and in 1955 he built a two-story, modern building which replaced the old store. The store operated under the trade name of Brownlie's Rexall Drugs, with Thomas owning the business for almost thirty years.

In 1940 Thomas married Bertha Irving of Lethbridge. The couple were married twenty-one years when Thomas passed away March 25, 1961. Bertha carried on with the business for six more years, assisted by druggist, Robert Stronach, who purchased the business in 1967.

Thomas Brownlie.

While owned by Robert and Ruby Stronach, the drugstore was IDA Drugs. Today, the same store is known as Guardian Drugs and is under the management of Norman Quan.

BRUINSMA, Kast, Renee and family
written by Ralph Bruinsma

Bruinsma family.

In 1947 Kast and Renee wanted to move to Canada. It took about a year to make all the arrangements, and in October of 1948 they were able to leave Holland and arrived in Quebec City on October 31, 1948. From there they crossed the country by train and arrived in Innisfail, November the fifth.

Kast had gotten a job on the Pye farm just east of Innisfail. Along with Kast and Renee came his brother, Ralph, and Ralph's wife, Corry, who were newly-weds. Ralph and Corry wound up living at the Vogel Farm, which was only a mile away, and Ralph had a job there. In January of 1949, the Pye family could no longer pay them. So, the Bruinsma family packed up in the cold winter of 1948-49 and moved to Raven. They got a job at Edgar Jensen farm which is northwest of Raven, and they were there for approximately a year. Dad got a job next working for Henry Walters south of Clive, and we moved there in the spring of 1950. We only stayed there about a year.

The family decided to move to Lacombe, and they lived just west of Lacombe about a mile and a half on the Bolter Farm where the four-leaf clover is now. There they lived only one year because it was Kast's ambition to farm, and he had obtained work with the town of Lacombe, driving a garbage truck and digging graves, and that really wasn't to his liking. He wanted to get on his own to farm, so in the summer of 1951 they were able to go and look at the Pelton Farm which was for rent at the time (This farm is now

owned by Walter Jackson). They spent a considerable amount of time going back and forth and eventually made a deal to lease the farm in the fall of 1951. That winter they remained in Lacombe, and the oldest son, George, lived on the Pelton farm for the winter and looked after the livestock.

In the spring of 1952, Kast quit the town of Lacombe and proceeded to move his family to the Taimi-Bingley farm. It was March, a beautiful day in Lacombe, and all the furniture was loaded in the back of Gerrit Meindersma's truck, and the family headed west. Lo and behold, after about three hours, they arrived at the Bingley farm only to find a large amount of snow on the road. The road had been plowed previously by George and Bert Ojala, our neighbor in the Bingley area, (who presently lives near Eckville), but a wind had come up and closed the road. From the gate at the bottom of the hill, to the top of the hill was only a quarter mile, but it took well over three hours with two tractors (and a lot of shoveling) to get up there. Since Gerrit did not have chains on his truck, he was able to do very little. But the family finally got to the top, unloaded all the furniture and put it into the house. Gerrit took off that night and did not get home until early the next morning.

The first year in Bingley started with a beautiful spring, and Kast was enthusiastic about farming, as were the rest of the family. George moved back to Lacombe and got a job with the local feed mill. Pearl and Gay also stayed behind in Lacombe and worked at the J&P Food Store. That first spring Kast put the crop in. He put all his savings and efforts into it. It was a beautiful crop! On July 31 disaster struck. A hailstorm came through the district and knocked out the whole four hundred acres of crop which he had put in on the Pelton farm. Kast had also leased the Frank Rolf's half-section and that crop was hailed. Basically, he had rented six quarters of land, and lost all the crop to hail. This was a tremendous loss, and it really set Kast and his family back. Again in the spring of 1953 a second crop was put in, but the second crop was not nearly as good as the one he had lost. He did get some grain and hay, but 1953 was a very tough year for the family.

By 1954 he realized that the Rocky area was not meant to be used exclusively for grain farming. He decided it was more ideally suited for growing hay and pasturing cattle. Well, that particular year (1954) was the wettest year on record for West Central Alberta. It was tough to get hay off. There are memories of going out in November, after the frost was in the ground. The clover was completely withered down to nothing, so we pushed it off into the bush on the Henry quarter. It was so bad that the cattle wouldn't even eat it. But we had enough feed and straw to get through the winter of 1954-55.

In 1955 things got a little better. In the fall, Herman and Ralph started working in Pete Lecerf's lumber camp, west of Rocky. Again Kast had not a bad crop. By this time he had a fair number of cattle and hogs. Things were going quite well and, in the spring of 1956, Herman stayed home and worked on the farm. Ralph got a farm job in Lacombe working for Kees Nienhuis. In the fall of 1956, Herman and Ralph had the opportunity to go to Gunnar Mines in Uranium City, Saskatchewan. That was a real break in their lives. The experience gained at this job still benefits Ralph in his present occupation in the energy business. On October 22 they flew up to Gunnar, and October the 23 was their first day at work. (October 23 was also the day the family's first grandchild, Cindy Nienhuis, was born). Herman and Ralph worked up there all winter. Making good money which they saved, and in the spring of 1957 they came home for a visit.

While they were home, Mom and Dad decided to look for a farm in the Lacombe district, as part of the family had stayed in Lacombe. The farm Kast purchased was, the Winslow farm, about seven miles from Lacombe. It was a nice half section, but had older buildings. Herman and Ralph each put up $3,000.00 for the down payment, and the farm was purchased for approximately $19,500.00. In the spring of 1958 the big move was made from Rocky to Lacombe. Herman and Ralph continued to work at Gunnar Mines for the year of 1958. Andrew, Joanne, and John came with Mom and Dad and lived on the farm in Lacombe. Andrew got his first job in Lacombe at Garth Wagoner's Grocery Store. Joanne and John continued their schooling in Lacombe. Dad and Mom farmed in Lacombe until Dad's untimely death at the age of 59 in 1966. Mom lived on the farm until 1968

when she sold it and moved to town.

At present Mom is 94 and lives in the Lacombe Hospital and Care Centre. She is still in reasonably good health, but has signs of dementia.

Ralph and Corry, uncle and aunt of the Kast and Renee Bruinsma family, retired and presently reside in Lacombe, after farming for almost forty years in the Condor area.

George, the oldest son, who farmed for many years in High Level, Alberta, now lives in Mission B.C. and finally married his first girl friend, Jackie Booth, after forty-eight years of "bachelorhood." The Booth family operated the bakery on main street in Rocky Mountain House during the fifties. They are both retired.

Pearl married Cor Nienhuis from Lacombe and presently lives in Abbottsford, B.C., and is retired.

Gay married William Thurner from the Edson area. They are retired and are presently living in Armstrong, B.C.

Herman married Ena Rynsburger from Lacombe, and they reside in St. Albert where Herman still works in the earth moving business.

Ralph married Jane Ellen from Lacombe, and they reside in Lethbridge. Ralph owns and operates Lo-Cost Propane Ltd., Triangle Gas & Wash Ltd., and Lo-Cost Transport Ltd. in Southwestern B.C., Southern Alberta, Southern Saskatchewan and Northern Montana.

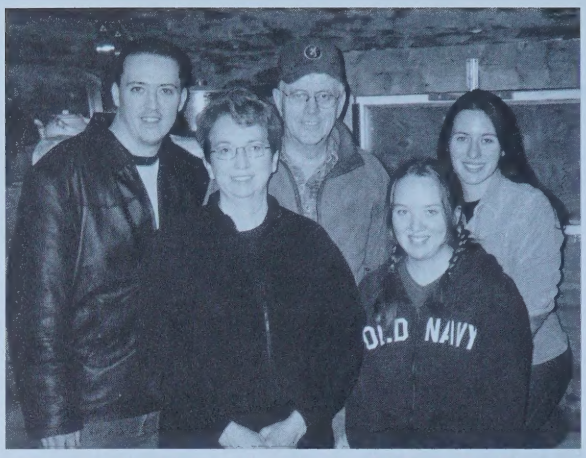
Andrew married Loretta Wettstein from Lacombe, and they reside in Redlands, California. Andrew owns and operates Norco Car Wash, near Riverside, California.

Joanne married Ron Huisman from Lacombe, and they farmed together at Beiseker, until Joanne's untimely death in the spring of 1999, at the age of 55. Ron continues to live on the farm at Beiseker.

At present John lives in Edmonton and is employed by the University of Alberta.

BRUNS, Eldon and Louise
written by their son, Matt Bruns

When I walk through the back door into the kitchen, I have to start out by calling "Hell-oo-oo" to find out who is home. Then I get down to drinking coffee or homemade wine, working on the project of the day and visiting with



Bruns family: Matt, Eldon, Louise, Lindsie and Christa.

the varied assortment of welcome friends and music students. Ours is the type of home where there are usually several conversations on the go and several pots bubbling on the stove at a time. There are five of us: Eldon and Louise Bruns (the parents) and Mathew, Christa, and Lindsie. Our family came to Rocky Mountain House from Bentley, Alberta, at Easter in 1981. Since that time the family has been very active in the community, at St. Matthew's Catholic School and Church. We love Rocky and the people here!

Eldon is a wildlife biologist and the Head of Wildlife for the South West Region of Alberta. He is an avid hunter and outdoorsman. He serves at the St. Matthew's Church, and volunteers his time and expertise with Search and Rescue in the area as well. He loves going with family and friends on outings to the west country. As kids we made yearly summer trail rides in the area, along the Forestry Trunk Road, to such beautiful spots as Ram Falls, Hummingbird Creek, the Corners Cabin, the Ya Ha Tinda, and the Seven U Brown Ranch. We also spent many weekends at our family cabin near the Sunchild Reserve.

The Farm, as we call it, is a '40s era homestead with a rich history. We bought it in 1984, and put a new cabin there on December 3rd of 1986 (which was Christa's birthday). Mom and Dad have hosted many birthday parties, campouts, treasure hunts and New Year's fireworks displays out there. It's a great place to pick mushrooms, ride horses and mules, swim in a beaver pond and cross country ski.

Eldon used to give us thrills once in a while

by bringing home wild orphans. We have had such wild guests at our house as black bear cubs (and even a full grown grizzly sow once, in a cage—happily), a moose calf (that lived in our greenhouse for a while), deer fawns, eagles, hawks and owls. We would look after them for a few days until a proper home could be found for them. Once he even rescued a mountain goat that had wandered down to a farmer's barn near Evergreen.

Louise Bruns is a music teacher of piano and voice, and the Musical Director of the Northern Crossing Music and Drama Society. She was one of the founders of Northern Crossing in 1985 when the first production, "Oklahoma" was produced. Our house rings and booms with lessons and rehearsals regularly, and we have been enjoying the yearly productions of Northern Crossing ever since. Mom taught at St. Matthew's School for ten years, and later at the Sunchild O'Chiese school as well. In 1999, she arranged the music for the town's Bicentennial. She designed Rocky's 75th Anniversary flag in 1987. If you have a creative streak and a love of the arts in Rocky, there's a good chance you have met Louise Bruns. Mom has opened our home to many people, including exchange students from France, Japan, and Germany. She loves to share her talents and her love of music.

Lindsie, the youngest child, now lives in Port Coquitlam. She recently graduated with degrees in Anthropology and Archaeology. She is preparing for a challenging and exciting job with the RCMP as a forensic anthropologist. Like all the Bruns kids, Lindsie graduated from St. Matthew's Catholic School and the University of Calgary. She has Mom's musical talent and is an accomplished singer and pianist. When she played Guinevere in Northern Crossing's "Camelot," she was the queen of our hearts.

Christa is the second Bruns kid, and the first to make Eldon and Louise grandparents. Her daughter, Hannah, was born in 1997. Christa is a traveler and linguist. She has spent time in Europe and Asia, and she speaks several languages. She graduated from the University of Manitoba with a degree in French and Linguistics, and from the University of Calgary with a Masters in Educational Research. She teaches and designs curriculum for the English Language Foundations Program at SAIT in Calgary.

Hannah Verhoeven, Christa's daughter.

I, Mathew Bruns, am a photographer and writer in Calgary. I too served at St. Matt's Church, as a lad, and went to that school in its first year of operation. I was one of the first students to go on the exchange with our sister town, Kamikawa, on the northern island of Hokkaido, Japan. A proud day for me was helping the Will Sinclair High football team, the Rocky Rebels, win the provincial championship in 1990. I served as the tour guide out at the Nordegg Mine historical site for a summer. My degree is in English literature from the University of Calgary. I wrote "The Winter Rose" and "The Christmas Flame," two medieval Christmas plays, for Northern Crossing, and I hope to sell a screenplay someday.

We would like to thank our friends and neighbours in Rocky for creating a great community that has allowed us to be ourselves and thrive. Rocky has a rich history and a vibrant future, and we are glad to be part of it.

BRYANT, Albert Harold

I have been a salesman for most of my working career, selling cars, life insurance and water conditioners. These jobs took me throughout the province of Alberta and in one case, Salmon Arm, B.C.

In 1992 I received medical news that I had multiple sclerosis, and inside of a year I was only able to get around using a wheel chair. On February 18, 1999, my full time caregiver, Carole McIvor, started to massage ostrich oil into the muscles in my neck, and we found that I no longer needed a neck brace. After using the ostrich oil for massaging the other muscles, on April 10, 1999, I found I was able to walk again. Since then I have travelled to various seminars, including one called Healthy Life Styles in Vancouver, B.C., where I related my story about the ostrich oil. At this seminar, three of

the top M.S. doctors in the world were in attendance. This medical breakthrough has been posted on the Internet under the web site address, www.ostrichoil.ca. Carole and I currently reside in Airdrie, Alberta. I keep myself busy with small wood working projects and fishing at my favourite lake.

My four children are Gary Allan, Curtis Dale, Sherry Lynn and Rodney Gordon.

BRYANT, James Edward

In the fall of 1947 my parents, Harold and Isabel Bryant, decided to move from Diamond City (near Lethbridge) to a farm in the Bingley District. I was nine years old at the time and still have a very good recollection of the move, and events that followed the move. There was a lot of work to get the old log house cleaned up and all the outbuildings repaired.

An event which really stuck in my memory was the first day of school at Bingley. My sister, Doreen, and I started off to school on horseback, with our father coming along to make sure everything went okay. Having never ridden a horse before, we didn't go far before Doreen and I were lying on the ground, and the horse was galloping across the field with our father in pursuit. Eventually Dad caught the horse and, although we were a bit late, we made it to school. I attended Bingley School until I finished Grade 8 and then started Grade 9 in Rocky Mountain House where I continued to Grade 12. When I started in the working world, I had a couple of jobs before I hired on with Geochemical Oil Surveys, staying with them until their contract finished.

When that job finished, I was back looking for work again and, while making job inquiries in Red Deer, I happen to walk past a R.C.A.F. recruiting office. I stopped to look at what they had to offer, then ended up joining the Air Force. During the 24½ years I spent in the Air Force, I did tours at St. Jean, Quebec; Gimli, Manitoba; Alymer, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba; Trenton, Ontario; 2 (F) Wing Grostenquin, France; Cold Lake, Alberta and Comox, British Columbia. Eventually I came back (a second time) to Cold Lake, Alberta. While in Grostenquin, France, I met and married Marie Antoinette Simon. She had two young children, Christian Rene and Chantal Marie, and we have a son, Patrick Henry.

Christian and Chantal graduated from high school in Grand Centre, Alberta. Christian went to NAIT to become an auto body mechanic and currently lives in the Spruce Grove area. Chantal went on to the University of Alberta, obtaining her Bachelor of Education. She married Wedge McWhorter and they have two children, Julie Marie and Nathan Daniel. They reside in Edmonton, Alberta.

Patrick completed Grade 12 at Comox, B.C. and went on to University of B.C. and University of Laval, obtaining his Bachelor of Forestry. He married Elizabeth Ann Shaw, and they have four children: Michael John, Danielle Nicole and twins James Dennis and Emily Ann. They live in Campbell River, B.C.

After retiring from the Armed Forces, my wife and I remained at Comox, B.C. At first a friend and I did home renovations, then opened a kiosk in the Comox Mall, selling ice cream, hot dogs and European style sausage as well as other things. After we sold that business, I went into the landscaping business. My wife worked for the Department of National Defence for twenty-five years, and we both retired in 1998. We still live in Comox, B.C. in the same house I built when we first came to Comox.

BRYANT, Harold and Isabel

In 1947 Harold and Isabel came from Southern Alberta to farm in the Bingley district. Then after selling the farm in August of 1957, they

Bryant family.

took up residence in Sylvan Lake and lived there until 1964 when the family moved to Nordegg. While living in Nordegg the Bryants' two youngest children, Percy and Irene, made the long daily ride to Rocky Mountain House by school bus in order to get schooling.

In 1967 Harold and Isabel decided to move again, this time making a permanent home in Rocky Mountain House where Isabel resides today. "Retirement was good to us," remarked Isabel. Both she and Harold enjoyed taking bus tours to various places as well as playing cards and dancing at the Pioneer Centre. Going for coffee and a visit at the Rocky Co-op also kept them quite busy until Harold's health failed, and he passed away on February 12, 2000.

He and Isabel had been married for 62½ years, quite a feat by today's standards. Isabel still keeps herself busy, playing various card games, going on bus trips or staying home and going through the many things collected over the years.

Harold and Isabel have five children: James, Doreen (Emrich), Albert, Percy and Irene (Andrykew). Their childrens' histories are included in this book.

Harold and Isabel seated, Irene, Percy, Jim, Doreen and Albert.

BRYANT, Percy Fredrick

I wasn't very old when we lived on the farm, but I do have one memory of the farm. Mom's turkeys decided to put the run on me one day, and I remember running around the house three times before I made it inside. I took schooling from Grade 1 to Grade 7 in Sylvan Lake, and when we moved to Nordegg, I rode the school bus to Rocky Mountain House where I finished schooling up to Grade 12. I was involved in minor hockey as a coach, referee and a player.

As mentioned on page 360 of the "Days Before Yesterday," Amerada Hess employed me. In 1996, Petro Canada bought out Amerada Hess, and I stayed on. In 2001 I celebrated twenty-five years of employment. I also received a twenty-five-year safety award from Petro Canada.

In 1981, I married Jodi Glen Bergum. We have two boys, Christopher Wade and Cody Glen. In 1993 we moved to Sylvan Lake where we currently reside. I'm fairly active in the Royal Canadian Legion where I hold the office of 2nd Vice President in the branch at Sylvan Lake. I also like to golf at the many courses around the area.

BUTTERWICK, Bernie and family

I, Bernie Butterwick, arrived in Rocky on Sunday, September 12, 1960, alone. I was unable to move my family until I had found proper housing. At that time, as now, housing was a problem. There literally were no homes for rent or available to purchase.

Upon my arrival I discovered we were not the first Butterwicks to live in this area. Several of the old timers asked if I was related to the family who had homesteaded southwest of town. No relationship, as far as I know.

When my wife, Vivian, and I decided to relocate, from Southern Alberta (Coaldale) to Rocky, we were told by many friends and acquaintances that "You will be back. You never take a prairie person into the bush." How incorrect these people were. All of us liked what we saw, especially the people we met, and still do. Why else would we stay?

One of my first priorities of course was finding a place for the family, on a long-term basis, and a place for myself, temporarily. The temporary bit was easily taken care of when Pat and Rilla Lyster took me in as a boarder. As it turned out I was with the Lysters until mid-November 1960.

During my two months alone I, with the assistance of several acquaintances, went house hunting. Initially I acquired a furnished house for two weeks and stored our furniture. We were lucky and found a comfortable home to rent, and lived there until the early summer of 1961 when we purchased a home from Grant McLeod.

When we first came to Rocky there were five of us: my wife, Vivian, our sons, Larry and Douglas, and an infant daughter, Cheri. Since then the family has grown extensively. Larry married Marilyn Mason, and they have two children, Kimberley and Ryan. Douglas married Sharon Baaka, and they have two sons, Corey and Keith. Later Douglas married Kathleen Kemp, and she has two daughters, Hailey and Stacey. Cheri married Cyrus Spaulding, and they have one son, Brett. Cheri has since married Douglas Nichol, and they have one daughter, Bailey. Larry's daughter, Kimberley, married Jeremy Forsyth, and they have three daughters: Ashley, Taylor and Sidney. Doug's son, Keith, married Kylie Jobling, a girl from Australia, and they have one daughter, Adria. They live in Australia. Corey, Doug's oldest son, is single and lives in Edmonton. Cheri's two are in school and live at home in Calgary. Kathleen's daughter, Hailey, lives in Calgary, and Stacey works and lives in Rocky. Kimberley and Jeremy live south of Rocky on an acreage.

Initially I worked as Field Supervisor of the I.D.'s Agricultural Service Board. I kept this position until the spring of 1963. At that time the Department of Municipal Affairs wanted me to move to Edmonton to work as a farmland assessor wherever needed. This would involve leaving home as soon as the frost was out in the spring, then working away from home until freeze-up in the fall. This certainly did not appeal to my wife, Vivian, as we had raised two "small town" boys and we felt (and were proven to be correct), they would not want "city-style living." We also had a daughter, and we didn't particularly want to bring her up in the city. In addition to this, neither Vivian nor I wanted to leave Rocky.

One evening in a discussion with Jack Strong, Jack suggested I start a farm and ranch supply business of my own. He and his partner, Aubrey Ferrey (Strong and Ferrey Ltd.), held a Cominco fertilizer franchise, and they offered this to me as the cornerstone of a farm supply business, plus a warehouse building adjacent to the U.G.G.'s elevator.

After considerable discussion and soul searching, Viv and I decided to give it a try. Jack and Aubrey gave us a lot of support and assistance to get us going, and another chapter in our lives began. Our little business was touch and go at the outset. We soon realized we just didn't have enough lines of products to offer the public, if we were to make a living. So what to do? Give up, and go back to a salary job, or what? About the same time Klass Kikstra, who owned the feed mill, offered the business to us. After considerable negotiating, we took over the feed mill in November of 1964. We operated this business, along with our previous business, until mid September of 1971. At that time the business was destroyed by fire—and so were we.

Fire at the feed mill, Sept. '71.

I took a position with Alberta Gas Trunk Line as a clerk, and Vivian took a job as a cook's assistant at the local hospital. This lasted for about a year. In the fall of 1972, I was transferred to Princess as a compressor operator. Following my apprenticeship as an operator, I was transferred to Drayton Valley and stayed there until the spring of 1974. Being a farmer/rancher at heart, I never really felt happy as a compressor operator. In the spring of 1974, when the opportunity of becoming the manager of Western Stock Growers Association presented itself, I left A.G.T.L.

Vivian and our daughter, Cheri, and I left our two boys in Rocky and moved to Calgary. By this time, Larry, the oldest boy was married and lived in Rocky. Douglas, the youngest boy, was working in Rocky. With Cheri still in school, the move to Calgary was not quite so traumatic. However, I always missed the trees and just

wasn't a good city dweller, but I liked my job. Cheri was doing very well in school, and Vivian had a job as an accountant which she liked very much. So, Calgary was okay!

By the summer of 1988, Vivian and I began to think and talk about retirement. Cheri was married, so the decision was up to Viv and I. At the end of December 1988, I left my job and, at the end of January 1989, we moved back to Rocky. We were now back nearer to our two sons, in an area we dearly loved, among the best of people.

In the spring we bought 80 acres north of #598 on the Oras road and built a home on the place. I raised a few head of cattle and pigs, enough for "camp meat," and chickens and turkeys, enough for Christmas dinner for the entire family. We really enjoyed the "farm life" in the summer. However, the icy road conditions etc., in the winter, plus keeping a five acres farmyard, became a lot of hard work—and some worry.

So, again, what to do? We sub-divided the place, and sold the five acres with the house, garage and other buildings to a couple from Rocky. The remaining seventy-five acres went to Larry and Marilyn, and we moved to town.

Upon moving into Rocky, I took the job of manager of the Royal Canadian Legion for about a year. Realizing that I had retired once, I did so again. Not being satisfied to "sit and rock," I became Zone Commander of the Legion and subsequent to that, president of the R.L. Zengel Branch on two different occasions.

After leaving the employ of the Legion, my successor asked if I knew of anyone with accounting abilities who would come in for a few weeks to assist him in setting up a computerized accounting system. I suggested that Vivian might do this for him. So, she became Jack's short term, part-time accountant. Eight years later, she decided to call it quits and retired from the Legion employ. However, she will still go in and help out a bit, when the need arises.

Our two separate "sessions" in Rocky have been, and still are, days of enjoyment. During our first term in Rocky, 1960-1972, we were both busy with the raising of a family, running a business and odd jobs. I was active in the Legion and became an executive member, and moved up to become their president in 1970-71. Prior to that, I served my first one-year term as Zone Commander in 1968-69. Community affairs, sports and being a contributor to the community in which I live, has always been one of my priorities. To this end I became involved in many community organizations, first and foremost serving my church as a vestryman, and as the Rector's Warden. I served three years on the local school board, and was president of the Rocky Rams hockey team at the time of the Chinook Hockey League.

During our first stay in Rocky, Vivian was also involved in church affairs, and was a member of the Anglican Guild for many years. In addition she took part in many volunteer activities, canvassing for various charitable groups, etc. We were very happy in Rocky, made many lasting friendships and were only too pleased to be "back home."

We are both enjoying our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and are very proud of all of them. By coming to Rocky, leaving, and returning, I think we have proven, beyond a doubt, that this is the best place in the world to call home. We both look forward to many more happy years in the community of Rocky Mountain House.

BYRD, Mona

Born in 1934, Mona Byrd spent her first sixteen years on a farm near Rocky Mountain House. She is the daughter of Emil and Johanna Nelson. Emil was employed by the CPR in the early '30s and happened to be working near Rocky Mountain House where he met a young hairdresser by the name of Johanna Eichler (also known as Hanna Comstock). They were married in 1931, and farmed in the Rocky area until 1950.

Mona disliked the cold Alberta winters and was only too happy to move to Nashville where she pursued a career as a country and western singer. Over the years she was influenced by Hank Snow of the Grand Ole Opry, and he became her friend and mentor. She has been singing and writing country and gospel songs since her early childhood, and for a number of years was a performer at the Calgary Stampede. Now a senior citizen, she is currently recording her own music and self-publishing compact disks which feature her daughters singing back-up to

the songs Mona composes and sings. Mona makes her home with her husband, Robert Byrd, in Savannah, Georgia. For further information see NELSON, Emil and Johanna.

CADRAIN, Al (Aldia)
written by Allison Frisky

Aldia Cadrain is an important figure in the community of Rocky Mountain House. During her fifty years in Rocky, Aldia (known to everyone as Al) has established herself as being family oriented, career motivated and an active member of the community.

Al's career was, first and foremost, a wife and mother. She met Joseph Maurice Anthony Cadrain, and they courted for a year before they married in 1953. Al was from North Battleford, and Joseph was from the Jack Fish area. Together they had eleven children: Lloyd, Anthony, Maurice, David, John, Paulette, Jeannette, Sandra, Anita, Warren, and Theresa. The oldest was born in 1954 and the youngest in 1967. The family always worked hard, but also made time to play. They enjoyed going to the beach in the summer and tobogganing and making houses in snowdrifts in the winter. Al was able to spend a lot of quality time with her children, something her parents were not able to do. Al now has thirty-three grandchildren. She is also an aunt to numerous nieces and nephews.

Al eventually opened her own catering business in 1972, and is still running it today. She decided to take this career path because there was a need for a catering business in town. In 1972, there were only two groups doing catering. Al finds the job very satisfying and thankfully has enjoyed her many years in this profession. Besides catering, Al was involved in the Catholic Women's League. She occasionally helps at the food bank and is always willing to give catering advice and guidance.

Al's origins are French Canadian and can be traced back to Belgium. Her maternal grandfather was Thomas Boisvert, and Al did not know her paternal grandparents. Her parents were Roseabelle (Boisvert) and Phillip Lessard. Roseabelle was an American, and Phillip was born in Canada, but he spent some time living in the United States. After Al's parents were married, they lived for a brief time in the States. When World War I ended, they moved to Canada to a homestead. Al was born June 23, 1935. Her childhood was a happy one. Her parents had eleven children and later separated. Al was the third youngest child. Unfortunately, before she was born, four of her siblings had already died. She never owned anything as a child, but still managed to have a lot of fun. She and her siblings would play broomball in wintertime because they couldn't afford skates. She enjoyed playing with cutout dolls fashioned from a catalog. Al also has fond memories of Christmases with her family. Today, many of her siblings are retired, and only she and one brother remain in the workforce.

Al attended Our Lady of Notre Dame School in North Battleford, Saskatchewan, for Grades 1 through 12. There she met Doris Sands (Scott), her best friend, with whom she still keeps in contact. She was also friends with the Mattel girls, the Van Clempits, and the Boosiacks. During her schooling, her Grade 5 teacher had a profound affect on her, enabling her to overcome her stuttering problem. Other highlights included being involved with the choir as well as many musicals.

Her schooling led her to enter into as religious life. The concept she gained from her education was to "Love God first, and love your neighbour as yourself." Al became a nun, however, she left the order to pursue a married life. Al and her husband, Joseph, came to Rocky because that was where the work was. Joseph was a lumberjack and at one time owned a sawmill. Many changes in the town have occurred in the time Al has lived here. Sidewalks used to be made of wood, and streets were mud. She has also seen many changes in the world. Communication and aviation have been areas where drastic developments have occurred. There were very few telephones, when she was growing up.

Al feels Rocky has many strengths, including an excellent educational system and good churches. However, Al is concerned about the lack of a long-term facility for senior citizens and places for young people to spend time. She also feels that courses in personal finances should be taught in school, as well as in the home. She feels it is important that children learn respect. Al would like her grandchildren to remember the values they have been taught—and have a sense of self worth and integrity. Al, herself, has striven

to exemplify these traits. Because of this, she is an indispensable member of the community.

CADRAIN, Joe, Al and family
written by Al Cadrain

Joe with Huskies.

The Cadrain family came from Saskatchewan to the Nordegg area where they were employed in logging camps in 1946 or '47. Archie Cadrain and his two sons, Andy and Joseph (Joe), worked for Cummings, then for Pete Lecerf Logging. Archie's other children joined them as well. The two eldest daughters, Teresa and Antonette, along with their husbands, Dave and Henry, worked in the camps, as did Archie's youngest daughter, Claire, who worked as a cook's helper. In the process of being in the logging work force, Joe met a friend, Roy Sparks, who had a large area trap line, so Joe became Roy's junior partner. Roy, better known as "Sparkie," was Joe's mentor and passed on all his knowledge of the forest and the creatures who lived there. Joe later became the sole owner of the trapline, which worked in well with his logging activities. Joe worked in sawmills and logging operations all his life and was an excellent millwright. He worked for Ingamar Hulberg, Jim Hardy and Walter Filipowicz.

In 1950 Joe returned to Saskatchewan and went to Dyden, Ontario, to work with a cousin in the pulp mills. In the spring of 1952, he met a girl from North Battleford, named Aldia Lessard. Aldia was nicknamed "Al," because her initials were "A.L.," which were also the first two letters of her name. Al and Joe started dating in the late summer of 1952. When Joe returned to Alberta to begin logging again, many letters travelled back and forth, until Al and Joe were married October 31, 1953. They made their first home in logging camps where Joe cut mine props for Jim Hardy to be used in the Nordegg mine.

Al was a city girl and camp living was not only strange, but lonely as well. Joe's father and brother were there, and Al found herself cooking for her new in-laws as well as her new husband. "Believe me, it was a trial," Al said. "The cook stove was either too hot or out." She soon learned to keep the kettle on the stove at a full boil, ready for a pot of tea at a moment's notice.

Since Joe had been a bachelor, he was a good cook and had no choice but to teach his new bride how to cook—or go hungry. When Joe's uncle, an ex-army cook, joined them, more cooking skills were learned. Al was good at making bread, especially if something had upset her. Then she could really get into kneading and punching the bread dough. When a good batch of bread materialized, Joe would ask, "So, who are you mad at this time?"

Lloyd, their first son, was born May 1954; Anthony was born in November 1955; Maurice, October 1956; David, December 1957; John, May 1958.

After John was born, the family moved to Water Valley for a few years. Then in 1960, Paullette, their first daughter, arrived. That year Joe bought a quarter section of land in the Taimi area, and the rest of the family were born in Rocky: Jeanette, Sandra, Anita, Warren and Theresa. Theresa was not supposed to be the last of the children. Al had hopes of having fifteen children, which later occurred when foster children joined the clan. "It was easy raising a large family on the farm," Al says. "We always allowed the children's friends to stay over; this way we knew where our own kids were. And when your family is this big, you hardly notice a few more. All of the children learned to work; they helped out and learned to be responsible."

In 1972 Al started her own catering business which she passed on to her daughter, Jeanette. Jeanette now calls her business, "Jan's Kitchen."

Until recently Al was still helping Jan, as well as doing some of her own catering with her daughter, Sandra. Al has been an active member of Saint Matthew Parish. She still loves to dance and belongs to the square dance group. She is an avid skier and has taught many of her children and grandchildren to ski. Four years ago she joined her oldest grandsons, Sheldon, Kelsey and Wayne, in the thrilling sport of skydiving. Al also enjoys travelling.

Al sold the farm to her sons, Maurice and Lloyd. Maurice has the farm and Lloyd has the home place. Lloyd is married to Janice Waite and has a son, Joe, and daughter, Krista.

Anthony (Tony) married Connie Sands. They live in Rocky and have four sons: Sheldon, Kelsey, Tyler and Joe.

Maurice is married to Lynn Kamps. They live in Rocky with two sons, Mathew and Justin, and a daughter, Camile.

David married Cindy Boyd. They live in Alhambra and have a son, Justin, and a daughter, Victoria.

John married Donna Johnston. They live in Rocky and have four daughters, Tracy, Sharla, Corine and Janette.

Paulette married Ross Estelle. They live in the Alhambra district and have two sons, Cory and Wayne, and a daughter, Shantelle.

Jeanette married Rick Hobden. She has a son, Ryan, and daughter, Jodi, and the family live in Rocky.

Sandra married Tom Wolf. They live in Caroline and have three sons, Bryon, Chad and T.J., and a daughter, Cora Lynn.

Anita married Calvin Adrain. They live at Sylvan Lake and have three sons, Dillon, Marc and Mayson.

Warren married Kathy Krues. They live at Bonnyville and have a daughter, Kayla, and son, Kristofer.

Theresa married Robert Harriman. They live at Spruce View and have two daughters, Ashley and Stephanie.

Of all eleven children, ten of them live less than an hour's drive from Al. Warren and his family live the farthest away (in Bonnyville).

Al has thirty-three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, with two more arriving in March and July 2003. All the Cadrain children have done very well for themselves and most have their own businesses. Joe would be very proud of his family. Three of his sons have pursued his passion and are trappers.

CAINE, Norman and family
by Barbara (Caine) Bertagnolli

Norman and Mildred Caine '78.

Norman Francis Caine was raised on a farm in Marsden, Saskatchewan. His father, John, was born in Nova Scotia and died when Norman was eight years old. As he was one of ten children, the second oldest boy, he learned how to do the farm work at an early age. His mother, Jane Wright, had come to Saskatchewan with her family from England in 1905 to homestead.

Norman and his brothers would hire themselves out to the neighbors for the harvest and travelled around the country with a threshing crew to earn much needed money to help care for the family. Norman also worked as a farmhand for his uncle for three years, but due to crop failures he began looking for a new occupation and moved to Edmonton.

In 1934 Norman purchased a watch from Norman Levine's jewelry store in Edmonton. When he got the watch home it did not work, so he took it apart to see what was the problem. He then took it back to Mr. Levine and, besides telling the jeweler the watch did not work, Norman told him what was wrong with the watch. Recognizing the young man's ability, Mr. Levine hired him and, in that way, Norman became a

watchmaker and jeweler, training under Mr. Levine from 1935 to 1939. Mr. Levine was an old European-Jewish watchmaker, who like a teacher, made Norman do things over until he got them right.

During the spring and fall Norman returned to the farm to help with the planting and harvesting. While in Edmonton, Norman met his future wife, Mildred, and they were married in 1939. Mildred was the daughter of Alfred and Mary (Ridsdale) Laboucane from St. Paul, Alberta. She had grown up on a farm with eleven brothers and sisters.

Norman and Mildred established a jewelry shop in Holden, Alberta, in 1939. When World War II started, they closed their shop, and Norman enlisted in the Air Force in 1940. Mildred moved to Regina where Norman took his basic training and returned to Edmonton with their two children, Norma and Ronald, while Norman was stationed overseas. Because Norman was a watchmaker, he was trained as an aircraft instrument maker in Claresholm, following his basic training. Norman went overseas in 1943, and was stationed in England, Belgium and Holland for two years. He returned to Edmonton with the rank of Sergeant in 1945.

Following the war, Norman worked for Jasper Jewelers in Edmonton. Then on January 14, 1949, he and Mildred bought a jewelry store in Rocky Mountain House. Having hunted big game in the area several times, Norman had fallen in love with the country and wanted to establish a home for the family there. Mildred moved with the children, now including Barbara, to Rocky one month later. The family soon settled into their new life and, as the farmers of the area were their new customers, they felt at home. Norman and Mildred both worked in the store. The children also helped after school and on Saturdays, when they became old enough.

Caine's Jewelry sold watches, trophies, jewelry, crystal and giftware. They also did engraving and, over the years, many trophies were donated to various Rocky and district organizations. Watch repair was the mainstay of the business. Many times, if parts were no longer available to repair an old timepiece, Norman manufactured the required watch parts. Norman continued to repair antique watches until his retirement from the business. One of the last watches he manufactured parts for and repaired was a key-wound, chain-driven watch sent to him by someone from Calgary. Norman repaired these old instruments as a hobby. Railroad workers needed to have their watches checked every two weeks, because they had to remain accurate to within one second. As their watches were necessary for them to work, they were always given priority on the repair list. Oil clocks started to replace the railroad watches, and Norman found his bench loaded down with ten or twenty of them to clean and get into good working order. He enjoyed working on all types of timepieces, the exception being poor quality cuckoo clocks. I can remember Dad muttering under his breath while trying to adjust and realign the movements, because the wood casing of the clocks had dried and shrunk.

Norman and Mildred were active in the community they loved. Norman enjoyed curling and was President of the Rocky Curling Club. Mildred was always a faithful supporter and never missed a shot, from behind the glass. Socializing at the Legion, and competing in the dart league and tournaments were another way to enjoy the winter months in a small town. Both Norman and Mildred were life members of the Legion. They served on the executive, and were presidents of the Legion and Ladies Auxiliary.

The children's Christmas party put on by the Legion was always a highlight of the year. No one went away without a mandarin orange and a bag of candy. Long hours were spent filling all the bags, and laughter was heard throughout the Legion on a Sunday, as members' children could go to see the amazing amount of treats which were to be given by Santa. Our little hands were put to work as well, stacking bags into boxes.

They also enjoyed hunting. Norman went every fall for elk, moose, deer and if they were very lucky big horn sheep. This would help to feed the family, as establishing a new business was a costly endeavor. Big game hunting was replaced with bird hunting and many ducks, geese, prairie chicken and grouse were put into the freezer for the winter.

A big garden was always planted, and Norman enjoyed working in the garden which

provided enough vegetables to last the winter. Berry picking was a favorite pastime and Sundays, after church, were spent in the forest picking berries and having picnics. Mildred made jam and jelly with the berries as well as canning some for pies later. Berry and apple pies were made for the Catholic Women's League fall bake sale. Mildred was an excellent cook, and could produce dinner for fifteen on a Sunday, when only four were expected. When friends happened to stop in, they were always invited to stay for supper; they were always welcome and never went away hungry. Mildred grew up in a French community, so French was her first language. Many times people came into the store to have Mildred translate letters from France for them. She did not have a lot of opportunity to speak French in Rocky, but whenever her sisters or brothers came, English was seldom heard as they got caught up with their news in French.

The Caines enjoyed golf and were great supporters of Pine Hills Golf Club. They also enjoyed golfing with their children, and even the grandchildren got into the game. The game was not always won, but a lot of fun and many good dinners followed a round of golf. The Lion's Club dedicated Hole #11, on the present Pine Hills course, to the memory of their son, Ron.

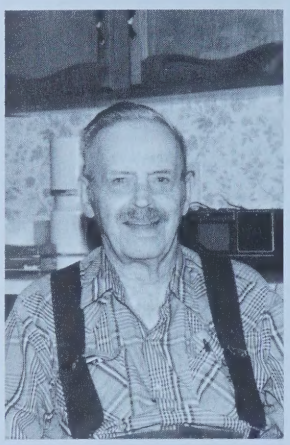
Their children were all educated in Rocky. Norma took her training as a registered nurse at the Misericordia Hospital, in Edmonton, and married John Wiedmer of Kansas. They have three children and nine grandchildren, and reside in Emporia, Kansas.

Ron worked on the oil rigs. After marrying Dianne Helwig of Lethbridge, he spent time working on offshore oil rigs in Malaysia, before returning to Rocky to learn the family business and purchased the store in 1981. Ron and Dianne's three children live in Calgary. Ron died in 1985 and is buried in Pine Grove Cemetery. Dianne continues to own and run the business which is located on main street, in the original Rocky School Division Office which Norman purchased in 1965. Barbara married John Bertagnolli of Rocky and they have two children and a granddaughter. They reside in Calgary.

Norman worked in the store until his health declined in 1987. He died in 1988. Mildred continued to go into the store, mostly to visit with the customers, until 1995. She moved to a lodge in Calgary in 1996, and died in 1998. Both Norman and Mildred are buried in Pine Grove Cemetery.

CAMERON, Stuart

I, Stuart Cameron, was born January 1, 1918, to Donald F.B. Cameron and Joyce Cameron (nee Veeder), on my uncle Will's homestead (in the Merna district near Sedgewick, Alberta), the second youngest of five children. We moved around quite a bit, and at one point we went to the Peace Country. Dad, Mother and Aunt Jenny Little John (and her husband), and the five of us kids lived in the Peace River country for awhile and returned to the Sedgewick area when I was about three. My parents separated about that time, and we children were sent to live with an aunt, and later Grandmother Veeder.



Stuart Cameron.

I have no happy memories of living with that grandmother. My other grandmother was a lovely lady. In 1924 I started school. By then we were back on my uncle's homestead. In 1926 we moved to a C.P.R. farm one mile west. Then in '29, we moved about thirty miles southeast, where we had lived with Grandmother Veeder in the Battle Bend country. We lived there until I went into the army in 1942.

I took basic training, went truck driving and later turned to cooking. I was in camp at Sarcee near Calgary, then moved to Nanaimo, B.C. and on to Otter Point near Victoria. In December it was on to Dundurn, Saskatchewan. Later I was sent to Camp Borden, Ontario, then Halifax, Nova Scotia, before heading overseas. I cooked for thirty-three months in the army, going overseas in the summer of '43 and returning in the spring of 1946. I was always glad I went overseas; the experience gave me a broader view of life.

I was married in Glascow, Scotland, on January 12, 1946, to Mary Ellen McLaughlin. My wife, Mary, came to Hardisty on the 21st of

August 1946, where I was waiting for her. We lived in a C.P.R. house north of the bridge on the east end of Bellshill Lake. In the spring we moved south to the farm I bought from Harry Runnalls (with the help of a V.L.A. loan). Harry moved across the road and became a good neighbor. On May 21, 1947, my first daughter, Iris Rose, was born. Two years later on July 1, 1949, our daughter, Sheila Mae, was born. I was determined to give my children the stability I never had, so we stayed on the same farm for all their childhood. I only tried to farm for eleven years before renting the land out and going to work in the oil field for nine years. During that time, my daughter, Sheila, was killed in an automobile accident on June 6, 1964, a few days short of her fifteenth birthday. It became difficult staying on the farm after we lost her. We moved to Sedgewick in March 1966, and our daughter Iris was married to Norman Bradley in April of 1967. Iris and Norman settled in Rocky Mountain House in 1971.

At various times I ran the Rec Centre in Sedgewick, worked for the County of Flagstaff, and ran my own shoe and bicycle repair shop. My right arm had been injured in an oil field accident and gave me so much pain, that after a hard day's work I didn't get much sleep at night. For that reason I went to the Department of Veteran's Affairs and got a living allowance. About 1977 Mary and I separated, and I gave her the house in Sedgewick where she still lives. I moved to Rocky Mountain House to be close to my daughter, Iris, and her family. I have two grandchildren: Michael Allen, born July 30, 1968, and Michelle Lynn, born October 1, 1969.

I have been very happy living in Rocky. I have held several jobs while living here. I was a guard in the jail for a short period of time, and worked at the Petro-Can Restaurant washing dishes. I also enjoyed going to the Farmers' Market every Saturday, where I sold crib boards, earrings, toothpick holders, broaches, belt buckles, necklaces, etc. which I made from deer and moose antlers. George Calvert and I set up a workshop in the craft hall at the Pioneer Centre, and I spent many hours there working on crafts. My health was deteriorating, so I moved into Columbus Place on Sept 1, 1994.

Update by Iris Bradley: My dad was great with bird calls. He loved to whistle to them and they would answer him and come closer and closer. I remember him in particular calling the chickadees. No one could whistle quite like him. He also whistled like meadowlarks and black birds. In the fall of '95, Dad came to live with me, my husband, Norm, and our daughter, Michelle. He made a daily trip to Petro-Can, for coffee and a visit with friends. They were all very good to him. My father, Stuart, passed away from lung cancer on October 26, 1996. I admired the way he looked for happiness and found it in little things. In spite of losing the ability to live on his own, drive and be independent, he remained cheerful, and we enjoyed having him in our home.

Home care was a great help to him, and he made friends with one of the ladies, Frances Stewart. He loved to tease, was undemanding and honest as the day was long. In his last year, he was happy to hear from someone he had given up hope of ever finding: his half-sister, Evelyn. When they met, they immediately clicked and had many enjoyable conversations on the phone. After her death that year, he met her children, and they took to each other as if they had known one another all their lives. In that year, he also had Norm build flower boxes so he could plant his favorite flowers, pansies and sweet peas—and counted the blooms each day. We continue to plant the same flowers in the same flower boxes since he has gone, and we miss him greatly.

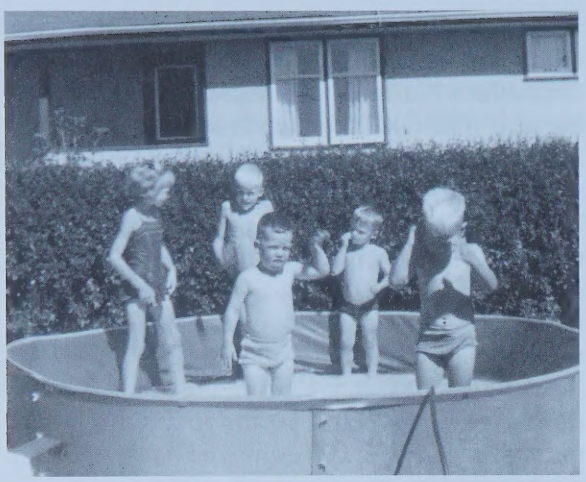
Son, Mike, has finished his four-year boiler maker course and is working in Edmonton. He has a daughter, Emily Rose, born July 17, 2001.

Daughter, Michelle, has her Education Degree and is teaching at Leslieville School. She was married on August 11, 2001.

CARPENTER, Mary (See Lloyd Garland)

CARSWELL, Gordon and Miriam
submitted by Miriam Carswell

Gordon Carswell was born in Manitoba and raised in the Moosomin area of Saskatchewan. After his schooling he worked in the area, and in 1952 he moved to Alberta with his parents. Gordon worked for a few years with the CPR at Calgary, Exshaw, Innisfail/Olds, East Edmonton and finally at Vulcan. The seismic industry was going strong, so he decided that was a good



Front: Patrick and Donald Carswell with Deb, Dennis and John Gray, enjoying the tub.

field to find employment. In 1961 he married Miriam McDonald, and decided seismic was not for him. After living in Red Deer for a short time, they moved back to Rocky Mountain House where Gordon began his apprenticeship in the mechanic trade at Strong and Ferry. He completed his mechanic and welding at Edwards Garage. Meanwhile Miriam was employed by the School Division and later worked for the Alberta Forest Service. In 1970 the opportunity arose for employment with Alberta Gas Trunk Line, and Gordon and his family moved to Calgary. In 1981 Gordon transferred to Edmonton where he was in charge of Nova's (same company, new name) automotive shop. Miriam worked for a construction company in Calgary, and transferred with the company when they moved to Edmonton. They retired in 1993, and moved back to the Strachan area.

When we lived in Rocky, we lived in the old Bucknall house, across from the elementary school. A lot of the big trees growing on that lot today, are trees we planted. It was a great place—a large lot with loads of room for the two boys and their dog, Sooner, to roam. Alice and Art Fisher lived across the alley and, on occasion, Alice would come to one or the other of the boy's rescue. Donald fell into Edward's raspberries bushes one day, and it was Alice who saw it happen from her kitchen window. That resulted in a trip to Doctor Hein and a couple of stitches. Alice always had treats for all the kids in neighbourhood. Dennis and Annette Gray lived down the alley and their kids and ours played together. We had a plastic swimming pool which all the kids loved. Unfortunately, Grays' big black lab also loved it, but his claws were just too much for the plastic. George and Verna Meston lived across the street in what was known as the Ogden house. One time George was in his garden, proudly admiring what he thought were spring flowers, poking out of the soil. Little did he know he was looking at the onions I had planted earlier. We had lots of good times!

Donald married Donna Thronberg, and they have a daughter, Karissa. Don is Service Manager at Edwards Garage. Whether Karissa will be third generation to be employed by Edwards Garage remains to be seen. Don's wife, Donna, has a hair shop, and is also a partner in Dock's Clothing. Patrick married Terry-Lynn Armstrong, and they reside in Calgary where Pat works in the Human Resource field. Terry-Lynn is a graduate of the U of A and is employed by Trans Canada Pipeline.

CARTER, Cecil John Rhodes (Slim), Jessie and family

Slim and Jessie Carter.

Slim, accompanied by his wife, Jessie (Negaard), and two daughters, Joyce and Beverly, moved from Youngstown, Alberta, in the year 1930. They farmed and had a homestead in the Condor area. During this time they had two sons, George and John (Bubbins). In 1939, Slim

Carter family.

and family built a service station on the #11 Highway at the Condor corner which turned into a successful business. In July 1947, he sold his business and bought a garage and the Chrysler dealership in Rocky Mountain House, located at that time across from the (old)Post Office (51 St- 50 Ave). Later, he built an auto body shop and continued to operate the two businesses until the time of his death in July 1967. At this time, his two sons, George and John, continued

Slim on horseback.

Bubbins, Beverly, Joyce and George.

with the business until they sold out in 1976. Slim was always ready to help anyone who needed a helping hand. He was on the town council and belonged to the Masonic Lodge. Both Slim and Jessie were active in the Legion.

Jessie and Slim's daughter, Joyce, married Ronnie Anderson of Rocky. They farmed in the Rocky district and have two children, Wayne and Karen.

Beverly married Jack McColl from Elkhorn, Manitoba, and farms in the Condor area. They have two children, Judy and Terry.

George married Jennybelle Murgatroyd from Rocky Mountain House, and they have four children, Steven, Gregory, Dianna and Laura.

John (Bubbins) married Georgia Holtroff from Saskatchewan. They had four children, Carol, Gail, Darcy and Glen.

Jessie's sister, Signa (Negaard) Doyle, married William Doyle who owned Doyle's Garage located where the A & W is today. Their only child, Helen (Toots) Tucker, lives in Maple Ridge, B.C.

CHABRA, Peter and Nellie (Zylyk)

Peter (Petro) Chabra resided in the Nordegg area from 1930 to 1955. He served in the Czechoslovakian Army in the Mountain Climbers 9th Division with the British Allied forces, from October 1925 until he was discharged on November 28, 1926. After his discharge, he worked at home on the farm for his widowed mother.

Peter was born in January 1905 in Starina, Czechoslovakia. He was one of ten children. In August of 1928, at the age of twenty-three, Peter immigrated to Canada where he wanted to build a better life for himself. He arrived by ship

in the Port of Montreal. From Montreal he travelled by train to Gravelburg, Saskatchewan, where he worked on a farm for a year for a German family. While there he learned to speak German fluently, but this did not help him to learn English. When he later arrived in Calgary, this created a challenge for him. He wanted to buy a train ticket to go to Rocky Mountain House, before going on to Nordegg to work in the bush camp. He had to walk up and down the street, asking passersby, in Slovakian or German, if they could speak English. He finally found someone, and they were able to purchase the train ticket for him.

In 1929 he worked at a bush camp near Rocky Mountain House, and in 1930 he started working at Grouse Camp, a bush camp near Nordegg. In 1931 Peter had an opportunity to work at the Nordegg Hospital as an orderly and an assistant to the doctors. For more than five years, he worked for Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Jack Key and Dr. Sidney Gelfand. He enjoyed the staff and his work, and was well liked by all who knew him. Town folk called him "Hospital Pete." He also worked with Grace Hereford (Fisher) and Sara Diamico (Duncan). Among other things, he built the terrace on the front of the Nordegg Hospital and was responsible for maintenance duties.

In 1936 Peter decided to increase his earnings, so he left the hospital and went to work in the mines for Brazeau Colleries, and worked there for nineteen years. He was a spike team driver for five years. On April 11, 1941, he received his Class A Certificate of Competency as a miner. He dug coal for 14 years. His partners were: Walter Fisher, Frank Wickens, and John Melnyk.

Peter's wife, Nellie (Zylyk), was born in January 1922, and raised in the farming community of Wishart, Saskatchewan. Times were hard during the 1930s and, when it was time for Nellie to join the workforce, there was very little work available. She worked for a family on a farm for $7.00 per month before moving to Nordegg where she worked for the boarding house for $29.00 a month, and paid $5.00 a month for room and board. She worked there for a year, for managers, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morris; they were wonderful people. The next manager was difficult to work for and, after a disagreement, Nellie and Ann Martin walked out on him.

Nonetheless, the women Nellie worked with were a very nice bunch of women: Nellie Tenusi, Nellie Derbeyshire, Metha Neilson, Hilda Scott, Winnie Morris and Irene Miles. They had fun working together and remained good friends. Nellie also loved Nordegg, the mountains and beautiful scenery and especially the townspeople who called her "Nellie Yelly." She recalls saying to herself, "This is my home, where I met my love."

Nellie met her love, Peter Chabra, in 1942, and they were married on January 26, 1943, by Reverend Bob Peck in the Presbyterian church in Rocky Mountain House. Her wedding band cost $5.00. It was a very cold day (-20°), and there was a lot of snow.

Peter would always sing "You Are My Sunshine" to Nellie. Both Peter and Nellie enjoyed the outdoors and camping together, as well as dancing. In 1944, their first son, Kenneth (Ken), was born in the Nordegg hospital. Dr. Ruden was the doctor in Nordegg at that time.

Ken started school in Nordegg, and his Grade 1 teacher was Mrs. Ann Helmer. Ken played hooky in Grade 1 for a week, during exam time. He was always singing for the school kids while at play. Peter and Nellie's second son, Larry, was born in 1949. The doctors in attendance were Dr. Hogg and Dr. McFadden.

On January 14, 1955, the mine closed, and the Chabra family moved to Calgary. In May 1955, when Nellie and children were to leave Nordegg to join Peter in Calgary, they missed the train. They managed to get a ride with a travelling salesman to Rocky Mountain House. From there, they took the train to Calgary. Both Ken and Larry were very upset when they had to leave Nordegg. Peter also loved Nordegg. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, camping and his horses. He loved his family and friends, and enjoyed socializing within the community. He became a Canadian citizen on October 22, 1947, and was very proud to be a Canadian.

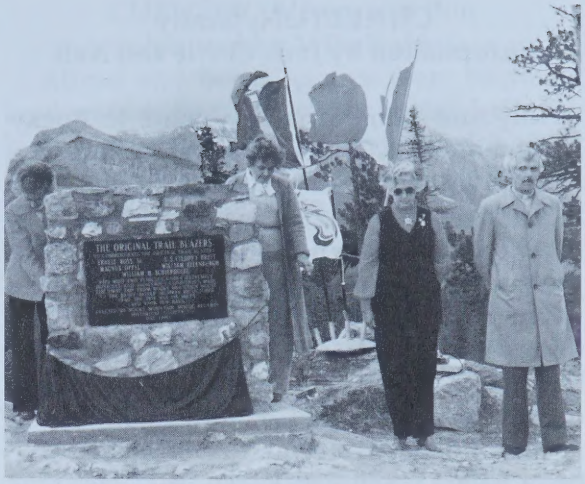
After moving to Calgary, Peter worked for Burns & Dutton, Canron Steel, and Calgary Structural Steel which later changed its name to Great West Steel. Peter retired in 1972. His greatest source of laughter and pride were his

family and friends.

Both Ken and Larry reside in Calgary. Larry married Susan Cordick, February 13, 1971. They have one daughter, Carrie. Ken has two daughters, Lori and Dana.

Peter passed away January 26, 1982, in Calgary. Nellie will celebrate her 80th birthday on January 3, 2002. She is still very active, and enjoys camping each year at Nordegg and various other locations. She also enjoys the annual reunions held by the Nordegg Recreation Association and the Annual Nordegg Campout in the summer. Nordegg holds many wonderful memories for the Chabra family.

Family reunion Aug. 1998, back row: Ronald , Marion (Fink) Marjorie (Tyson), Lois Turner and Albert (Hazel seated).



Hazel at Trail Blazer Monument.

CHAMBERS, Ross and Hazel
as told by Hazel Chambers

I will start with a recap of our family story from page 368 of the "Days Before Yesterday."

We moved from Sylvan Lake to the Hardindell district southwest of Rocky Mountain House on April 16, 1939, with one, eighteen month old daughter, Lois. We purchase a quarter of land from Mr. and Mrs. Ed Day, which had previously been homesteaded by the Adcock family in the early thirties.

We had four more children: Marion (Fink) in 1940; Albert, in 1941; Ronald, in 1945 and Marjorie (Tyson) in 1946. We had a mixed farm operation until 1973. Then we sold the farm to W. Spicer of Carstairs, keeping an acreage from the farmland on which to retire.

We did some travelling, spending some time in Arizona, until Ross passed away on March 12, 1977, at the age of sixty-six years. I continued to live on the farm acreage until 1989, when I moved into Acton House, an arm of Westview Lodge seniors' home in Rocky Mountain House.

I became an active member of the Rocky Centennial Committee which organized the starting of the Voyageur Canoe Pageant to Montreal in 1967. I was a member of the Rocky Light Horse Association, and was the president for a year. I also served as the president of the Rocky Reunion Historical Society in 1981 and '82, and again in 1986 and '87. Then in 1989, I became president of the Pioneer Center. I am a charter member of the Rocky Kitchenaires, the kitchen band which was started in 1983 and is still doing some entertaining today.

These last few years I have been busy with planning, etc. for our new museum building which we finally opened in July 2000. I have also helped with fund raisers for our various projects. I was greatly honoured in the year 2000 to receive the Volunteer of the Year Award from Mayor Lou Soppitt and in 2001 to receive the Citizen of the Year Award from the Pioneer Center—and I am still doing volunteer work.

Our family is still in Alberta, as of October 2001. Lois is in Calgary; Marion is in Rocky; Albert is in Red Deer; Ronald is in Spruce Grove, and Marjorie is in High River.

At present, I am living in Westview Lodge in Rocky and thoroughly enjoy the freedom of being without household chores. I am eighty-four years old now, and I still enjoy my volunteer work, visiting and travelling.

CHARLTON, family
(information by June Cowie and Neil Charlton)

Roy and Mary Charlton came to Rocky Mountain House in the early years. Roy, who worked in the grocery department of Killico Stores for many years, had originally come from Fort McLeod where he had made quite an impression in the baseball world. At one time he worked for the Big Store at Barons, Alberta, a town renown for baseball in the '30s. Perhaps this was where he met Mary Moore, the eldest of the Carmangay Moore family.

Roy and Mary were married in Southern Alberta before coming to Rocky. They had four children: Elenore, Dennis, Neil and Stuart (known as Skippy). They were a delightful family! Elenore married Bob Paul; they settled in the Bow City area and had five children. Sadly, Elenore became ill and passed away at the young age of fifty-five. Dennis and his wife settled in Calgary and have three children. Roy and Mary's youngest son, Skippy, is retired and living in Victoria, B.C.

The Charlton's second son, Neil, married Marlene Weber. Marlene was born and raised in Wilkie, Saskatchewan. She taught school in Saskatchewan for one year, before coming to Rocky Mountain House where she taught Grade 1 for eighteen years at Rocky Elementary School. She met Neil in 1963, and they were married in '65. Neil and Marlene have two children: Ken, born in 1968, and Carrie, born in 1971. Neil was employed at Edwards Garage, as a partsman for thirty-three years, before retiring to Sundre. His son, Ken, is following in his father's footsteps and is currently employed at Edwards Garage in Rocky. Ken first started working at Edwards as a thirteen year-old, after school. Following graduation in 1989, Ken took three years of post graduate studies in Barrie, Ontario, then a fourth year in Florida, majoring in Automotive Marketing. Carrie recently returned home from Calgary where she has resided since 1989. For the past five years she worked as an assistant loan's officer in a bank, but has taken a break to upgrade her education. Marlene is especially fond of horses. The family raised registered Morgan horses for many years and, not surprisingly, Marlene is the treasurer of the local Light Horse club.

The Roy Charlton family were keen sportsmen who took a great interest in community activities. In summer Roy took up fishing and enjoyed long trips into the southwest fishing country with Tom Titford and Mel Cowie. World Series time was always an exciting time for Mary; she listened to all the games on the radio and kept a meticulous record of each team's score. (Neil has kept all of Mary's old score sheets.) Mary was an excellent homemaker, and her good advice helped numerous young brides establish homes and families.

Both Roy and Mary were enthusiastic curlers. Roy worked very hard, grueling hours at building a second curling rink, near the old Nazarene Church. After working so hard on the country rink, Roy was unable to enjoy any retirement years of curling, for he became ill with emphysema and passed away in 1959, at age fifty-seven. Mary lived alone in Rocky until 1970 when she passed away at age sixty-two.

CHAUTAUQUA & BANJO DADDY
by Esme James

The news ran through the town and countryside like wildfire. The Chautauqua was coming. We had our Indian Sun Dance and our fair, but this was the Chautauqua! Oh, the thrill of watching them set up the huge tent, long and rounded at both ends. In our town, the tent was on the crest of the hill, up which main street climbed. In some towns the big tent was on a fairground, but any large vacant spot was good enough.

No parking space was necessary. If it were too far to walk, rural people would have to leave their horses in the tie sheds or tethered them to some post or tie-rail. At least one rural teacher closed her one-room school for the day and walked her cluster of students (perhaps six to fourteen years of age) the five miles to town to take in the Chautauqua. She then walked them five miles back to the school—followed by walks home. The humor in the show was so funny, with nothing violent or foul about it. Amplification was not yet heard of, but the music was delightful: solos, group numbers, audience singing, instrumental numbers. All of it was something to revel in. But the star event—that some of us remember—was the cat and dog fight. One

year, one of the performers gave a vocal rendition of such a fight, and several dogs in the tent barreled up to the platform, ready to tear the fighters apart.

Was it worth all that effort? You bet! The cost? For a child, perhaps five cents. A higher cost would severely limit the attendance, for these were "Dirty Depression Days." Without question, the two or three days of Chautauqua each summer were the highlight of the year. There was one exception, and that was the year Banjo Daddy came to town. Banjo Daddy was over seventy.He had lived many years in the far north, but was now traveling around, staging his one-night shows. Perhaps I remember him so clearly because he knew my father, and spent some time at our house. When supper was over and conversation began to slacken, Banjo Daddy got out his banjo and sang. Although he was in our living room, the door and windows were open. Soon our neighbors all the way down our street were out on their porches, listening. He always ended with a song about a dying child who was telling his mother what to do with his possessions. The final line of each verse was, "Mother, put my little shoes away." And that song always sent me under the couch cover, trying to stifle my sobs.

One day, Banjo Daddy took my neighbour, Maude, and me down to the river—a two-mile walk. There we scrambled over boulders, picked vetch, and learned how to make grasshopper nests out of blades of grass. Then we walked the two miles home again, a good part of it uphill. On other days, we helped him sell tickets for his one-night show. Banjo Daddy's program was not greatly different from the Chatuauqua, except for the final item. He somehow got a young woman suspended in midair, and the only visible means of support was an upright pole, lodged under one of her armpits as she lay flat out, apparently asleep. That happened almost seventy years ago, and it still puzzles me.

After his performance in Rocky Mountain House, he was off to the Calgary Stampede. We never heard from him again. But our summers were certainly enriched by such events as the Chautauqua and Banjo Daddy.

CHENERY, Alfred and Ben
submitted by Viljo Kohtala

Alfred and Ben Chenery were bachelor brothers from England, who homesteaded in the Bingley area. Ben filed on his homestead, the N.E. 14-40-6-W5, June 11, 1906. On the same day, Alfred filed on the S.W. 14-40-6-W5, which he later sold to Robert Kennedy. Alfred served on the Bingley School Board from 1916 to 1917.

Ben was a carpenter, and both brothers helped build the Bingley School. They moved away shortly after the first World War and Alfred eventually moved to Australia.

CHEVALLIER, Ange and Virginie

Ange and Virginie Chevallier emigrated from Fougers, France, to Red Deer in 1911, along with their children: Anna (11), Francios (8), Marie (6), Fernand (4) and Germaine (2). They settled in North Red Deer and for several years had a market garden, and the children attended school there. Joe was born in Red Deer in December 1919.

As soon as Anna and Frank were sixteen years old they went out to work. Anna did housework for two years and then went to the U.S.A. She joined the Johnny Jones Circus, and Frank also travelled with the cirus for two or three years. Frank returned to Canada, but Anna lived in the states for the rest of her 94 years. Frank took jobs on farms in summer, and in lumber mills in winter.

In 1922 the family moved to Alhambra and bought a farm one mile north of town. Here the family all worked enlarging and improving it. The land was all cleared by hand, and the fields were ploughed by using a breaking plough and four horses. In winter the men cut and hauled firewood to the rail siding where it was cut into stove lengths, then loaded onto box cars for shipping to the prairies.

Gradually the children grew up and married. Grampa died in January 1947. Joe and Marie stayed on the farm until 1948 when they sold it, and Granny moved into Alhambra. Later she moved to Rocky Mountain House where she lived until her passing in April 1971, at age 95. She is buried in Red Deer.

Anna died in Las Vegas, Nevada; Frank died at Rocky Mountain House, Germaine (Farrington) at Rocky, Fernie at Rocky, Marie at Rocky. Joe and his wife, Vivian, live in Westbank, B.C.

CHEVALLIER, Anna
information submitted by Pat MacDonald

"The true story of a courageous young rebel who defied the odds and won," so states the caption on the Disney movie which tells the story of Anna Chevallier who was one of the famous Dr. Carrier's Diving Girls. These "diving girls" rode horses off high diving platforms. In the twenties and thirties this form of event drew huge crowds throughout Canada and the States. It took special skill and courage for the young riders who belonged to the road show. Annie Chevallier was such a young woman with a zest for life and excitement. This was her task—to jump these horses into portable water tanks from heights well over forty feet.

Anna's parents Francois and Virgine Chevallier emigrated from France, and arrived in Red Deer in April 1911, with four of their five children: Anna (born in 1900), Frank (1903), Marie (1906), Germaine (1907) and Fernie (1908). Joe was born in Red Deer in 1919.

In 1921, the Chevallier family took up a homestead in the Alhambra district, moving from Red Deer with three horses, three cows and two calves. One horse pulled the buggy, and the team pulled the wagon loaded with furniture. Winnie Chevallier (Anna's sister-in-law) remembers that "Anna loved horses and had that special spark for adventure. She left home for the States, and when she saw that the circus was advertising for "blondes only (and she was a brunette), she became a blonde the very next day."

Anna managed to get herself hired and began working with the diving horses. These horses were trained to walk up a ramp to a height of forty feet off the ground. There Anna mounted, and the horse dived into a tank containing ten feet of water—an extremely dangerous act, considering Anna could not swim. This performance was given twice a day, and curious spectators came by the hundreds, drawn as it were by the potential danger. In the seventies a movie was made of the diving horses called "Anna and the Horse." A more elaborate Disney film, "Wild Hearts Can't Be Broken," told the factual story of a young girl who went blind (during the diving-horse routine) after hitting the water with her eyes open. Anna actually worked with this girl. Anna's brother, Frank Chevallier, also worked for the same circus for some time before returning to Alberta.

However, Anna remained in the States where she lived to be ninety-four years old.

CHEVALLIER, Frank and Winnie (Titford)
as told by Winnie

We were married January10, 1938, in St. Luke's Anglican Church in Red Deer. In the spring we moved to a farm at Horburg. That winter Frank cut and hauled mine props by team and sleigh to the rail siding at Horburg. The following spring we moved back to Rocky and bought an acre of land for $250.00. The area was then called "Tin Can Alley." Now it is a beautiful area of Rocky with lovely homes. There are two schools, Lochearn and Pioneer, built on the property my father owned, where I grew up.

The depression was still with us and jobs were scarce. Frank went to work for the town, building sidewalks for 25 cents an hour. A large garden helped out on the food bills. For two winters we moved to Alexo where Frank worked in the coal mines till spring. Then in 1941 he joined the R.C.A.F. He was posted to a number of areas in Eastern Canada before going to the Queen Charlotte Islands. He was there when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Then all the Japanese workers along the coast were rounded up and sent inland to camps. This left a great shortage of workers in the lumber mills on the coast. One such mill was at Telegraph Cove on the east coast of Vancouver Island. About thirty airmen were sent there to work in the mill. Frank was one of them.

By this time we had a son, Dennis, and Dennis and I were able to go there for a year, as we could use the homes vacated by the Japanese workers. We shared a house with another couple, two rooms each, and a shared bathroom. Frank was discharged at the end of the war. Fifty years later in 1995, Dennis and I went back to Telegraph Cove and there was a road in, but there hadn't been a road when we were there in 1943. Today Telegraph Cove is a thriving tourist attraction. The cove is full of boats of various sizes. The mill is gone, but there are still some of the original buildings and some that were built to accommodate the airmen who came there to work in the mill.

In the spring of 1946, we bought a half section farm in the Horsegard area, south of highway 11 and Alhambra corner. We lived and farmed there till the spring of 1966 when we sold it and moved back to Rocky Mountain House. Here we built a new home in the Lochearn area on a small portion of my dad's farm, where I grew up.

I worked for two years at Westview Lodge. Frank worked in construction with our son, Dennis, and spent Saturdays at Cole's Auction Mart. He really enjoyed it and seldom missed a day of work.

We had three children: Robert Dennis, born December 10,1938; Frances Gail, born July 28, 1945; and Michael Charles born November 17, 1951. Dennis resides in Rocky Mountain House, Gail lives at Stony Plain, Alberta and Michael at Grande Prairie, Alberta. Since Frank passed away I have lived in Columbus Place, a seniors' complex in Rocky Mountain House.

CHEVALLIER, Winnie
by Nina Evashkevich, Freelance Writer

Winnie's 85th birthday party at Ferrier Hall, July 1999.

"When we came here from Saskatchewan in November, 1917, there were hitching posts and lots of horses and buggies, but no cars," says Winnie Chevallier, of Rocky Mountain House. "Only Main Street had sidewalks. All the town was south of 50th Avenue; just that one block was where the business section was. Residential was a few houses scattered around. There were maybe 400 people."

In July 1914 Winnie was born to parents, Herbert (Bert) and Mabel Titford. She is one of a set of twins; there were five children in the family.

In 1910 Bert had immigrated to Canada from Britain, after spending time in the British Navy and also fighting in the Boer War.

In 1913 Mabel travelled from England to Canada with Bert's sister, Caroline, expecting to only stay a short while. Bert and Mabel fell in love and were married in October of the same year. Bert joined the army and was stationed in Regina until the spring of 1917 when he was discharged due to poor health. The family then moved to Alberta.

"I went to school for Grade 1 at Pierce Hall. There were so many children needing to go to school that we could each only go for a half day at a time.

"Grades 2 to 12 were taken at the Confluence School, which started out with only four rooms, then had two more added later. The caretaker would ring a large bell in the tower fifteen minutes before school was to start, both in the morning and after lunch to call us to school. We would line up two by two and march into the school. We had one teacher for each classroom; there was also a school principal. We never had power in the school until 1937 when Calgary Power came to town.

"Confluence School was built on the site where Rocky Elementary School now sits. In 1955, the last two rooms that were added to the school were moved to the south-east corner of the property. This building became the Rocky Mountain School District office, later turning into the Rocky Museum building.

"Our 80 acre farm was located where Lochearn School and Pioneer School are today."

The family later purchased a quarter section to the north of them and did mixed farming on it as well. Winnie's brother, Bob Titford, still lives on part of the original family farm.

"We grew a large garden each year. I remember huge bins of vegetables in the unfinished

Winnie with great-grandniece, Beth Ahrens, taken in Winnie's home, 2001.

basement under the house. Even in the Depression, I don't remember my Dad ever turning anyone away that was hungry. We didn't have much but we always had food to eat and clothes to wear."

Each summer, Winnie's family picked every type of berry there was, canning or drying them to make them last. "If we didn't get enough berries, there would be no fruit in the winter. Because of the expense and lack of refrigeration, very little fruit was shipped to Rocky in those days. We didn't have much but we learned to appreciate what we had.

"We used ice boxes to keep things cold. Blocks of ice were cut from the river in the winter and stored in deep sawdust in a shed. During the summer, the 'drayman' would deliver ice a couple of times a week with his team and wagon.

"We all had chores to do, carrying water and wood, feeding animals and so on. By the time I was ten, I could make a meal for the family."

The family home burned to the ground May 25th, 1925. "For the next year, we lived in a little house, 25 feet by 20 feet. Dad added on a little shanty to the back and made it into two bedrooms. My brother had a bunk and all three of us girls slept in one bed."

Winnie met Frank Chevallier at a dance in Alhambra and they hit it off right away. Frank and Winnie were married in January, 1938. Winnie has three children, ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

"I make sure that I see my grandchildren often; I enjoy my family very much. I regret not having the chance to meet my own grandparents. They lived in England and died when I was young. I am glad I could stay home and look after my children. I think it is easier to instill values into children and teach them good work ethics when you are able to be home with them."

During World War II, Frank spent four and a half years in the Air Force. He was stationed on the Queen Charlotte Islands when Pearl Harbour was bombed. He was then transferred to Telegraph Cove, near Alert Bay, on Vancouver Island.

In 1946 after the war, Frank and Winnie bought a half-section in Alhambra. They farmed it for 20 years before moving back to Rocky Mtn. House in 1966.

In 1970 Frank and Winnie traveled to Britain by boat to see relatives they hadn't met before. They spent eight delightful weeks visiting and sightseeing. "It was a wonderful experience to go by boat."

Frank passed away in 1989 after 51 years of marriage.

Winnie is putting together a photo album containing pictures of as many ancestors as she can find. She has been able to trace some of the family genealogy back to the 1700's.

She still bakes her own bread and cooks "from scratch." She has made and decorated many beautiful wedding cakes for friends over the years.

"You can't stop progress, and much of it is good but I still prefer the simpler times of yesterday."

CHISHOLM, Steve and Emily
written by Steve Jr.

Steve Chisholm (Sr.) and his wife, Emily, moved to Rocky Mountain House in the 1920s era. Emily was a WW I war bride, the couple having married in the UK in 1917.

Steve was a railroader and worked on the West Wayfreight as a brakeman and later as a conductor. During the 20s and 30s, Rocky had three mixed trains a week: three CNR, and three CPR. They arrived on a Mon-Wed-Fri, and left on Tues-Thurs-Sat. In addition there were two freight trains (CNR) the west wayfreight and the east wayfreight which operated on the same days. The west wayfreight delivered freight to the various town such as Saunders and Alexo,

Steve Chisholm family.

and brought empty coal cars to Nordegg. There were no highways to the west at that time. When the mine at Nordegg was busy, an extra train known as the Moonlighter ran at night from Mirror to Nordegg.

The Chisholms had three children, Steve Jr, Thelma, and Rosemary, all of whom went to the school in Rocky Mountain House. At that time the school was located across from the Bucknall dairy farm. Steve Jr. joined the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and served overseas from 1940 till 1946, and he married Pat Allen in England. Thelma became a RN at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton. After marrying an American army sergeant, she moved to Ohio where she still lives. Rosemary married Cliff Edgar and lived in Red Deer, and now Calgary.

Steve Jr. on Crimson Lake.

Steve Jr. devised a "hot seat" (named by Allie Greenaway) for winter use for the outside two-holer, which provided an electric shock when someone sat down. This was subsequently dismantled after a short (and painful) visit to the wood shed with his father. The photographs of Steve Sr. and Jr. were taken at Crimson Lake, and the water skis were devised and built by John Plathan.

CHOW, Charlie and family
by Annette Gray

Steve Sr. on Crimson Lake, skis were devised and built by John Plathan.

Albert Jensen and Charlie in 1962.

Charlie was born on June 1, 1920, in Canmore, Alberta. A well-known, well-liked entrepreneur, he lived most of his life in Rocky Mountain House. When he first came to town he worked for Curly Wong, and later acquired a building which is now the middle section of the Smart Shop. In the following years, Charlie purchased the buildings on either side of his original shop. These two buildings were the former Bert Swift's Realty Office to the north and, to the south, the former Savoy café which Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had once operated. In the interim between being the Savoy café and the Smart Shop, that particular building played host to a furniture/fine china shop, owned first by Wally Martz, then Bill Soppit.

The Smart Shop.

Charlie enlarged the Smart Shop by creating an archway into the Savoy building, while the former realty office became the Belle Shoppe, a women's clothing store operated by Charlie's wife, Brenda. Some years later the women's outlet closed. Doors between the three buildings were widened to form a much larger Smart Shop which today carries men's wear only. For several years Charlie also operated a dry-cleaner facility in the rear of the store.

Many stories have been told about Charlie's generosity. In the early days lumber jacks who arrived in town after the banks closed could always count on Charlie to loan them money to tide them over. As often as not, they left their paychecks with Charlie for safekeeping, knowing they could trust him. Charlie paid particular attention to fitting his customers with clothes to suit whatever the occasion demanded, and sized to look like tailor-mades. It has been said Charlie knew at a glance what clothing needs

Charlie Chow with Albert and Marj Jensen paying tributes.

drew a customer into his store, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred produced the perfect attire without prompting.

Charlie has two children, a daughter, Sharon, and a son, Stanley. Stanley worked with his father in the Smart Shop for many years, before taking over the business after Charlie's retirement. Stanley and his wife have four children, a son and three daughters.

CLARK, Sophia

The following is a letter written on March 5, 1915, by Sophia Clark to her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Shildroth of Silver Stream, Saskatchewan. In it Sophia tells of pioneer life in the Dovercourt area. Although cheerful, Sophia was actually very ill at the time of writing, and passed away eleven months later, on April 5, 1916, at the age of thirty-nine, leaving her husband, Tom, and four children.

My Dear Mother and Father,

It's with pleasure I answer your dear letter. Mother, you said you felt hard times down there this winter. Well dear, just count all your blessings and how great they are. It would make us ashamed to complain. I feel so too, that we have it hard too, but oh no! We have not.

Here I am, well, and Tom has work, and Lena is as fat as a little sheep. Blanche is growing so tall. She is almost as tall as her teacher, and Charlton is a big "manie," although a big dunce. We have bought $33.00 of hay already. The boys

drew it for free for us, and we bought 90 bushels of seed oats at 60cts. per bushel, and we got them 15 cents cheaper than we could of elsewhere. Some get 75cts. a bushel from strangers and cash down, and they come for miles as his oats are Banner and 99 percent, and he had 1000 bushels. It sure pays to be a farmer in earnest.

Potatoes are 90cts. per bushel, and we have to buy our seed this year, but here I am complaining and it don't sound good, does it Mammie?

Lena and I were out visiting a family who moved here last March. They brought 700 cash and a team of horses and four young heifers and thirty-five hens and plenty of furniture and implements and clothes. Now they are complaining so much as their money is gone. We thought they were starving, but she got us a cup of coffee and a nice lunch, and I just scolded her. I said, "God would maybe sometime give her hard times. A woman who had four barrels of flour and all kinds of groceries and butter and pickles and jellies—plenty to do until seeding was in—should think she was rich."

Then there are thousands of rabbits; we never need go hungry for meat. One man up to the Mountain House has sold 2000 dollars worth of rabbits, at 15cts a piece, this winter to the Belgium relief fund. Now, if people would pay 15cts. for them, why can't we use them for nothing? We just use the hind legs and back. The rest, I boil for the hens. I put these to soak in vinegar water and soda and they are dandy. Some people can not eat them, but it's because they have plenty of pork and tame rabbit. I could not eat them either, if I had plenty of nice meat.

We have no milk, only what our neighbours give us, as our cows dried up, and are poor dinks of cows that only milk six months, then dry up. Lena made a bargain with a neighbour last night: if he would buy a cow, she would look after it for him and give him a quart of milk a day and a pound of butter a week. He is going to take her up on it, and she is going over to her sister's today to see if she can dicker a cow for the summer out of them, as they will have thirteen this summer, but they only intend to milk six. The rest go with the calves, so if Lena gets them two cows, why we will have four cows, and we have fifty hens and a turkey hen and mate. They are beauties, but my hens have been on strike this past two weeks. I mixed up some barley-chop and salt and stock food for Paddy and the cows, and the hens ate it all. It made them all sick, and one died, and they all stopped laying, but yesterday and today they are singing again.

Well, Lena came home from the mail and she got Mabel's postcard. Glad you are all well, and Lena is going to keep her eye open for those pictures. We may send you some after awhile. A neighbour has a camera now, and he is going to take ours and send them to his mother to do them, so it will be a long time before we get them.

We expect out daddy home about the 20th or there abouts. He had got done with the bush work, but he had 250 car loads of logs to unload at the mine, so it would take him at least all of March. So, he will be home for the summer again. Oh, I am so glad, for it does need a man around to get the crop in good shape. Then we have so much fencing to do, and our well has got to be blasted at least 6 or 7 feet more. We had a terrible hard time with water this winter. We just use snow, and the stock have to go to the neighbour's creek for water. We certainly have had a lovely winter, plenty of snow before Christmas, and always cold enough to make it pleasant.

Mother, you said for us to come down there to live. Well Dearie, I don't think I could leave our dear little home now. And then Tom will always have work at the Brazeau mines—outside foreman. The very boss himself, Mr. Nordegg, he is a German, likes Tom. Then Mr. Frazer, the Super, he is Scotch, and Tom is his right-hand man. Tom seems always to get work from them when hundreds of poor men don't even get a meal, and there will be work at Nordegg for at least a 100 years, they say.

So you see, it's best for us to live here, and then we could not leave our Emma alone, as they would not move there. Mother, do you know I wish I could coax Annie and Laura to come and visit us after seeding. My, we would be delighted to have them. Joe would meet them at the Mountain House, and then they could come over in the boat. We have a good chance to go visit Emma and Joe, now the river is froze. I am going to have five young girls and five boys and Mr. Bennett, and an old gentleman, our joining homestead neighbour, all over tomorrow evening to spend the evening and play games. You know, Lena must have a little home fun, as

she is one dandy girl to Mother. I sent for her a nice pair of button shoes, $3.25, to Christa Grants, also Charlton a good pair, $2.75. I must try hard to get Lena a nice dress as she does need one so bad. The young girls seem to dress so nobly around here—only Lena. But, I tell her that a kind and good girl looks better in a plain little dress than some girls do in their silks.

Well, Mother, I was up to the Mountain House to see the doctor, two weeks today, as I did not know he was here at Christmas, and he done me so much good. Just by Tom telling him how I have been this two years, and I thought I did need a change in medicine, and he did not know me. He said he felt proud to think he was the first doctor than done me so much good. He says I have what they call Dietic Chlorise liver trouble, the plain way of saying inflammation of the liver, and that one liver is almost gone. But I am doing so well, I may live for years, until I was 70 with the way I am getting along now. I am so thankful that I am improving so much, as the children all need a mother so much and, as I have six children in place of four, I need to scold and chide and talk to keep them all a going. Louie says I have to be his Maw too, and you may be sure I won't say no, as he is one good boy to Maw. Lena don't like him, for he is a terrible tease, and likes to make fun with her.

Well, I guess I must say good bye, as I am running short of gas, and I must do some patching this afternoon, and am baking bread today. Tell Abbie I thank her for her kind invitation down this summer, but cash is short. I have spent my share already in doctor bills and other things, and if we do have a little, we have six months to live on it this summer, and it takes a lot to keep this shack. Love to all at home. I remain your loving daughter, and sister, Sophia Clark.

CLARK, Thomas Henry and Sophia
submitted by Donna Clark

Thomas Henry Clark (born in 1869 in Ontario) moved from Ontario to Red Deer with his wife, Sophia (born Sophia Schildroth in 1877 in Ontario) and children, Emma, Lena, Blanche and Charlton.

He obtaining a homestead entry at Dovercourt on July 8, 1910. This land is presently the E. Della Costa farm. Tom worked as a millwright for the Great West Lumber Company. (On his homestead claim, it states he was a foreman for the Great West Lumber Company.) Tom also worked at Nordegg for Martin Nordegg.

Francis (Frank) Joseph, Tom's brother-in-law, came west at the same time. He also homesteaded at Dovercourt before moving to Nordegg. Frank's wife, Hanna, was Tom's sister who had come to Dovercourt a few years later. Frank and Hanna's daughter, Mary, was married to a Mr. Swailes, and they lived at Nordegg as well. Frank Joseph died Feb. 28, 1923, and is buried at Nordegg. Hanna later returned to Ontario where she married a Mr. Lefebore. She died in 1928 in Coldwater, Ontario.

It is said that Tom owned a lumber mill at Fish Lake, and employed up to sixty men. After his wife died on April 6, 1917, the children continued to live on the homestead for a year. A lady by the name of Anne McDonald, who was a family friend, came to look after Lena, Blanche and Charlton. Tom's eldest daughter, Emma, was already married to Joe (Guiseppe) Bertagnolli.

Later the children went to live in Saskatchewan with their Grandma Schildroth (Sophia's mother). Tom stayed in Nordegg after that, and continued working there until he died on June 1926.

Lena married Louis Borley and lived in Saskatchewan. Blanche married Bill Fray, a railroad engineer. They eventually settled in Kelowna. Charlton married Isabella Hutchinson and lived in McLennan, Alberta. Charlton and Isabelle had four children: Thomas, Donald, Mary and Ethel.

Tom and his family live in the Rocky area. Donald and his wife, Linda, live at Morinville, and have two sons, Trenton and Kevin. Mary married Rodney Hansen, and they now live at Valleyview, Alberta. They have three sons, Lance, Kelly and Richard. Ethel married Lloyd Johnston, and they live at Fairview, Alberta. They have two sons, Keith and Robert.

CLARK, Tom, Donna and family
submitted by Donna Clark

Thomas R. (Tom), the oldest son of Charlton and Isabella (Hutchinson) Clark, was born in McLennan, Alberta. He worked in construction in Northern Alberta before moving to Rocky Mountain House in 1966, to work at The Mountaineer newspaper.

It was also in 1966 that Tom married Donna Wright of the Oras district. They purchased a

house and acreage from Mrs. Meston on the Oras corner and lived there for several years. They later moved to Drayton Valley before being transferred to Fort St. John, with Oilwell Supply. In 1974 they moved back to Rocky Mountain House, living in town for a year, before moving to the farm at Oras. By this time Tom was working with Al Linham at Wilson Oilfield Supply.

In 1982 the family, consisting of Tom, Donna and daughters, Lee Anne, Lorna and Debra, moved to a farm at Leslieville. By this time, Tom was managing Wilson Oilfield Supply. It was a busy time as they also kept a herd of cows, as well as running the business in town. During these years, they were kept busy with the Rocky North 4H Beef Club, as well. In 1991, Tom started Clark's Oilfield Supply. This business kept him on the run until it was sold to Norman Lougheed and Kevin Beck.

Lee Anne married Ron Fandrick of Rocky Mountain House. They have three girls: Danielle, born in 1994; Shelby, born in 1995, and Tegan, born in 1998. They live in the Taimi district.

Lorna married Tyler Lutz of Leslieville. Lorna and Tyler have their home on a quarter of land at Leslieville. Lorna works for Weatherford, in the oilfield supply business, and Tyler is building houses.

Debbie married Trevor Loomer of Alhambra. They live in Calgary where Trevor is taking his last year of University as a Civil Engineer (year 2002).

Tom has been active on Municipal Council from 1996 to 2001. He is a member of the Red Deer Shrine Club and a Past Master of Lochearn Lodge # 151, as well as a member of several other organizations. Donna worked for a time in the 60s at the Mountaineer, and later at the Rocky Credit Union. When they returned from Fort St. John, she worked at the Smart Shop for a number of years and at Gulf Nordegg River Gas Plant for eight years. At the present time, Tom does some contract work for Apache, near home, and they still have the farm to keep them busy.

CLARY, "Sam" Robert
by Marg Valstar

"Sam" Robert Clary and his sister Ethel Clary came to the Rocky area with their mother Dolly Irene (Randall) who was first married to Charles William Thrun and later to "Bill" William Clary. Sam Clary married Marion Fenton. They had two children: Robert, born June 25, 1937 (married Verna Elliot and later Nellie (Valstar) Croy), and Ruth, born December 20, 1939 (married Gus Valstar). Sam Clary was a buddy of Joe Peacock in the good old days of Rocky but later Sam moved up north and is buried at Watson Lake, Yukon.

Ethel Clary, born May 26, 1918, married Harley Thompson and they had a daughter Mona. Ethel later married Victor Morgan and they had one son, David, who is still living on his parents' home place just southeast of Rocky. Ethel worked in the Rocky hospital kitchen for a number of years. She passed away January 6, 1988.

CLEMONT, Calvin and Catherine
as told by Irene Philips to niece, Karen Paquette, in 1998.

Calvin and Catherine Clemont, taken in 1922.

Calvin Arthur Clemont was born in Seattle, Washington, on January 12, 1899, and Catherine Margaret Dufresne was born in St. Paul, Alberta, on December 19, 1900. In 1925 they brought their two young children, Adeline Josephine and Fredrick Albert, to the Arbutus district, where they homesteaded. They set up a small sawmill operation, and spent the next twelve years on the homestead. Here the rest of their children were born: Irene, Maisie, Clara and Florence Wilma.

Calvin, known as Cal, was a sawyer by trade. He hired a crew for his mill, and also worked for some of the bigger mills around the area in the winter. When the kids were older, they used to help him make shingles. His oldest son, Fred, rolled the logs down and helped his dad cut

them to the right length. Cal put the logs on the machine, he had built himself, cutting the shingles so they were thicker on one end. When they came off the saw, daughter Maisie would throw the shingles one way, and the edges the other. Irene and Fred bundled the shingles on another machine, also built by Cal. Then the shingles were stacked in bundles of 25, with tin strapping to hold everything together.

It was hard work, but fun, and it could be very hot under the summer sun. Fred used to tease Maisie about cutting her hair off. One day he told her that if she let him cut her hair, then she could cut his. He talked her into it, but after Maisie's hair was cut, Fred wouldn't let her cut his. Maisie had such a bad haircut she wore a toque all summer, especially on the hottest days when she needed to keep the sun from beating down on her bald head.

Catherine earned the reputation of baking some of the finest bread and biscuits around, a skill she passed on to her daughters. She was a scrupulously, clean housekeeper. She could often be found late at night, waiting for the bread to cool, scrubbing the wooden boards of her kitchen floor on her hands and knees, using wood ashes as cleaner.

The family owned an old car and occasionally drove it into town. Catherine was a very nervous passenger. Every time the car went around a corner, she braced her feet on the floor and held on for dear life. Soon the car quit and everyone got out. The kids ran around, picking wild strawberries in the ditch until Cal had the car running again, but when they came to the next corner the car quit again. They finally realized that the battery, which was located under the floorboards, was shorting out every time Catherine pushed her feet against the floor.

Descendants of Calvin and Catherine Clemont (l-r) Florence King, Adeline Georgelin, Maisie Cropley, Clara Thompson and Irene Philips. Spring 1999.

Fred and Cal Clemont, August 1962.

The Clemont family were all very musical. Catherine would play the button accordion, but only at home. Cal played the violin and guitar at Christmas concerts and dances. While he was entertaining, Catherine taught the kids to dance all the old time dances. One time, James Arthur Philips gave the family a radio, and Cal was fiddling around trying to get it to work. It finally started playing and he said out loud, "I wonder what station that is?" The man on the radio said "This is CJCA in Edmonton," and the kids all thought there was a man inside the radio. Sometimes the kids were allowed to stay up on Friday nights, and Fred would pretend to be "Major Bowes," a radio announcer, and everyone would perform skits and sing and dance.

The kids used to walk a mile and three-quarters to the Arbutus school. In the winter Irene would wait at the corner for Walter Williams, and they would take turns kicking a frozen horse turd all the way to the school. They would then hide it until school was out, then get it out and take turns kicking it back home. It was surprising how long the same one would last.

Tragically, Catherine died in childbirth in 1937, leaving her young family behind. Cal needed to go to work in the bigger sawmills during the winter, so the children were cared for by various families around the district. However, the family was reunited again a few years later when Cal built a house half a mile west of the North Saskatchewan River. Opie Thompson was the main ferry man during the day, and Cal ran the ferry at night. Riding the ferry was free during the day, but there was a toll charge between midnight and 7:00 a.m.

While Fred could play any instrument you handed to him, Maisie was the actor of the family. One time Irene and Adeline set out for an amateur night at the IOOF Hall in town. Maisie was supposed to stay home and look after Clara and Florence. Irene and Adeline were enjoying the music and singing, but nearly fell off their chairs when they announced the next contestant. It was Maisie Clemont. She was dressed in her father's old clothes and wore one old boot and one oxford. She had blackened her face by rubbing her hands on the underside of the stove lids. Maisie wowed the crowd by playing a guitar and singing "De Camp Town Races," and then proceeded to tap dance. It was quite a performance! Maisie had talked Fred into looking after the younger kids so she could go. When the girls reached the river bank on the way home, they called across to their father to bring the ferry. Maisie was jumping up and down, shouting, "I got money!" She had won $3.00 for her efforts. Of course Cal didn't make her pay the toll charge.

There was often some community event happening, and everyone in the surrounding area would take part eagerly. One time Fred entered a pie race with Jim Justinen for his partner. The pies were rhubarb and kind of sour, so Jim and Fred snuck into the pantry to find some sugar. They ended up putting soap on instead. Needless to say, they didn't win.

In 1941 Cal married Eva Magoon, who had six children, and together they had James Clemont who was born on June 19, 1944. In 1948 Cal and Eva moved to Parsons, B.C, and then later to Kamloops. Cal died in 1970 at the age of 71.

Adeline (Ray Osborne) had seven children: Wayne, Terry, Donny, Brian, Bernie, Lorraine and Douglas. They lived for many years in the Strachan area. Adeline now resides in Kamloops, British Columbia.

Fred (Mary) did not have children. He passed away in Edmonton on November 18, 1983, at the age of 61.

Irene married Pat King from the Strachan area, and they had one daughter, Donna Lorraine. After Pat's passing on March 31, 1967, Irene married Archie Philips, and they lived in the Arbutus district. Archie passed away June 18, 1994. Irene spent her remaining years in Arbutus and passed away on July 25, 1999.

Maisie (Joe Barnes) had five daughters: Virginia, Jaqueline, Brenda, Joanne and Belle, and they lived for many years around the Rocky area. Maisie later married Nelson Cropley and they had one son, Bobby. Maisie and Nelson now reside in Red Deer.

Clara (Bert Tress) had six children: Jimmy, Debbie, Lorry, Darlene, Lucy and Kenny. She raised her family in Golden, B.C. She is now married to Ken Thompson and they live in Benalto, Alberta.

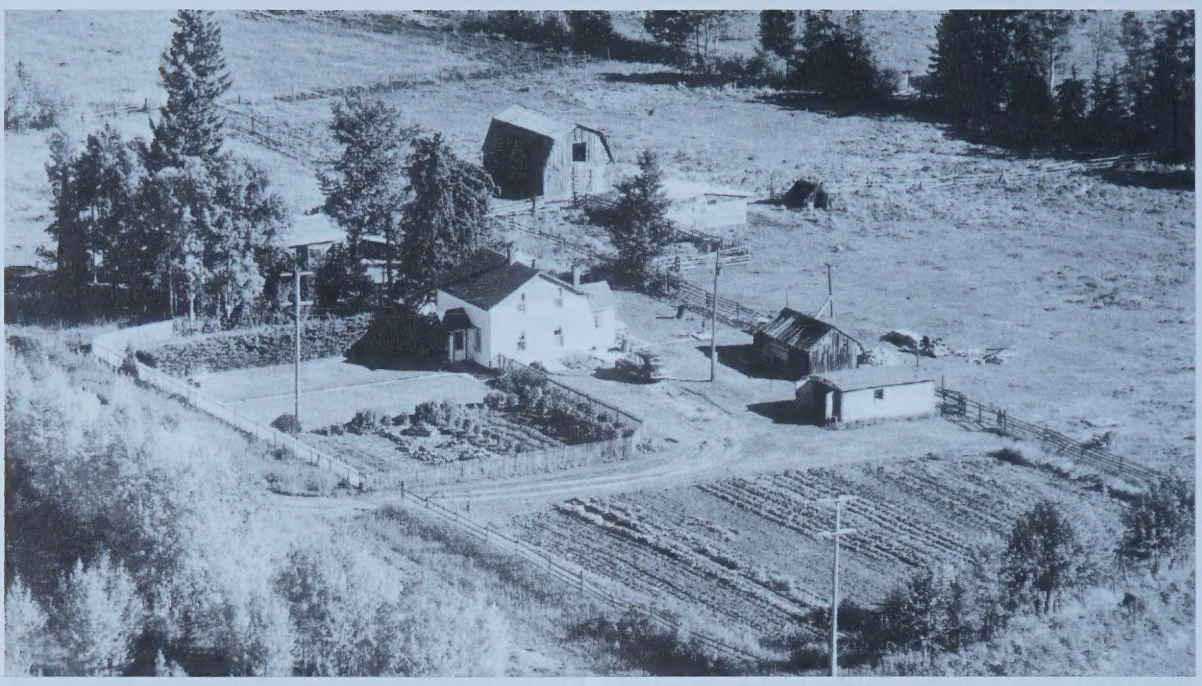
Florence married Lloyd King and they have five children: Karen, Barbara, Alan, Patty and Darren, and 12 grandchildren. Florence and Lloyd live in Rocky Mountain House.

COGHLIN, John (Jack)
by Gordon Coghlin

Jack and Grace Coghlin 60th Wedding Anniversary.

John Coghlin was born on November 8, 1880, in Listowel, Ontario. His parents farmed near Atwood and, among other businesses, they also ran a hotel there and later a cheese factory.

Dad and another brother decided to come out west, perhaps around the turn of the century. They worked their way across Canada picking up odd jobs wherever they could, but I'm not sure how they travelled. It seems they lived in the Calgary area for awhile, and Dad barbered at Okotoks, before eventually moving to Red Deer.



Coghlin Farm.

Dad and a friend, Andy Forester, worked at a livery stable in Red Deer. Dad owned a sulky and got quite involved in harness racing. He owned several horses, and the best one was named "Alberta Kid." We never did know if the horse won any races. Dad never forgave a stable boy who exercised Alberta Kid so hard that the horse got "wind-broke" and died. Later Dad decided to take up farming, so he filed for a homestead (160 acres), about six miles south of Eckville in the Diamond Valley district. By this time most of the land in the district had been claimed, but one section (a CPR section that had been swapped back to the government) was opened for homesteading. By 1912 Dad fulfilled his homestead obligation and was granted title. During this time he owned a Model T Ford and delivered mail out of Evarts for extra income. He formed a life-long friendship with Jack Killick who homesteaded two miles east of his farm. Jack Killick also owned the store, post office, and hotel in Evarts. This was about three miles east of Dad's farm. In 1912 Jack Killick sold his Evarts businesses and opened a store in Rocky Mountain House.

While all this was going on, Dad met a very pretty young lady by the name of Grace Hansen. The Hansen family had come north to Canada from Nebraska about the turn of the century. Grace was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, on February 10, 1894. The Hansen homestead was across the Medicine River, about one mile from Dad's place. Although there was no bridge, that didn't stop Dad from crossing the river in his horse-drawn buggy to make regular visits to the Hansen farm. On December 4, 1912, he and Grace were wed.

They likely didn't live on that farm too long, because their first child, Arthur, was born in Red Deer, in 1913. The second son, Delmer, was born in 1914, and Edna, the third child, was born in 1916. We assume they moved to Red Deer around 1913. The farm was not sold until 1918, so it was likely rented out until that time. While living in Red Deer, Dad once again barbered and also worked for the fire department.

In 1920, my parents moved their family to Eckville where Gladys was born in the same year. Dad operated the Eckville Hotel coffee shop, pool hall, and barber shop, and they lived adjacent to the hotel. But in 1921 they decided to pull up stakes and move back to Red Deer, where Audrey was born in 1922, and Phyllis in 1924. Dad was still barbering during this time in Red Deer. He must have loved to barber, for around 1926 they moved the family to Rocky Mountain House where he barbered with Jack

Coghlin Family.

Birt, and eventually he took over the shop on his own.

To welcome me, Gordon, into the world Rocky provided me with a cyclone—that was in 1927. To prove the marriage still was not over the hill, Jackie was born on November 8th, a present for Jack on the same birth date as his, but no cyclone this time! The family lived in the town of Rocky (maybe for one year) before purchasing the Dad Yeager farm, 1 mile south of town. The farm buildings were located right at the CPR crossing on the old Red Deer highway. There was quite a lot of muskeg on the 160 acres, but plenty of good land for livestock and also for growing big gardens in rich loam soil. Dad used to walk to work every morning and then home again at the end of his business day. Dr. Greenaway said many times that it was that daily walk that kept the little "b—r" from seeing him!

After their family had grown up and left home, there wasn't much need to do all the things we used to, like tending a big garden and looking after the livestock. Dad sold the acreage along the highway and gradually the rest of the farm. They bought a house in Rocky across from the Legion hall and Dad finally retired at the age of 80. After living in Rocky for eight or ten years, Dad and Mom moved to Edmonton to live with Audrey and her husband Frank. In 1972 they moved to a seniors, home in Lethbridge. Jack and Grace both passed away in Lethbridge, Grace in 1974 at the age of 80, and Jack in 1977 at the age of 96.

Their children: Arthur Coghlin died in 1989; Gladys McDonald in 1990, and Phyllis French in 1978; Edna Hankinson resides in Calgary; Audrey in Sherwood Park; Jack between Summerland BC and Yukon; and Gordon and Delmer live in Lethbridge. I have learned more about our family history from Janine and Les Wilson (Jan is Edna's daughter) than I expected to ever know. They are very interested in genealogy, so many thanks to Jan for letting me use some of her material.

Although our family members have moved away from Rocky and settled in other parts of the country, I think we all still consider Rocky Mountain House as "home."

COLE, Ogden and family
Submitted by Belle Lucille Hankinson

Ogden Cole was born near Cassavant, Alberta, April 4, 1922. His parents were Lloyd and Marie (Schineman) Cole. He moved with his parents from the Legal area to Hespero where his family farmed, two miles south of the Hespero corner. Skocdopoles now own the property. Ogden went to Blue Bell and Daisy Nook schools. He didn't quite finish his eleventh grade because his mother sent him down to Oregon, USA, to live with relatives when she became ill with cancer. He was only there for a short time before his mom died, Oct. 1937. Then he came back to Alberta to be with his dad, Lloyd Cole. His dad worked for Skocdopoles after they purchased the farm. Ogden helped his dad with custom work, plowing and discing for other farmers, using a John Deere tractor and driving a cat, clearing brush. Ogden and his dad also bought a three-ton truck and worked in the bush west of Rocky. In 1941 Ogden went to B.C. to work in the copper mines and from there he joined the Navy.

Before I married Ogden, I worked for Skocdopoles for a least a year, then moved to Rocky to work in Killicks Store (Ladies Wear). I also worked in Burns Bakery when Ogden went overseas with the Navy. He was on the Normandy Coast on D-Day. A while later he returned to Halifax and was given a leave to come home and, on October 14, 1944, Ogden and I were married. Burns Bakery made a wedding cake for us, as a gift. Ogden then had to return to Halifax for ten months before he was discharged.

Ogden and Lucille Cole's (Hankinson) Family Back (l-r)Paul Hammonds, Mark, Jason, Marie and Lowell Scott. Middle Row: Rita and Tony Hammonds, Lucille Hankinson, Art Koski, Bobbi and Robert Cermak. Front: Christy, Jessie and Henry Merklin, Kalyn and Tessa Cermak.

While he was in Halifax, I went to work at Haack's 5 to $1.00 store. I rented a house on 54th Street which belonged to Strongs. I managed to save enough to buy a bedroom suite and a kitchen suite and I saved $75.00 as well. The only income I had was the $60.00 a month from the Navy and the money I earned at the store, which was not very much.

When Ogden returned in 1945, he, his dad and Bill Ross bought two 60 caterpillars to cut brush and pile it for farmers. In 1948 we homesteaded fifteen miles north of Rocky. In 1950, I discovered I had TB, and joined my sister, Audrey Bolton, brother-in-law, Roy Saari, and a nephew, Lawrence Needham, in the Sanitarium in Calgary, where I stayed for six months.

We lived on the farm for nine years. Then, in 1959, Ogden joined the Forestry and was an assistant ranger until 1961. He was then promoted to Ranger, and we moved to Blue Ridge up in the Whitecourt area. Ogden became ill with cancer in 1969 and passed away on May 28, 1970. We had three daughters: Rita Ethelyn, born in 1942; Marie Isabel, born in 1956 and Roberta Marlene, born in 1960. Rita married Tony Hammonds on January 2, 1970. They have two children: Paul Anthony, born January 5, 1972 and Christy Leanne, born January 22, 1974. Christy was married to Henry Merklin on September 21, 1991. They have one child, Jessie Heinrich, born Feb. 14, 1992. Tony works for Quinn Contracting as a crane operator. They live in town, but spend many hours at their acreage on the North Fork road where they are building a cabin.

Marie married Lowell Scott on Nov. 2, 1974. They have two sons: Jason Robert, born Aug. 10, 1977, and Mark Lowell, born March 12, 1979. Lowell also works for Quinn Contracting as

Manager Accountant. Marie is Administrator at Shoppers Drug Mart. They live in town.

Roberta married Robert Cermak, May 17, 1980. They have two girls: Tessa Lee, born March 15, 1983, and Kalyn Nicole, born Jan. 12, 1986. Robert has Smacks Auto Care. Roberta (Bobbi) is a registered nurse and works at the Rocky Hospital. They also live in town.

I moved back to Rocky in 1970, two weeks after Ogden passed away. I moved to an acreage eight miles north, near Frisco Hall. I chose the place because there was power and the school bus went right by our door.

On April 21, 1973, I married Rollie Hankinson. He had open heart surgery on Nov. 13, 1973, and he did very well for about a year. He was caretaker out at Ram Falls and also Medicine Lake. However, he got too ill to work there, so he took a job in town, planting and thinning trees for the Forestry. In 1975 we moved into town so Rollie would be near the doctor. I bought a house on 47th street. When Rollie got sick again, I took over his job at the greenhouse. Later, he had a second heart operation, but this time didn't make it. He passed away October 28, 1976.

I lived on 47th Street for 15 years, then sold my house and went into the Columbus Place for ten months. I then bought a place here in the seniors' Meadowview Estates on 58A Street and I hope to remain here for as long as I can.

COLE, Russell, Gladys and family
written by Annette Gray

Clayton and Sue.

Tami, Clayton, Russell, Gladys, Georgina and Wesley.

April 8, 1946: The day was damp, the roads a quagmire due to melting snow and recent spring showers. Yet, a large crowd had gathered eight miles west of Leedale to attend Cornforths' farm sale. Some folks had come quite a distance, but not by car. There were only two passenger vehicles in the district, and the owners weren't about to put them over the muddy road. No, it was a day for saddle horse, or team and wagon.

Kathy Cornforth and I were in Grade 2 and best friends. We worked our way through the crowd and waited for the action to begin. We could feel the excitement building, everyone pacing around nervously—waiting. For our part, we wondered what the hold-up was. Why didn't the sale get underway? We were told it took a very special person to conduct a sale—an auctioneer—and he hadn't arrived. We decided that this auctioneer fellow must be real important. I remember thinking that he would probably be a wise ol' codger with thick glasses and a white beard. However, after what seemed like an eternity, a chorus of "here he comes" erupted and a very sweaty team of horses, one black, one white, driven by Art Robinson, pulled into the yard. Much to our amazement a handsome young man wearing a fringed doeskin jacket and white cowboy hat dismounted from Robinson's wagon. This was Russell Cole, the auctioneer.

Russell was barely twenty-two years old when he conducted Cornforth's farm sale—his

Cole's Auction Mart.

first *real* auction sale. Not that he hadn't been practicing for years. He says he'd been in training since he was a wee tyke, accompanying his father, Salem Cole, to Damron's farm sales. Clarence Damron was Russell's hero. Young Russell would no sooner get home from one of Dameron's sales than he'd round up his stick horses and have his own make-believe horse sale. At school Russell entertained the other boys by auctioning off whatever was handy. The boys often left the school yard and went to play at the community hall across the road, where they occasionally found wine bottles stashed in the wood pile. These were leftovers from dances or some other event held at the hall, and Russell would seize the opportunity to auction the bottles. Of course the highest bidder was expected to share the contents. All went well for sometime until a Scottish lady who lived nearby discovered an unusual smell on the boys' breath and instructed her husband to, "Gee dooown to the schoolhouse and thrash the young whippersnappers." So ended the young auctioneer's days of peddling booze.

Russell Cole.

Russell Charles Cole was born June 17, 1924, in Rimbey Hospital to Salem and Emma (Wetzel) Cole. His mother, Emma, was born in Fairfax, South Dakota, of German/Russian parentage. His father, the son of Scottish/English parents, was born in Tweed, Ontario. Salem came to the Rimbey area in 1902 and, as a young man, worked in the lumber industry in the Crow's Nest Pass. Russell says his father was a hard worker who was spry enough in his 80s to go skating with the boys. Russell has two sisters, May (Cole) Leduc and Thelma (Cole) Raymond and a brother, Milton Cole.

In his younger days Russell often found himself in hot water, such as the time his sister was baking overnight cookies and put the dough on the windowsill to cool. Russell laughs when he tells the story. "Well, the young auctioneer snitched some of the cookie dough, and did I ever get the broom!" Another time Russell hid in the attic of the school and pretended to be a ghost. The series of weird noises coming from the attic sounded quite convincing to the students below. To add credibility Russell accidentally lost his footing in the rafters and came crashing through the ceiling. "I emptied the school," Russell said. Needless to say, neither the teacher or Russell's parents were thrilled with his performance. As punishment Russell had to write 500 lines every evening until the end of the school term and was given the humiliating task of carrying the teacher's suitcase at week-ends when the teacher left for home.

"Dad didn't want me to be an auctioneer. No, Siree!" says Russell. "But I promised him

Russell Cole.

Cole's Auction.

I'd work on the farm. No dances or anything like that—just work. So, in 1945, Dad paid for me to go to auctioneer school in Decatur, Indiana, for six weeks." From then on Russell auctioned when and where he could, selling for twelve or fourteen years in such places as Winfield, Buck Lake, Breton, Eckville, Bentley, Lacombe, Ponoka, Spruce View and Drayton Valley, before coming to Rocky Mountain House in 1966 and opening Cole's Auction Mart. During this very busy time Russell married Gladys Belt, daughter of Esther (Mottet) and Harley Belt of Leedale. Esther was born in Joplin, Missouri, and Harley was born in Grundy Centre, Iowa. The Coles have four children: Clayton, Georgina, Wesley and Tami, and eight grandchildren.

Today, the family business includes sons, Clayton and Wes, both auctioneers, and Gladys who Russell credits with much of Cole's Auction Mart's success. "Gladys has really worked hard," he says. He also has words of praise for the many dedicated workers the mart has employed over the years. One valued staff member, Ken Martin, clerked from the time the auction mart was first opened and knew everyone for miles around. Sue, Clayton's wife, is another special person who regularly helps with clerical work, and both Georgina and Tami have been on the working staff over the years.

Cole's Auction.

Cole's Auction Mart is more than a business place. True, many folks attend the regular Saturday auctions or special livestock sales to buy and sell. However, an equal number come to visit with neighbors and watch Russell and his boys in action. Visitors to the auction say, "It's the best entertainment in town." When it comes to community charities, the Coles are well known for their generous donations of money and expertise. In 1997 Russell was awarded a plaque for having sold at every 4-H sale for over fifty-two years, during which time Cole's Auction Mart purchased countless 4-H calves.

"We've had some big sales, bull sales for the Rocky Agricultural Society from the 60s to the early 90s and an extra large sale at Warburg. Why, nobody ever had a sale like that one," Russell says proudly. Yet there are some good sales ahead, too. And in memory of Clarence Damron every one of Russell's farm sales begin with auctioning a pitch fork, just as his hero did—just as Russell has done for the past fifty-seven years.

COLLINS, Donald (Kobzinsky)
by Doris Maconochie

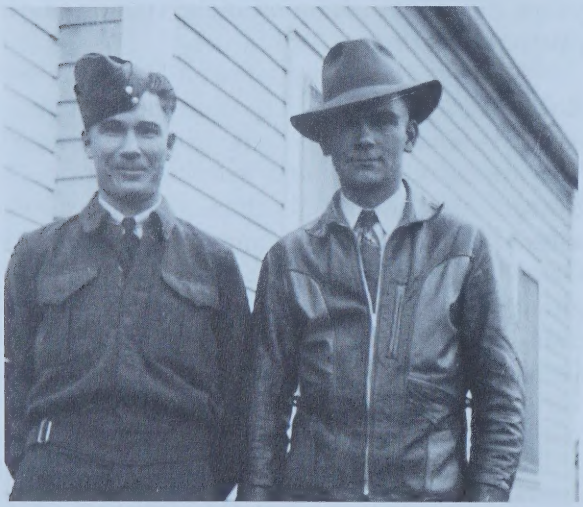
Donald Kobzinsky, who spent his childhood in the Rocky Mountain House area, changed his name to Donald Collins for personal reasons before entering the Air Force. He returned to the Courtright farm in the Beaver Flats district for a short time after World War II, before moving to Vancouver where he became an accountant.

He married Pauline Zuzak (from Holden, Alberta) in July of 1948. They had two children, Carol and Clayton. In 1962 they purchased the Wm. P Somerville Co. in Vancouver.

Carol Collins married William Stachan, a swimming pool installer, and they have two children, Angela and Brent.

Clayton Collins married Ardell, and they have two daughters. Clayton worked with his dad in the Somerville Company.

Doris Maconochie and brother Donald Collins in 1986.



Donald (Kobzinsky) Collins (Airforce) and Lloyd Courtright in 1945.

Pauline Collins died in August 1973. Don ran his company until he died on July 25, 1990. Carol, Clayton and families still live in Vancouver.

COLOSIMO, Jim and family (taken from tributes by Charley Whitesell and Sybil Sewell)

Life in Nordegg where Jim Colsimo was raised was never dull with brothers, Norman, Leonard and Teddy, and sister, Phyllis. When Christmas came and everybody got presents, Jimmy would put his away and play with Leonard's. "Big Jim," or "Diamond Jim" as friends called him, was born in Nordegg in 1934 to John and Irene Colosimo. Jim's father worked in the collieries as a coal miner, and his mother cared for the family home.

Jim learned to ride when he was little more than a toddler, mounting up by waiting for a horse to put its head down to eat, then scaling up the horse's neck. His schooling, which was taken in Nordegg, came second to Jim's spirit of adventure. When he was a young fellow, he and Leonard often accompanied a neighbor, Frank Sackryder, on various trips far into the hills to hunt, trap, or simply enjoy the scenery. These experiences greatly contributed to Jim's love of the west country, and for over sixty years he traversed the game trails of the Blackstone area, twenty-five miles northeast of Nordegg.

During the 1940s and '50s, the "Hank Snow" era of country and western music, Jim and Norman would liven up evenings by singing Hank's old songs while brother, Leonard, played the guitar. Jim developed a fine singing voice and many a long trail and dreary day were shortened by his voice echoing through the hills.

Jim worked at various occupations, beginning with a stint at the Brazeau Collieries, working at the tipple. He worked eight years for a CNR crew with Mike Mikanic, Bill Pergotski and Jim and Gordon Fink. It was during this time that he married Arlene Emblau, and he and Arlene started a guide and outfitting business.

When the Nordegg mines closed in 1955 most of the residents moved away, but the Colosimos stayed on until 1964, then moved to the farm west of Rocky Mountain House where they raised five children: Irene, Pamela, James, Leith and Clinton.

Jim was a man of many talents. He was a good cook and knew how to put a tasty meal together in a hurry—his specialty, Italian Spaghetti. He was also a self-taught leather worker, mastering the knack of lacing, braiding, shaping, hand and machine sewing and saddle-making. Besides looking after his own equipment, he was always ready to do repairs for others. Several winters, after his hunting activities were finished, Jim worked as a roughneck and motor man on oil drilling rigs. Cambridge, Brinkerhoff and Gustavson Drilling were some of the companies he worked for. However, Jim preferred to work with horses. He studied every horse in his pack string and knew each horse's personality

and capabilities. Jim was firm when teaching his horses to carry a pack or a rider, but he was compassionate, too. One time, when Jim was loading horses to take them to his base camp on the Blackstone, old Brownie, a horse that Jim had retired because he was too old to pack, decided he wanted to go, too, so he loaded himself into the truck with the other horses. Brownie had packed for Jim for over twenty years. So, Jim decided he could go along for the ride and tag along with the string. No doubt Brownie and Diamond Jim both enjoyed their last trip together.

Besides working horses, Jim studied and learned the requirements of horse doctoring and, due to his timely first-aid, many a horse saw extra years of good life, instead of a one-way trip to the glue factory. Jim was also a competent farrier, trimming and shoeing horses, whenever and wherever he was needed.

Jim's word was his bond and he always kept up his end of a bargain—a true friend and good neighbor. He passed away suddenly in March 1996 and was laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery.

CONSTABLE, John (Jack)
by Jane Sibbald

Jack Constable's father, also named John Constable, immigrated with his family from Scotland in 1848. Jack's mother, Jenny Stewart, came to Canada (age four) with her family at the same time. They were children, travelling on the same ship, but they did not know each other. In later years, John and Jenny met, married and settled in Toronto. They raised twelve children, two girls and ten boys. John Jr. (Jack) was one of the younger boys, and was born in 1886. His family had a farm on Yonge Street and raised and sold vegetables.

Around 1908, three of the boys travelled west and filed on homestead land near Raven, Alberta. In order to farm the land, two of the brothers would go out to work, to raise money, while the other one stayed on the farm.

Eventually it became too much and Bob got a job in Calgary. Jim and Jack got work with the geologist and packers going into the Nordegg area to find coal. Jack stayed on as horse wrangler and cook, clearing and building the town. That was 1911, when Jack was twenty-five years old.

Jenny and Helen Constable, 1936.

After coal was found in Nordegg and the town established, Jack was given the job of managing the ponies that were used in the mine. He became a self-taught veterinarian and looked after the barns and horses. He joined the Royal Canadian Engineers, during the war, and spent some time in England.

In 1923 Jack Constable married Margaret (Maggie) Johnson in Nordegg. Her parents, Lily and Robert Angus Johnson, came to Canada from Dunfermlin, Scotland, in the early 1920s. The Johnsons brought four children with them: Jimmy, Margaret, Lily, and Bertie. Robert and the two boys worked in the mines in Nordegg.

Maggie's oldest brother, Jimmy, eventually married and moved to Calgary. Bert built a fox ranch up by the Tipple in Nordegg where he raised mink and silver fox for their pelts. Women wore them as neckpieces in those days. He also had a farm near Rocky Mountain House. He joined the Canadian Army and was killed in 1943. Lily died very young after working in a TB sanitarium and contracting the disease.

When Maggie married Jack Constable, she was twenty-one, and he was thirty-seven. They

had four children, all born in Nordegg: David (1926), Bob (1927), Helen (1929) and Jane (1932). When they were first married, the Constables lived in a log cabin above the mine, but, when their second son arrived, they lived in a small house down by the Tipple where Jack had a good vegetable garden. Margaret's mother and father lived in a duplex next door. The Campbell's lived in the other half of the duplex. It was a good life in Nordegg. While there, the Constable family attended the United Church which was down by the schoolhouse.

For the children there was sleighing, tobogganing and ice-skating. In the summer, they played run-sheep-run, kick-the-can, and "Peggy," a form of baseball. The boys enjoyed camping, and the girls took piano and dancing lessons. Helen took "Highland" dancing.

Living so close to the mine, things were always covered in coal dust, but the very large piles of dust made great "sliding." Some of the play was very dangerous, and some horrendous accidents happened. The mine itself had accidents, often fatal. A whistle would blow, and the women of the town would walk up to the mine to see if some of their kin had been hurt, or to help if needed. It was always a heart-stopping event.

In 1941 Jack packed his family into the car, with as many belongings as they could carry, and drove out to New Westminster. He had spent thirty years in Nordegg, and left with a handshake. Jack's sons were in their teens and due to go down into the mines before long, so Jack was looking for a better life. He drove the Big Bend and Fraser Canyon road which was a single lane, dirt road. Needless to say, when he arrived in New Westminster, he sold his car and never drove again. He could not get work in Vancouver; he was fifty-five. So, he joined the army until the end of the war. Jack lived from 1886 to1965; he was 79 years old when he died. Margaret was 92 years old when she passed away, living from 1902 to 1994.

David and Bobby Constable.

When the family left Nordegg, Dave was 16, Bob 14, Helen 12 and Jane 9. Two years later, at age eighteen, Dave joined the army, but the war ended before he went overseas. The family stayed in and around New Westminster. Dave trained as a butcher, after being discharged from the army, and worked for Safeway until retirement. He and his wife, Wilma, still live in Burnaby. They had two sons and five grandchildren.

Bob went on to University and worked at the Burnaby Municipal Hall for many years. He and his wife, Nancy, live on Saturna Island in the Gulf Islands. They had four children and eight grandchildren.

Helen and Jane are both Registered Nurses, training at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, in the early 1950s. Helen worked in Bermuda for several years before returning to B.C., marrying Linwood Valair and living in Vernon. They had three children and now have four grandchildren.

Jane married Bruce Sibbald, lived and worked in North Vancouver and raised four children. They now have nine grandchildren. They retired to Qualicum Beach, Vancouver Island.

All four couples have each been married for 50 years!

COOK, Fredrick John and family
written by Fran Teskey
information from Marj Johannesson

Driven out by drought and dust storms Mrs. Pearl Cook with her sons, Fred and Burton, and daughter, Ruth, left the Irvine district in Alberta in 1937. John Cook, the father, had died in 1935, leaving Pearl to carry on the farm operation. However, by the summer of 1937, it was obvious they would not be able to stay on the farm.

So, they sold some horses, and Fred and Burton rode the rails to Red Deer where they contacted a realtor and arranged to purchase a half section farm about eight miles from Rocky Mountain House on the Dovercourt road.

With government assistance, two carloads of household effects, machinery and stock were shipped to Rocky in October. Burton rode on the train to Rocky while Fred, Ruth and their mother drove. They left behind their house, some debts, eight quarters of land which they abandoned and some machinery which was repossessed by a dealer to satisfy a debt.

Another brother, Eugene, having obtained his teaching certificate, was teaching in the Winnifred area. He had been assisting the family as much as possible on his $85.00 per month salary. In 1940 his application for a teaching position in Rocky Mountain House was accepted, and he was given a Grade 5 and 6 class in a basement classroom. In 1940 he moved upstairs to teach thirty-nine pupils in a crowded Grade 7 and 8 class. He also taught Grade 12 Biology, Grade 9 English, Bookkeeping and Drama. It goes without saying, his days were very busy.

Ruth Cook completed Grade 12 in Rocky in 1938, went on to Calgary Normal School, and in 1940 began teaching in the Hanna School Division. She lived alone in a teacherage which was a great worry to her mother. In 1941 she moved to the Knee Hill Valley east of Innisfail. This was a less isolated district where she was able to find a place to board. Pearl left the farm in 1941 to move to Red Deer where she found employment as a seamstress and Burton left to work in a wartime plant in Fort William.

Fred remained on the farm and in 1941 he married the neighbors' daughter, Anne Nielsen, who was working at the Rocky Hospital. Anne's mother, Esther Nielsen, was born in Scotland and her father, Alfred, was born in Denmark. In 1916 Esther was working in Killick's store and Alfred was operating the ferry on the North Saskatchewan River. Esther and Alfred met, fell in love and were married. In 1921 they moved to Nordegg where Alfred worked in the mine for three years, then moved back to the farm in the Dovercourt district. The Nielsens raised three children: Jack, Dennis and Anne.

Fred and Anne stayed on the farm until moving into Rocky where Fred worked for Ross' s Garage and Anne was a homemaker and worked part time at Killick's Store. Sadly, Anne died in 1960 at the age of 40. Fred loved his family and enjoyed fishing, golf and hockey (the Rocky Rams). He retired from the Garage at age 65, and died Jan. 9, 1999. Fred and Anne raised five children: Jean, Donna, Marjorie, Ronald and Allen. Jean (1944-1974) married Ray Brosinsky and had two children, Heather and Stephen. Donna (b. 1945) married Ray Schmaus and has a daughter Laura. Marjorie (b. 1947) married Ken Qually and had 2 children, Kurtis and Grant. After her divorce Marjorie married Randy Johannesson in1982 and has 3 step-children, Curtis, Bradley and Nikki. Ronald (b. 1948) married Maureen Bremner and has 2 children, Jolene and Trevor. Allen was born in 1949.

Marjorie is the only member of Fred and Anne's family to remain in Rocky, although all attended school here. Marjorie loved all sports and her school day memories are of her best friends, Maureen Killick and Florence Milligan, with whom she graduated in 1965. Teachers, Henry and Joyce Orava, gave the family a dog named Sport which Marjorie remembers fondly. After graduation she worked at the Rocky Co-op, then took a hairdressing course at Red Deer. She worked in Rocky as a hairdresser, before and after her marriage, and was a farmer's wife for 12 years. She has worked at the Westview Lodge as a hairdresser for the past 16 years. Marjorie and Randy are avid curlers. Randy loves golf and both are active Legion members and volunteers.

COOK, Marion (nee Sands)

I was born on February 28, 1935, thirty miles west of Rocky Mountain House and twelve miles north of Horburg, in a log cabin my dad and mom (Clarence and Loretta Sands) built in 1925. Mrs. Turnquist of Rocky Mountain House was Mom's mid-wife. At that time the only transportation was team and wagon or saddle horse. My parents raised eleven of us out there on the homestead—four half-brothers and two half-sisters—Dad's two sons and two daughters from his first marriage, and mom's two boys from her first marriage; then there were four boys and myself born after they got married. My mom used to say to my dad, "your kids and my kids are fighting with our kids."

Wayne and Marion Cook.

We had no modern conveniences back then, so we all learned to work real young. Growing up with four tough brothers, Sam, Chester, Bill and Larry, I learned to do just about everything they did (both good and bad). We all broke our own horses, and in 1948, '49 and '50 we trained our own trick horses and we'd put our show on every year at the Rocky Stampede, Buck Lake and Nordegg. The boys all rode broncs in the Stampede. So I wouldn't be left out, I'd open the rodeo on a bareback bronc or cow. That's when Art Johnson used to pick with old Roonie, his horse. I learned to cook when I was real young too. At twelve years old I cooked for sixteen men in my dad's tie camp. From there I'd cook on the trail for him and my brothers (when they took over in 1954), also for Roy and Janet Trimble from Caroline and Stan Burrel, Hungry Horse Ranch in Sundre, Alberta.

My first marriage in 1952 took me away from Rocky a lot. We followed drilling rigs all over Alberta. Then in 1959 I lost my husband and I had my children to raise, so I moved back to Rocky. My two oldest (son, Bernard, and daughter, Marlene), were born in Rocky Mountain House. Dr. Hein was my Doctor. Lyle, my youngest son, was born in a car on the way from Sundre to Olds Hospital, by Westward Ho. Sandra, my youngest, was born in Innisfail, Alberta.

I moved to Swan Hills in 1973 where I operated a computer for Amoco Canada for two years, then I went field operating for them. At

Sandra, Marlene, Marion, and Lyle in 2001.

that time I was the first woman operator in Alberta. I did that for two years, then moved to Westlock, Alberta, and farmed there for a while. Then in 1978 I lost my oldest son, Bernie, in a car accident near Slave Lake. In 1979 I married Wayne Cook, and in 1984 we moved to Fox Creek, Alberta, where he operated a trap line, which I enjoyed very much. We worked that and his gas plants until we sold out and moved to Malakwa, B.C. in 1995. We bought a trap line here in B.C. Just can't seem to quit that kind of life. We are semi-retired now. We get to Rocky as often as we can and go fishing with brother, Chester. He and I get our guitar and banjo out and do a little country and western tunes. There's so much to see and do around Rocky it will always be home to me.

Marlene, my oldest daughter, lives in Westlock, Alberta. She has a farm and two boys. Marlene lost her guy in 1994. She is staying in Westlock and is starting a business of her own there. She calls it Side Track Junction. It is an old section (railway station) house she moved and has redone and it's going to be a bed and breakfast—so she is doing real good.

Lyle, my son, is in Sicamous, B.C. He works for Twin Anchor House Boats and has been there for years. He has one boy and one girl. His wife, Shannon, has her business called Contact Couriers and they are doing great too.

My youngest daughter, Sandra, and husband, Joe Dul, are living in Wawhisca, Alberta. He's a licensed mechanic there and she works in the hospital. They have one boy and one girl and are doing great.

My deceased son, Bernie, has two boys, age 20 and 22. They live in Ketchikan, Alaska. The oldest, Travis, is married and has an eighteen month old girl (my great-granddaughter). Travis is a minister there. Plus he works the docks where the ships come in. Ronnie (Bernie's youngest), sells real estate. Their mom, Jeanette, is remarried to a captain of one of the ships, Tom Reid, a real nice guy, and they all live there and are all doing great.

As for me and my husband, Wayne, we are semi-retired here in B.C. since 1996. If we are not fishing, quadding back roads, trapping or hunting you might just find us at home. We are enjoying our retirement and my family as well as Wayne's three children (Kevin, Gail and Jim) and his five grandkids. We are all one big happy family. I really enjoy going back home to Rocky Mountain House. Why we didn't retire there I don't know! It has everything to offer in our line of recreation and more. We both love it there. Who knows maybe someday I'll go back home.

COOKE, Hugh McKinley
written by Doreen Lambertus

Hugh M. Cooke was born in Rapid City, South Dakota, on December 19,1896. The second youngest of a family of three girls and three boys, he came to Canada at the age of sixteen with his father, William R. (Cap) Cooke, in 1912. As soon as he was old enough, he homesteaded on land near the Red Deer River and worked for farmers in the surrounding districts as well as in coal mines at Drumheller, Three Hills and Carbon.

In 1930 he came to the Frisco area with his father and homesteaded on N.E. 21-41-7-W5. He cut mine props, fence posts, fence rails, ties and lumber, as did nearly everyone else in the country in those days. Later, he rented the old Wayman place, one half mile east of the Frisco School, before returning to the homestead. Both he and Cap were superb fiddlers and played for many of the dances in the old school. After the Frisco Hall was built, they played at Frisco as well as Taimi, Bingley and Buster Creek.

Hugh married Myrtle Fogelquist from the Buster Creek district in 1936. On July 26, 1941, their only son, Archie David, was born. Myrtle, being of poor health, passed away in the fall of 1951. When Archie was a teenager, Hugh remarried a widow, Stella Martens who had five children: Dennis, Vernon, Larry, Shirley and Doreen. Hugh and Stella lived on the farm until July 1965 when they moved into town. Three years later, Hugh passed away on June 3, 1968, at the age of seventy-one.

COOKE, Stella
written by her daughter, Doreen Lambertus (nee Martens)

Stella (Heppner) Cooke.

Stella (Mom) was born May 3, 1910, in Langham, Saskatchewan. She was the middle child of Peter H. Heppner and Justina Nickel. She grew up in the Hepburn, Saskatchewan area and attended the Hudson Bay School. She met and courted Cornelius Martens and they were married May 6, 1932. They had 7 children: Dennis born April 25, 1934; Vernon born May 14, 1936; Larry born April 3, 1942; Arnold born 1946, who died shortly after birth; Clifford born July 23, 1947, who died June 25, 1948; Shirley born August 29, 1950, and Doreen born August 2, 1951. The Martens family lived in the Waldheim, Saskatchewan area until Cornelius's passing on May 16, 1953. He died following a mishap, when he and his brother were cutting trees.

Some time after Cornelius's death, Stella started corresponding with Hugh M. Cooke through the Western Producer's "Lonely Hearts Club." On August 16, 1955, Stella married Hugh and moved to his farm,12 miles north of Rocky. Hugh had one son, from a previous marriage, Archie, born July 26, 1941. Stella and Hugh spent many days sawing wood to sell to customers in town. Saturday was "going to town day," so Mom usually took my sister and me to the matinee at the Lux or Rainbow theatre. We always planted a big garden and did a lot of

Dennis, Vernon and Larry Martens. Front: Shirley Cossuta and Doreen Lambertus.

berry picking west and north of our place. A lot of evenings Mom and Hugh got together to play cards with the neighbors, Jenny and Bill Sorensen, and the Shantz family.

Mom was a real good cook. She made excellent soup, especially borsch. She canned chicken and other preserves. After my brothers moved away and married, we had many family get-togethers. Mom and Hugh always looked forward to all the family coming home. Where did everyone sleep in that small three room house?

In the summer of 1965, Stella and Hugh and girls moved into town. Hugh passed away on June 3, 1968, leaving Mom a widow once again. My sister, Shirley, and I both got married in 1969, so then Mom was really alone. She spent a lot of time crocheting, mostly making doilies. She also did a lot of baby-sitting. She had some very good friends, Jenny Sorenson, Vonda Aube and Lydia Dopf.

The greatest legacy Mom left us was her "faith." By example she taught us to live for and love the Lord, and she longed for the day when she would be with Him. Mom was a hard worker, lived in hard times, lived through a lot of sorrow and raised a big family. Mom died August 10, 1987, in Rocky General Hospital, after a series of strokes.

CORMACK, Rennie and Kathleen (Kay Edwards)

On March 3rd, 1924, at early dusk, the second child of Margaret and Ted Edwards arrived. I was named "Kathleen," but later called "Kay" by all who knew me. Along with my family, I moved from Edmonton to Rocky Mountain House in 1937, where I finished my schooling.

My life seemed destined to be involved in the R.C.A.F. At eighteen years of age, I joined the R.C.A.F. Women's Division and, after an honorable discharge, I was employed by the R.C.A.F. as a civilian stenographer, ultimately attaining the position of Secretary to the Air Officer Commanding Tactical Air Command in Edmonton. There I met Robert Cormack (Rennie) and we married on April 6, 1963. I understand we were the first couple married in the newly constructed Presbyterian Church in Rocky Mountain House. Rev. Cunningham performed the ceremony.

Rennie was a Master Warrant Officer in the R.C.A.F., so we spent the following eight years on different air bases in Canada, with a four year tour in #4 Fighter Wing, Baden-Baden, Germany.

In 1970 we said good-bye to the Air Force, and moved to a small ranch at Battle Lake, Alberta. After twenty-six years there (a truly wonderful life) Rennie's health needed attention, so we bought a home in Edmonton where we are

Rennie and Kay Cormack – 25th Wedding Anniversary.

completely retired. I have three stepchildren: Lyn, Brent and Dale, four grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

COURTRIGHT, Charles and Lucy
written by Doris Maconochie

Lucy Courtright's flower garden at farm in Beaver Flats (current Norris Switzer Farm).

Charles Courtright at the farm near Beaver Flats, 1941.

Charles William Courtright was born on May 20, 1876, in Iowa. Lucy Mary (Parham) Court-right was born on November 19, 1875, in Illinois. Their families moved to Oklahoma and Kansas where Charles and Lucy met and

Charles and Lucy Courtright at Farm at Dovercourt, 1921.

were married in 1896. Charlie, as he was known, ran the race with horses, for land in the Cherokee strip staking his claim for $1.00. They built their sod house and began their family of five boys and two girls: Henry, born in August, 1897; Lena, in May, 1899; Harlen, in June, 1902; Jack, in July, 1905; Lola, in June, 1908, and Marion (Dutch), in December, 1912.

Finding the farm none too lucrative in these parts, they decided to move to Canada, and in September 1913 Charlie went to Sedgewick, Alberta, and was employed by various farmers in those parts. In January 1914, the rest of the family followed. Lloyd was born in November of that year.

In 1917 Charlie and Lucy decided to move to Dovercourt and took a homestead in that district, as there wasn't any available land at Sedgewick. One quarter section was too heavily treed, so they purchased what is now the home of Elio Della Costa.

Lena went to Calgary and worked at Burns Packing Plant. Henry, Harlen and Jack helped clear the land. Charlie helped build the road using a Fresno and team of horses. This was in payment of land taxes. In the winters they had a bush camp and took out mine props to augment their income. It was here, when hauling a large load of mine props, that Charlie fell off and was run over by the sleigh. The Big Horn

(l-r) Harlen Courtright, Henry and Rena (Courtright) Kobzinsky, Marion (Dutch) Courtright, Lloyd and Jack Courtright.

Indians rescued him and took him home. His back was broken, so consequently he walked quite stooped. In the ensuing years the family started working at the Nordegg mine. Lena moved from Calgary to cook in the boarding house. Jack Courtright left for Nanton and Caley, Alberta, and worked as a ranch hand for various ranchers.

In 1928 Charlie and Lucy bought a one-half section of land in the Beaver Flats district. They moved there with Dutch and Lloyd. The family gradually left and worked at various jobs. Lloyd returned to the farm at Beaver Flats and worked there until Charlie and Lucy sold the farm and moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1943. Later, Charlie and Lucy moved to Vernon and Winfield, B.C. where Charlie passed away in 1958 at the age of eighty-two, and Lucy passed away in 1962 at the age of eighty-seven.

COURTRIGHT, Harlen (1903-1992)
written by Doris Maconochie

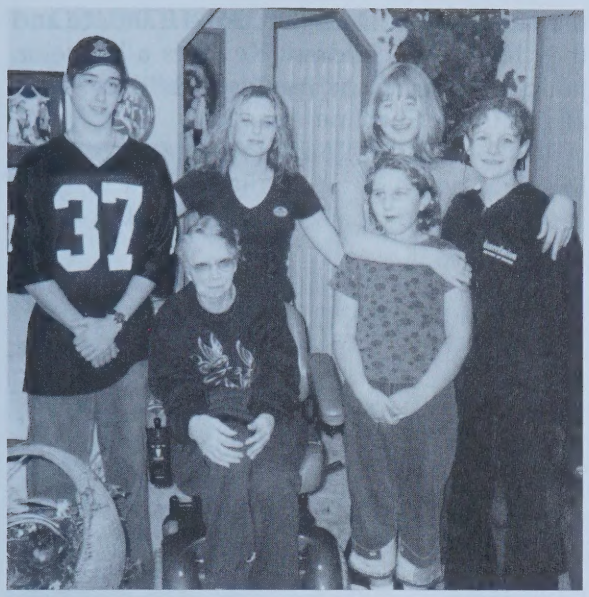
Harlen worked at various jobs: bush camps, mining, and the C.P.R. He lived with his parents taking a correspondence course from Chicago in the early 1940s, and becoming a millwright. Harlen moved to B.C. and worked in various mills. He moved back to Alberta where he retired, moving to Westview Lodge. He then moved to Entwhistle and, from there, he entered the hospital in Edmonton where he passed away on September 8, 1992. He was never married.

Aunt Lena Kobzinsky, Harlan and friend, 1922.

COURTRIGHT, Henry and Freda (1896-1989)
written by Doris Maconochie

Harlen, Henry and Jack Courtright in October 1985.

Henry worked at various jobs over the years, living in the Sleepy Valley area before moving to Rocky Mountain House. Henry was employed in construction having his own company building basements and houses for a number of years. He married Freda Lawrence in 1932. Henry and Freda had a family of three children, Gordon, Gerry and Dorothy. Gordon married Ann Daley, and they had a son, Gordon



Thanksgiving 2001 – Matt Lumayko, Danielle Lecerf, Amanda Lumayko, Meg and Cait Fink and Freda Courtright.

Jr. While coming to see his infant son and wife in the Rocky Hospital, Gordon Sr. was tragically killed in a truck-train collision.

Gerry married Gordon's widow, and they had three children, Julie, Danie and Laurie. Gerry drove truck until his retirement. His daughters, Julie and Laurie, live in Southern Alberta, while son, Dan, and his wife, Darcy, have Courtright Electronics in Rocky Mountain House. Dan and Darcy have two children.

Henry Courtright passed away in August, 1989. Freda lives with Gerry and his second wife, Marlene, in their new home in the LeCerf subdivision.

Dorothy Courtright married Bill Fink in January 1954. Bill worked for a lumber company and eventually worked for Esso Petroleum in the Beaufort Sea. They had three children: Debbie born in January 1955, and twins Cindy and Randy born in 1956. The family lived at Pubrock, Alberta, and Enderby, B.C. Upon retirement, they moved to Winfield where their son, Randy, lives with his two daughters, Megan and Caitlin.

Cindy and family, including children Mathew and Amanda, live in Edmonton as does Debbie and daughter, Danielle.

Dorothy and Bill spend their winters in Arizona.

COURTRIGHT, Jack, Pearl and family
written by Doris Maconochie

Pearl (Speight) and Jack Courtright in 1975, 45th Wedding Anniversary.

When Jack returned from Nanton, he met and married Pearl (Speight) in 1930. They moved to the original Charlie Courtright farm at Dovercourt. They had four children: Violet in 1930; Irene in 1932; William (Bill) in 1934, and Neil in 1938. Neil passed away at the age of three in 1941.

Jack and Pearl moved to Rocky Mountain House after Jack had worked in the woods for the winter. Pearl worked for Curly Wong in his store on a downtown corner on Main Street

New Years 1997 - Violet Holman, Jack Courtright, Pearl (Speight) Courtright, Bill Courtright, and Irene (Courtright) Klatt.

66th Anniversary Pearl and Jack, seated. Back: Clarry, Irene, Bill, Helen, Violet, and Harley.

(now a photo lab). Jack started constructing houses while living in the Stenback house. They built their own house on 49 Street and moved in 1943. Pearl started a store and café across the river, known as the River Store. Jack bought a farm from Harold Killick in the Cow Lake-Strachan area and they moved, selling their house in Rocky to Jack and Ella Bourne. Pearl, never one to lose an opportunity, started the Cow Lake Store. They moved to a mobile home near the lake, turning the farm over to their daughter, Violet, and her husband, Harlen Holman and family. Pearl and Jack retired to Caroline, living there for several years before returning to Rocky, to reside in the Westview Lodge. Jack continues to live at Westview Lodge. Pearl lived in Extended Care in the Rocky Hospital until August 2002 when she passed away.

Their daughter, Violet, married Harlen Holman in June 1949, and had five children: Dennis, Leanne, Loreen, Jack, Lorna and Norman. Norman passed away with leukemia at seventeen. Dennis lives in Eckville. Jack and family farm north of Rocky. Lorna and her family live in Medicine Hat. Loreen, LeeAnne and families live in the Okanagan area in British Columbia.

Irene Courtright took her schooling in Rocky Mountain House and married Clarence Klatt in 1950. They lived in Innisfail, then Nordegg, before purchasing a farm near Caroline where they still live. Irene and Clarence have four children: Debbi, Darrell, Kevin and Janice. Debbi married Lowell Nelson and had a daughter and son. Debbi then remarried Tom McKenzie and they have a son. Darrell married Candace and they have two children. Kevin is a bachelor. Janice is married and has three children. They all live in the Caroline area.

William (Bill) Courtright married Betty Misner. They had four children. Bill married Janice and had one son. Bill passed away in March of 2000.

COURTRIGHT, Lloyd (1914 -1992)
written by Doris Maconochie

Donald (Kobzinsky) Collins with Uncle Lloyd Courtright.

As a young man Lloyd worked at various jobs and farmed the Charlie Courtright farm at Beaver Flats. When the farm was sold he did mechanical work.

He met Eva Aube and they were married in January 1954. They moved out to B.C. where Lloyd worked at the pulp mill in Castlegar. Later Lloyd worked at Mica Creek Dam as a mechanic. They purchased a small gas station and mechanical shop. When they sold this, they retired, spending several winters in Arizona until Lloyd's health failed.

Lloyd passed away in 1992 and Eva moved with her mother to a senior complex. When this was sold, Eva bought a mobile home in Salmon Arm. Some time later, Eva's mother moved into a lodge after breaking her hip. Eva sold the mobile home in Salmon Arm and bought one in Winfield, Alberta, where she resides in summer. She spends her winters in Arizona.

COURTRIGHT, Marion (Dutch) and Sylvia
written by Doris Maconochie

Marion (Dutch) and Lloyd Courtright in 1922.

Marion (Dutch) Courtright worked at many jobs, in the bush and on farms. He married Sylvia Purnell in 1937. A log house was built on the Charlie Courtright farm, and they lived there and farmed. They moved to Alhambra and then to Rocky Mountain House. Dutch loaded mine props for the C.P.R. and worked as a mechanic at Edwards Garage. They built a house on 54 Street and lived there. Dutch went to work on the Alaska highway, then returned to Rocky and moved his family to Castlegar, B.C.

Dutch and Sylvia had three children while they lived in the Rocky area, Lois, Barry and James. After working at the pulp mill in Castlegar, Dutch built several houses in Castlegar with the help of his sons. The family moved from Castlegar to Kitimat where Dutch

Dutch and Sylvia Courtright in front.

was again employed at the pulp mill. From Kitimat the family moved to Victoria, and Dutch went to work at the Mica Creek Dam as one of their head mechanics. When he retired Dutch salvaged material from old houses and built several "new" ones.

Dutch and Sylvia's daughter, Lois, joined the army, and was stationed in various places in Canada. Upon completion of her army stint, she went to work for the B.C. Government in Victoria as a computer operator. Lois Courtright sold her property in Victoria and moved to Pender where she still resides.

Son, Barry, worked for B.C. Tel after the completion of his education. Barry and his wife Polly went to Australia for three years and, after returning home, their daughter, Tanya, was born. Barry returned to B.C. Tel and worked there until he retired at age fifty-five. Tanya is married and lives in Fort McMurray with her husband and two children. Barry and Polly's son, Shane, born two years after Tanya, performs as an acrobat in the "Circus del Sol."

Dutch and Sylvia's son, James, finished his education and worked as a town planner and engineer for a number of years. He married Nina, and they had two children, Holly and David. James and his second wife, Helene, moved to the Nelson, B.C. area and worked for the city. He retired to Castlegaar where brother Barry and wife joined them in 2000.

Dutch and Sylvia moved to Pender Island and built a retirement home overlooking the ocean. They moved to Abbotsford for the winter in 1986 where Dutch passed away on December

28, 1986. Sylvia moved back to Victoria, before moving to Pender Island in 1998, to be near her daughter, Lois. She still lives in her own home at eighty-eight years of age.

COWIE, June (Gray)

Mel and June Cowie in 1944.

My first memory of the Rocky Mountain House area was in November 1927, when Mother, Josephine (Hanson) Gray, and I stepped off the train at Ferrier into the deep snow. I was almost two years old. Daddy Ira had driven his car from South Dakota before the snow fell and was at Ferrier to meet us with a team and sleigh. We drove home about four miles west to the Flitcroft place where my grandparents, Tom and Min Gray, had supper ready. I remember being seated on an apple box while we ate, and there were kerosene lamps burning. Mother was not impressed with her new home. She had been to Rocky Mountain House in 1924, as a new bride, and did not care for the bush country. She had been raised on the Dakota prairies and was always very nervous in the trees.

In 1928 my mother's Norwegian parents, Edward and Julia Hanson, came from South Dakota to live with us. I have happy memories of those early years. There was a railway trestle on the hill above our house and I loved to watch the trains go by. The conductors always blew a whistle at the trestle. While we lived there my brother, Roland, was born (November 1929), a few days after the "big crash on Wall Street" in the USA. I learned later that my folks lost all their savings in the crash.

In January 1930 we moved to Dad's homestead on the adjoining quarter, by the North

Mel and June Cowie in 1990.

Saskatchewan River, and this was the family home until Dad's death in 1964. My mother's parents remained in the house on the Flitcroft place after we moved to the new location. In 1935 Grandmother Hanson was visiting her sons in Dakota, when Granddad contracted pneumonia and passed away. He is buried in Garth Cemetery. Grandma remained in the Dakotas until her death and is buried in Jamestown, North Dakota.

Mother was a school teacher in South Dakota before her marriage. There was no hope of a school being built in our area. When I was nearly seven years old, mother began home-schooling me with the aid of correspondence school lessons from Edmonton. I completed Grade 9 in this manner and Roland and my youngest brother, Dennis (born in 1938), came to the same instruction. Mother also taught the Grosso children in our home.

When World War II got into full swing there was a teacher shortage. Mother was persuaded to teach in public schools. She taught in several one-room schools until her retirement in 1964. Dad operated a mixed farm on two quarters, raising oats and barley and a huge garden. Our livestock were cows, horses and sheep. In winter Dad operated tie camps, where he hired men to cut timber and hew out railway ties for the CN Railway. It was a hard life, with little rest. He was very busy all year long. In fall Dad would go hunting for wild game for our winter's meat. In those depression years, many people had trouble surviving, but we were fortunate;

we were always well fed and clothed and education was a very important item in our home. In summer, we fished the river and had a steady diet of trout, white fish and wild fruit. The river also provided us with swimming holes. When there was no money for gasoline or license plates, Dad took the motor out of the car and hitched the horses to it. We had the neatest Bennett Buggy in the country.

If there was rain, the roads got very slippery and Dad was often called out at night to harness his horses and pull a car out of a muddy ditch. Many times he was given a dollar for his trouble. The Nordegg road also proved entertaining. People would drive down the dirt road from the mining towns and on their return would throw beer bottle into the ditches. Roland and I would collect these bottles and sell them to make pocket money. Five cents gave us a big bag of candy.

Our radio was battery powered—and what a precious appliance it was. We all had our favorite programs. "The Farmer" on CJCA, Edmonton, read "Burgess Bedtime Stories" and made Birthday announcements, such as "June Gray of Ferrier is ten, today. If you follow a string tied to your bed, you will find a present."

Dad liked the Thursday night old time music, and I learned to dance to this music in the kitchen. Mother liked "Ma Perkins" and "Pepper Young's Family." We had lunch at one p.m., so we could listen to the soap operas. Mother was a strict teacher and made certain we kept regular school hours. If something happened to disrupt our school day we had to make the time up on Saturday.

We treasured our animals: cats, dogs, rabbits and goats. Lambs were special too, and there were tears when fall market time came. Calves and colts were pets, and we spoiled one calf so badly she was unmanageable when she grew up. So, Dad said, "No more playing with the calves." My husband Melvin tells how he and his brothers rode their granddad's pigs.

We had saddle horses, and later on Roland got a pedal bike. In winter we would sleigh ride down our many hills and skate on the river, or on small ponds. Roland became an excellent marksman with his twenty-two rifle and hunted squirrels in winter for pocket money. In the fall he would easily bag grouse and prairie chicken whenever Mother requested chicken for supper. One day he entered the kitchen, holding some wild chicken by the legs, and one began to look at us. Roland had only stunned it, having shot at its head to save the meat from damage.

In the late 30s, Dad acquired another car. The old Ford was not repairable from its Bennett Buggy days. This latest car enabled us to drive to Rocky on a Saturday, sell our beer bottles and see a matinee at the theater. Three of the many movies we watched were "Marie Antoinette," "Ramona" and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." A small library was located in Jesse Brown's Radio Shop and we soon became regular patrons. Weekly mail bought us the "Free Press Prairie Farmer" from Winnipeg and it held something for everyone. I liked the Pathfinder page devoted to youngsters. Mother liked the Home Loving Hearts, in the middle section, because it contained household hints from Western Canadian housewives. There was also a good comic section featuring "Little Orphan Annie" and "Gasoline Alley."

There was one problem with our childhood; we were "different." We couldn't go to school with other children because we lived too far from a public school, and this bothered Roland and me. Other kids couldn't understand why we knew so little about team sports. We got excellent marks in our studies, but this didn't compensate for looking stupid when children our age played ball or other games at picnics—Roland and I didn't know how to play these games. Although we understood it was necessary for us to be "home-schooled," in later years Roland and I agreed this was not the best way to get an education.

My happiness, beyond measure, was when I moved to Rocky to take my Grade 10, 11 and 12. In 1942 I got my first job as a waitress in the Modern Café for Shorty Wong. When school began in the fall I was kept on as part time help. While in Grade 12, I applied for, and received, an appointment for employment in the new meteorology office—a federal job. At that time, students could not go to school part-time and, since I wanted my high school matriculation, I didn't take the job. Many years later, in 1962, this background proved useful to gain employment in the Barons Post Office, a position I held for twenty-five years, the last fifteen as postmaster.

In the fall of '42, I met Melvin Cowie, grandson of Web and Buelah Buck, early pioneers of the North Raven-Stauffer district. Melvin and I became good friends, and, after fifty-seven years of marriage, we are still best friends.

While in Rocky Mountain House, Melvin was employed in Killico Men's Wear and later worked in the Smart Shop. Our son, Terry, was born in 1947, and in 1950 we moved to Nordegg. When the mines closed in Nordegg in 1954, we moved to Lethbridge where Melvin, who had always been interested in massage therapy, continued his studies in that field. Our son, Robert, was born in 1956. Then in 1961 we moved to Barons, a small village northwest of Lethbridge. Melvin worked for the Southern Alberta Coop for two years, before setting up his own massage business which he operated successfully for thirty years.

Terry and Robert did well in Barons School and both graduated from Lethbridge Collegiate Institute. Terry attended Lethbridge Community College in Business Administration and became an insurance adjuster. He married Yvonne Theilen of Milk River. They have three children, Jeff, Greg and Jocelyn. Jeff works for Louis Dreyfus Grain Co., at Layalta. Greg attends Red Deer College, and Jocelyn attends the University of Lethbridge.

Robert graduated from the University of Lethbridge with a B. Ed. and later obtained his Masters degree at the U of L. He married Lynn Bush of Claresholm. Lynn and Rob have two children, Jennifer and Bryan. Jennifer is in Grade 12, and Bryan is in Grade 9. Rob's family resides in Nanton where Lynn teaches and Rob is employed as Principal of Vulcan High School.

Through the years Melvin and I have been very active in community affairs, and since retirement are keeping up these interests. My mother lived in her own home in Rocky from 1964 to 1988. In 1988 she moved to Westview Lodge and passed away in 1992, at the age of 92. She is buried beside my dad in Garth Cemetery.

Many of our family now rest at Garth Cemetery, with the exception of my grandfather, Tom Gray, who disappeared in 1941 and was never found. His name is on Grandmother Min's headstone which lists him as a "missing person." We feel sad about this circumstance because he donated part of the homestead he acquired in 1907 to be a cemetery for the new community. In his journal my father, Ira, says, "a Turnquist family member passed away and Dad said, "We need a cemetery," so off he went to speak to a survey crew who were surveying the right-of-way for the railway to the Nordegg coal fields. He asked them to please survey a corner of his land for a cemetery and they did. This happened in 1912 or thereabouts, and my grandfather owned the quarter section on which Garth Cemetery is located until 1939.

On April 8, 1928, Garth Cemetery was registered with the government land titles office after a group of neighbors volunteered to take care of the graves. The local newspaper, "the Echo," refers to Tom and Min Gray hosting many community events, so very likely the decision to register the cemetery and select trustees occurred in the Gray's large living room. The trustees appointed that day were Charles McNallie, John C. Allen, Mabel Brierley, Lydia Small and Margaret Robinson.

There was no fence when Granddad Hanson was buried in Garth Cemetery in 1935, so Dad built a small white fence around the grave to keep open-range cattle away. Mother planted iris roots—the irises are still growing, sixty-six years later. Father Ira is buried in Garth Cemetery with his two brothers, Jay and Tommy, my mother, Josephine, and my aunts, Katie and Filomena. My brother, Roland, joined them in 1996. Uncle Tommy built a small white fence around Grandmother Min's grave which still stands, but the fence around Granddad Hanson's grave fell apart and had to be removed. A fine fence now encloses the whole of Garth Cemetery. Grandfather Tom would be pleased.

I have a copy of a letter my grandfather sent to his sister in North Dakota, in 1912. "Some day there will be a big city here," he wrote. He was a man of vision, opening the first store and stopping house in the area, and making land available to bereaved friends and neighbors to bury their loved ones on the sandy hillside above his store. Born in Ontario, he was a descendant of United Empire Loyalists as was his wife, Minnie Crandall. The couple emigrated to North Dakota, where thirteen children were born before they returned to Alberta in 1906. Genealogical studies have located Grays here and

abroad. Large family reunions are held biannually in various locations during the summer and many Grays travel long distances to attend.

In past years Father Ira's farm by the river has been subdivided, so that his descendants still hold title to his land. He loved his Alberta home and I believe he would be pleased with recent developments in the area.

COX, Darrel (Hap) and Fern
submitted by their daughter, Shirley Cox

Hap and Vern Cox on their farm in 1952.

Darrel and Fern were married in Welling in 1935 and farmed there for a few years before moving to Lethbridge. After that they lived in Brooks for about five years, where their last two daughters were born. Mom and Dad came up to Rocky on a vacation, fell in love with the country, and decided to move here with their seven daughters at Easter in 1950.

When travelling from Brooks to Rocky, we found it to be a very long trip with seven girls and Mom and Dad in the car. The closer we got to Rocky the more frightened we became. Dad told us there were Indians hiding behind trees, watching us, and they would take us away. Arriving in Rocky we found the Indians had their horses and wagons tied to hitching rails on main street, and we thought for sure they would snatch us from the car. Of course Dad kept up the pretense as long as he could; he had a great sense of humor.

Cox Family. Joyce, Marvel, Myrna, Richard, Donna, Lorrie, Shirley, and Betty.

We bought a farm about ½ mile west and a mile south of town. The property is now the Lecerf Subdivision. The lagoon is also on our old farm site. We farmed until 1960, or thereabouts. Then Dad sold the farm and rented the Beckter farm, northeast of town. We lived there for a few years and then moved into town, much to our dismay as we loved the farm. We had many adventures on the farm. Joyce and I used to tag along after Betty and Donna. One day the older girls decided to teach us a lesson. They asked us if we wanted to learn to fly. Of course we thought that would be great, so Donna and Betty had us climb on a log while they filled out boots with sticks. They said the sticks would help us fly better. Then they took off, leaving us on the old log, flapping our arms like crazy, trying to soar like birds. Of course it didn't work, so we ran crying to Mom (after we took off our boots), and Donna and Betty got into trouble for being mean to us. Back in those days we had to make our own fun, and with so many girls in the family we didn't have much trouble doing that.

We were one of the first LDS (Mormon) families to settle in this area. Audran and Joan Leavitt, and Audran's parents, Amos and Eileen Leavitt, were the other two Mormon families here. We used to meet in each others' home for church every Sunday. After church we would drive out west and have a picnic. Eva and Gillis Spongberg and their son, Danny, were neighbors and very good friends. They used to come with us on our picnics. We have many happy memories of those Sunday picnics. One Sunday as we were driving back, I was sitting in the back of the truck, letting a roll of toilet paper unroll as

we traveled down the road. The others, following behind, thought it was hilarious, but I remember getting into trouble for that trick as money was scarce in those days.

Our dad was a happy-go-lucky person. As a child he was so happy his family nicknamed him "Hap," a nickname which stuck throughout his life. Dad told us about what he and some school chums had done when they were young. After school they waited in the barn, and when their teacher came to collect his horse, the boys jumped him, tied him up, put him in the hayloft and left him there over night. Dad said he almost got suspended for that prank—one of many, I understand.

Our father was a great horseman; he broke and trained countless horses for many people. He had a knack with horses. Dad loved the outdoors, was an avid hunter, fisherman and all-round sportsman. As a young man he played baseball and hockey and was selected to play baseball for a major league team. But he hurt his pitching arm and had to give up his dream. In later years he curled, golfed and bowled.

Dad worked at Killicks Store and Edwards Garage for a number of years, but loving the outdoors as he did, he soon found outdoor work. He worked for Chevallier Construction, Charlie Bolton Excavating, and for the forestry campgrounds and the Forestry Lookout. Dad and Mom worked at the Rocky Curling Rink and Pine Hills Golf Course for many years. This is where Mom became famous for her lemon pies. They were the best, and everybody wanted a piece of Mom's pie after they finished golfing or curling.

When Dad was looking after the golf course the greens had to be perfect. At the curling rink, the ice had to be pebbled just so. He was a perfectionist and it showed in his work.

Wherever Dad was you would find Mom at his side, assisting him in anyway she could. Mom was a very private individual, and her home and family were her greatest love. Everything she did was for Dad and her family. She was the most wonderful mother any child could have, and Dad was the best father a child could hope for.

Before her marriage Mom enjoyed cross-stitching, knitting, crocheting and sewing, but with a large family these hobbies had to take a back seat. She used to sew beautiful dresses for us girls. One day after she finished making Donna a dress, Donna ran outside to show the new dress to Dad. He was working with a young horse, and when she ran up the horse reared and knocked a can of pine tar off the fence. The tar went all over the new dress which, needless to say, was ruined.

Dad kept many people captivated with his stories about pranks that were played at the golf course or curling rink. While he was at Prairie Creek Campground and his children and grandchildren came to visit, he would arise early in the morning, go down to the creek and catch trout for breakfast, much to everybody's delight. Dad and Mom had seven daughters before they had a son. Their first son was stillborn, and then Richard joined our family in 1953, much to Mom and Dad's delight.

Dad lost his parents when he was very young. He was raised by Abraham and Louisa Wilde of Welling. Most of his siblings were raised by various families in the community, but a sister and brother lived with relatives in the States. Mom lost her mother at an early age, and she was raised by her older siblings while her father worked.

Mom died suddenly November 22, 1979, from a stroke. Dad passed away nine months later, on September 19, 1980, after a year and a half battle against brain cancer. They are joined on the other side by two grandsons: Donald Joyal in 1991, who died from skin cancer, and Blaine Chambers in 1998, who was killed in a car accident. Mom and Dad are survived by eight children, thirty grandchildren, forty-five great-grandchildren, and two great great-grandchildren.

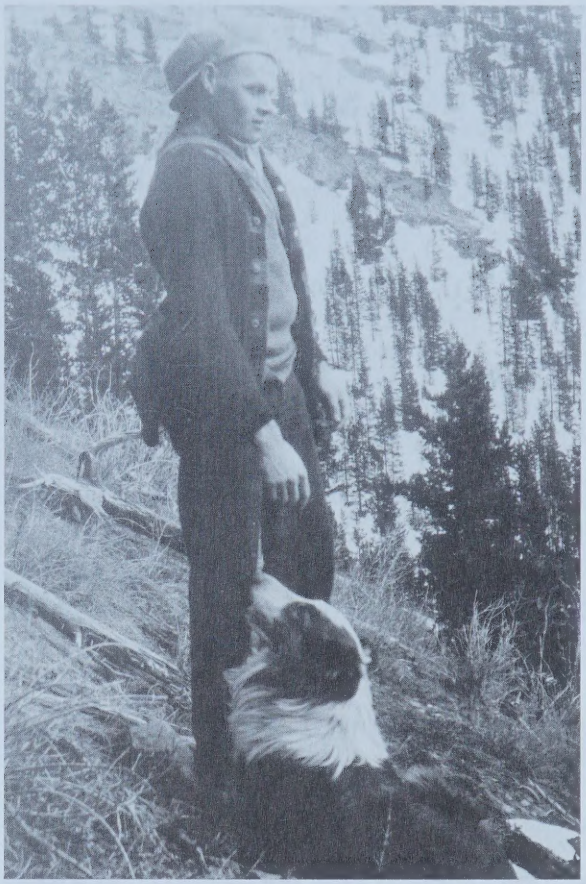
Their children are Lorrie, Marvel, Myrna, Donna, Betty, Shirley, Joyce and Richard. Lorrie married Nelson Smith in 1956 (5 children, 8 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren); Marvel married Omer Joyal in 1958 (5 children, 5 grandchildren); Myrna married Chuck Greer in 1960 (3 children, 7 grandchildren); Donna married Dave Witwer in 1962 (4 children, 6 grandchildren); Betty married Keith Pedersen in 1961 (2 children, 2 grandchildren); Shirley, married Ron Chambers in 1967 (divorced in 1983) (3 children, 3 grandchildren); Joyce married Ron Lougheed (died in 1970) then married Gary Epp in 1990 (5 children, 13 grandchildren); Richard married Simone Martineau in 1980 (3 children) (divorced in 1987).

CRAIG, David
information by Gladys Craig

Craig family, 1911. Jim, David, Mary, John, (Agnes with baby Robert) and David Craig.

Gladys (Key) Craig on tennis court on Marcella Avenue in Nordegg.

This is the family history of David Craig and his wife, Agnes Muir Stewart Craig. They came from the town of Broxburn, in Scotland where David was a candle maker by trade. In March 1911, he and Agnes and their children (Mary Ann, John, James, David and Robert), packed



Bob and dog, Prince.

up their belongings and boarded a ship for Canada. Agnes' family, the Stewarts, had already made the trek and were established in the community of Fernie, BC. David Craig began working in the Coal Creek Mine there.

Agnes Craig soon become homesick for Scotland, and in July of 1914 the family left Fernie and travelled back to Scotland. Then in 1916, when the news came from Canada of Agne's Mother's failing health, the Craig family boarded a ship to return to Canada. This time their oldest son, John, decided to remain in Scotland.

Once again David Craig began to work in Fernie at the Coal Creek Mine, but in 1918 an in-law, James Stewart, who was a mine manager at the mine in Nordegg, called David to come and join him. So, the Craig family packed up and moved to Nordegg. David and his sons, James and David (Jr.), all began working at the mine, while son Robert was still in school. In later years David worked in the barn looking after the horses until his retirement in 1950. He died in Fernie at 91 years of age.

David and Sadie's children: Betty, David and Mary Ann Craig.

Middle - Sadie Craig with great-great-grandson, Connor Doherty, great-grandmother Betty (Craig)Thomas, Grandmother Susan Craig and mother Carolyn Doherty.

(Four generations) Bart Dennis, Mary Ann Wiley, Violet and Craig Dennis. David Craig seated.

Ellen and Jim's family: Robert, Eleanor; David Russell Craig and Sharon Munson.

Mary Ann Craig, daughter of David (Sr.) and Agnes Craig, was married in 1914 to Fred Eschwig, and they had a daughter, Violet. Fred died in 1917, and Mary Ann went to Casper, Wyoming, to work as a nurse and later married G.O. Wiley. Violet lived with her grandparents, David and Agnes Craig, and went to school in Nordegg. She completed her education at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton, then taught school in Nordegg for a year before joining her mother in Wyoming. Violet married Ted Dennis in Casper, Wyoming, on July 5, 1940. Ted is now deceased, and Violet lives in Omaha, Nebraska. She and Ted had two sons, Craig and Bartley, both married, and Violet has four grandchildren.

David's second son, James Muir Stewart Craig, known as Jim, married Auli Ellen Lampi and, after his marriage, worked in the Saunders Creek Mine, later moving to the USA to work in the oil fields. Jim and Ellen had two sons and two daughters: David Russell Craig, born in Nordegg Oct.18,1925; Eleanor Agnes Craig,

Robert and Glady Craig.

born in Alexo Sept 3, 1927; Robert Taylor Craig and Sharon Anne Craig born after their parents moved to the USA.

The third son, David Craig (Jr.) became the Tipple foreman at the Nordegg Mine. He married Sadie Hillman of Sylvan Lake. They had four children: Beatrice (Betty) Florence Craig, born Feb.27,1925; David Craig (3rd), born March 1,1927, in Nordegg; Mary Ann Wilson Craig, born September 23, 1934, in Nordegg, and Sharon Agnes Craig, born November 15, 1943, in Nordegg.

Robert Taylor Stewart Craig, the youngest son, completed his schooling in Nordegg, then worked at the drug store in Nordegg for John Rovers and later Dave Caldwell. When Dave Caldwell moved to Red Deer, Steward Kidd, owner of the drug store, asked Robert to run it. The doctor dispensed all prescription drugs at that time, so it was okay for Robert to run the store. He worked there for ten months. The mine manager, John Shanks, offered Robert a job at the mine, so Robert became a mine surveyor and later had a job running the cleaning plant.

On August 19,1937, Robert married Gladys Key, daughter of Dr. James Albert Key who had been the doctor at the Nordegg Hospital. Bob and Gladys had three children: John David, born February 11, 1940; Robert Stewart, born January 8, 1943, and Mary Agnes, born November 4, 1944. The family left Nordegg to return to Fernie in 1943, where Mary Agnes was born. Son, John, married Judy Smolik in 1955, and they had two daughters. John lost his life in a plane crash near Kimberly, B.C. He was the head of the Kimberley ambulance service and was teaching the crew search and rescue, how to deal with air rescue, when the plane he was in crashed.

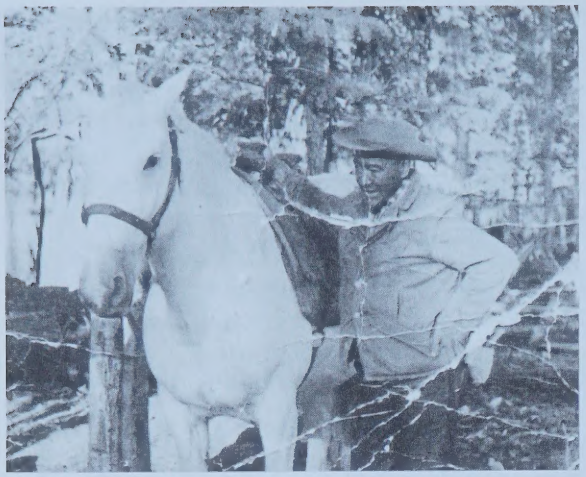
Son, Robert, worked for Shell Canada in Fernie and ran their bulk plant in Fort St. John, B.C. He now works for the B.C. government on road building and resurfacing. His home is in the Jaffray area in B.C., on Rosen Lake.

Daughter, Mary, and her husband, Don Charlton, also live on Rosen Lake where Bob and Gladys have a cottage. Bob and Gladys live in Fernie, and celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary in 1997.

David and Sadie (Hillman) Craig.

CRAWLER, Jack
as told to Annette Gray

Jack Crawler and Dennis Gray.



Isaiah Crawler.

Isaiah Crawler wood carving.

Jack, who has lived on the Big Horn Reserve all his life, is the son of Isaiah Crawler and Georgie (House) Crawler. He was born April 22, 1946, and has one sister, Rosie. He took his schooling on the reserve with Mr. Shoup being his first teacher. The family farmed, trapped and hunted for a living, and Jack's father worked in the Nordegg mines until they shut down.

Jack is an elder on the Big Horn Reserve. As a young man, Jack took part in aboriginal ceremonies as a drummer and singer. Later, with his cousin, Donald Rider, from Saskatchewan, he cut a record with Sweetgrass and Canyon record companies, which featured traditional aboriginal music. "I plan to cut a second record with my boys," Jack says.

Today, Jack's band of musicians consist of his son, Shane, the lead guitarist; his brother-in-law, Keon, drummer; Glen Waskewitch, bass guitarist; Jack's stepson, Oliver, on the keyboard. Step-son Malcolm Hunter, and nephew, Floyd Crawler, are also drummers. Singers are Jack, Shane, Keon, Dion, Floyd, Fergus, Robert, Glen and Fredrick.

Jack has four sons: Shane, Kion, Bob and Errol from a previous marriage, and he and his wife, Virginia, have seven children: Angela, Shelena, Jackie, Sonja, Amanda, Stephanie and Fiona. He also has twenty-three grandchildren as well as many other relatives. Some live in Morley, while others live as far away as Lodgepole, Montana.

Isaiah Crawler at far right, listening to Son Jack's band.

CRAWLER, Rosie
as told to Annette Gray

Rosie's parents, Isaiah and Georgie Crawler.

Rosie Crawler was born to Isaiah and Georgie (House) Crawler on August 8, 1932. At the time of Rosie's birth, her mother was on a horseback trip to Morley. That particular day the Crawler and House family were camped together, picking berries along the Clearwater River south of Nordegg, and Georgie gave birth with the assistance of female relatives.

Rosie has only one brother, Jack Crawler. However, she had five other siblings who died as children. Rosie was very young when she and two brothers contracted whooping cough. She recovered but the boys died. Sometime later, two sisters and a third brother died of pneumonia.

Rosie Crawler and grandson, Quentin.

During childhood and well into adulthood, Rosie Crawler's home was a white canvas tent in which a wood-burning stove was used for cooking and heating. Rosie also learned to cook outdoors using a tripod over an open fire. Her specialties were bannock and wild game.

One of Rosie's longtime occupations has been making garments—jackets, moccasins, gloves and purses—out of hides she tanned herself. She enjoys tanning hides and doing beadwork, and through the years she has taught these crafts to many other women.

In the past, some residents have planted gardens on the reserve, sowing carrots, turnips, lettuce, radishes, peas and beans—but no flowers. There are always plenty of wild flowers in the mountain meadows. The Crawler family used to stack hay during the summer, which was fed to their large herd of horses in the winter, but since the younger generation drive cars and trucks, very few own horses. Of necessity, Rosie learned to ride a horse almost as soon as she could walk; back then, horses were the only method of transportation.

Rosie has one daughter, Mary Alice, who lives nearby and a son, Floyd, who drives a school bus for the Nagoda Bus Lines in Morley. Rosie lost two small sons to pneumonia. Her daughter's children are Fergus, Fredrick, Quentin, Candace, Manny and Glendelia, and her son's children are Florendra, Denean, Mannisha and Isaiah. Granddaughter Floydena died at age thirteen, and a grandson, Maverick, died at three months. Rosie has raised four of her grandchildren.

On the day we visited Rosie, her grandson, Quentin, a fine looking young man, was participating in traditional dances and wore an intricately beaded, fringed costume. Rosie's face glowed with pride when she introduced us to Quentin, and it is easy to see why. He's a very accomplished dancer.

Quentin has an unusual nickname which he acquired at a very early age. He was barely walking when he accompanied his family to Red Deer to visit his great-grandmother, Georgie Crawler, a patient in the Red Deer Hospital. Somehow Quentin became separated from the adults and set out on his own on, the busy streets. He was a brave little fellow and didn't fuss or cry, the way most children would. No, he simply caught a ride with a passing motorist and directed the driver across the city to family friends. This surprising accomplishment (at such a young age) earned him the title of "Hitchhiker," a nickname still used by friends and family today.

Rosie also introduced us to her granddaughter, Denean, who recently won first prize at the Treaty #7 Science Fair. Denean's winning entry was a solar panel which she designed herself—her prize, a miniature space ship. Rosie shook her head as she talked about the changes that

have taken place since she was a child; she has seen the nomadic lifestyle of her ancestors fade away and her grandchildren compete in space-age technology. Although she is proud of Denean's accomplishment, Rosie enjoys stepping back in time. She looks forward to sleeping in a tent while attending various Sun Dances this summer. She has participated many times in Sun Dances over the years and takes these religious ceremonies very seriously. "Girls under twelve know nothing," she remarked. "So I had to be twelve years old before I was allowed to take part in a Sun Dance."

Rosie's favorite activities, which may or may not appeal to her grandchildren, are sewing, beading and smoking hides. The latter is a process used in preparing animal pelts for making garments. She also loves to make bonnets for her grandchildren who no longer use traditional moss bags, but wear pampers and ride in car-seats. What amazing changes have occurred in her lifetime! Yet Rosie Crawler takes them all in stride with a gentle smile, pleased to see her descendants taking their rightful place in a changing world.

CRIMSON LAKE - Water Skiing (1935)
by G. A. Schierholtz

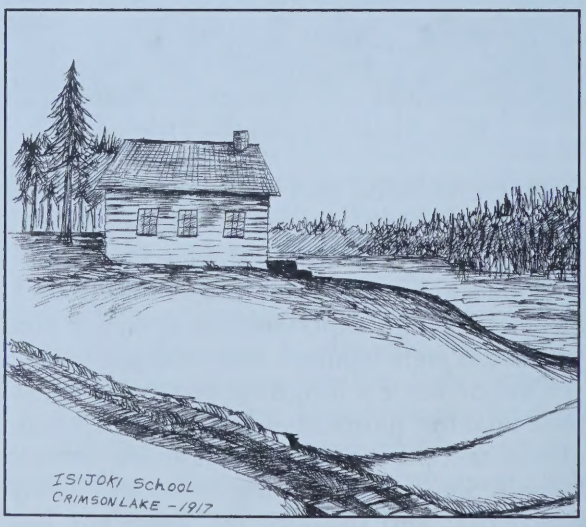
Water Skiing.

Water-skiing is the most popular children's sport at the Crimson Lake summer resort, eight miles west of Rocky Mountain House. John Plathan has made three sets of skis, which are left on the beach all summer for any child to use. When they are connected by a wooden seat, the rider can sit down and paddle; when the seat is removed, they can be used as "water skis." Any child, skilled in using them, can actually ski on water, but most children prefer them connected as it is easier to balance. All three sets are in constant demand. Now and again some child upsets them trying a few stunts, but he just turns them over, lets the water run out, and he's off again.

Nothing at the lake gives the children as much pleasure. Parents, too, are very pleased with them as they are far safer than canoes. It is easy to learn to operate them, using an eight foot pole with a paddle at each end. The skis are made of canvas stretched on a wooden frame, then painted. Children's sizes are six foot long, adults eight feet; both kinds are seven inches wide and eight inches deep. Children's hold up to 150 pounds, adults up to 250 pounds.

Mr. Plathan thought up the invention about ten years ago and made a large pair for himself, which he used for some years on the lake. Then he had the idea of making the smaller size with the connecting seat for children, and finished his third pair last winter.

CRIMSON LAKE - MOVING THE SCHOOL
by Art Williams



Sketch of School 1917.

Crimson Lake School circa 1943.

In 1950 I was employed with C. G. Bysterveld Building Mover from Delburne. Sometime in January or February, we were preparing to go to Rocky Mountain House to move the Crimson Lake School. It was a nice day, so we left Delburne around daylight and traveled through Red Deer and Sylvan Lake and west on the old highway where it passed through all the small towns.

Just after we crossed the North Saskatchewan River at Rocky, we turned north, along the river for about six miles to find the school situated on the left hand side of the road. Here the school was built on a little hill that seemed just big enough for it to be on. Arriving about 11:00 a.m., we looked the job over and ate a hot lunch which we had taken with us. There was plenty of snow to shovel as there was better than two feet of it. It did not take long to get some blocks unloaded and get started jacking the building up.

How great it was to have the old 1942 - 30cwt army truck for the block truck. Since it was a 4-wheel drive and we had put a set of chains on the front wheels, the deep snow was no problem at all. We placed the 40 foot timbers under the building, and soon found the timbers high off the ground, since the building was sitting on this high piece of ground. With the winch on the moving truck, it wasn't too difficult to pull the timbers and trailers under the building. When we came to place the moving truck onto the timbers, we discovered we had another problem. The moving truck was a nearly new White truck -1950, and this job was almost its first job of moving. The truck was sloping down hill so much that we couldn't get the kingpin to drop through the swinging bolster where it pivoted on the truck. To get around this we had to block the front of the truck up about two feet, then we were okay.

At this time of year darkness soon came upon us. We got it ready to go, and all the blocks loaded up, before we left for supper. Arriving in Rocky at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Titford, a nice hot meal was waiting which we really enjoyed. Being wet to the watch pocket, we soon retired to bed for the night. The plan was, if we got an early start in the morning, we should have the school in Rocky in good time tomorrow. So, after an early breakfast in the morning we were on our way, not realizing that our troubles were just beginning. After getting back to our location, it was not long before we were out on the road. Soon we discovered this was a logging road, where logging trucks were traveling in both directions. I don't know if anyone else

Distant view of school circa 1943.

noticed the trucks the day before; I never did. Perhaps the deep snow and our problems kept us too occupied.

Many times the logging trucks had to wait for us to find a prime location before we could let them pass. The road was well plowed, but was not plowed wide enough to keep the timber trailers from dragging on the sides. Many times we had to put the army truck out on a long cable to help out. When we came to a hill on the road, we would still spin out. In these cases we had to shovel the snow on the edge of the road for the trailers, and look along the ditch for some dry dirt to spread on the road. Around two o'clock we were still about one mile or so out of Rocky, and we were longing for some lunch. Reaching a spot in the road suitable to stop and take a break was difficult. We were right beside a house close to the road. Casey asked me to go in and see if they would make us a few sandwiches and coffee. These folks were more than glad to feed us. I think they must have known our need, and how wonderful that lunch was.

After finishing our lunch we soon entered the approach on the road where they used to travel down to the ferry years ago. Here again we put the army truck out on a hundred feet of cable and headed off into the unplowed snow. We were off the road, and the lumber trucks could roll again.

Going down to the river was no problem; we never had to stop. Once we were out on the river ice, we headed under the bridge, and we had about two feet to spare. Shortly after getting under the bridge, we came to the old ferry approach which came up off the river on the east side. Now we were trying to go uphill in deep snow. Once again we were in trouble. At this point we had to shovel the snow away from the trucks and the timber trailers, for there was just too much snow for the trucks to handle. By this time it was nearing dark, but we still carried on. Casey was hoping to get us out of this spot before we quit for the night. Chains were breaking up on the trucks, and nothing was improving. Here we were, wet to the watch pocket again, and our patience was getting shorter by the minute. Our afternoon sandwiches and coffee had carried us to this point. Being exhausted, I started to gather up the shovels, chains and cable. I was finished for the day regardless of the outcome. The weather was turning cold, and the wind was coming up. Casey asked what I was doing when he saw the equipment gathered up. In short reply I told him I was quitting for the night, and what was he going to do?

Walking to the Titford home, Mr. And Mrs. Titford gave us some comforting comments for our efforts, and seemed to feel somewhat sorry for us. Here we were again, like last night, hungry, tired and wet!

After a good supper and a nice cozy bed, we woke up to a new day, and after a tasty breakfast we were on our way to the river. If I remember correctly, Mr. Titford rounded up some volunteers to come and help us shovel some snow that morning. Though the weather had dropped down to about ten degrees below zero, the trucks started with no problem. After much shoveling and repairing truck chains, we slowly moved up off the ferry approach. About 10 a.m. we headed in a southerly direction toward the town. It seemed great to roll along down the street without snow to contend with. Someone had to climb to the top of the school to lift the telephone and power lines over the peak of the roof. You probably have guessed by now, who the appointed person was. Yes! Yours truly!

Everyone seemed to be standing out in front of their houses, taking pictures and giving a lot of comments on it all. I remember one lady saying, "that must be a cold job!" She said she sure felt sorry for that young man on top of the roof with his back to the wind.

From here on things went quite well, rolling the school on to the basement, everything went without a hitch. Around 5 o'clock p.m., we were heading for home. We stopped in Sylvan Lake for supper and enjoyed the break out of the snow and the cold. Around 9 o'clock p.m., we arrived back in Delburne. Never did the town feel so good.

If there ever was a moving job that didn't pay its way, I know this was one. Perhaps someone might ask what kind of wages we made back then. Well, it was a whole $5.00 a day. Perhaps the experience was worth more than the pay!

CROY, "Bob" Robert
by Marg Valstar

Robert "Bob" Croy was born October 19, 1932, at Sideview in Northeastern Alberta, to Leola (Potter) and Raymond Croy. Bob and Nellie (Valstar) lived all their married life in the Rocky area. Bob's brother, Dave, was living in Rocky, so Bob came too, and went to work in the bush camp for Frank Williams, first falling logs, and later becoming a sawyer. He even owned his own sawmill for a short time. Bob worked for the forestry, building bridges. He also had a trapline in the west country. The hides of the beavers, mink, coyotes, wolves, lynx and squirrels were graded by size, color and quality, then sold by auction through the Edmonton Fur Auction. The beaver hides had been stretched out flat and nailed to a sheet of plywood. The other animal skins were hung on their own special frame to dry. Sounds simple—but there was definitely a trick to it. At one time Bob trapped live beavers and relocated them to an area where they couldn't cause any more problems, like flooding roads, falling trees and building their dams on farm land. He also had a creek named after him, "Croy Creek," which is located north of the Nordegg River on the Sunchild road.

While Bob and Nellie lived on their acreage at Ferrier, Bob worked on a gravel crusher for Impact Industries of Lacombe. After selling the acreage, they bought a quarter section SE 35-41-6-W5, about ten miles north on the Oras road. Here they raised registered quarter horses which had been Bob's lifelong dream. In 1984 Bob purchased a trapline in Fort Chipewyan, Alberta, and he and Nellie trapped there from September until February. Their son, Rodney, joined them in December. Bob became ill, and after he returned home was diagnosed with cancer. He passed away May 28, 1985, and is buried in the Pine Grove cemetery.

Nellie was born in Hillgersberg, Holland, and attended a Christian school until the age of ten, and at that time immigrated to Canada with her parents, Arie and Pietronella Valstar, in 1949. They sailed on the Tabinta and traveled across Canada by rail, arriving in Castor first, and later ending up in Rocky Mountain House. Nellie went to the Buster Creek School. Her teacher was Tom Bowhay. She finished Grade 9 with pretty good marks and, at the age of sixteen, went to work at the hospital, helping in the kitchen and laundry. From there she went to work in the Heatherdale Bakery which was owned by Kees Boot. Then she went back to work in a hospital in Smithers, B.C. where her two sisters, Lien and Nel were living at the time. Nellie returned to Rocky, and married Bob Croy June 27, 1959, at the minister's house in Rocky. She cooked for the forestry bridge crew for a few years, worked at the House Motel, then spent seventeen years working at the Rocky Hospital for environmental services.

Bob and Nellie had four children: Rodney Charles, Anita Leola, Renee Annette and Jacqueline Pieternella.

Rodney was born May 31, 1960, in the Rocky Hospital. He went to school at the Rocky Elementary and Rocky High School. He first worked on oil rigs, starting as a rough neck and working his way up. He then apprenticed for a welder, and worked at the Husky Gas Plant. He now works for Limeco in Rocky Mountain House. His children are Ian, Carleen, Taryn, Kathryn, and Amanda. He was married to Amy Stricker, and now has a special friend, Michelle, who has a daughter, Cassidy.

Anita was born Dec. 9, 1961, in Rocky and attended school here. She has three children, Crystal, Kenneth, and Amber Lynn. She lives in Wilkie, Saskatchewan, and works as a pest control officer.

Renee was born April 12, 1965, in Rocky and also attended school in Rocky. She married Greg Grills on April 16, 1983. They have one daughter, Melonie, who is still at home. They have a farm south of Alhambra where they have horses and jersey cows. Greg has his own bob-cat business called "G & R Bobcat Services." During the winter months he operates a faller-buncher for Henry Schuurman.

Jacqueline was born Oct. 26, 1966, in Rocky and also went to school in Rocky. She has three children, Jennifer, Lucas, and Abbigail. Jaki took a hair dressing course at the Marvel School of Hair Dressing in Red Deer. She worked at the Green Apple and the Capri in Red Deer, then managed the front desk at the North Hill Inn. She is currently living in Grande Prairie, and manages the front desk at the Service Plus Inns & Suites.

Eight years after Nellie's first husband passed away, she married Bob Clary and they now live on an acreage northeast of Rocky.

CUMBERLAND, William and Elizabeth

William John (Bill) was the eldest of five children born to John (Jack) and Ann Cumberland. He was born July 2, 1929 at Trochu, Alberta. When he was six years old, he moved with his family to the Turner Valley oil field, and then to Nordegg in 1946. Jack became a carpenter boss at the mine and Bill was his helper, before becoming a sawyer at the saw mill.

Because there was a good arena and curling rink at Nordegg, Bill, an excellent skater, played hockey and learned to curl. The mountainous terrain contributed to Bill's love of hunting and fishing. He was introduced to horses by his new friends. Horseback riding was new to Bill, but he was soon able to ride well enough to go on pack trips with his new friends. One of Bill's friends was Reg Morley.

Reg had three sisters, the second being Elizabeth Joyce (Betty), born August 7, 1929. Betty was the fifth child of Sam and Millie Morley. Growing up in Nordegg was great, but in 1946 Betty got the wanderlust and went to Vancouver where she worked and went to night school. However, homesickness got the best of her, so she returned home July 1, 1948. Soon she started working at the drug store and befriended Bill's sister Margaret. Since their brothers were friends, guess what? A close relationship began between Bill and Betty.

Betty decided to further her love of sewing, so two years later she went to Edmonton where, once again, she went to work part-time and attended the Academy of Useful Arts. In 1951 she went to work in Red Deer for the Singer Sewing machine Co. Even so a romance grew. After the fire at Nordegg, Bill went to work at the air base in Penhold before going back to Nordegg when the mine was being rebuilt.

On April 25, 1952, on a beautiful spring day, Bill and Betty were married at the Nordegg United Church by Fred Dann. After a short honeymoon to Banff, the newlyweds returned to their two rooms at the bottom of Nordegg's Main Street, on Martha Avenue. Two days later word was received that Betty's brother, George, had been killed on an oil rig at Big Valley—not a good start to a new life!

When the mine closed in 1953, Bill and Betty moved to Big Valley where Bill went to work on a drilling rig with Ab Simpson, his brother-in-law. For several years Bill and Betty moved with the rigs, living in their mobile home in various parts of Alberta. Their son, Jack, was born on March 4, 1954, at Stettler, and when he was about to start school in 1960, Bill and Betty decided it was time to establish a permanent residence. Since their parents were living in Rocky Mountain House and Bill's work took him away from home, this seemed like the best place to settle.

By this time the couple had two more sons: Alan, born April 4, 1956 and James (Jim) born on November 28, 1958; both were born in Rocky Mountain House. On March 9, 1965, a baby girl, Nancy, completed the family.

The boys spent many hours at the arena, playing hockey while Mom and Nancy watched. Nancy enjoyed figure skating and swimming and later enjoyed her pony.

While Bill was away, Betty kept the home running and enjoyed sewing and crafts. For a number of years she did alterations for a dress shop, Petticoat Junction, and taught sewing classes for the Department of Agriculture. Being a member of the Presbyterian Church she served wherever she was needed at church functions.

Bill worked for several oil drilling companies, but stayed with Imperial Oil Drilling Co.

for eleven years until he was employed by Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Limited. Later he worked for Nova. In 1975 he received a Milestone Award for 50,000 miles of safe driving. By 1988 he had reached 800,000 miles. Bill worked at Nova for twenty-three years before retiring in 1992.

Bill and Betty live a relaxing life-style, spending much of their time in summer at the Nordegg Recreation Association campground, visiting with former Nordeggers. Winter brings ice-fishing, Bill's favorite pastime. In keeping with fishermen's luck, some trips are successful and others are not. It's the entertainment that counts! Betty is part of the Rocky Trail Trashers who walk the trails early in the morning, picking up trash as they walk.

Bill and Betty Cumberland in 2000.

Bill and Betty have lived in their little house on 54th Street for forty-two years. The house has seen several changes over the years. It was moved off its foundation once, then moved onto a new basement, which caused a little stir in the neighborhood.

Their family has changed as well. Jack and Candice live in Alix with their combined families of seven. Alan and Kelly and their two sons live here in Rocky Mountain House. Jim and Sheila live at Spruce View, and Nancy lives at McLaughlan. Bill and Betty have had a few ups-and-downs during fifty years of marriage, but still feel well blessed.

CURR, Victor
written by Leda Curr

Victor purchased his quarter section, one and a half miles west of Everdell Hall, from Wilbur Ringam for the sum of $500.00, in 1952. Originally, it was Wilbur's uncle's homestead, the McKinney place.

Victor was born in Alix, Alberta, in 1909. His parents were Thomas and Nettie (Fraser) Curr, and he was the youngest of their five children. Victor spent his life as a railroader, his first job firing a steam engine on the Alberta Central Railway in 1927. Subsequently, he worked for C.P. Rail for forty-five and a half years, until retiring in 1974. One of the highlights of his career was operating the steam engine when CBC produced the documentary, "The National Dream," with Pierre Berton.

Victor married Leona Barr of Lacombe in 1934 and subsequently four children were born: Ronald Victor, 1934; Robert Lee in 1937; Lois Jean in 1947, and Karen Leona in 1958. Victor and Leona and their family lived in Calgary, while Victor worked for the railroad. Leona passed away from leukemia in 1965 and, four years later, Victor married Leda Poile and added two stepchildren to the family, Herb and Judy.

After retiring in 1974, Victor realized his lifelong dream of operating his farm at Rocky Mountain House. Together, Victor and Leda grew grain, and kept a few sheep and horses. They harvested the old-fashioned way, with stooks and separator. They enjoyed having family and grandchildren helping with this work.

Victor and Leda belonged to the Pioneer Centre in Rocky, which they attended daily and which Victor was on the Board of Directors for several years. Victor was an enthusiastic bowler and pool player. He applied for a government grant through the Pioneer Center for additions to the pool room equipment, and he signed the application "C.V. Curr Ph.D." When his daughter, Karen, told him he should not sign his name like that because he was not a Ph.D., he said he most certainly was—he was the Pool Hall Director.

Victor and Leda were active members of Holy Trinity Anglican Church. In the fall of 1989 they

moved into Evergreen Apartment. Victor passed away on February 16, 1991, and Leda continues to reside in Rocky, retaining the farm where she spends most of the summer with members of the family. Leda volunteers at the Chamber of Commerce Information Booth, and she is a member of the Rocky Mountain House Museum.

Ronald Victor married Hilda Rempel in 1957. They have two children and six grandchildren. Ron worked for B.C. Rail for forty-four years. He is now retired and living in Aldergrove, B.C.

Robert married Jolene Gorrel, and they have two children. Robert is a geologist and his family live in Victoria, B.C.

Lois married George Swarchuck, and they are involved in the Insurance business. They have two children and live in Winfield, B.C.

Karen married Greg Travis who works for the Federal Government, and they have two children, and live in Lethbridge.

Herb and Sandra Poile have two children and live in Calgary.

Judy and Rev. Mike Cochrane have two children, and they live in Fairview, Alberta. They also have two grandchildren.

DAHL, Wayne, May, Doug and Steve
by Wayne Dahl

My great-grandparents came from Bjornor, Norway, to New York, U.S.A., in 1881. My great-grandfather, Ole A. Andreassen, was born October 5, 1847. He was a shoemaker and farmer. His wife, Peroline (Rovik) Nilsdatter, was born April 8, 1845. The couple and their four children came to New York by boat on December 12, 1883, and by train to Tamarac Lake, Minnesota, where they homesteaded, living in a log cabin Ole built.

The children grew up, and in later years they all moved up north by train and covered wagon to Panorama, Saskatchewan, just south of Cabri in July of 1913 and 1914 to take homesteads in Saskatchewan. Previously my grandfather, Peter Dahl, and his twin brother, Anton, and sister, Lena, signed applications for homesteads at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, on April 4, 1910.

My grandfather and grandmother, Peter and Marie (Hopstad) Dahl, had four girls and five boys, all born in Minnesota. My dad, Walter Dahl, the youngest, was born at Roseray, Saskatchewan, on November 4, 1912. My dad and his brother, Louie, farmed at Panorama Farm, Roseray, Saskatchewan, with their dad and mom for a few years.

My dad, Walter, met my mother, Eileen E. Hunter, who was teaching school at Coderre, Saskatchewan, when they went to local school hall dances in the Roseray and Coderre areas. They got married July 4, 1941, and had nine children: five girls and four boys. I was the second oldest child, born on February 6, 1944. Two children were born in the hospital at Cabri, Saskatchewan, and two children were born in their Rolling Hills farmhouse in Alberta, helped by a midwife (Mom's mother, Elizabeth Hunter). The last five children were born in Olds Hospital, after we moved up to Olds to farm in the Lone Pine area in January of 1948.

My grandmother, Elizabeth (Cousins) Hunter, was born and raised in London, England. She had been a nurse in England during the war and came to Canada by boat after World War II as a war bride.

My mother's father, Percival (Perry) Hunter, came from Ontario and was in both World Wars. He was a runner in the First World War, delivering messages in the front line area and a guardhouse sentry in the Second World War. He met my grandmother, Elizabeth, who we called Nan, in England during World War I. They got married after the First World War and came to Canada by boat and farmed around Hazelton, Saskatchewan. Grampa Hunter built a one room sod shack out of the prairie sod and, during the time they lived in it, they raised a family of two boys and four girls. Grampa Hunter farmed with oxen until he could afford horses and then a tractor. They had no fences then, just open bald prairie grass. So, he had to go running every day when he wanted to round up the oxen to plow up some prairie sod to work the ground and plant his crops.

I grew up in the Olds and Bowden areas and went to school at Lone Pine, a one-room schoolhouse which offered grades one to twelve. We rode our bikes to school, two miles down a dirt, clay road when the roads were dry and good. When it rained and the roads got wet and greasy, we put on our rubber boots and walked as our old car couldn't make it down the road. Our boots would get caked with mud as we walked

along. So, we would stop every so often along the way and wash our boots off in the water in the ditches. Some kids who had horses to ride, would ride them to school bareback (single and sometimes double) on a horse and tie them up in the barn we had on the school grounds. We had one teacher at a time, who boarded with different families in the area, and we went through quite a few teachers at our school before the school finally closed. In later years, grades nine to twelve got bussed to Olds High School. Finally, the school was closed down and everyone was bussed to various schools.

After I was through school, I worked at the Bowden Nursery Seed farm, hoeing weeds and planting small trees. Later I got a job at Red Deer with the National Grain Elevator Co. and lived in the elevator office basement with my bunk bed and small table and a thirteen inch T.V., batching and learning the grain trade business.

Later I started traveling all over southern Alberta, relieving the elevator managers at different towns when they became sick or took a holiday, sometimes for a week or two at a time. I worked at Nanton, Barnwell, Picture Butte, Taber, Trochu, Hanna, Carstairs, Airdrie and Morrin, Alberta. While at the Airdrie elevator, I met a young farmer, Charles Butler (my future brother-in-law), who arranged a Saturday night, blind date for me with his girlfriend's sister. So we went on this date to a movie show in a Calgary theatre.

This is how I met my girlfriend, Mable Farr, in October of 1966. We got engaged in November of 1967 and then married May 25, 1968, at Calgary Parkdale United Church. May's mom and dad, Ellerby and Dorothy (Dolly) Farr, farmed in the Symms Valley area, six miles west of Balzac, Alberta. May's father passed away when she was eight years old from chemical fumes when he was treating seed grain in a bin. Her mom also had two sons, Bob and Gordon, and another daughter, Doris, who helped keep the farm going through some very hard times.

May's mom and dad met and got married at Acme, Alberta, and farmed at Irricana for a few years before moving to the farm, west of Balzac where he farmed with his brother. May's grandfather, Thomas F. G. Brown, was an English school teacher and came from Nottingham, England. He traveled around some, and met his wife, May's grandmother, Harriet Woodford, at Christ Church, New Zealand, where she taught in a girls' finishing school. They got married and came to Canada in 1903, and they darn near froze to death the first winter. They didn't have enough warm clothes because they didn't know it would be that cold.

After we got married we moved to Morrin, Alberta, and lived in the elevator company house where I worked at the National Grain Elevator Company from 1967 until 1972.

In 1971 we had our first boy, Douglas Arthur Dahl, born on December 23, 1971, in the Drumheller Hospital. May's mom, Dorothy Farr, came to live with us and help May with the baby. In the spring of 1972, May's mom sold her farm at Balzac and we came out to Rocky Mountain House to look for land. We liked the area, so we bought a half-section of land, five miles south of Rocky which was the Roy and Jessie Milligan farm. We moved our holiday trailer out to the farm and stayed in it until we took possession of the farm in July of 1972, then moved into the house.

May's mom bought a house trailer and lived in our yard, and we farmed together. We had a second son, Steven Edward Dahl, born February 6, 1974, in the Rocky Hospital, on my birthday. So, he was a great birthday present. Steven was a premature baby, seven weeks early. So, he was taken to Red Deer Hospital in the Red Deer firefighters' ambulance and was kept in an ICU incubator for two weeks. He had very good care, so we were soon able to take him home. The boys grew up fine and had lots of fun playing together. They attended the Rocky schools where they had very good teachers. They were honor students in grades ten, eleven and twelve and graduated from Will Sinclair High School.

Doug went to university in Edmonton for a year and then decided to stay home and farm with us. He likes farming, working with tractors and livestock, and now owns some cattle of his own.

Steve went to university where he took a computer course in Calgary for one year and then took a year off and worked at the Rocky Bowling Alley for a year. He then went to SAIT, taking computer technical training for two years. In the summer he worked with a Calgary company, installing fiber optic wiring in the Calgary

Nova Building and learning the wiring business. After that, he got a good job with Merak Projects Ltd. in Calgary which was later bought out by Schlumberger Oil Company. At present he is working for them as a tech support person. Steve and his former schoolmate (girlfriend) got engaged at a family reunion at Cottonwood Hall west of Innisfail in August of 2000.

Steve and Shelly Hope tied the knot on October 6, 2001, in Calgary, Alberta, at the Best Western Port-of-Call Hotel and are living happily ever after in an apartment in downtown Calgary. Shelly took a hairdressing course and did hairdressing for awhile. Shelly's mom, Norma, and her dad, the late Bob Hope, had a gravel truck business. Norma lives east of Rocky and works for the Rocky IGA.

I drove a Rocky school bus for twelve years. A few years back, I quit driving and now farm full-time with a cow-calf operation.

Thomas and Harriet Brown: May Dahl's grandparents written by May

My grandfather, Thomas Brown, taught math in a boys' school in Nottingham, England, until 1900. He went to New Zealand and met and married my grandmother. My grandmother, Harriet (Woodford) Brown, taught singing and sewing in a girls' finishing school in Christchurch, New Zealand. They saw wonderful posters of Canada and decided to go homesteading. Imagine how many weeks it would take to sail from New Zealand to Canada at that time. They arrived in Calgary in 1903. It took them two days to get to Acme.

Grandpa and Grandma lived in a tent and did their cooking on a fire outdoors until a sod house was built. Homesteaders were required to live six months of every year on the homestead. Also a house had to be built and fifteen acres had to be prepared for a crop the first year. A well had to be dug by hand. Mum told us that when they were digging the well, my grandmother had called them in for lunch. When they returned the well had caved in, and they would have been killed if they had been down in the hole.

Grandpa was the first to turn up prairie sod in the Acme area. My grandmother was a midwife as she had taken some training in New Zealand. Often the doctors were a great distance away. My Uncle John was born before Alberta became a province. He had shown us his birth certificate, and it stated he was born in the Northwest Territories.

Prairie fires were something to be dreaded. The men had gone to fight a fire. My grandmother back-guarded around the sod shack and, when the fire got close, she went into the well with her baby. The fire went around. When my grandfather came home, he was so relieved to find they were okay.

I always admired them for the courage they displayed, the resourcefulness they exhibited and the determination to make it through the good times and the bad. My grandparents are a wonderful example of the true pioneer spirit.

D'AMICO, George (Edigio) and Felicia and family
by Zupito D'Amico

My father, George D'Amico, emigrated from San Leonardo, Italy, to Fernie, B.C., in 1909. Felicia Anebaldi emigrated from Campo Bosso, Italy, to Fernie, B.C. in 1904. Mother used to joke that when they were courting, she sat on one side of the living room, dad sat on the other side, and grandma sat where she could keep an eye on both of them. They were married in Fernie in 1911.

Their first child, Elvira, was born in Fernie on December 6, 1913. At about this time, John Shanks, who took over as general manager of the Brazeau Collieries at Nordegg, was actively recruiting selected miners from Fernie to Nordegg. One of the miners he recruited was Dad who moved his family to Nordegg in 1915.

I (Zupito) was born in Nordegg on February 13, 1916. Because of an argument with John Shanks, Dad quit Nordegg and moved back to Fernie. Their third child, Guido, was born in Fernie on February 12, 1918.

In 1919 a reconciliation saw the family move back to Nordegg. Serena was born there on May 3, 1920; Michelena on April 17, 1922, and Alfredo on February 19, 1924. With the exception of Alfredo, who passed away at age 11 months, we all attended school in Nordegg.

In 1938 Elvira married Thomas Pruett, in Cochrane, Alberta. Tom who was also from Nordegg, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and was stationed at several bases in Canada as an

aero-engine mechanic. After discharge, Tom became involved in the hotel business in Calgary, working as a manager at several hotels. Elvira and Tom had three children. Arthur and Tom Jr. were born in Canmore, and Peggy was born in Calgary. They made their home in Calgary and did not return to Nordegg to live, although Tom Jr. and Peggy are involved with the Nordegg Heritage and Recreation Association and spend vacation time in Nordegg. Tom passed away in 1987.

As previously stated, I was the second child. After completing school, I went to work in the mines at age 17. I studied mining by correspondence and at night school classes. I married Metha Neilsen on April 8, 1942. We have four children. Carolyn and Charles were born in Nordegg, Alfred in Edmonton, and Peter in Calgary. I enlisted in the Canadian Armed Forces in May 1942 and attained the rank of Lieutenant in the Canadian Artillery. After discharge, I was fortunate enough to attend the University of Alberta under the auspices of the Department of Veterans' Affairs, graduating as a Mining Engineer in 1948. Our family returned to Nordegg to work and live.

After a disastrous fire in June 1950, I was sent to Kananaskis for two years to manage the Kananaskis Exploration and Development Mine at Ribbon Creek, which was owned by the Brazeau Collieries Ltd. That mine closed for lack of market, and I was returned to Nordegg to succeed David Shanks as Mine Manager of the Brazeau Collieries in Nordegg and supervised the closing of the mines in 1955. I left the coal industry for a new career in the oil industry.

Our daughter, Carolyn, married Al Keirnan of Crossfield. They have two children, Patrick and Cindy. Alfred married Mary Hopkins of Toronto. They have two children, Danielle and Daryl. Peter is divorced, but has five children: Michael, Cody, Jennifer, Erin and Leigha. Charles is still a bachelor.

Guido, the third member of the family, married Frances Black on April 11, 1942, in Calgary, while he was stationed in the army there. Due to a severe shortage of experienced miners and a great demand for coal, he was sent back to Nordegg on "miners' leave." Guido and Frances had six children: Marian, James, Wayne, George and Guy, who were born in Nordegg, and Gavin, who was born in Calgary. Frances passed away in 1982. Guido was very active in country music in Alberta, playing for dances and parties with his band "Shunda." He owned and operated the Eckville Hotel and retired to Rocky Mountain House.

Serena married Robert Duncan in 1939. They were both born and raised in Nordegg and their three children, Kenneth, Phyllis and Robert Jr., were also born in Nordegg. Robert was also returned to Nordegg on "miners' leave." After the Nordegg mines closed, they moved to Calgary. Serena owned and operated her own beauty salon, until she sold it and retired. Robert worked in several hotels until he retired. Serena was a talented artist, using both oil paints and watercolors. Her favorite subjects were landscapes in oils and flowers in watercolors. She sold some of her paintings and donated the proceeds to her church and to several charities. Copies of some of her works can be seen in the Nordegg museum. Serena and Robert both passed away two months apart in 2000.

Michelena was born and raised in Nordegg. Maggie, as she was known, was a talented and self-taught seamstress. Halloween costumes were one of her specialties while living in Nordegg. Michelena married Albert Morris in 1941. Albert was a Wireless Air Gunner and Operator in the Air Force. They had three daughters. Frances was born in Winnipeg, while Albert was in the Air Force. Maxine and Patricia were both born in Nordegg.

Albert and Maggie, along with Zupi and Metha D'Amico, Guido and Frankie D'Amico, and Serena and Robert (Duncan), operated the Lakeview Hotel and the Lower Boarding House in Nordegg from 1950-1955. After Brazeau Collieries shut down, Albert and Maggie moved to Calgary. They owned and operated several businesses in Calgary, Banff, and Red Deer.

George D'Amico passed away in 1947, and is buried in the Nordegg Cemetery. Felicia D'Amico, who suffered from multiple sclerosis and was wheelchair bound for many years, moved in with Michelena and Albert, who took care of her till she passed away in Calgary in 1971. She is buried in Nordegg beside her husband. Albert passed away in January 1999, and Michelena lives in Calgary.

DAVIS, Harold, Dorothy and family

Harold and Dorothy Davis, 40th Wedding Anniversary, September 4, 1978.

Harold James Davis was born in Lethbridge on November 30, 1908, to William and Ellen (Pierce) Davis who had previously emigrated from Gloucester, England. He was the eldest son and fourth in line of seven children: Laura McKim, May Anderson, Alma Emmett, Harold, Roland, Arthur and Chris. At the age of two years he moved to Halkirk, Alberta, with his family, where he attended school and later worked at the Cordell and Rodway coal mines.

In his early twenties, he came to Rocky Mountain House and opened a shoe and harness repair shop, with his cousin Chris Hooke. There he met and married Dorothy Mabel Titford on September 4, 1938. Dorothy was born to Herbert Charles Titford and Mabel Winnifred (Seammen) Titford, July 22, 1914, in Greenbriar, Saskatchewan. (see Titford history.) Shortly after their marriage they left their home, which Harold had built in Rocky, to spend the winter in Halkirk. There Harold worked in the mines, and Dorothy cooked for the miners. The following two winters they spent at Alexo, west of Rocky, where Harold again worked in the mines. Summers were spent at their home in Rocky, working at various jobs, and they raised their three children in Rocky Mountain House.

Harold worked as a carpenter and spent several winters making ice in the old curling rink. In later years he was maintenance man at the old Rocky Provincial Building. He was an avid fisherman and hunter. The oil-patch was very active in the latter half of the 1960s and the early 1970s, and Dorothy took in boarders for several years. She was well known for her good cooking, especially her homemade bread and pastries. She was also very active in the Anglican Church and helped out at all the church functions.

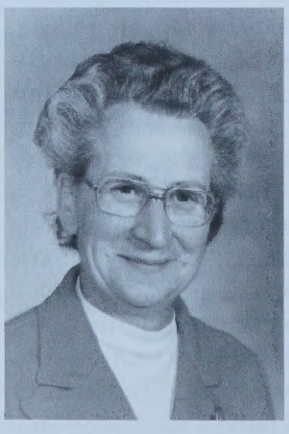
On May 22, 1961, their eldest son, Harold Ray, born May 17, 1941, married Doreen Lees, from the Carlos district north of Leslieville. They had three children: Brian, Susan, and Colin. (see D. Thomsen history.) On April 15, 1972, he married Linda Wise from Calgary, and Ray and Linda now reside in Wells, British Columbia.

Harold and Dorothy's second son, Barrie James, born October 13, 1943, married Shirley Jans from Medicine Hat, Alberta, on June 1, 1968. Barry and Shirley have two children: daughter, Terri (husband Conway Nobert), children Taylor and Megan, and son, Brent (wife, Lisa (Kenny)).

Their daughter, Mabel Dianne, born February 16, 1946, married Gerald Knott from Stettler, Alberta, on December 28, 1967. They moved to Fort St. John, British Columbia, and still reside there. They have three children, Jason, Stephen and Tanya. Jason married Jody Koopmans and has two children, Janelle and Jared.

Dorothy passed away on October 31, 1982, at the age of 68 years, and Harold passed away on November 25, 1991, just prior to his 83rd birthday.

DAYE, Velma (Nurse Daye)
submitted by Marian McEwen



Velma Daye in 1979.

In 1949 Velma Daye and her classmate, Melba Carruthers, were recent graduates of the Cornwall General Hospital in Ontario. Ready to conquer the world and make their million, they answered an advertisement in the Canadian Nurse Magazine which offered an opportunity to work in the Rocky

Mountain House Hospital in the beautiful foothills, just fifty miles west of Red Deer and not too far from Edmonton and Calgary. But the main reason for their interest in the Rocky Mountain House Hospital was the salary offered. It was $135.00, and they were only making $100.00 a month at the Cornwall General.

After three days and four nights on the train, the girls arrived in Calgary at 7AM, on February 14, 1949. They were met at the station by Dr. Vardie Laing who was to drive them to Rocky Mountain House. Since his car was also pulling a 20 ft. trailer, their progress was rather slow and, after leaving Red Deer, only one traffic lane was plowed on the road. The snowbanks looked higher than a house to the girls, and when they met any oncoming traffic the car had to go into the snowbank.

They finally arrived at the hospital in Rocky Mountain House at midnight. They were on duty the next morning at 7 a.m.—suffering from fatigue, bewilderment and shock. It was a twelve bed hospital. Daye and Melba were the only two RNs with Mrs. Emily Woods as Matron. Why did the girls stay? Possibly because they didn't have any money to return home!

The hospital was a busy little place. There were many lumber camps operating in the area and so the patients came in with broken legs and chain saw cuts. And there were lots of maternity patients!

Daye was on call for the O.R. twenty-four hours a day and most emergencies seemed to happen at 2-3 am—perforated ulcers, fights in the bar, etc. After the operation, the O.R. would have to be cleaned, instruments sterilized and new packs made up. Then it would be time to change into a clean uniform for breakfast at 6:30 am and go on duty at 7 am because there was no other staff.

The hospital had a large garden and grew its own vegetables and had a wonderful raspberry patch. The janitor, Eric Thomas, also raised pigs in a pen at the back of the hospital. The pigs were fed with scraps from the hospital kitchen and the pigs supplied ham and pork chops for the hospital.

The laundry was done by just one lady using a wringer washing machine—and the sheets were wrung out by hand and hung out doors to dry. Daye remembers vividly one time when the lady from the laundry, sputtering incoherently, propelled Daye outside. A young boy from town was casually riding his sweating pony up and down the lines of freshly washed sheets, much to the rage and consternation of the laundress.

The nurses' residence was upstairs on the second floor of the hospital, and there were also rooms in the basement for some of the staff. Living in residence was just like training days. The kitchen girls had to be in by 10 pm, or be locked out— two of them would keep Daye talking at the Nursing Station while another girl slipped down to open the basement door, letting in any girl who was late. The residence upstairs had a sitting room just at the top of the stairs and was a very public room with little privacy for anyone to entertain a special friend.

By summertime, Daye and Melba had been befriended by Helen Hunley and Marj Killick. Helen had a car, so there were lots of drives, picnics at the river, fishing and ball games. Melba only stayed one year before returning to Ontario. She married there and later returned to Alberta to work at the Baker Sanitarium in Calgary.

Dr. Greenaway and Dr. Laing were the doctors in Rocky Mountain House. Dr. Laing left to go to a practice in Hannah and later worked with the D.V.A.

Dr. Hewson then came to Rocky Mountain House. He had been in the Services and was in the siege in Gibraltar. When Dr. Hewson left, Dr. Mellor came in 1952 (just after Dr. Greenaway died), and Dr. Hein came in 1953.

Daye remembers one evening when Dr. Hewson called her in a hurry to get plasma, a cut down set and a D.C. set. Then the doctor and Daye drove to the Bingley area in a jeep, getting splattered with mud which came up through the floorboards from puddles along the way. There was a woman at a log house who was hemorrhaging. Dr. Hewson did a cut down by the light of a Coleman lantern. After stopping the hemorrhage, Dr. Hewson and Daye took turns watching over the patient—two hours on, two hours off. The woman's husband fed them coffee and very good homemade bread.

By 9 a.m. the patient had regained consciousness, so she was placed on a mattress in the back of her husband's truck and brought to the hospital. Daye arrived back at the hospital around 11 o'clock to be met by an irate matron who

informed her that the hospital was not paying her to run around the country. So, Daye changed her uniform and worked from 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.. There was no such thing as overtime.

One April Fools' Day, Art Bott was painting the new addition to the hospital which had just been built. Art always went downtown for coffee about 9:30 each morning and on this day he went to Dr. Mellor's office and Dr. Mellor bandaged Art's head and daubed red paint on the bandages to simulate a terrible accident, and then brought him to the hospital.

In those days everything came through the front door of the hospital and when the matron, Mrs. Woods, saw them coming in she cried, "Get a stretcher! Get a stretcher!" and headed for the operating room which also served as the Emergency Department. Daye was in on the joke and had previously wrapped an emergency tray, substituting rusty nails, nuts and bolts, a carving knife and a hammer. The stretcher approached the operating room with Dr. Mellor calling out for plasma and I.V.s. "Get this! Get that!" Mrs. Woods began trying to pull Art's paint spattered pants off, but Art was objecting. Then when Mrs. Woods opened the emergency tray and realized it was all a joke, she was not very amused.

In 1956 Velma Daye made a career decision and began working as a Public Health Nurse for the Red Deer Health Unit. Her salary was between $3,600.00 and $3,900.00 per annum. She was the only Public Health Nurse in Rocky Mountain House until 1971.

When Daye began her Public Health Nurse career she was also the school nurse, responsible for over twenty schools: Buster Creek, Frisco, Hardindell, Glacier, Chedderville, Pleasant Vale, Caroline, Clear Creek, Lone Deer, Stauffer, Gates, New Hill, Condor, Leslieville, Alhambra, Bingley, Taimi One and Two, Daisy Nook, Aurora, Rocky Mountain House Elementary and High School and also Nordegg at times.

Baby Clinics were held on a monthly basis in Condor, Leslieville, Caroline and weekly in Rocky Mountain House. Staff meetings were held in Red Deer every month and in addition Daye took her turn with the nine other nurses in the Red Deer area to staff the Red Deer office on Saturday mornings. There was no pavement in 1956 and roads were a little tricky, especially in the spring!

The first office in Rocky Mountain House was in a building near the Smart Shop. Then the office was moved to take in half of Dr. Watson's office. When a fire occurred in her office, Daye moved across the street to the weather office until her office could be repaired. Then for a time her office was in the big house, next to Tomkins' Coin Wash, on 49th Street, until she moved into Dr. Mellor's old office. In 1973 Daye moved into quarters in the new town office and thought she had been sent to heaven.

Daye took a leave of absence in 1964 to obtain her diploma in Public Health Nursing from the University of Alberta. Over the years Daye had experienced the growth of the Health Unit to include three Public Health Nurses and two part time Home Care Nurses. A Nutritionist a Dental Hygienist and a Speech Therapist came from Red Deer on a monthly basis.

Velma Daye entered wholeheartedly into the life of the community and quickly became involved. She played roles in the amateur drama productions of the Belle of the West and the Dumb Waiter.

She served as a president of the Ladies Curling Club and a president of the badminton club. She became director of the Chamber of Commerce and was its Executive Secretary in the early days. For twenty-five years Daye convened the local Blood Donor Clinic and in 1972 she received a long-time service badge from the Alberta Red Cross Society.

In 1974 Velma Daye felt honoured to receive the Community Builder Award from the Rocky Mountain House District Chamber of Commerce for her many years of service to the community.

Daye was a president of the Central District Nursing Association and was first Vice President of the Provincial Council of the Alberta Association of Registered Nurses. Daye served a term on the Board of Directors of the Rocky Mountain House Memorial Presbyterian Church and three terms on the Hospital Board of the Rocky Mountain House General Hospital.

And then on December 31, 1980, Velma Daye retired. She took two months to vegetate; two weeks later she was back at work as the Chairman of the RMH Hospital Board; the Chairman of the Regional Mental Health Advisory Council; a member of the Advisory Council of Aids to

Daily Living and a member of the Planning Committee for Symposium on Aging.

The forgoing information was given by Velma Daye at the request of her colleagues who were honoring her with a special retirement party on April 30, 1981.

In 1985 Velma's longtime friend and companion, Helen Hunley, was appointed the twelfth Lieutenant Governor of Alberta and took up residence in Edmonton. Velma began alternating her time between her home in Rocky and the Lieutenant Governor's residence in Edmonton. Faithful to the end, Velma assisted, advised and encouraged the Honourable Helen, even when Velma's health began to fail. Velma died of cancer in the University Hospital, Edmonton, on October 31, 1987. She was only sixty-three.

DeBRUYN, Arie and Dien, and John and Karen
written by Nina Evashevich

The DeBruyn family: Back Row: Tammy, Peter, Chris, Jackie, Jim, John, and Doreen. Front Row: Marjorie, Dien, Arie, and Valerie.

"We love Rocky Mountain House and the surrounding area," says Arie deBruyn who lives on a section of land, 15 kilometers east of Rocky Mountain House. "We have so many friends and neighbours who have helped us out when we were in a pinch. That's when you realize how strong those friendships are."

The DeBruyns were chosen as the Farm Family of the Year for 2001. John and his wife, Karen, run the DeBruyn Cattle Company Ltd. with help from John's dad, Arie DeBruyn.

Arie emigrated from the Netherlands in 1952 when he was 32 years old. "I had no connection with Canada when I came. My father had moved to the United States for a short time, but went back to Holland before he was married."

"When I left Holland, I told my parents I wouldn't be back there to live. I've only been back for one visit. I really love Canada, and what could be better than living in Alberta? I love Rocky Mountain House," says Arie, "and hope to live out my days here."

Arie says that most Dutch people, who came to Canada at the same time as he did, were settling in Ontario, but he decided to come to Alberta where there was more land available for mixed farming. He worked in the Calgary area and worked on four different farms, varying from dairy to beef, to a farm that did mixed, beef and grain farming.

Arie's wife, Dien, came to Canada to sightsee in 1951. She worked in England as a nanny, then moved on to Canada. " I told my family that I'd be gone for three years; it has been a lot longer than that now," she laughs. Arie and Dien met each other through a mutual friend at church in Calgary. They were married January 1, 1954.

Arie went to a real estate agent in Calgary to see about getting some land of his own. When the agent found out how much money Arie had saved, he told him he had nothing around Calgary for that price, and he should go farther north. Red Deer was the next stop in Arie's quest to buy land. From there he was directed to Rocky Mountain House where there was land available, and in 1958 it was not too high priced. "We looked at six different quarter sections and decided on this one; it was the only one that had electricity, and it was a little higher land." It was very important to the DeBruyns that there was a Christian Reformed Church in the area, and they have been active members since coming to town. Arie also donated a lot of volunteer labour to building the Rocky Christian School.

"We started with one dairy cow, one calf and three pigs. Each year, we added a few more cows. They were bought with money borrowed from friends in Calgary, because the banks here didn't know us and wouldn't lend us any money. The banks here said we would have to borrow in Calgary where our savings account was, but

John and Karen DeBruyn with Terah, Deanna and Carmen at home.

Calgary told us we would have to borrow in Rocky Mountain House where the farm was."

"We started shipping milk in 1959; we only had two or three cows. We put the milk in cans at the side of the road, and the milk company would come and pick it up. In the summer, the trucks came every day, and in the winter every second day."

Besides working on the farm, building up his dairy herd and raising pigs, Arie worked at the Atlas Mill in town for seven years, to help pay the bills. "A neighbour did the plowing for us as we didn't have a tractor. All I had was my two hands to do the work. I was able to start farming full time in 1965."

Arie and Dien had eight children, and adopted two more to make an even ten. The children are Peter, Valerie, Marjorie, John, Jim, Jackie, Lynn, and Chris, as well as Doreen and Tammy. The family was always involved in the Rocky 4H Dairy Club and have many ribbons on the wall.

The log house the DeBruyns purchased with the original quarter section consisted of a living room, a bedroom and two other small rooms. " We pumped water by hand for 15 years, and heated with a wood stove," says Dien.

"This shows how remarkable my mom was," says son, Peter DeBruyn. " She was raised in The Haag, Netherlands, which is the city where the Dutch Royal family lives. When she was a girl, she was used to all the conveniences of the city, such as flush toilets, running water and gas appliances."

The family added another quarter section to the farm in 1967, bringing the land to a half section, and in 1969 the DeBruyns had a house brought in from Calgary. " By then we had seven kids," says Arie. " We were supposed to move into the house on my birthday, but the kids couldn't wait, so they started sleeping in the new house a few days before we actually moved in."

They sold the last of the pigs in 1978, and converted the pig barn into a calf barn. They built a new barn in 1978 for the dairy cattle.

"When John was sixteen, he took over while Dien and I went to Holland for three weeks. When we returned the last hay wagon was sitting in the yard. He did really good," says Arie.

"I never really left the farm," adds John, the fourth child. (John has a brother and two sisters older than him.) " I just worked away in the oilpatch for a few years." John came back to work full-time on the farm in 1979. In 1987 he bought beef cattle and now runs about a hundred head. Counting cows that are milking, calves and replacement heifers, the deBruyns have approximately 120 head of dairy cattle. They raise their own hay and silage. In 1991, John bought two quarters of land, and this increased the size of the farm to a full section.

John met Karen during a young people's event at the First Christian Reformed Church, after she moved to Rocky in 1978. On June 5th, 1981, John and Karen were married. They have three children, Tarah, Deanna and Carmen.

Terah is in her first year at Kings College in Edmonton, taking biology. Deanna is at Will Sinclair High School in Grade 12, and Carmen is at Rocky Christian School in Grade 9. The girls take a shift in the barn after school, while their mom, Karen, works in the barn with John in the morning.

Karen laughs and says, "I'm the gopher; I 'go for' this, and 'go for' that, getting medicine or tires fixed, or picking up tractor parts. I also do the farm bookkeeping, and once in a while, I teach sewing, cooking or wood-working at the Rocky Christian School."

In January of 1997, the DeBruyn's milking barn burned to the ground. "The fire started in

the milk house. The cows were at the other end of the barn," says Arie. "One of our neighbours saw the fire and got the cows out, while John rescued the calves. It was midnight, minus 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and very scary."

"It took us about four hours to milk (instead of two hours) in the makeshift barn we had to use after that. Our family, friends and neighbours rallied around to help us. For a week or so after the fire, we had about a dozen pickup trucks in the yard—people who had come to help. One neighbour helped us for weeks, and it was much appreciated."

This isn't the only time neighbours have helped the DeBruyn family. In 1960 just two years after they moved to Rocky Mountain House, Arie came down with rheumatic fever. He was in the hospital for three weeks and on bed-rest for another three. The neighbours made sure all the chores were done.

The New Barn–built in 1997, after a fire burned another.

Hayride family fun in 1995.

The dairy cows have free grazing by day.

By the end of 1997, the new modern barn was up and running. "We used to run a tie-stall barn before the fire. Now we have a parlour set up," says John.

In 1997 and 1999, John and Karen were the Provincial winners of the Alberta Milk Producers "Milk Quality Award." It is given for having the cleanest milk in the province. There are 940 dairy producers competing for the award. "We have also been among Dairyland's top ten producers for quality milk every year since 1987," says John.

Arie and Dien have thirty-five grandchildren. They expect their first great-grandchild in May 2002. "Grandma is always ready with coffee, cookies or cake for any children or grandchildren that drop by," says her son, Peter.

"We have a good life here in Rocky Mountain House; I've been retired for over fifteen years," Arie laughs, as he goes out the door—on his way to check the calves.

DENIS, Virginia Belle
submitted by her mother, Margaret Martin

Virginia.

Our dearly beloved Virginia Belle Denis (nee Martin), cherished wife of Brad Denis, left this world of ours to go home to our Heavenly Father and our Lord Jesus Christ on January 5, 2002. She was an inspiration to others as she fought cancer with bravery, love and

consideration for others and an unswerving peace with God.

Virginia was born in Edmonton, Alberta, on May 26, 1959. When she was three months old, she moved with her parents, brother and three sisters to Rocky Mountain House. Two years later her baby sister, Bonnie Jean, arrived on the scene to make our family of eight complete. she attended Lochearn Elementary, David Thompson and Rocky Junior/Senior High Schools.

When Virginia was about seventeen she moved to Calgary to work for Hampton Securities where she met the love of her life, Brad Denis. Virginia became Brad's June bride in 1982 and, in due course, their first-born, Michael Douglas, arrived. Three and one-half years later a little brother, Jordan Lee, made his entrance into our lives. Then a sweet wee surprise named Danielle Maria made her debut into the world, shortly after they moved into a new house in Riverbend in 1992. For ten years (during this time) Virginia worked at Deer Valley Co-op where she, with her winsome smile, was a favorite of customers and staff alike.

Virginia had many interests, starting with tap-dancing when she was about three. She took singing lessons and became happily involved in musical theatre. In fact, just last June, she brought down the house at the Canmore Opera House in Heritage Park with her rendition of "I Just Want To Be A Star," from "Nunsense." She played soccer, enjoyed golf and bowling and loved to run for exercise. She enjoyed being outdoors and spent many hours skiing and hiking in the mountains, walking in Carburn Park, picnicking in Stanley Park and bicycling along the river. The family's faithful pet, Clarence, often accompanied her. Virginia also enjoyed volunteering as a parent helper in the libraries for eight years at Kingsland School and two years at Riverbend School.

Virginia and Brad liked to travel to such places as Hawaii, Las Vegas, Disneyland as well as visiting relatives and friends in Ontario, Saskatchewan, Alberta, B.C. and Washington. More than once, Brad surprised her with a planned trip as a Christmas present. And one Christmas they both had the same idea for a surprise gift to give one another—a trip to Hawaii. Fortunately, they both went to the same travel agent, so all worked well.

Last spring Brad decided to make their long-time dream come true. He bought a cottage, "Danny-Buoys," at Wasa Lake, and they spent as much time as they could enjoying the sandy beach, the pine trees, the boat rides, the gorgeous sunsets and moon shimmering on the water.

Virginia was Brad's, "My Lovely Wife," and an adored mother to Michael, Jordan and Danielle—all of Calgary. She was a loving (and well loved) sister to Anne Martin of Red Deer, Dolly Brown of Calgary, Stan Martin of Tacoma, Washington, Susan Lougheed of Calgary, and Bonnie and her husband, Rex Matthias, of Calgary—and the precious daughter of Doug and Margaret Martin of Rocky Mountain House. She will also be sadly missed by her mother and father-in-law, Evelyn and Michael Denis; her sister-in-law, Barbara and her husband Ted Finningley; her nephews, Brendan Brown, Nicholas, Joey, Jamey and Brad Lougheed, Curtis Matthias and Joel Finningley; her nieces, Ami and Stephanie Matthias, Nicole Finningley, and Chris and Cari Lougheed. Then there's her dear little granddaughter, Taysia, along with Taysia's mother, Crystal, and grandparents, Kelly and Dale Johnson—again all of Calgary. There are many dear cousins, aunts and uncles who loved her very much. She was predeceased by her grandparents (of whom the most recently deceased was Dolly Lee Martin in 1987) and her brother-in-law Charlie Brown of Rimbey, Alberta, in 1986.

Virginia had many wonderful friends. She loved all the girls on her soccer team, and so their love for Virginia shone brightly throughout her illness with their delivery of home cooked meals twice a week, for which the family is so very grateful. Some of Virginia's closest friends include Cheryl Ladick, Rhonda Petryk, Debbie Warkentin and Jackie Prisnie, all of whom were there tirelessly to help wherever they could and to keep her merry. Some of Virginia's fondest times, in the past several years, were when she was singing, and she built a close friendship with her teacher, Colleen Dyment. Virginia also had a special place in her heart for her childhood friends: Colleen (Von Hollen) Dusty, Patsy (Paisley) Cowan, Terry (Salmon) Gray, and Rhonda Hamilton. Virginia was very comforted by the thoughts and prayers of so many people both near and far, and she especially enjoyed praying

with Shauna Bjorndahl from Bethany Chapel. We'll be seeing you, our dear, dear Virginia, in the sweet "by-and-by."

DEVLIEGER, Gary and Margaret

Gary and Margaret Devlieger 25th Wedding Anniversary. Dale, Paul, Margaret, Gary and Richard.

Gary and Margaret Devlieger were both born in Holland. Gary immigrated to Canada in 1950 and went to work on a farm in Manitoba. Margaret came to Canada in 1953 to help her sister in Blackfalds, Alberta. Her sister had had an accident and, with a small baby in the house, she was very happy to have Margaret's help. Gary in the meantime had moved to Alberta and worked for a farmer in the Blackfalds district. They met at a young people's gathering in the Christian Reformed Church in Woodynook in Lacombe, and married on December 30, 1955. Gary landed a job as farm manager in Irricana, and Margaret worked as caretaker for older people, in the daytime, at fifty cents an hour. On the wide-open prairie there was not much work. However, when Spirella Corset members were looking for mature people to take their course and sell their product, Margaret applied, got the job and earned more money. Both Margaret and Gary worked and saved for the farm they dreamed they would one day own.

In the spring of 1960, the Devliegers had two thousand, five hundred dollars saved up, and Gary decided he was going to look for a farm. The couple had a three month-old baby, so Gary went alone to look in Blackfalds and Lacombe, not realizing how expensive land in that area was. Margaret had previously visited some of Gary's relatives in Rocky in 1953. Having come from Holland where there were paved roads, bus service, running water, etc., etc., she was not impressed with Rocky. Well, where do you think Gary bought his farm? In the Frisco district north of Rocky Mountain House. The farm had belonged to George Torsti who was moving to Sylvan Lake.

Gary went home with a big smile on his face, saying he had bought a farm, and Margaret asked, "Where?" to which Gary replied, "It has a four-room house."

Margaret asked, "Where?" and he said, "The house has electricity." "Where?" she asked again, only to be told the house had hard wood floors. By this time Margaret was becoming suspicious. "*Where*?" So he owned up, and said the farm was near Rocky Mountain House. "Was I upset!" Margaret said. "All those trees, and so far from everyone I knew. On April 1, 1960, we moved to Rocky, and I cried for weeks. I was so lonely, but then summer came and things looked much brighter."

Margaret started working at the Rocky Hospital, and Gary worked the land and fixed buildings. "One evening a man from Calgary came to our door," Margaret said. "This man was an electrician who had done some work for a local farmer and, instead of cash, he had taken two sows as payment. He was looking for someone to buy the pigs from him. Of course we had no money to spare, but we had an old black and white television to trade which he took, and we were in the business of farming. These sows gave us eighteen little pigs that summer.

"I started liking Rocky more and more, and made good friends. I was still working at the hospital, and one day a social worker from Lacombe and Mrs. Ryan, Matron of the nursing staff, were standing in front of the maternity ward, discussing a three-day-old baby who needed a foster home. I was washing the hallway at the time, and Mrs. Ryan said to the social worker, 'Ask Margaret to take the baby. She'll make a great foster mother.' I said, 'Oh sure, why not?' never dreaming the social worker would actually drive up to our place

that afternoon. I was earning sixty dollars a month at the hospital. From that I had to drive into town everyday and pay a neighbour twenty dollars a month for baby-sitting. The social worker offered me sixty dollars a month to take care of the baby. He also told me that he had asked around about Gary and me. So, after an interview and Gary's "Okay," the social worker brought the baby to our house. Over the next twenty-five years, Gary and I took care of many wonderful children—and some not so wonderful."

In the meantime, Rocky was growing and Margaret and Gary had two more sons. For a time, Gary worked on a pipeline, then bought six Jersey milk cows and began farming in earnest. Living off a cream cheque and some pigs was not always easy, but they had chickens and a large garden, so they managed. Gary worked many odd jobs and in 1967 worked quite steady for Cole's Auction Mart. After he suffered a heart attack in 1979, the doctors told Gary he could not keep on working eighteen hours a day. By that time the Devliegers were milking eighteen cows by hand, so this meant the cows had to be sold. For the next 20 years Gary worked as a guard at the Rocky Mountain House R.C.M.P. detachment, and Margaret kept busy with eight or nine children to look after.

"In 1972, we built our home as the old one was falling apart," Margaret said. "Two of our sons joined the Armed Forces and one became a lineman. At the time of this writing, January 2001, our oldest, Richard, is Chief Petty Officer 1st Class and is teaching at the Fleet School in Victoria. He is a Master Technician on Her Majesties ships, the latest being H.M.C.S. Calgary. He is married with three children.

"Our second son, Paul, married in August 1994, and has three children. He and Barbara live in the Peace River district. Paul is foreman of his crew and works as lineman for Valard Construction of Grande Prairie, installing high tension power lines in the north.

"Our youngest son, Dale, married Josephine Boyd in 1990, and they now live in Dartmouth, NS, with two small children. Dale is a Warrant Officer with the Canadian Air Force and is working with the Helicopter Operational Test and Evaluation Squadron, based at Sheartwater, N.S. Dale and Richard both saw military action in the Persian Gulf. We as a family have been very happy in Rocky Mountain House. It was the best move we ever made."

Gary and Margaret are still living on the farm. Gary enjoys looking after his beef cows, and Margaret is active in the Pioneer Senior Centre.

DITTRICH, Father Anthony "Tony"
written by Ian McQuarrie

Father Anthony "Tony" Dittrich was the sixth child in a family of nine children born to Mr. Alous Dittrich and Marie Dittrich (nee Leitgeb). Alous immigrated to Canada from Germany and Marie from Austria. They met in Edmonton, and in 1910 were married there. They made a career of farming on the outskirts of Stettler.

Father Dittrich was born in Stettler, September 29, 1921. At a very early age, young Tony had thoughts of becoming a priest. However, upon reaching maturity, uncertainty delayed his response to the call.

In 1943 a twenty-two year-old Tony entered St Joseph's Seminary in Edmonton to begin his theological studies. He was ordained into the priesthood on April 2, 1949, by the then Archbishop of the Edmonton Archdiocese, Archbishop John Hugh MacDonald. It was to be the second ordination in the Dittrich family, as an older brother, Francis, had been ordained in 1942.

Father Tony's first assignment as a parish priest was the Catholic parish of St. Theresa, in Nordegg, which he served from 1949 to 1955. Among his early projects in the community was the construction of a rectory, primarily through his own skills and labour. It was built just across the street from the church.

Father was very capable with woodworking tools and his handiwork could be found in a number of homes of friends and also less fortunate parishioners. Father Tony was also a talented trader and negotiator. He, of course, learned from one of the best in the area, Morley Beaver of the Big Horn Reserve. One of Father's first trade/purchases was a buckskin vest. Morley was able to convince Father that he had made a fantastic deal. Similar negotiations took place over the years. Eventually, the student was able to out-fox the master, and more often than not, it was Father who talked Morley into believing he had made the better deal.

The kindness and generosity which Father extended to my mother and young sisters, leads me to believe that Morley Beaver surely benefited as a result of his association with Father. I feel certain, Father's bartering was simply a form of challenging entertainment which brought him more joy than any possible material gain.

When work at the mines slackened and miners began to leave Nordegg, Father Dittrich, like the rest, moved on. From 1955 to 1961, he served as an Air-force Chaplain, stationed at Penhold. Father Dittrich worked briefly as a missionary in Guatamala (1961-62).

Rocky Mountain House became home from 1962-1969. For that same period, Father also served the missions of Caroline and Evergreen. During 1970 Father Dittrich served as co-pastor at Sacred Heart Parish in Red Deer. After spending part of 1970 and 1971as parish priest at Mayerthorpe, Father's next move took him to Killam and, in 1971-1972, he served the church in Killam, Hardisty and Strome.

Father spent the years 1972 to 1982 as the pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish in Jasper. That lengthy stay was followed by another at St. Augustine's, in Ponoka, where he served from 1982 until 1993. Even when retired and living in Red Deer, Father, who spoke Spanish, served the Church by administering sacraments and saying Mass for a number of Spanish speaking members of the community.

Often on Saturdays, during the garage sale season, Father took advantage of his retirement by partaking in a little dickering for bargains with the week-end vendors.

Varying degrees of strokes and heart attacks have forced Father Tony into full retirement, eventually causing a loss of speech and an inability to write. However he is still able to read, understand and remember people and situations. He now resides in Davenport Cottage, a seniors' home at 152 Dempsey Street, Red Deer.

DIXON, Esther
as told to Annette Gray

Esther Dixon, the daughter of Mary Louise Dixon of Eden Valley, Alberta, was a longtime resident on the Big Horn reserve. Esther gave birth to nine children, none born in a hospital. Of these only three daughters and a son survived. As healthcare facilities became available, infant mortality decreased, and Esther's three children presented her with eighteen grandchildren and many more great-grandchildren.

When Esther's son was of school age, he liked to swim in the river and play football. Even her daughters enjoyed kicking the ball around, but they had to wear dresses until the '70s, when the dress code was relaxed, and young women were allowed to wear jeans. Often the children played baseball, girls against the boys, and the boys always managed to win. As soon as the Bighorn River froze in late fall, the boys liked to play hockey. On moonlight nights, everyone came to the river to watch the hockey games—they were a lot of fun.

Esther and her daughters enjoyed knitting, crocheting, cooking and baking pies and donuts. They often went berry-picking together, and brought home pails full of berries: saskatoons, raspberries, chokecherries, cranberries and gooseberries. Fishing was not something the women enjoyed, but they often had to fish in order to feed their families.

When Esther's health failed, she was admitted to the extended care facility in Rocky Hospital where she passed away November 1991, at the age of seventy-eight or seventy-nine.

DIXON, Mary Louise
submitted by Edna Penner

Mary Louise was born in 1894 and died January 2, 1965. Short in stature and gentle by nature, she was born and raised near Eden Valley, Alberta. As a young woman she moved to Morley where she met, Peter Wesley. Together the young couple made a home near the Bighorn River, and it was here they raised their family. Mary Louse believed an education was important, not only for her children and grandchildren, but for herself as well. Above all, she wanted to learn to read and write. Late in life, she walked to the log schoolhouse on the Big Horn Reserve, two and three times a week, in order to attend adult evening classes.

DIXON, Thomas and Olivia (Wesley)
as told to Annette Gray

Thomas (Tom) and Olivia Wesley have a lovely home with a magnificent view of the mountains. Olivia is an immaculate housekeeper and a good cook. She enjoys traditional

cooking, making stew and bannock, but her favorite pastime is beadwork. Olivia and Tom have a TV dish, so they have good reception, and are able to get a wide selection of TV programs. Both are sports enthusiasts and enjoy watching hockey games. In summer they like to play baseball and have numerous trophies to prove they are talented in that sport.

Thomas and Olivia Dixon.

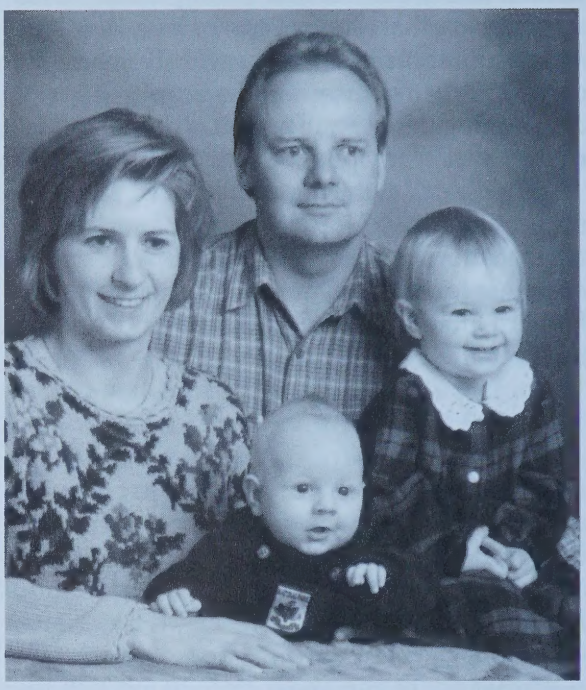
A few years ago, when Olivia's brother, Barry, was captain of the Big Horn baseball team, they played against Hobbema, Rocky and Morley, winning the Alberta Native Slow Pitch trophy. Tom won another trophy for being the pitcher of the winning team in the mixed league in 1995.

Both Tom and Olivia have lived on the Big Horn Reserve since birth. However, they have done a good deal of travelling. Tom enjoys hunting and fishing in the mountains, while Olivia prefers to go shopping in Red Deer. Both are proud of their Stoney heritage and attend Powwows and religious ceremonies (Sun Dances) on the Big Horn and Morley Reserves.

Olivia started school on the reserve (with Peter Penner as her first teacher) and finished her education by taking the school bus to Rocky Mountain House. Her parents are John and Helen (RollinMud) Wesley. She has seven brothers: Dion, Barry, Reggie, Charles, Gordon, Lowell and George, and two sisters: Robin and Helene.

Tom is the son of Jim Wildman and Kathleen (Dixon) and the grandson of Killian Wildman, a man who was greatly admired in the Rocky/Nordegg area. Tom's parents had seven sons and five daughters: Gabriel, Bill, Joshua, Alfred, Stan, Thomas and Ivan, and Freda, Marina, Rebecca, Dorothy and Rachel.

DORNAN, Janet (Gray)



Janet and Bart with children, Kayla and Brant (1996).

I was born a few minutes after midnight in Rocky's old hospital on October 7, '67. My family consisted of my parents, Dennis and Annette Gray, and a sister and three brothers: Dennis Jr., Debra (Wynn), John and Curtis.

My grandmother, Josephine Gray, played a big part in my childhood. Just before I was born, she retired from teaching and moved to town. I remember spending many afternoons with her, doing crafts or playing cards, and sometimes she taught me to play tunes on her piano. After, she would make a snack which would usually be homemade buns with jam—and coffee to drink. I would get my own coffee and put lots of milk and sugar in it. To this day I still enjoy a cup of coffee with cream and sugar.

When I was five, we moved across town to a larger house, two doors down from Mayor Soppit's where I met my good friends, Susie and later, Lisa. We spent lots of time playing at the parks and trying to swim in the frog pond.

In the summer of 1980, my parents built a house on a quarter of land they had previously bought next to my grandpa Gray's quarter, nine miles west of Rocky on highway #11 A. By September of that year, there was only my brother, Curtis, and myself at home. After school, when

the school bus dropped me off, I would head over and hang out at the Grosso's, and I had many meals at their house.

My first job was at the Rocky Co-op—part time in the café—where you could buy coffee for ten cents a cup. I worked there from December '84 to July '86. I graduated from Will Sinclair High School in 1986.

That fall my friend, Michelle Berthiaume, and I moved to Red Deer to attend college. One cold October night when we were driving back to our apartment, an overworked farmhand fell asleep at the wheel. He was driving a one-ton truck and came across the centerline and hit us, head-on. Michelle was a smart and caring young woman with her whole life in front of her. Sadly, she received severe injuries and passed away the next day.

In the spring of 1987, I moved to Edmonton and later worked in a medical laboratory. I married my husband, Bart Dornan, on July 23, 1993, at our home near Sherwood Park, Alberta. In 1999 we built a new home on an acreage just south of Sherwood Park. Since our children arrived, Kayla in '94 and Brant in '96, I've been a "stay-at-home mom." I enjoy being involved in my community and in my children's daily activities. Every summer I visit Rocky and try to keep in touch with family and friends.

DOVERCOURT SCHOOL

written by Marcella Della Costa

(September 1948 to April 30 1949) During the summer of 1948, a neighbor was visiting my parents and brother, Elieo Della Costa, and happened to mention that a position to supervise correspondence lessons at the Dovercourt School was available. Was I interested in applying for this job?

There was a rather large number of schools in Alberta without teachers. The requirements for this position was a high school diploma and an interview with the Rocky Mountain House school board. I was hired, left Drumheller and trotted off to school after the Labor Day weekend. This was a two and a half mile walk. The very first day, Mother Nature sent down a light rain mixed with snow. It was a dirt road from Howes' corner to the school. I couldn't find a single spot that didn't add to the "gumbo" sticking to my boots. What a relief it was, when autumn brought pleasant weather, and the air smelled fresh with the scent of the woods and wild cranberries. Numerous birds sang as they accompanied me on my way to the little one-room school hidden among a clump of trees. I often walked with students going my direction: Neal and Jenny Radau, Gertrude Jaycock and Rollie and Joey De Roover.

The De Roover boys were in charge of lighting a fire in the "barrel stove," bringing in wood and carrying out the ashes. It was quite comfortable, and I don't remember finding it too cold or drafty. Occasionally during the winter, on a very cold and windy day, we moved the desks closer to the stove. At lunch time the children often toasted their sandwiches on the top of the stove, and a nice smell of homemade bread drifted around the room. As I recall, there were many blueberry jam and moose meat sandwiches.

At recess we all went outdoors. I participated in whatever the children were playing: tag, hide and seek, softball and marbles. My teaching job was most enjoyable and I admired my students: Benny Radau, grade two; Danny May, Joey Hamilton, Neal Radau and Joey DeRoover in grade five; Rollie DeRoover in grade six; Ruby May and Elsie Hamilton, grade eight, and Gertrude (Dee Dee) Jaycock, grade nine. They were all so very courteous and polite. Ruby was an excellent and capable student—very tidy. Elsie could pencil sketch beautiful horses and country scenes. I was worried about my grade nine student, as she had departmental exams to write in June, but she came through with flying colors.

If there was something I wasn't sure about, my school "kids" assisted me with true pride in their knowledge. One of my duties was to organize a parent and family whist night. Never having played bridge or whist, I was apprehensive. However, the parents pitched in, and my worries were for naught. Sam Howes brought us chairs, tables and a gas lantern, and the ladies provided lunch.

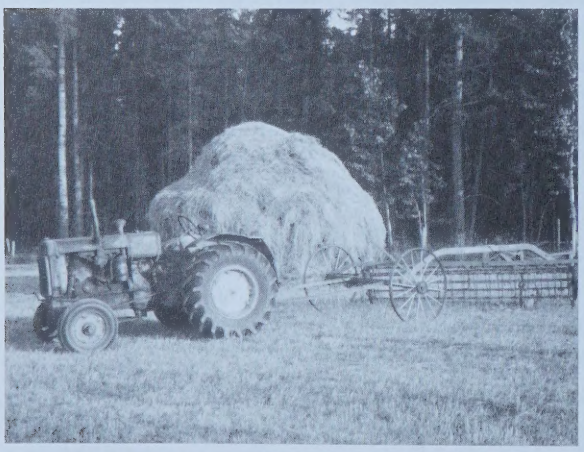
The next large project was a Christmas concert. There was lots of rehearsing and I wanted to be sure each child had an important part. It was exciting! We held the concert in Dovercourt Hall, which was situated about half a mile from the school. Lunch and coffee were served afterward. The coffee was brewed in a large copper boiler. What a welcome aroma!

I'm glad I played a part of those early days, when neighbors were so friendly and accommodating. The farmers had the bare necessities; they worked hard, believing that "next year things will be better."

Two other important events took place. A surprise visit by the school inspector, Mr. Deverall, and the public health nurse, Miss McCormick. The inspector was very encouraging. I recall the school nurse asking me to remove the Easter decorations from the windows to allow more light into the classroom.

From September to the end of April, I walked to school each weekday, two and a half miles each way, without missing a single day. The wages were five dollars a day. Eight months passed, all too soon. In May regular school teachers, fresh from college, were sent out to finish the school term. I believe my replacement was Gordon Godkin who later became a well known "Vet." Soon after, numerous country schools were closed, and the children were picked up by school busses and taken to larger centralized schools.

DUNCAN, R. E. (Bud) and family
submitted by Esme Duncan, January 2002



Bud Duncan with his Oliver 80, known as "Grandma's Tractor."

Bud (Raymond) Duncan was born in Lacombe in 1929. He was raised on a farm, one half mile west and a mile south of Clive. He worked on local farms and in the oil business. I, Esme Foster, was born in Eastbourne, England, in 1931. I trained as a nurse at University College Hospital in London and emigrated to Canada in 1955 to work at Lacombe Hospital. Bud broke a leg sliding into third base. Claiming an inability to run fast enough to escape (due to his broken leg) we were married on February 23, 1958. Twin sons, Jim and Michael, were born in March 1959, and a daughter (Delores) in June 1961. Deciding that a farm was the best place to raise our family, Bud left the elevator company he was working for, and in 1962 we purchased the east half of 7-39-8 W5 and SE 13-39-9-W5 from Herb and Kathleen Winchester. Later we purchased another quarter and leased about twelve hundred acres of pastureland from the government. A second daughter, Cindy, was born in March 1963 to complete our family.

We, like everybody else at that time, had a few beef cows, several milk cows, horses, pigs, chickens and sheep. Gradually over the years we concentrated on our commercial beef herd, but we always kept a milk cow and a few chickens.

In the early seventies we built a log house with Bud doing most of the work in spite of a broken leg acquired in a logging accident. The children were old enough to be helpful with housework and farm chores. Jim, his wife Kathy, and children, Christopher, Steven and Laura, now live in this house.

Bud always had up to a dozen horses, and all the children rode at an early age. Horses have always been, and still are used for working the cattle. They are Bud's pride and joy, and he and Cindy won several cattle penning competitions when she was about fifteen years old. Bud still rides and trains horses (2001) as well as helping our son, Jim, who purchased the farm from us in 1988.

We had our good times and "not so good" times. The family all agree that the worst times were root picking! Best times included the boys playing hockey (with Bud doing some coaching). The girls figure skated for a couple of years. Most years we had a skating rink which grew bigger and better as the children got older. Jim tried to get the girls to play goal, while he took pot shots at them.

Times change. When we moved here we were quite isolated. Our home was nearly a half-mile from the road and, if anyone went by, the dogs barked. Now the Cow Creek road

Duncan Family received the Farm Family Award in 1998. Back Row: Wade Altheim, Sara Altheim, Cindy (nee Duncan) Ewashkiw holding Tracy Ewashkiw, Jim Ewashkiw holding Trina Ewashkiw,Michael Duncan, Jim Duncan. Gillian Altheim on Delores' knee. Esme Duncan,holding Kelsey Ewashkiw. Bud Duncan, Kathy Smyth, Laura Duncan. Front Row: Jesse Altheim, Steve Duncan, Christopher Duncan.

is a busy place, and we scarcely notice the large oil machinery in the neighborhood. Neighbors are important in the country, and the local farmers have organized the "Cow Creek Cattlemen's Association." Major jobs were done together, such as weaning, branding, sorting and loading calves, vaccinating and moving cattle. After the job was done the rum bottle came out and, depending on the length of the session, the stories got bigger and noisier.

When we first moved to the farm, I was unprepared for the wildness of the surrounding country. It was beautiful. Occasionally I saw wild animals, mostly deer or coyotes, but once I caught a glimpse of a skunk hurrying through the brush with her young ones in a line behind her. We usually saw a bear near the house at least once during the summer. One night the barking of our dogs beside our bedroom window woke us up. "There's something out there," muttered my husband. I snuggled deeper into the warm bed, and he struggled out. A few minutes later I heard him calling, asking me to bring a flashlight. When I shone the light around the yard, we saw a bear near our garbage can. I had cooked a chicken the day before in foil, and the bear was licking the foil salvaged from the garbage. He completely ignored the two dogs which were snapping at him. After a while, he sauntered off. We didn't see him again, and other bears that came around were more timid.

Sometimes on long summer evenings, my husband, who was always busy fixing our ancient machinery, would bring his repair work near the house. By doing this he could keep

watch over the children who were bedded down for the night. I would then be free to leave the house. I would drive our old Ford truck along some of the abandoned logging trails and seismic lines looking and listening for our cows which were out on summer pasture. The cows always recognized the old truck and came to meet me. I remember driving a different truck once, only to have the cows take off in a panic. I got to know the trails and seismic lines quite well and had my favorite routes. I was particularly fond of one trail that followed a small creek, and, although I knew the cows were rarely in that direction, I would often take a side trip and walk down to the creek for a few minutes.

A trapper, Gus Daley, lived behind our lease pasture. In his later years, we sometimes visited him and he always made us welcome.

I started work in 1965 or '66 for Health and Welfare and later Social Services. I often ran errands around town for my husband. One day he told me to stop on my way home and look at a horse and foal that were for sale. The old horse looked pretty thin and had a sore foot (which I failed to notice), but she had a pretty looking filly at her side. With a little nudging from the dealer, I dragged out my checkbook and bought them. When I got home, my husband said he wanted me to "look at the animals, not buy them." We called the old mare "Bones" for obvious reasons and the children named the filly "Flicka." They were both part of our farm family for many years. Bones lived up to her name that first summer, but the following spring she had another foal. Since then, my husband has been known to boast a little about my horse buying ability.

The grandchildren named one of the most recent foals, born on the farm, "Flicka" since their father had ridden the old "Flicka" for many years. I think he may have helped with the naming. The newest foal is a granddaughter of the first Flicka.

DUNCAN, James, Helen and family

James and Helen Duncan (nee Ross) came to Canada in 1912 from Townhill (near Dunfermline) Scotland, to Coal Creek, B.C.

James arrived in Nordegg in 1914 and worked as an underground miner. Helen came to Nordegg shortly thereafter, making the trip from Red Deer to Nordegg by rail in a box car, with the Duncans' five children who had been born in Scotland. These children were David (15), Thomas (11), Alexander (9), Geordy (7), and Nellie (3).

James and Helen's eldest son, James, died in Scotland as an infant. Their youngest son, Robert, was born in Nordegg in 1916. Helen Duncan was a mid-wife, delivering the first white child born in Nordegg in 1914 or 1915.

James passed away in 1927 as a result of a coal mining accident when he was working underground in Coleman, Alberta. Helen passed away five years later in Nordegg.

Robert Duncan and Serena Duncan (nee D'Amico) were married in Nordegg in 1939. They were the first couple born, raised and married in Nordegg, with all their children being born there. Their children are Kenneth, Phyllis and Robert (Jr.).

Robert and Serena, along with members of Serena's family, owned and operated the Nordegg Hotel and Boarding House from 1949 until the town closed in 1955. Both passed away in Calgary in 2000, Serena on March 5, and Robert, on April 30.

Serena was a noted artist, known for painting Nordegg scenery, as well as scenery in other areas. In her later years, she began painting in watercolors, predominantly flowers and butterflies. She gave most of her paintings away as gifts for special occasions. She did, however, have two gallery shows and both were sold out. Her paintings can be found in England, Scotland, Australia, Vancouver, Vernon, Edmonton, Calgary, Red Deer, Rocky Mountain House, Nordegg and various other places.

DUROCHER, Frank and Gloria
by Annette Gray

A cowboy hat, a big smile and one of those deep-throated "Howdy folks," and you know Frank Durocher is getting ready to strum his guitar and sing about Jesus. Frank and his wife, Gloria, have lived all of their lives within a thirty mile radius of Rocky Mountain House. Frank grew up in the Lone Deer district, north of Leslieville, and Gloria was raised a stone's throw away in the Condor area.

Many of his old neighbors remember a much younger Frank, making his debut at Lone Deer

School Christmas concerts. Listening to this tiny, brown-eyed tot, belting out Christmas carols convinced the audience that this kid had talent and was going to run with it—and he certainly has. Frank, who also answers to "Chief," is known far and wide for his "back to the Bible western music." He gladly sings and plays for the congregation in the Rocky Mountain House Pentecostal Church, and he and Gloria have presented numerous outdoor western revivals. Frank also sings at weddings, funerals, anniversaries—name the local event, and you are likely to hear the great sound of Frank, Gloria and their band.

Frank and Gloria.

Born to Louis and Jenny (Whitford) Durocher in 1940, Frank was one of six children: Evelyne, William, Irene (Medin), Lois (Stewart), Frank and Anne. Sisters, Evelyne and Anne, died as children. Frank's French grandfather (on his father's side) came from the Fort Vermillion area; his paternal grandmother was raised near Clive. His mother's parents were Frank and Clara Whitford, well known in the Leslieville-Leedale area.

Frank and Gloria have three sons, Ben, Rick and Dallas, and five grandchildren. Ben and his wife have a son, Rylan, and two daughters, Robyn and Andrea. Rick and his wife have a son, Daryk, and daughter, Rikina.

Frank has been employed for many years as a car salesman for Edwards Garage and now enjoys semi-retirement with Gloria, spending summers in Alberta and winters in Yuma, Arizona.

DYER, Harold and Bunty
submitted by D.M. Dryer

Harold and Bunty Dyer – 40th Wedding Anniversary.

Dorthy May (Bissell) Dyer (known as Bunty) was raised in a small hamlet called Hartel, five miles south of Black Diamond, Alberta. Her father, Ernie Arthur Bissell, was born August 1898 in Eeling, England, and her mother, Daisy Cumbers, was born May 4, 1902, in Sioux St. Marie, Ontario. Bunty was born May 11, 1924, and had one brother, Phillip George Bissell.

Ernie Bissell moved his family to Hartel from Calgary in 1929, and built a small shack consisting of two bedrooms and a kitchen. Originally the shack was located just north of the stores and right behind the boiler house of the East Crest oil wells. For safety reasons, the Bissell shack and four others were moved a quarter of a mile east of the Hartel stores. At the time there were two grocery stores, a pool hall, Tommy Henson's Garage, the Henson Meat Market, a café operated by "Frenchie" and a two-story rooming house.

Dorothy May Dyer (Bunty).

The new camp was built on a slight hill and the houses were placed in two rows facing each other with a water-well at the bottom of the hill. So all of our drinking water was hand pumped and hauled in buckets to our homes. We caught rainwater to wash our clothes and hair. Originally everyone had their name painted on the front of their houses and they were called such names as 'Wee Lye-Kit,' and the next one was "Soda Wee," and one was called "Lone Star." We each had a garbage flare in our back yards, and these burned day and night. The East Crest Flare was the noisiest one in the entire field and it burned most of the time. We could play marbles in the wintertime in the burned soil at the base.

The Americans in this camp were from either Oklahoma or Texas and were headed up by Glen Boller who operated the Boller Sherman and Boller Oil Drilling Company. Later on, most of the American people returned to the States, and the Bollers settled in the California oil fields. Glen Boller, his wife and five children lived in this new oil camp too. The fence around the Boller house and the playground was built of steel pipe with each upright pipe capped with an oil drilling bit, and wire cable lines were strung from post to post in two rows. There was a huge swing constructed of pipe, a turntable merry-go-round and a giant ride for the kids to play on. Every Easter we had a huge Easter egg hunt, sponsored by the Bollers, and colored hard-boiled eggs were hidden in brush, gopher holes etc.

Bunty and her brother attended the Glendale School, one and a half miles north of Hartel. In 1939 a new high school was built in Royalties (the next town south of Hartel), which was much closer than traveling to North Turner Valley High.

On May 14, 1949, Bunty married Harold Munro Dyer who was born in Hanna, in June 1925. Harold and Bunty lived in Calmont camp (just south of the town of Turner Valley), and Harold worked in the Madison Natural Gas Co. plant in Turner Valley. After their first son, Ross Munro Dyer, was born on January 29, 1951, they lived at the Calmont camp for three months before moving to Cochrane, Alberta, where Harold worked in the Jumping Pound Gas Plant. The family stayed in Cochrane for five years, where a daughter, Janet Lee Dyer, was born July 1, 1953, and Ernest Shane Dyer was born July 30, 1955.

The Jumping Pound Gas Plant was the first plant in Canada to extract the sulfur, and the men used to bring small molds of it home. Finally, the women asked them not to, as it turned all their silver black. The Dyer family's next move was to Devon where Harold worked for Imperial Oil. From there they moved to Fort St. John, Mile 49 of the Alaska Highway. Here Harold was employed as a gas dispatcher and worked in the office for a few years. He then trained men to operate the gas plant at Boundry Lake and later was in charge of the pipeline from Fort St. John to Prince George, inspecting the line by helicopter. After thirteen years living in the north, the family moved to Rocky Mountain House. Dyers' oldest son stayed in the north as he was a welder, while Janet and Shane enrolled in Will Sinclair High School in Rocky Mountain House.

Harold was an inspector of the construction of the Gulf Gas Plant southwest of Rocky. After a year there, he worked, setting up the Rocky Rural Gas for farmers. Once it was set up, Bunty and Harold moved to the Okanagan for five years and lived in Kelowna. However, Harold couldn't stay out of the oil patch and often worked up in Fort Nelson at Mile 300 on the Alaska Highway. Harold and Bunty returned to Rocky Mountain House in 1975 and purchased a quarter section of land in the Hardindell area. This was house "number nine" and they managed to stay in this one for eighteen years.

Harold passed away January 1, 1996, and Bunty stayed in the country for almost two years

before she moved to Rocky Mountain House and is now a town resident. Bunty and Harold's three children are married, and each couple has a son and daughter giving them six grandchildren. Ross married Carol Schaefer; Janet married Lloyd Salmon and Shane married Belinda Martin. Harold has a sister, Evelyn Manyluk, who resides in Calgary, and Bunty's brother, Philip George Bissell, resides in Victoria, B.C.

Bunty belongs to the Rocky Women's Committee, the Presbyterian Church in Rocky, the Ladies Auxiliary of the Royal Canadian Legion, the Over Sixty Club connected to the Legion, the Rocky Museum, the Pioneer Center for people over the age of fifty. She is also a life member of Beta Sigma Phi Sorority.

EDGERTON, Barrie Edgerton
written by Nina Evashkevich

John Barrie Edgerton was born May 15, 1943,

On cruise - Mexican Riviera Nov. 16-26, '98, Jack, Angie and Barrie.

in Rocky Mountain House. He is the only child of Jack and Angie Edgerton. "Barrie and his friends loved to play baseball in our yard. Third base was next to our basement window and it got 'taken out' once in-a-while," laughs Angie. He helped his dad in the cartage business after school and during the summers, even looking after the business, J.T. Edgerton Cartage Express, while his parents were on vacations. When Barrie's grandparents moved to town in 1959, Jack and Angie agreed to take their dog, Scamp.

Three generations: John Thomas (Jack), son, John Barrie, Grandsons, John David and Ryan Scott Edgerton.

" I think that dog was almost human," says Angie, "He went everywhere with Barrie or Jack and seemed to understand English."

Barrie attended Rocky Mountain House Elementary and High School, then attended the University of Alberta in Edmonton for one year, before continuing his education in Calgary at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology where he took steam engineering. He was hired by Calgary Power as soon as he received his degree and worked at their Lake Wabamun plant, before moving to their Sundance plant.

Barrie married Anna-Bella Coates, from Calgary, on September 14th, 1968. They had two sons: John David who was born May 19, 1970, and Ryan Scott who was born October 17, 1972. Sadly, Anna-Bella passed away September 6th, 1990.

Fay and Barrie Edgerton wedding picture.

Barrie, Anna Belle and sons, Ryan and John.

John and Ryan both graduated from high school in Seba Beach, John in 1988 and Ryan in 1990. Both attended the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology, in Calgary.

John took Power Engineering, and now works for TransAlta Utilities at their Sundance Generating Plant, at Seba Beach, Alberta, as a Steam Power Engineer.

Ryan graduated with a degree in Safety and Quality Control. He now lives in Calgary, and is employed by Tormont Industries as a Quality Control Supervisor.

In May 1994, Barrie retired from TransAlta Utilities, formerly Calgary Power Limited, after 30 years as an Operations Supervisor. To keep busy he worked at Wabamun Whitewood Links Golf Course for four seasons. Then in 1998, he moved on to Mewassin Machine and Auto Repair, near Duffield, Alberta, as a part time employee. Retirement didn't last, as this turned into a full-time job.

On June 16, 1999, Barrie married Fay Cermak of Rocky Mountain House, at the home of Don and Jean VanKleek, (formerly of Rocky Mountain House,) at Robert's Creek, B.C. Fay was born October 12, 1943, in Rocky Mountain House. Barrie and Fay enjoy regular visits from Fay's two grandchildren, Darren, 18, and Jessica, 15, McClintock, of Edmonton, Alberta. Fay enjoys gardening, bird watching, and handicrafts. Each year she decorates her yard for special occasions, which is a treat for all who see it.

For the past several years, Barrie and Fay have enjoyed traveling and cruising to the warmer climates. At home, they enjoy the company of two special cats, TinkerBelle and Tabatha. Barrie and Fay will be moving from Sundance (near Seba Beach, Alberta), back to Rocky Mountain House in November 2002.

Barrie and Fay both have family in Rocky Mountain House. For Barrie, it is his parents: Jack and Angie Edgerton; for Fay, it is her sisters and brother: Gwen Strachan, Beverley May, Darlene MacDonald, and Robert (Bob) Cermack.

EDGERTON, Jack and Angie
by Annette Gray

Jack and Angie Edgerton 50th Aniversary.

When Angie Edgerton came to Alberta in 1909, Rocky Mountain House was only a small settlement on the west bank of the river and had not yet been established as a town. Since then, Angie has witnessed the community spring to life with the building of railways, shops, schools, churches and a host of amenities her family scarcely dreamt of when they first arrived in the district.

Angie (Mildred Angeline C. Karlsen) was born October 8, 1907, in Ryder, North Dakota, and a year and a half later came to the Oras district with her mother, Hedwig (Hattie) Karlsen, and step-brother, Clifford. Her father,

Levi Lars (Louis), filed on his homestead in 1908, then built a log house in preparation for his family's arrival. Although the Karlsens moved three times, their home was always on the same section of land as Louis's original homestead—and this is where Louis lived the rest of his days.

Louis was a talented blacksmith. While farming his land, he used his blacksmith skills to manufacture a hay-stacker, a wood-sawing and splitting machine, plow shares and other farm implements. He also shod horses and had a last for repairing shoes for the family. Angie recalls that he enjoyed woodwork and often made wooden toys for his children.

Before 1912 there was no post office in the immediate area, so Louis occasionally walked to Red Deer to get mail. As the train service extended west, the Karlsen family received their mail in Leslieville, then Rocky Mountain House when the rails finally reached town. Tracks of rival railway companies bordered the Karlsen farm; the CNR crossed the north side of their quarter while the CPR skirted the south side. During the days of passenger service, anyone wishing to travel could board the train at the Codner (Oras) depot belonging to the CNR. Angie tells an interesting story about the first rails laid over the muskeg near their home. Due to the spongy ground, the rails flexed noticeably as train cars passed through the swamp. One day an engine left the track and buried itself so deeply in the watery bog it could scarcely be seen.

Angie's mother, Hattie, was a hard working farm woman, doing indoor and outdoor chores and raising chickens and turkeys. She sewed all her children's clothing, knitted, embroidered, crocheted and taught these skills to her daughters, Angie and Viola.

The family purchased their first car, a Model A, in 1925 or '26. What a pleasure it was! There was no need to harness their horses for what had previously been long, tiring trips; now they could drive to town in style. However, the Karlsens still had to make their own entertainment. "There were no theaters in town while I was growing up," Angie says, "but once in awhile a traveling theater came to town."

Angie took her schooling at Oras, before attending the Confluence School in Rocky Mountain House. Angie recalls that an amazing number of students occupied some of the classrooms. One year, as many as fifty-two students (grade one to nine), were taught by one teacher. On completion of her local education, Angie took a business course in Red Deer, then returned to Rocky Mountain House, working first for Joe and Jenny Cony in Cony's Mutual Store, before working as a telephone operator for Mrs. Patti Good in the first AGT office in Rocky Mountain House. "In those days our telephone number was '3', "says Angie. "It wasn't preceded by 845—it was just '3'."

While working at the telephone office, Angie met Jack literally "by accident." A fire had broken out across the street. Intending to help, Angie ran from the telephone office to the burning building, only to be bitten by a neighborhood dog. About this time, Jack arrived on the scene to transport two badly burned women to Mrs. Stewart's Nursing home. (There was no hospital in Rocky at the time.) When he learned Angie had been bitten, he took her to the nursing home to have her wound treated. That was the beginning of a four-year courtship which led to Angie and Jack's marriage on August 14, 1938, in the Presbyterian Church, and (to date) sixty-four years of wedded bliss.

John (Jack) Thomas Edgerton was born November 10, 1904, to parents Arthur and Jane Edgerton in Mankota, Minnesota. His family moved to Saskatchewan when he was two years old, and Jack and his four sisters grew up on a farm. Jack was twenty-three years old when he arrived in Rocky Mountain House and, in 1929, he and Bruce Williams purchased a local cartage business from George Candy. The following year Jack bought Bruce's shares in the company and renamed the business, "Edgerton's Cartage." Later he bought a Model T Ford Truck, calling it "The Lightning Express." This purchase gave him three trucks in his fleet. Jack had one contract for hauling mail from the railway station to the post office and a separate contract to haul groceries from various stores to local households. As well he had other contracts to haul coal, wood, lumber and gravel. He also cut ice from the North Saskatchewan River in the winter. Since there was no other form of refrigeration in those days, he sold the ice to customers during the hot summer months.

In 1938, the year Jack and Angie were married, the Alberta Treasury Branch opened its

Treasury Branch Presentation.

doors in Rocky Mountain House. Incidentally, it was the very first Treasury Branch in the province. Fifty years later, when the bank and the Edgertons were celebrating their respective anniversaries, the Treasury Branch presented Jack and Angie with an historic picture of the original bank building. This was quite an honour! Also in 1938, Angie helped organize the MacDonald of Garth Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire (I.O.D.E.). During the war years, this group was very conscientious, helping to raise money for worthy projects at home and abroad, and after twenty-eight years of service, Angie was the first member to receive a life membership. From 1939 to '45, Jack was in the reserve army, but did not go overseas during World War II.

Some of Jack and Angie's earliest friends were the Parsons, Strongs, Kirbys, Conys and Sheas, and the couple enjoyed entertaining in their spacious home on 48th Street. "We have always lived in the same house we bought when we were first married," says Jack. However, the house has been enlarged over the years, and fire damage in 1960 made renovating necessary. The Edgerton's cozy white bungalow with its attractive treed yard has been the setting for many special occasions, such as the wedding of Angie's sister, Viola. Viola, was born June 21, 1909, and although raised on the Oras farm, she took her schooling in a school for the deaf in Manitoba where she met her husband, Joe Reeves. Viola and Joe were married at the Edgerton's home in 1942, and have a son, Louis Clifford Reeves.

1942 was also the year Jack was elected to town council, and served in that capacity for the next ten years. During this time, the couple's only child, Barrie was born, May 15, 1943. Angie was a "stay-at-home" mom, while Barrie took his schooling in Rocky Mountain House. However, when he left home for further studies, Angie returned to the workforce as an assistant secretary in the town office. Meanwhile, Jack was elected mayor in 1953, a position he held until 1963. During Jack's term as mayor, natural gas, water, sewer and electricity were brought into Rocky Mountain House; the first streets were paved and the first arena was built.

In 1952, Jack and Angie became founding members of the Rocky Whirlaway Square Dance Club, thus beginning a long association with other square dancers from all over Canada. They are now life members of the local club which hosted a "never-to-be-forgotten" sixtieth wedding anniversary party for the Edgertons.

In 1975, after 46 years in the cartage business, Jack retired his trucks, delivering his last parcel to Albert Jensen of the Smart Shop.

In 1978, Jack and Angie received the "Community Builders of the Year," award, presented by the Rocky Mountain House Chamber of Commerce. Prior to this, Jack was instrumental in designing an official crest for the town, featuring various important aspects of the west country.

The birds Angie feeds.

A highlight of 1980 occurred when Jack and Angie helped erect a cairn a short distance from Highway #11, above Whirlpool Point and Lake Abraham. The cairn stands as a memorial to local trailblazers who lobbied the government to build the David Thompson Highway over the trail previously traveled on horseback by First Nation people and frontiersmen. "We were blessed with wonderful weather and had lots of fun during the four days it took to build the cairn," Angie stated. (For more information, see "Trail Blazers.")

In 1993, the Edgertons received a special award, "The Key To The Town," a symbolic tribute acknowledging their many years of community service. Throughout the years, Jack and Angie have organized many bus tours for local seniors and enjoyed a considerable amount of personal time, traveling to interesting destinations. Beside sightseeing tours to Hawaii, Alaska and other states, they have visited the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and every Canadian province, with the exception of Newfoundland. Separate excursions have taken them to Edmonton, in 1939, to see the King and Queen; to Norway to meet relatives, many of which were hitherto unknown; several cruises, including the Panama Canal and Mexico; the opening of the TransCanada Highway in 1962 and Expo '86.

Both Angie and Jack continue to enjoy gardening, bird watching, reading and visiting friends and relatives. Angie is a superb cook who has always baked for church teas and bake sales, and has been the treasurer for the Presbyterian Church Guild for many years. She also loves to tat and crochet and is currently crocheting an intricate lace table cloth for her large dining room table. When not at the Co-op, having coffee and visiting, Jack can usually be found in the kitchen, enjoying a quiet game of solitaire.

This year, 2002, Angie and Jack have taken part in square dance activities as well as being active members in their church, the Pioneer Center, the RMH Museum and the Rocky Mountain House Reunion Historical Society—a society which has published the only multi-family history of residents in the Rocky Mountain House-Nordegg area.

Twenty-six years ago Angie was assistant editor of "The Days Before Yesterday," and during the past four years she has been an indispensable member of the committee in charge of compiling "The Days After Yesterday." To her credit, Angie not only set this second publishing project in motion by recruiting committee members, but she hosted the first meetings in her home, wrote letters requesting histories and served as a very capable treasurer throughout the entire project. Needless to say, she and Jack have played a meaningful role in the development of our west country—and we thank them for their part in recording the history. * (News items concerning the Edgerton family can be found on the CD ROM)

EDWARDS, Charles Isaac

Charles Edwards, founder of Edwards Garage in 1929.

Charlie was born in Birmingham, England, in 1889. He travelled with his mother, Sarah, his sister, Edith, and brother, Alfred, to Rocky Mountain House in 1912. They were scheduled to sail on the Titanic, but fortunately a quarantine prevented them from doing so, and they caught the next ship instead.

Sarah was an officer with the Salvation Army and, among her other duties, she also ministered as a midwife to many in those early days. After a few years Edith returned to England, but the boys stayed in Canada. Alfred became employed as ticket master for the railway and was transferred away from Rocky. Charlie spent his life in Rocky.

Charlie served in World War I, and spent much of his overseas tour near his home in England. He married Elsie Haworth and they had seven children: Goldie, Mary, Alfred, David, Fredrick, Iona and Roy. After his return from the army, Charlie opened a blacksmith shop on 49 Street and plied that trade for many years.

In 1929 he bought the garage located on Main Street from Slim Melton. He changed the dealership from Chrysler to GM and that dealership still exists at the present time. Charlie

also acquired extensive timber holdings and sawmills, and formed Edwards' Lumber Company.

After his divorce from Elsie, Charlie married Myrtle Kennedy. Charlie was very active in the community. He was a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, Odd Fellows and Masonic Order. He was president of the Automobile and Service Station Dealers of Rocky and, for several years, was the secretary of the Clearwater West Country Fish and Game Association.

He served as a school trustee for many years and in 1940 was elected to the town council. In 1948, he was elected to the office of Mayor of Rocky Mountain House, a position he held until the time of his death in 1949.

EDWARDS, Dave
"Trout Fishing In The Rockies"

Top Row: Doug Henderson, Bob Titford, Dave Edwards. Bottom Row: Gene King, Gale Ma Poy.

The quest for good stories for our new history book brought this one to light. Entitled "Trout fishing in the Rockies," the author is none other than our own native son, "Dave Edwards." From 1949 to '63, "Dave" was a household word in Rocky Mountain House. He seemed to be everywhere at once. Whether organizing a major event, or bustling around town doing business for his timber operations, Dave was there and everyone knew him. Sometimes you would hear the drone of an engine and look up to see the familiar sight of Dave's plane flying overhead. How well we recall the day of the plane crash and the great sadness associated with Dave's tragic death, yet memories of his achievements are still alive and well.

"It was the Saturday before Christmas. The temperature was about 10 degrees above zero, the forecast for Sunday, clear and cool, so we decided Sunday was the day. Sunday morning, about 6 am found Bob Titford, Gail MaPoy, Dough Henderson, Gene King and myself at the airstrip, warming up our two aircraft. Gene King was flying a Cessna 170 HRL and I had a Cessna 180 KEW. The trip was lined up with one passenger for the 170 and two for the 180. Both planes had survival gear because ten miles west of our strip lies some of the roughest country in the Rockies.

"We were airborne by daybreak (7:30 am) and finally on our way. I should mention at this point that we had tried twice before to locate Meskike Lake and were unsuccessful both times. This time one of the passengers, who had been to the lake by horse train, thought he could find the lake from the air.

"We tuned in on Unicom 122-8 and flew most of the trip together. The engine covers were on the 170 and the oil started to heat, but held outside the danger area. This overheating, besides causing us concern, also slowed us up, because Gene had to throttle back for better cooling. In all it took about forty-five minutes before we had successfully reached our destination and were circling for a look.

"I was in the lead by this time and was heading in first. So far this year no one had been to the lake, so I spent some of my approach time worrying about ice thickness, whiteouts and so on. The approach was over a sparsely timbered muskeg, just off the Brazeau River Valley, between nine thousand foot mountains. However, the valley was fairly wide and provided sufficient room, so there was no concern from that quarter.

"The landing successfully completed, we discovered there was only four inches of snow, and the ice was ten inches thick which was quite sufficient. Our altimeter read fifty-one hundred feet above sea level. The lake was about three quarters of a mile long, with a small dogleg at one end.

"Our planes looked after, we got down to business and started cutting holes in the ice. Our watches told us that in order to have a safe

margin of time for the return trip home, we had only four or five hours of fishing and we wanted our lines in the water as much of the time as possible.

"We had all of our luck in the first two hours by which time we had caught six beautiful Brook Trout, the largest weighing four pounds six ounces and the smallest, three and a half pounds. As it turned out, this was all we caught, but believe me a four pound trout is a lot of fun to catch on a four pound test leader, even through the ice. When fishing through the ice, you have the added hazard of cutting your leader on the ice. I mention this because, much to my sorrow, I lost two beauties by doing this very thing.

"Three o'clock and time to get on our way; it's dark by four-thirty. While at the lake a gusty wind had come up, which we estimated at twenty-five miles per hour. This was causing us some concern because we could only take off in one direction and that was downwind. The reason for the one-way takeoff was a small hill at one end of the lake. It was about three hundred feet high and in the way. I don't know whether you have ever taken off downwind in gusty weather or not, but I will vouch for the fact you get a queer sensation and a feeling of apprehension as you see the other end of the lake approaching at eighty miles an hour—and your airspeed says fifty. You take off at least four times because every time a gust of wind comes up, your airspeed goes down; then back on to the lake you go.

"After takeoff, the trip back home was uneventful. We had a very nice tail wind, so we were only thirty minutes en route and arrived back at the airstrip at 4:00 pm, five tired, but happy fishermen, determined to go again, soon."

EDWARDS, Earl David (Dave) and family

Earl David Edwards, known as Dave, was one of Rocky's native sons. Born in Rocky Mountain House in 1924, he was the second eldest son of Charles and Elsie Edwards. Dave had three brothers: Alf, Fred and Roy and three sisters: Mary, Goldie and Iona. Dave attended public school in Rocky Mountain House and lived with his family in an old two-story, log house east of Rocky on what was known as the old Cony farm, where Edna Brown later lived.

Dave's mother, Elsie (Haworth) Edwards.

Dave and his siblings later moved to Calgary with their mother, until Dave and Alf struck out on their own when they were fourteen and fifteen years old. Not knowing quite what to do, they enlisted in the army. However, Dave was discharged a year later, when it was discovered he was under age.

As soon as he came of age, Dave enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy in the signals branch where he served during World War II. On his discharge, he worked in Nelson, B.C. as a surveyor with road construction, using the skills he acquired while in the Navy. While Dave was in Nelson, he met and married Sylvia Brulotte, the eldest daughter of Homer and Violet Brulotte. Her father provided for his family of six by working in the coal mines in the interior of B.C.

Dave Edwards.

Dave and Sylvia operated a coffee shop in Nelson, serving homemade soup, pie and coffee and it was here in Nelson their two eldest children, Patricia and Richard, were born.

When Dave's father, Charlie Edwards, died in 1949, Dave and his family returned to Rocky Mountain House to take over the lumber business started by Charlie. The family's first home was located on 52 Street, next door to Bert and Gertie Schlebnig and the Dressler family. Directly across the street to the east was the first outdoor skating rink which you can see in the accompanying picture. In the summer Sylvia used to tether her old black gelding in the skating rink area. She had purchased the horse at George Bole's auction sale and, although the children were told to stay away from the horse,

because their parents didn't know how the horse would behave around children, Richard was found standing under its belly.

At age four Patricia, together with the Dressler and Garnett girls, went door-to-door one morning, collecting the tokens and milk money left for the milkman. Upon returning home for lunch, overflow from Patricia's pockets spilled out on the kitchen floor. When asked where the money came from, Patricia innocently told her parents the neighbors had set the money out for her and her friends. After a gentle reprimand from Dave, Patricia made a second trip around the neighborhood with her dad to apologize and return the money and tokens. Needless to say the exercise provided the Edwards children with a very good lesson in love, honesty and integrity.

Dave operated his planer mill in Rocky Mountain House just west of the Atlas Lumber yard. Many trips were made back and forth to the mill in his old pickup truck, accompanied by a gold colored cocker spaniel, a stray Dave found and brought home to be part of the family.

Dave later added a retail outlet at the mill with tools, paint, hardware—the first outlet of its kind in Rocky Mountain House. The mill was provided with logs, cut by hand, skidded to logging camps one by one with horses and then hauled to Rocky Mountain House by truck.

The logging camps were located on the North Fork of Prairie Creek (Rough Creek Mill). Dave operated another mill west of Nordegg, near Siffleur Falls, across from Whirlpool Point and very close to the Banff National Park boundry. The mill was known as the Upper Saskatchewan "Castle Mountain Mill" and also "Big Timber," because of the hundreds of acres of two-hundred to three-hundred year old pine trees in this berth. During this time, Dave patented "knotty pine paneling," a pine board design which is still popular, today. This camp later burned to the ground.

In the summertime the horses from these camps were kept about three and a half miles southwest of Rocky Mountain House, on a farm located on the north side of the Clearwater River bridge on road to Cow Lake Store. Besides pasturing horses on the farm, Dave also raised hay for the horses as well as chickens and vegetables to feed the crews who worked at the logging camps.

Greg, Dave's and Sylvia's third child, was born in Rocky Mountain House in 1951. Shortly thereafter the family moved to a new house. The first to be built in the newly developed subdivision, the house was next door to Bucknall's, directly north of where Rocky Elementary School is located today. Later a new skating rink was built in the northeast corner of the school yard. In summer, the family enjoyed their cabin at Crimson Lake where the Edwards children learned to swim and where they rode a toothless, old bay horse—a retired logging horse—named Papoose.

Dave was very active in community work. He served two terms on town council, was the president of the Chamber of Commerce, president of the Kinsmen Club, held membership in the Legion, Masons, Fish and Game Association and assisted with Cub and Scout activities.

#3 log camp at Castle Mountain west of Nordegg.

Dave Edward's Mill, Planer and Burner.

Dave's daughter and family, Patricia (Edwards) Pollitt, Michelle and Mark.

Dave was an avid pilot, owning his own plane which he kept in a hanger on Art Fisher's farm, and was a member of the Southern Alberta Flying Club and Flying Farmers of Alberta. Dave was instrumental in the establishment of the Pine Hill Golf Course, donating both time and equipment to the development of the project.

Another project Dave wholeheartedly supported was the development of the David Thompson Highway and he made many trips from Rocky Mountain House to the Saskatchewan River Crossing before the highway became a reality. These yearly pilgrimages were commonly called the "Cavalcade." In 1957, Dave, as president of the Kinsmen Club, was instrumental in bringing honour to David Thompson, the explorer and mapmaker, who 150 years before discovered the headwaters of the mighty Columbia River. Dave, together with Gene King, Wally Mottus, Willis Teskey and Jack Clark, took Calgary Herald writer, Barry Kay and Herald photographer, Ed Takalovich, on the entire trip from Rocky Mountain House , along rough pack trails and forestry roads, clearing windfalls with power saws and building pole culverts as they went west. The trip took them past Windy Point, over the Kootenay Plains to the Saskatchewan River Crossing and proved the proposed David Thompson Highway would make a feasible thoroughfare.

Later, this trip was featured in a special weekend insert in the Calgary Herald. Among the many pictures shown in the insert, was the photo of a bridge over the Cline River by which Dave reached the Big Timber camp, the building costs of which had been split between Dave and the Alberta Government.

That year, the Kinsmen organized the local Stampede. Dave and his fellow Kinsmen paid tribute to David Thompson by wearing tri-cornered hats and fringed jackets. Even Kerry Wood, author of the "Map Maker," an autobiography of David Thompson, was in attendance, promoting and autographing copies of his book.

Sylvia was a very committed wife, supporting Dave in all he did. In addition to being a helpmate, Sylvia was a member of the Hospital Auxiliary, the Kinettes and an avid curler. As a Kinette, Sylvia headed the campaign each year for the Stampede Queen Contest, held in conjunction with the annual rodeo. Many Stampede Queen candidates became Sylvia's lifelong friends. Sylvia and her family also became expert rollers of coin, since a large quantity of loose change was raised from the sale of tickets from this contest. This money went towards community functions sponsored by the Kinnettes.

On September 11, 1963, Dave died after a blood clot went to his brain while he was piloting his plane from Rocky Mountain House to Edmonton. The plane crashed in the Willesden Green area.

Sylvia was remarried a few years later to Vince Vansco, an Eckville veterinarian, and had one more daughter, Sheryl. Sylvia lived on an acreage just south of Eckville until she passed away in June, 1999.

Today, three of the children operate their own business: Patricia is an investment broker in Red Deer; Dick operates Dick's Fleet Maintenance in Rocky Mountain House; Greg is a dentist in Ponoka, while Sheryl married Bill Melaney and lives in Olds, Alberta.

EDWARDS, Edward (Ted) Jr. and Mary

Ted Edwards Jr. family in 1997.

Ted, the son of Margaret and Ted, was born in St. Paul, Alberta, June 26, 1929. The family moved to Edmonton in 1930 and to Rocky Mountain House in 1937 when Ted was eight years old.

We arrived during Rocky Stampede week. The first thing I can remember seeing in Rocky was a man riding his horse from the Mountview, the top hotel. There were two hotels, one at either end of main street, and the street was so steep the hotels were called "the top" and "the bottom." The sidewalks were rough wooden planks, and in places were only three to four feet off the actual street.

While growing up in Rocky, there was never a dull moment. I rode my horse (Silver) to school and had many a race with Ken Becker. I had my own trap line and was very active in Air Cadets, hockey and baseball. As the junior team in baseball, it was a great thrill to beat the senior team which included players such as Paul Petersen and George Boles to name a couple. Working for the Atlas Lumber Company provided the main source of income for a lot of people. Quite a number of students worked there in the summer holidays.

Halloween was something! Who put the "goat" in the principal's office? It ate the bell rope. Ben Shantz, my uncle, was the town policeman. He would come to school the day after Halloween, round up all the boys and put them to work setting up the toilets. It was a lot of fun.

In 1948, at the age of eighteen, I moved to Edmonton. In 1957 I married Mary Urkevich who came from Drayton Valley and worked for the Air Force in Edmonton. We have three children: Laureen (Campbell), Roxane (Simpson) and Edward. Laureen, a registered nurse, married Brian Campbell, and they have a daughter, Lindsay. They live in British Columbia by Shuswap Lake. They own and operate North American Log Crafters. Our second daughter, Roxane, worked for many years as an executive secretary for the Faculty of Medicine, University of Alberta. She married Wes Simpson who is employed by PB (British Petroleum), formerly Amco. Roxane and Wes live in Olds, Alberta, with their two children, Kaitlyn and Eric. Our son, Edward (Ted), has a B.Sc. in Forestry. He is married with two children, Edward (Ted Jr.) and Kathleen. Ted lives in High Level, Alberta.

In October 2001, we moved to Olds and love living here. As members of the Rocky Historical Society, we visit the area quite often. We enjoy the outdoors and spend a lot of time in the Nordegg area, golfing, fishing and hunting.

EDWARDS, Edward (Ted Sr.) and family

Margaret and Ted Edwards family, 1950. Ted Jr., Jane, Margaret, Peggy, Ted, and Kay.

Ted Edwards was born in Towyn, Wales, United Kingdom, May 7, 1888. After graduating from school, Ted left Wales to go to the United States. He spent a number of years working at various jobs, heard about the impending war with Germany and moved to Edmonton to enlist. He was wounded and sent back to Edmonton in 1916. When he recuperated, he re-enlisted in 1917 and got severely gassed. He was discharged and was one of the few who had his papers signed by the King of England. He received a 100% medical pension for his services, but ended up with only one lung. After recuperating again, he became the master mechanic for Swift Canadian in Edmonton.

Ted met and married Margaret Shantz on February 2, 1921. Margaret was born and raised near Wetaskiwin, Alberta, on March 17, 1899. Wetaskiwin was very small at that time. When Margaret was sixteen she drove her first Model T and took her first and last ride in an open cockpit airplane. After their first year of marriage, Ted was becoming quite ill and had to quit his job, so they decided to try farming at St. Paul, Alberta. Before they left, they had their first child, Margaret (Peggy) Robins. After arriving in St. Paul, they had four children: Kathleen (Kay) Cormack of Edmonton, Marilyn (June) Seager of Calgary, Olive (Doreen) Edwards (deceased) and Edward (Ted) Edwards of Olds, Alberta.

In 1929 Ted became very ill and had to give up farming. They returned to Edmonton where Ted spent many years in and out of the hospital. In 1936 they decided to move to Rocky Mountain House as Margaret had four brothers living in the Rocky-Frisco area. They were Benjamin (Ben), Christian (Tete), Jack (Johnny), and Richard (Dick) Shantz. Ted and Margaret purchased a home near Nurse Fleming and the Park family.

Margaret was very active in Rocky; she was a member of the Hospital Guild, Women's Institute, C.G.I.T. She also taught Sunday school for a number of years at the Presbyterian Church. She was a member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion and served two terms as president. Both Margaret and Ted were life members of the Legion.

After living in Rocky for many years, they purchased a quarter section of land, across from the cemetery, one mile east of Rocky. Ted cleared forty acres of land mostly by hand. However, if he left a large stump of a jack pine, he used dynamite on it. To his dismay, the dynamite often blew the dirt and rocks away and left the stump. His good friend, George Morrison (a Rocky pioneer), brought out his D 12 Cat and pulled the stumps out leaving holes the size of a house. Ted's hobbies were hunting partridge, gardening, listening to hockey games and the World Series. He was an avid card player and enjoyed good music.

The Edwards family built their own home and resided there until they moved back to Edmonton in 1965. Ted Edwards became ill and was moved to the Veterans' Nursing Home in Edmonton where he passed away November 13, 1972. He was laid to rest in the Field of Honor in the Rocky Cemetery. Margaret, who lived in three centuries, passed away February 2000. They both had a wonderful, long life.

EDWARDS, Ted and Margaret,
written by Teddy Edwards in 1996

In July 1936, Margaret and Ted Edwards, together with their five children (Peggy, Kay, June, Doreen and Teddy), left the bright lights of Edmonton and moved to Rocky Mountain House. I remember it was "the Rocky Stampede day," and we thought we had moved to the wild west. Our first meal was in the Modern Café, proprietor "Shorty."

Our family lived in the town of Rocky for a year or two and then purchased eighty acres of land one mile east of town. (This land is now a thriving sub-division.) The second great war was imminent at this time, and building materials scarce. After a struggle our home was constructed and many happy years were spent there.

One very sad time in our lives was the death of our sister, Doreen, aged thirteen. Later, as we remaining children grew up and left the nest, our parents were lonesome, so they sold our home in 1963 and moved back to Edmonton.

Peggy married Jack Robins and lives in Chase, B.C.; Kay married Rennie Cormack and lives in Westerose, Alberta; June married Bud Seager and lives in Calgary; Teddy married Mary Urkevich and lives in Edmonton, Alberta. Peggy and Teddy have both attended the Rocky Reunions where many old friendships have been re-established.

EIRIKSON, Rose (Moisey)
as told to Annette Gray

Rocky Mountain House Hospital was the first place I nursed after completing my nurses' aide training in Calgary. Previous to that I had been in the Canadian Air Force for four years from 1942-46, so traveling to new places was not difficult for me. Still I had misgivings after boarding the train in Calgary and discovering the trip to Rocky Mountain House would take eight hours. It certainly seemed this town—wherever it was—had to be a long way from civilization. Making me more dubious were some rough looking characters, also bound for Rocky Mountain House. As soon as the train pulled out of the station, out came the bottles and after eight hours of drinking these ruffians were in a terrible state. So, when I caught my first glimpse of the town, I remember thinking, "I'm not going to like this place and I'm not staying."

How wrong I was! Although, my stay was only a year and a half, I found Rocky Mountain House to be the friendliest town I'd ever lived in.

The old Rocky Hospital had living quarters upstairs, so that was where I roomed with several other nurses. At that time Dr. Greenaway and Dr. Laing were the doctors, and one of the nurses, Minerva Brierley, became a special friend. We had no end of fun that year. I remember we nurses decided the hospital needed sprucing up—the rooms were a dull green—so we painted the rooms pretty pastels. Then we set to work making new drapes for the windows and slip covers for chairs and before long the hospital rooms looked bright and cheerful.

All too soon my stay in Rocky Mountain House came to an end, and I left to nurse in Innisfail for thirty-three years. Soon after arriving in Innisfail I met my husband, Mindy Eirikson, and we were married in 1950. Until June, 2001, we lived on the farm (just east of Spruce View) where Mindy had spent his childhood. Here we raised four children. Our daughter, Loretta, followed in my footsteps and became a nurse. Maureen also took up nursing, but died in a tragic car accident at the age of twenty-one. After completing school at Spruce View, Norman worked on the farm and now lives with us in our new home in Innisfail. Many of you will remember our eldest son, Tom Eirikson, who competed many years in Rocky Mountain House rodeos. Tom went on to win roping, steer wrestling and saddle-riding events consistently. This eventually earned him the title of "Canadian Champion All Around Cowboy," for four consecutive years and the Bill Linderman Award, three times.

When Tom first joined the circuit our whole family traveled to rodeos around the country, and many exciting days were spent at the Rocky Stampede. My husband, Mindy, recalls the time we were seated in the bleachers beside our good friend, Cecil Flake. The rodeo action was particularly lively that day. We were clapping and cheering, unaware that Cecil was holding a cigarette until we discovered it had burned a large hole in Mindy's pants. After that Cecil's cigarettes became the "butt" of many good-natured jokes.

Tom is married now and has a family of his own. His eldest son, Josh, is seventeen and, like his father, is making a name for himself in rodeo. How time flies! It seems like only yesterday we was patching up Clutch, Josh's favorite teddy bear, and now he is all grown-up. Tom's other children also lead active lives; they are Rebecca, Wyatt and Sawyer.

Our daughter, Loretta (Mrs. Bert O'Hare), nurses in Calgary and has four children: Michael, Chris, Jeffrey and Melonie. When Loretta was growing up, she and Maureen joined 4-H and I became a 4-H leader. These are happy memories for me. Since my own hobbies include crocheting, knitting, sewing and Hardinger needle work, I enjoyed helping the girls with various crafts. For the Centennial year we went to the Parliament Buildings in Edmonton to research 4-H. This visit encouraged the girls to make a 4-H memorial album. Later we displayed the album at an exhibit in Markerville along with the many lovely garments they had made as 4-H projects.

In June 2000, I had the honor of attending a dedication service held in Calgary for women who served in the Canadian Air Force. It was a moving experience which took me back to the days of my youth when I was an Aircraft Servicing Technician, keeping track of the hours planes logged before directing them for an overhaul. Of course these were the days before that

first long—never-to-be-forgotten—trip to Rocky Mountain House, and I have lived a most interesting life since then.

EKELUND HISTORY

Ekelund Family in 1982.

Bob's mother, Ruth Allison, was raised in Edmonton. At the age of seventeen, just out of Normal School, she was the first teacher at Sangudo—the year was 1914. In 1915 she took the job as the first teacher at Parkview School, three miles from Waterton Lakes. Ruth taught school off and on over the years in the Pincher Creek School Division for an accumulated total of thirty years.

Bob's dad, Aron, a rancher plus an excellent carpenter, was born in the state of Utah where his parents had settled in the 1860s (during the lawless west era). His parents moved to Raymond, Alberta, in 1903 and later homesteaded land bordering Waterton Lakes Park. Aron and his brothers eventually homesteaded in the Twin Butte area and made that part of Alberta their home. Aron was taken with the young school mistress from Edmonton – hence Bob, his two brothers and two sisters and two sisters. Bob is one of only a few persons with Twin Butte, Alberta, on their birth certificate. (He was born in the log house on the homestead.) He grew up exploring the mountains and their unique flora and fauna and became quite knowledgeable in wood lore. He is also an avid reader.

June's mother, Alma (Clark) Kerbes, was born May 3, 1902, and celebrated her 100th birthday in 2002, in Stettler where she lives. Alma's parents, seven sisters and two brothers, came from Ceylon, Minnesota, part of the New Holland Dutch community. Alma and her sister, Wilma Clark, graduated Normal School at Camrose. Alma first taught at Little Horseguard School in 1924-25, while lodging at Granny Lund's. The following year she taught at Arbutus, while Wilma taught at Alhambra. A third sister, Stella, lived in the area with her husband, Clifford Pederson, who operated a small sawmill on Clear Creek.

June's father, Mike Kerbes, was born in Talinn, Estonia. In 1910 he came with his parents, five sisters and three brothers to homestead near Big Valley. Mike became a hard working farmer who also liked to cook and do traditional dancing. Mike met and courted "Miss Clark" during her early teaching career and Mike and Alma were married and moved to the homestead.

June Kerbes was born in Stettler, the fifth of a family of twelve children. Mike, Alma and family built up a considerable sized mixed farm and ranch operation along the banks of the Red Deer River. Mike was a man of much ingenuity; he built a fish pond, a smoke house and outdoor steam sauna. The Kerbe's fish pond is still enjoyed today by the community. Mike and Alma hosted FUA meetings, church services and many other social events. June Kerbes loved school, music and was very family-oriented. When she was nine years old (with her dad's permission), she took part in a cattle drive to Big Valley railway station, a trip of twenty-five miles.

Bob and June met at Spindler's Hall where the 4K's dance band was playing. He was enchanted by this farmer's daughter and invited her to meet his parents in Twin Butte. He proposed at Lundbreck Falls. She accepted and they were married in Stettler, August 18, 1954, in the Baptist Church. The reception was held at the farm home.

In 1955 the couple were thrilled at the arrival of their first son, Michael. In 1955 Bob and June traveled to Rocky Mountain House to holiday in the "west country." They traveled past Windy Point which was only a wagon trail, on to White Goat River, and on to their destination,

the Cline River valley. This trip was taken before the first cavalcade went through the area. The Ekelunds saw a herd of wild horses out in the open meadow. They followed a dry creek bed and came upon the most amazing beaver dam they had ever seen. It stood eighteen to twenty feet high and backed water up for one quarter of a mile. It was a breathtaking sight.

In 1957 Grandpa Aron came to look after Michael while his sister, Connie, was arriving on the scene. In 1958 the family moved to Twin Butte where they built a home near Pine Creek. During their stay at Twin Butte the family was delighted to welcome Aron Jr., Julie and James to the fold. Here in the beautiful south country the family picnicked, summer and winter, at almost every creek and river in the area. In 1963 the Ekelund family moved to Canyon Area in Pincher Creek. It was here Brian, David and Deborah became the newest family members, much to the delight of the rest of the crew. Here also were music lessons and swimming lessons for everyone.

In 1967 work took the family to the new town of Rainbow Lake. They moved into a company home, but there were no grocery stores, no restaurants and not even streetlights, for some time. The Ekelund students used flashlights when they walked to school on dark winter mornings. Badger was their one-half wolf dog and Simon, their one-half cross Siamese cat. The school also had to wait on supplies, so the students helped to set up classrooms and science lab etc. The students also had their own canned T.V. In 1967, Centennial year, the family traveled to Assumption and purchased mukluks for everyone. In 1969 Elizabeth was welcomed as the baby of the family of nine children. So, with parkas, mitts and boots, the children enjoyed the northland winters, northern lights and the howl of wolves. In summers the Ekelund mom and kids flew to Edmonton, then traveled to a campsite in Pincher Creek where they enjoyed swimming, biking and camping. In 1970 the family left the one-half wolf dog (to head up a dog team), and bid goodbye to friends at Rainbow Lake. Bob's work was taking them to Rocky Mountain House.

In 1971 the Ekelunds built a home in quiet Mountain View Crescent in Rocky. The children participated in various interests, Reach for the Top, Sea Cadets, gymnastics, figure skating and hockey. They spent many hours playing street hockey, and built a club house overlooking, or should we say over-hanging the North Saskatchewan River. They also enjoyed Rocky's library which contained quite a few volumes of science fiction.

Bob worked for Husky which entailed quite a bit of travelling, while June was involved with Welcome Wagon, the F.P.A., was president of A Sini Wa Chee and helped to coach gymnastics and sew on girls' Brownie badges. In 1979 the Ekelunds found their farmstead close to the Clearwater River. It was high land with a beautiful mountain view. The Ekelunds set up a small cow/calf operation. All the children learned how to build straight fences, plant a few trees and pick noxious weeds from the cropland.

The couple enjoyed dancing and gave lessons at Everdell, Buster Creek, Frisco, Arbutus, Butte, Hespero, Condor, Leslieville, Alhambra, Evergreen and Benalto. They have also offered crash courses to grads from 1975 through 2002. In 1996 June and Bob were honored at the Native Friendship Centre for thirty years of foster care and they became honorary lifetime members of A.F.D.A. June has worked at Cole's Auction Mart for twenty-five years and is a member of the Rural Crime Watch. In 1997 Bob retired from Husky Oil after forty-five years in the oil industry. In 1997 Bob and June set up Silvertip Safety Co. for which Bob currently consults. In 1998 Bob published his book, "Lean'n into the Wind." In 1999 the Ekelunds were awarded the Farm Beautification Award. In 2000 their Centennial project was a family picture album. In 2001 the Ekelunds were honored for thirty-five years of understanding and devotion to children in care. In 2002 the Ekelunds are enjoying their family (which includes many grandchildren), and country-living, in the friendly community south of Rocky Mountain House, just off highway 22.

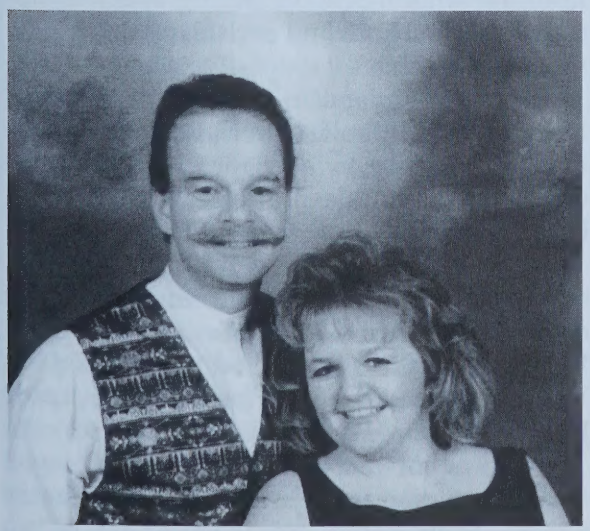
ELLIOT, George and Catharine
submitted by Kate (Duggan)

Willis George and Catharine Elliot moved from Ontario to Rocky Mountain House in 1923. My grandmother, Catharine, was the Rocky Town Secretary until she retired in 1970. She was

George Elliot home in Rocky Mountain House.

a spry woman who walked to and from the Town Hall everyday even for lunch. My mother, Mary Elizabeth, Liz, was born in Rocky on October 9th, 1923. My great-grandmother also lived in Rocky Mountain House with the family until her death. Grace Schierholtz moved in with the Elliots in 1947. She owned The Mountaineer newspaper in Rocky for years. Her friendship and living with the family continued until her death in the 1960s.

The Elliots bought the house north of the Anglican Church in 1926. (where the Credit Union is now.) My mother remembers this as the "lemonade house." When Mom was four years old, she went to a birthday party at the house and when they went to the pump and filled a bucket it was lemonade and not water in the bucket. She figured it was a special pump. After they bought the house the first thing she did was go out and try this special pump. It



Tom and Cecelia Feigs.

Paul and Glenda Duggan.

pumped water and not lemonade. Mom spent her youth in Rocky until she was 25 and then it was off to Edmonton where she met my dad (James Paul Duggan) and got married in 1956. They had four children and six grandchildren. Unfortunately, we lost my dad on November 11, 1992. Mom is doing just fine and is living down the street from Ceile and Tom.

James Paul Jr. was born August 13th, 1957. He is married to Glenda High and they have two children: Tisha High (21) and a son, a third James Paul, (13). They live just outside Calgary in Strathmore. Gordon George was born February 16,1959. He and his wife Sarah Joyce are now living in London, England.

Gordon Duggan and Sarah Joyce.

Back Row: J.P. Duggan, Jim Willis, Simon Feigs. Middle Row: Sarah Willis, Liz (Elliot) Duggan, and Tish High Front: Hayley Feigs.

Catharine Elizabeth (Kate) that's me! I'm married to Glenn Willis. We have two children, James Donn, nicknamed Jim (20) and Sarah Cecelia Elizabeth (18). We live in Calgary. My twin sister, Cecelia Edna (born June 9, 1960), is married to Thomas Feigs. They have two children as well: Hayley Catharine (11) and Simon Thomas (8). They also live in Calgary.

Our family has many fond memories of Rocky Mountain House. We spent every summer at our Nana's house, until she died in 1975. We spent many happy days on the swing our granddad build in a tree for our mom. We also loved visiting with Jack and Angie Edgerton; they lived across the alley and were very special to our family. My mom's dearest friend, Marjorie Beck, and her family were always a part of summer and, when she passed away, we all felt we had lost our Auntie.

Glenn and Kate Willis.

Sylvan Lake was a very big part of my mom's youth and she loves to share stories of the trips with "the girls" and going to the dance hall. Like her, all of us kids enjoyed the dance hall and the cabin by the lake. Rocky Mountain House is a treasure chest of fond memories and lifelong friendships. We will all continue to pass on the stories of Rocky to our children and grandchildren.

ELLIOTT, Kathleen
by Ashley Kennedy

Kathy Elliot and Sylvia Edwards, at Ranger Station, west of Nordegg, now Abraham Lake.

On August 7, 1912, Kathleen Elliott was born in London, England. When she was four her father died. The school Kathleen attended was not coed and she had to walk two miles, to and from the school. Schools in England were located in the suburbs and each class had its own room and teacher.

For entertainment in her childhood years, Kathleen would knit, sew, build puzzles and read because she loved to learn. During her teenage years Kathleen attended dances with her many friends.

When she was sixteen Kathleen finished school and then proceeded to work in various offices including a lawyer's office. During World War I she volunteered to work for the War effort. In 1941 she met her future husband, John Elliott, at a dance in a canteen.

John was born in 1907 in Scotland, but fought for the Canadian army. In 1943 he lost his hearing and immigrated to Canada. Later, he returned to England where he and Kathleen were

married in 1946. The two paid their own way to Canada and the journey by ship took them many days. After the ocean voyage, they travelled by train to Alberta where they made their home. John worked in the forestry, and for many years the couple moved around southern Alberta, usually living at ranger stations far from civilization.

For seven years the Elliotts lived thirty miles west of Nordegg at the Upper Saskatchewan Ranger Station and while there, John and Kathleen grew an outstanding flower garden. During their lives they raised and bred St. Bernard dogs and owned a dog kennel called Jay Kay Kennels. In 1964 their dog, Jiggs of the Hills, was named top dog in Canada.

At first they lived at the ranger station in a trailer on loan from Cliff Brierley, while a house was being built on site. Later, after retirement from the Forestry, they purchased a house and twenty-five acres of land a short distance east of Rocky Mountain House. This house, built by Ted Edwards in the 30s, was located opposite Pine Grove Cemetery. For many years it had been John's dream to own a greenhouse, so they started a commercial greenhouse, raising and selling bedding plants. During this time John attended Olds College to acquire the art of Floristry. After many years of owning a greenhouse the Elliotts decided to close their business, but Connie deBoer now owns a greenhouse, called the Plant Ranch, where the Elliotts' original greenhouse once stood.

Kathleen described Rocky Mountain House, when she first came, as being a "cute, tiny place," and she still enjoys the town very much. John passed away after he closed the greenhouse, but Kathleen still lives in Rocky Mountain House and thoroughly enjoys it.

ELLIOTT, Vera and Donald

Edith Vera Killick was the fourth child born to Jack and Ada Killick on August 15, 1913, in Rocky Mountain House. Vera's schooling began in Rocky and continued in Torbrook, Nova Scotia, and Victoria, B.C. She completed high school in Edmonton, and was always interested in sports. She was an excellent (although short) basketball player in her youth. She has continued playing tennis and golf in Ottawa where she lives and is now in her late eighties.

In the 1930s, Vera took a secretarial course and then worked for the Hudson Bay Company in Edmonton. Next she worked at Cadomin Mercantile in Cadomin, then at the family store in Rocky, after which Vera was offered a position at White's Store in Banff as Manager of Ladies' Wear. There she met Don Elliott who was the CPR ticket agent in Banff. They were married in April 1941, at her family home in Rocky.

Over the next thirty years Vera and Don enjoyed postings with Canadian Pacific throughout Canada: in Banff, Moose Jaw, Victoria, Edmonton, Ottawa, Winnipeg, and lastly in Calgary. As they raised their family, they were active in all these communities through volunteer work with Kiwanis, Rotary, Masons, Red Cross and other service clubs.

In 1969 Don and Vera retired to Kelowna, B.C, where they continued to be active members within the community through golf and other leisure pursuits.

Don passed away in February 1975 in Kelowna. Vera now lives in Ottawa.

They had three daughters: Marjorie, Patricia and Dianne.

THE NEXT GENERATION

Marjorie Elliott (Jim Gillick) was born in Calgary and lives in Stittsville, Ontario. A graduate of Queen's University, she teaches a variety of subjects at West Carleton Secondary School in Dunrobin, Ontario. As well, she plays the flute in the Kanata Symphony Orchestra. Jim is a retired electrical engineer. Their children are Ryan and Janna. Ryan James Gillick was born in Ottawa and grew up in Stittsville, Ontario. After completing high school, he headed west to find out what it was that his mother had been bragging about all his life. He immediately fell in love with the West, and has adopted Alberta as his home province. Janna Dawn Gillick was born in Ottawa and has also fallen under the spell of Alberta. A graduate of the University of Waterloo, she now resides in Calgary and is employed as a chemical engineer at Hyprotech Limited.

Patricia Elliott (Dale Wishart) was born in Edmonton and lives in Halifax, N.S. She recently retired from her position as Director of Administration for The Council of Maritime Premiers. Pat is studying history at St. Mary's University

and is approaching graduation. Dale is a retired RCMP officer; together they have lived in many Nova Scotia communities. Their children are Rodney, Gregory and Brian. They also have a granddaughter Zoe. Rodney Wishart was born in Halifax, NS, and after a sojourn in Banff has returned to Halifax and is pursuing his career as a chef. Gregory Wishart was born in Cheticamp, NS, and after spending two years in Alberta, is working as a chef in Winnipeg. Brian Wishart was born in Neil's Harbour, NS, and is currently attending St. Mary's University in Halifax.

Dianne Elliott (Doug Hunt) was born in Edmonton. She completed high school in Calgary and then graduated from Queen's University and the University of Toronto. Dianne has been a world traveler. She has taught in Nigeria and Papua New Guinea, and she now teaches English at Seneca College along with her husband Doug in Toronto, Ontario.

EMRICH, Doreen Isabel (Bryant)

Emrich family.

I moved from Diamond City (near Lethbridge) to the Bingley district with my parents, Harold and Isabel Bryant, in the fall of 1947. I was seven years old and in grade two.

I went to Bingley school, a small country school, from grade two to grade seven. three of my teachers were Mr. Tom Bowhay, Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Marilyn Schroderus. We rode horses to school, and I remember Dad took us to school on our first day. He led the horse my brother, Jim, and I were riding and we both slid off the horse into the snow.

Mom raised chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and grew a good garden. We kids, Jim, Albert and I, often picked berries for Mom. We got our mail and groceries from the country store and post office which was run by Mrs. Tom Bowhay.

Later, when I was ready to go into grade eight, we were bussed to Rocky Mountain House, so I took grades eight through eleven in Rocky. We walked about three miles a day to Bingley School, then caught the bus from there. One time there was a heavy wet snow and the school bus couldn't make it up the hill on the north side of the coulee, west of Bowhay's. So we kids had to walk from there. Mrs. Irwin took us in and gave us some food and drink. Then we continued on home and it was late when we arrived.

Our entertainment was playing games, going to country dances with our parents and going to card parties held in various homes. At this time I was the only girl in the family. Because I had an older brother and two younger brothers, I learned to play hockey, "cowboys and Indians" and learned how to survive when swimming in Lobstick Creek which ran through our farm.

In 1957 at the end of August, my parents sold the farm and moved to Sylvan Lake. I was working at the "House of Harvey" as a waitress and I was quite surprised to hear we were moving. From Sylvan Lake we were bussed to Red Deer's Lindsay Thurber High School where I took grade twelve. That fall I met a young farmer, Bill Emrich, from Innisfail. I quit school in February of 1958, moved to Innisfail and stayed at Mrs. Margaret Smith's. I worked for a while at the Booster Office before going to work for Earl and Faye Percy at "Percy's Confectionery."

On July 1, 1958, Bill and I were married. After 32 years of marriage and farming, we divorced. We have a daughter, Kathleen Elizabeth, who will be 43 years old this year. She married Rob Reynolds and they have one daughter, April Lee, who is 23 years old and recently married Beau Bjarnason on August 1, 2001, in Las Vegas. They live in High River. Kathy and Rob have a son, Neal Robert, who is 21 years old and going to college, studying to become a Conservation Officer. Kathy and Rob farm east of Bowden.

Our son, Philson William, will be 41 years old and works in the oil field overseas. Phil married Renee Margaret Stewart. They have a daughter, Sarah Margaret, who is nineteen years old and is going to Mount Royal College taking Justice of the Law. Their son, William Stewart, will be seventeen years, is in grade eleven and loves hockey.

As for me, after the divorce, I opened a craft store and had it for five years. I sold "Allure" products for a while, worked at the front desk at the Highwayman Motor Inn and worked as a food demo hostess at the Innisfail Co-op for awhile. I cleaned houses and now I am doing child care for two different families and love it. I currently reside in Innisfail.

ERNST, Alan and Madeleine (Aurum Lodge)

Alan and Madeleine Ernst-Meili moved to the West-Country in 1999 to set up Alberta's first eco-tourism country inn on Abraham Lake. Originally from Switzerland (Canton of Zuerich), both have ancestral roots in Switzerland and Germany, and their parents and brothers' families still reside in Switzerland.

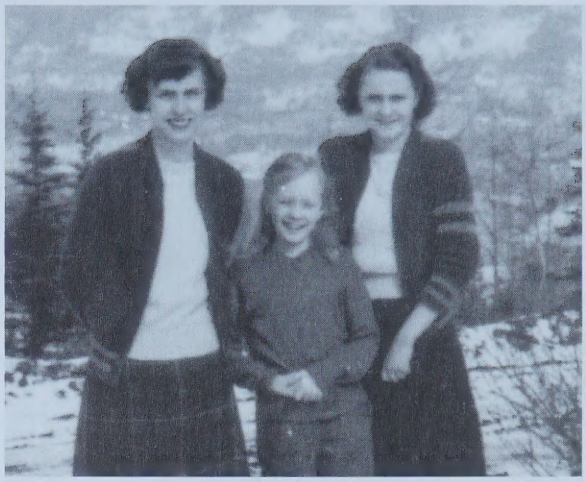
Madeleine and Alan immigrated to Toronto, Ontario, in 1989 from Singapore, after having lived and worked in many different countries. Following a lengthy career in banking, their love for the mountains, nature and outdoors, as well as strong commitment to conservation brought them to this magnificent part of the Rocky Mountains which, they felt, rivaled any of the beautiful countries they had travelled to.

The Aurum Lodge Project, which promotes eco-tourism in the region, has received a number of top ratings and awards including, in 2001, the first ever Alberta Tourism Award for sustainable tourism.

EVANS, Howell and Cecilia
submitted by E. Smith

Howell Evans, his wife Cecilia, (nee Rees), and their three children, Mair, Peggy, and Eluned, moved to Nordegg, Alberta in 1952. Although they lived in Nordegg for only two short years, their Nordegg experiences left a lasting impression upon the whole family.

Howell, who was born in 1904, originated from Wales and immigrated to Canada in 1926.



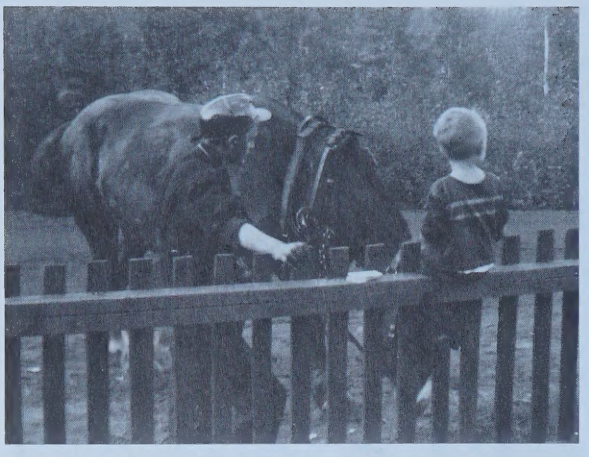
Mair, Eluned, and Peggy Evans in Nordegg.

His mother, Mary (nee Powell), his father, Russell Evans, and his siblings all remained in Wales. Howell came to Canada with the promise of employment and worked briefly with Calgary Power before taking a higher paying position at the Star Mine in Rosedale, Alberta. Howell was an experienced miner, having received fire boss and pit boss papers while attending the Swansea Technical School in Wales. Howell later moved to Mountain Park.

Cecilia (b. 1903) was also from Wales. She immigrated to Canada in 1926 with her parents, Thomas Benjamin Rees and Catherine (nee Hughes) and her siblings. A year later the family moved to Luscar, Alberta. Although Cecilia worked in Wales as a school teacher and bookkeeper, she did not work for pay in Canada, but took the role of housewife, mother, and volunteer. She met Howell in 1934 and they were married in Mountain Park. Shortly after children began to arrive: Catherine Mair, born in 1935; Margaret Jeanette (Peggy), born in 1938, and Eluned Ann, born in 1943.

In 1937, the Evans family moved to Luscar where Howell was a mine manager. From Luscar, the family moved to Round Hill, then Ribbon Creek. Finally in 1952, they moved to Nordegg where Howell was employed as a pit boss. With closure of the Nordegg mines, the family moved to East Coulee, where Howell was employed as a miner until the mines closed and he began working for the Department of Highways.

While in Nordegg, the family lived near the mine, next to the Touheys at end of the road.



Evans' cousin, Lee Martin, sitting on fence.

The house was large and beautiful and even had indoor plumbing—a nice treat for the girls because when they had lived at Ribbon Creek they had outdoor facilities. The family had a great deal of fun in Nordegg: driving around the area, skating, tobogganing, hiking, cycling, picking berries and attending picnics. As well, they enjoyed going to dances and movies. At Christmas, they still remember the enjoyment of cutting down their own Christmas trees.

Nonetheless, the distance to town from where they lived made a fair walk to stores and school, and this made a lasting impression on the girls. Fortunately, during their first year in Nordegg, Mair was in grade twelve and was able to drive her sisters and Mary, Loretta, and Rodney, the neighbors' children, to and from school. How did they all fit into an Austin? We're not sure!

The following year Mair left Nordegg to attend the University of Alberta in Edmonton. So, the two younger girls, Peggy and Eluned, were left with a long, daily walk to school (their mother never learned to drive an automobile). On the whole, the teachers were very good. Eluned had an unhappy year in grade four; she and the teacher did not get along. Fortunately, this was the only year she had negative experiences during her twelve years of schooling. Among the special friends Peggy made in Nordegg were Eva Milobar and Louise Jacko.

Mair, Peggy and Eluned did well scholastically and all three attended the University of Alberta. Mair obtained a Bachelor of Education, while Peggy and Eluned earned their Bachelor of Science degrees in Nursing. Eluned went on to obtain a Masters degree in Health Services Administration.

After graduating from university, Mair married Derald Palmer, and they had three children: Terry, Patricia, and Allen. Derald passed away in 1977. Mair lives in Fox Creek, Alberta, where her sons, Terry and Allen reside with their respective families. Terry and his wife, Kim, have two children, Brady and Bryce. Allen and Sunny have three children: Aaron, Christine and Sara. Patricia moved further north to live in Grande Prairie.

Peggy travelled across Europe for five months before taking nursing positions at the Calgary General and at the Foothills Hospital. Since 1976 she has been a public health nurse and later a manager for the Calgary Board of Health/Regional Health Authority. In 1966, she married Brent Gilbertson and they adopted two children, Gerald and Joy (Hanses). Joy has one daughter, Desiree.

Eluned married Edward Smith in 1967. Eluned first worked as a public health nurse, then in 1973 transferred to the Edmonton Board of Health/Capital Health Authority, where she has since worked in management positions. Edward and Eluned have two children: Lisa and Glynys. Lisa recently married Aaron Mastervick and is currently living in Colchester, England, where she recently received her Doctor of Philosophy in History. Glynys is still in Edmonton where she graduated with a Master of History degree in November.

Howell Evans passed away at the age of seventy-three in 1977. Cecilia continued to live in East Coulee and was an active volunteer at the East Coulee library for forty years. She died in Calgary in 1997 at the age of ninety-three.

Peggy and Eluned with their families have returned several times to camp in the Nordegg area. Even though the Evans family stayed only two years in Nordegg, the memories and friendships made in Nordegg remain dear to their hearts.

EVASHKEVICH, Avery

I was born in Consort, Alberta, and lived for my first 13 years in Kirriemuir, Alberta, which is 18 miles from the Saskatchewan border. I'm the fifth child in a line up of eight children. I have two brothers and five sisters. My dad was a farmer.

Pro Collision (Rocky) owned by Avery and Nina Evashkevich since 1989.

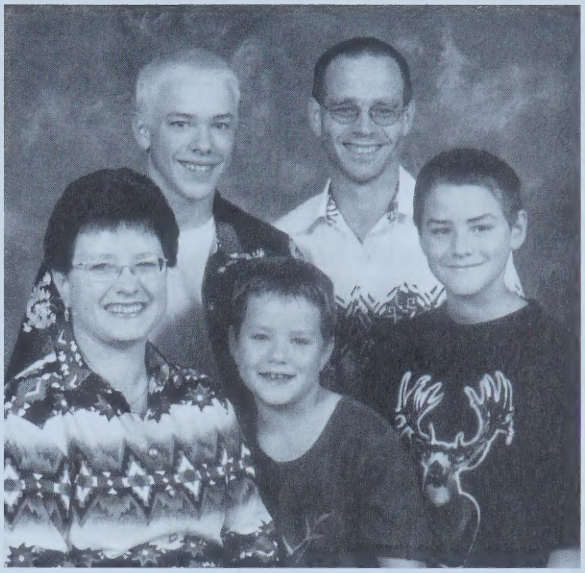
Looking back on it now, I realize that my mom was an incredible woman. She put in more hours than anyone else did on the farm; she raised eight kids, with five of them under the age of 10 at one time. She usually fed the hired men who were single guys, as well as an assortment of salesmen who "just happened to drop by" at mealtime...some of these salesmen showed up on a regular basis.

When I was 13, we moved to Salmon Arm, B.C., where my Dad continued farming. Once the kids had left the farm, he retired as well.

After high school, I moved back to Alberta and worked at Canada Packers in Red Deer, as well as a welder, and a grain farmer. In February of 1981, I started an autobody apprenticeship.

I married my wife, Nina, in 1983. In 1988, I had an opportunity to move to Rocky Mountain House, to be the shop foreman of Pro Collision, a new business that was started by my bosses from the shop I worked at in Red Deer. I had to convince my wife it would be an adventure and a good move.

Avery Evashkevich with the West Country Gospel Singers, April 2001.



Back Row: Clint and Avery. Middle: Nina, Alia and Travis, 2001.

In 1989 we purchased the existing business in Rocky, now known as Pro Collision (Rocky) which I was a part of since its beginning. I really enjoy fixing, building, and restoring vehicles. We value the patronage of our customers in Rocky and the surrounding community.

We have enjoyed the diversity of the area: camping, fishing, and hiking, and we use our holiday trailer a lot from May until October. We also like to get together with the many friends we have made here.

Each August, we vacation at Mable Lake in B.C., where I go salmon fishing with my dad and mom. Our son, Clint, really enjoys fishing with us. I have caught a 22 pound salmon on one of my trips. Very exciting.

I served on the Rocky Mountain House Municipal Planning Commission for several years. Rocky is a good place to raise a family. Close enough to the big cities, and the mountains, but it is also small enough to know your neighbours.

West Country Gospel men's singing group has been an enjoyable part of my life. Some men from the Rocky Mountain House Church of the Nazarene get together every Tuesday night to sing and enjoy each other's company. We sing in the community on a regular basis and even take the occasional road trip.

EVASHKEVICH, Nina

We lived in Lacombe, Alberta, and had for the past 5 years since we got married in 1983. One day my husband, Avery, came home and said "So, do you want to move to Rocky Mountain House?"

To which I raised an eyebrow and said, "No, why would I want to do that?"

I knew almost nothing about Rocky Mountain House except there was an A & W on the highway where we would stop to eat, before heading further west on the David Thompson Highway, on our way to British Columbia.

My husband's parents lived in Salmon Arm, B.C., and mine live in Okanagan Falls, B.C., so we did this trip often. Honestly, I didn't even know there was a downtown section, I thought what was on the highway was the whole town.

The subject didn't go away, so I knew my husband was serious about it. Avery had been working at Pro Collision & Frame Ltd. in Red Deer, Alberta, and they were offering him the job of shop manager in their new auto body shop in Rocky Mountain House.

I finally agreed to take a look at the town and we came out to see it one weekend in early May 1988. I have to admit, I was very taken by the town and its residents. I don't know if they had just had a town clean up but the streets were very clean, no garbage lying around, it was sunny, and the people were very friendly.

Even though we had many friends in Lacombe, I got so excited about the prospect of living here that I could hardly wait to move. Avery commuted from Lacombe to Rocky for three months while we tried to sell our house in Lacombe.

We moved to Rocky at the end of June 1988. Avery worked at Pro Collision, while I worked at Pioneer Ranch Camp at Crimson Lake, as a wrangler with the horse program.

We bought Pro Collision (Rocky) shortly after moving here. We have great staff that are like a big family.

I was born in Shaunavan, SK, but grew up in B.C. for the first 22 years of my life. My family lived in Fort St. John, for my first 13 years, then moved to Okanagan Falls, just south of Penticton. With the exception of my younger sister, Sherry Skinner (Bob), who lives in Calgary and go south for the winters, the rest of my family still live in the Penticton area.

I worked on a cattle ranch and several different horse ranches, giving riding lessons, training horses and taking guests on trail rides, for about five years in British Columbia before moving to Alberta in 1982.

I have also been a short order cook, and a "car hop," in a drive-in restaurant, before becoming assistant manager of the business. I've worked in offices; I've been a flag person on several highway building crews; worked in an IGA bakery, and also in the sewing "notions" department of the Eaton's store when it was still in Red Deer. I was going to Red Deer College, taking Secretarial Sciences when I met my future husband, Avery Evashkevich.

Right after graduation, I was hired by Union Carbide at Prentiss, Alberta. It was funny, because as they were hiring me, I was booking my "vacation" which raised eyebrows until I explained that I was getting married in three months and would need time off for my honeymoon.

After working in the Purchasing Department for a year, I landed a position working in the company's laboratory for another three years.

During this time, our first child, Clinton, was born. Clint was two years old when we moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1988. Our second son, Travis, was born in 1989, and his sister, Alia, followed in 1992.

Alia was born in Kamloops, B.C. We had gone to Avery's sister's wedding and Alia came three weeks early and was born on their wedding day. Our friends still chuckle about it. Avery says, with a grin, that it is all Dr. Brown's fault. He had told me that I couldn't go to the wedding unless I took it easy, and put my feet up and didn't do anything. Avery says it was the slow down from my totally hectic pace that did me in. Either way, we got a beautiful daughter out of the deal.

We have lived in the country, as well as in town, and nice as the town is, our family seems to prefer the country. We love our dog, horses, and the kids even have a couple of dwarf bunnies.

Avery and I also enjoy cruising around on our motorcycles on warm summer days.

In November 2002, Avery and Clint are planning to go to Cuba on a Work and Witness team from the Nazarene Church we attend.

I'm an author and freelance writer. I write both fiction and non-fiction and love getting to know the people I interview, especially the seniors who I profile in my "Sensational Seniors" column in the Mountaineer newspaper. Rocky is a great place to live, and as far as we know, we'll be here for a long time to come.

FACCO, Erminio (Ernie) and Pearl and family
by Nita Janigo

Ernie immigrated to Canada from Northern Italy in 1921. He worked on the docks in Port Arthur (Thunder Bay), Ontario, a short time before coming west to Calgary. From Calgary he found work at Saunders Creek in the coal mine.

Ernie met Pearl Wood while she was employed at Saunders. They were married in 1928 at Red Deer. Pearl was the daughter of Elias and Gertrude Wood of Nordegg. Ernie and Pearl resided in Saunders until 1941 when they moved to Nordegg. Five children were born to them: Fred, born in 1929; Nita, born in 1934; David, born in 1937 and Rosalie, born in 1940. Erminio Facco Jr. died three days after birth in 1930.

Ernie and Pearl were great parents. Family excursions were berry picking, picnics, horseback riding and camping for a week each summer at Sylvan Lake to mention a few, but there were many. Nordegg was a wonderful town in which to raise a family.

The Facco family lived in Nordegg until 1955 when the mines closed. They moved to Edson, then Hinton in their later years. Ernie passed away in 1969. Pearl resided in Rocky Mountain House until 1993 when she passed away. The Faccos were blessed with ten grandchildren: Linda and Rick Janigo; David, James and Ernest Facco; Sherry, Valaria and Rebecca Facco, and Larry and Elaine Simmonds.

FALLOW, John and Janet (McKenzie)

Farnell, McKenzie, McMullen, Slaymaker and Stewart—Recognize these surnames? It appears these families have something in common: ancestors by the name of John and Janet Fallow who moved to Red Deer at the turn of the century.

Back Row: Rosalie (Facco) Simmonds, Ray Simmonds, Dave Facco, Fred Facco, Johanna Facco, Ken Janigo, Nita (Facco) Janigo. Second Back Row: Baby Elaine Simmonds, Linda Janigo, Rebecca Facco, Helen Facco, David Facco. Middle Row, center: Pearl and Ermie Facco (grandparents) Front Row: Larry Simmonds, Valarie Facco, Sherry Facco, James Facco, and Rick Janigo.

John Gavin Fallow (originally from Scotland) moved with his wife, Janet (McKenzie), from Quebec to Red Deer where, in 1910, he built a large brick home on the crest of a hill overlooking the Red Deer Valley. This home still stands at 12 Howarth Street Close and is now designated a Red Deer Historic Site. Four of John and Janet's ten children, Mattie, Maggie, Mary and Winifred, married and some of their descendants still live and work in the Rocky Mountain House-Nordegg area.

Mattie married Arthur McMullen, technical operations manager of Brazeau Colleries from 1945-55. Their children Anne (Belliveau) and Art McMullen were born in Nordegg and Anne currently spends her summers in Nordegg and works with the Nordegg Museum.

Maggie married Steward Farnell, and their son, Everett Farnell, and his wife, Helen (Scott) were long time residents of the Leslieville district. Helen now lives in Rocky.

Mary Fallow married Duncan Stewart, an accountant in Nordegg's Big Horn Store. They lived at 37 Elizabeth Street, east of Main and their only child, Evelyn, was born in Nordegg in 1920. Duncan eventually joined Crown Zellerbach Lumber, moving to Seaside, Oregon, where a number of their descendants now live.

Daughter, Winifred Fallow, married her cousin, Allan McKenzie, son of Gilbert McKenzie. Prior to their marriage, Allan was involved in the construction of homes and businesses in what was then the "new" mining town of Nordegg. Winifred joined Allan in Nordegg after they were married. Travelling by boxcar, she was one of the first women to arrive in the new town.

Allan's father, Gilbert, arrived in Alberta in 1906 and when the railway was being constructed into Nordegg (1912-1914), Gilbert was hired to build the numerous trestles required to bridge the hilly landscape into Nordegg. Later he was hired by Martin Nordegg to become the first sawyer at the Brazeau Colleries. Gilbert's daughter, Vic McKenzie was one of Nordegg's first school teachers. Gilbert's son, Tom, worked with George Brewster to carry mail and freight from Red Deer to Nordegg prior to completion of the railway. (George Brewster, youngest of the Brewsters of Banff, built a home south of Nordegg beside the North Saskatchewan River and lived there for many years.)

Tom McKenzie eventually settled in the Stauffer district. However, his son, Ed (deceased) with wife, Millie, and family established a riding business, McKenzie's Trails West, located near Whitegoat Lakes, west of Nordegg. Tom's daughter, Martha (McKenzie) Slaymaker, also lived in the Nordegg vicinity for awhile, where she cooked at the LeCerf Camp at Harlech.

FAVERO, Jerry and family
submitted by Kathleen Favero

Jerry and Jean Favero remained at their residence in Nordegg long after the mine closed down. In fact they were the last original residents to leave Nordegg, moving only when Nordegg became a minimum security prison and they were forced to find a new home.

Jerry (Gervasio) Favero was born in Italy in 1900 and joined the Italian army in 1914 where he served with the allies in France. He was wounded and spent time in hospital, then returned to Italy at the end of the war. In 1919 he emigrated to Toronto, Ontario, where he married and had three children: Gelindo Favero (1923-1989), Mary Favero (1925-1993) and Rena Favero (statistics unknown).

In the late '20s Jerry found work in Saunders, Alberta, and later in Nordegg at the coal mine. His second marriage to Augusta Jean Price (1911-1998) produced two more children: Edward Favero (1931-1997) and Nadine Favero (1950-1954).

Jerry loved the "great outdoors." Deciding that third class riding beats first class walking, he acquired a large herd of horses. Fishing and hunting trips became the norm and, after a minor adjustment, he entered the outfitting business. Summer and fall seasons were then spent guiding geological survey parties through the mountains.

When Jerry and Jean left Nordegg, they took up residence near Rocky Mountain House on the west side of the river. Their small house is gone, but once it nestled in trees a short distance north of Rollier's on river front property between Highway 11 and 11A. Jerry lived in this house until illness took him to a hospital in Calgary where he passed away in 1984.

Five of Jerry's children—Gelindo, Mary, Rena, Edward and Nadine—lived in Nordegg, when the town was the center of a bustling mining community.

Gelindo Favero was born in Ontario and moved to Nordegg at age eight. He took his schooling in Nordegg, then worked for Brazeau Collieries, both inside and outside the mine. He married Clara Schulte and they had four children: Frank, Marcina, Randy and Rena. When the coal mine closed down Gelindo and family moved to Hinton, Alberta, where he worked for a pulp and paper company, owned a trap line and enjoyed hunting and fishing.

Mary Favero moved to Nordegg when she was five or six years of age. Before moving to the Toronto area, she took her schooling in Nordegg. She was married in Toronto and had two children: Paul and Joanne. Later she and her family moved to Chicago where she worked as a waitress for many years. She remained in Chicago until her death in 1993.

Rena Favero was a small child when she left Nordegg with her mother.

Edward Favero: Some say Eddy was born on a horse because he rode with his mother "Jean" long before he could walk. He went to school in Nordegg and spent his early years outdoors in the saddle, wrangling horses for his father. After leaving school, he acquired a Guide's licence and became a partner in his father's outfitting business. In the late 1950s he purchased the outfit and, like his father, spent most summer and autumns guiding geological parties. Winters were spent in Calgary where he was employed in various occupations. In 1957 he married a Saskatchewan girl, Kathleen Zylyk, the mother of his two sons: Michael "Jerry" Favero and Koll Favero. When his health no longer allowed him to climb his beloved mountains, Eddy sold his outfitting business and took up permanent residence in Calgary, working as a shipper-receiver at a large steel fabrication plant.

Nadine Favero was a vibrant child who loved horses and dogs. Unfortunately she contracted pneumonia when she was four years old and passed away.

Jerry, Jean and their children, Edward and Nadine lie at rest in the Nordegg Cemetery.

FENC (Stanuslaus), Stanley, a.k.a. Slim

Memories written by Carol Ellertson.
Photos by Audrey Mason

Mom and Pop, aged 40 and 45.

As I sit here trying to remember some of our family history, my mind races back in time recalling happenings that I remember my folks and siblings talking about—I am one of the younger siblings.

Stanley Fenc (Slim), my father, was born at Winnipeg Beach, Manitoba, in December 1910, youngest of seven children. Dad worked for Calgary Power putting up hydro poles, over vast areas across the country working his way to Alberta, along with a friend Andy Miller. Upon coming to Alberta, they both landed in Rocky Mountain House. These young men, who were about twenty, were in a vast frontier far from home. Somewhere along their paths, the two friends became separated as each worked in various sawmills.

In Rocky Mountain House, Dad met and married Dorothy Harrison. Together, they raised a family of seven children.

Our family lived out in the Everdell area for awhile. Later, they moved to the Barkum place across from Strachan Post Office (below Rodtkas' Hill). Here Dad, Uncle Buster, Uncle Boyce (Stan Harrison), Grandpa Harrison and possibly, Uncle Smoky McNutt worked a sawmill. My uncles had a truck in those days, hauling lumber and mine props from their mill. After this venture our family moved into town.

Stan Jr., Carol, Dale, Audrey, Stanley, Donna, Wally, and Rosalee.

Dad worked for Atlas Lumber for 25 years and then Revelstoke Lumber. He would work in the mill in the day and load ties in the evening. Dad was called the "Tie King" by some people. He could carry a tie on each shoulder while running up a springing plank into a box car. Later, my brothers also worked at Atlas Lumber. Stan worked the lumber (mill). Wally worked the loader and loading ties. Dale worked peeling ties. There was little time to sleep. As far as dad was concerned, it was "go, go, go."

Dad loved hunting and fishing, but music and dancing were his passion. In the early years, Mom and Dad would go to dances with Dad playing guitar and Mom singing. Later, sports took up his time. Dad was a time keeper for years at the Rams hockey games, along with Mr. Belton and Mr. Butterwick. He hardly ever missed a game, unless he was at a mill camp.

Our parents loved the Rocky area. I never knew my mom to go out much, but she loved the bush, mountains and streams, taking a trip around the loop road (mountains) almost every fall. Dad, well everyone knew my dad in those days. After Mom's passing, Dad moved to B.C. to be near his brother and sister. Upon moving there, he worked in a steel foundry. Later he met Louise Walker. They married and settled in Sardis, B.C., where he resided until his passing.

Being born and raised in Rocky, all my siblings live here. Most of our children were born, raised and schooled, and they're still in or near Rocky.

Dad passed away December 25, 1989. Mom passed away March 14, 1972. Before his passing, Dad requested his body be returned to Rocky and laid to rest at the foot of his first love's grave. Both Mom and Dad are here with their family forever. Dad loved to travel, loved animals and his grandkids.

His daughter, Rosalee died January 6, 1995. Two grandsons and a granddaughter also passed away.

Still living in Rocky are Stan Fenc Jr. and his three children; Audrey and Dale Mason and their four children; Donna and Ralph Mason and four children; Wally and Thaylia Fenc and two children; Carol and Stan Ellertson and two children; Dale and Judy Fenc, their baby and two children from a previous marriage, and Rosalee's daughter and her two grandchildren.

Dad also has a step daughter, Cheryl, her husband, Bill Legge, and granddaughter, Trina, and husband of Surrey, B.C. His widow, Louise, also resides in Surrey, B.C.

FENTIMAN, Harry and Geraldine
written by their daughter, Reta Williams

Mom and Dad Fentiman going to Three Hills.

It must have been hard for our grandparents, Muriel and Charles Fentiman, when their only child, Charles Henry (Harry), left Three Hills to work for the Atlas Lumber Company at Phoenix, Alberta. At that time the distance would seem much farther than it does now. Mom, Geraldine, and the three of us, Reta, Malcolm and Rosalie, joined Dad in Phoenix, after visiting Mom's family the Ettingers at

Breton. While Mom and Dad never returned to live in Three Hills, later on the grandparents visited Rocky. They enjoyed meeting the "little kids," when they came, since Juanita and Marlene had been born in Rocky, too.

After the mill closed at Phoenix, Dad worked on work trains and was seriously injured from a fall off the trestle bridge near Alexo. It was frightening, seeing Dad covered in gray blankets and carried in by men. After several trips "out" to doctors in Edmonton, a crushed cheekbone was left to nature's healing. The Bruce children and we three enjoyed seeing the many trains coming and going. We watched the mighty North Saskatchewan River, and once were scolded and sent home, when Mr. Murdock Maclean saw us playing in a rowboat tied up near the bank. Mom and Myrtle Edwards drove us to Breton where I started school. Then our family and Charlie Bruce's (Vivian, Dennis and Ronnie) moved to Rocky and shared a two-story house on the McKenzie place.

For a couple of summers, Mom and Mrs. Teskey walked over the railway trestle to the sand hills and picked buckets of blueberries. Once we had a working vacation with Mrs. Teskey and Marie where we picked blueberries at Mrs. Edward's cottage at Crimson Lake. The long summer days were never boring as we kept busy berry picking as well as going to the river. In winter the stubble straws made looking out the window, seem like "still art".

Geraldine Fentiman, Mom at the log house (RMH).

In 1931 my family brought me to Rocky. There again when the Atlas Mill in Rocky started up in the fall, we hoped Dad would be hired on—and sometimes he was. Times were very hard during the thirties, and Dad certainly worked whenever he could. Steady work came on a gravel-crusher near the river, however the crusher was moved to Calgary, and then Dad was seldom home. So, we were delighted when work was available in Nordegg. For Mom it meant electric lights and a washer, and having the Big Horn Store nearby. It has been noted many times before how the Club was generous in their Christmas and sports days for children.

From Nordegg to Edmonton, Dad worked as a steam engineer at Builders Products, Federal Building and Misericordia Hospital. Dad also worked in the far north at Tuktoyaktuk and Inuvik, N.W.T., where he enjoyed the smiling people, northern lights, dog sleds, the artistic beadwork of the local peoples and the flights on the North Star planes. Dad then went to Jasper Park Lodge and had a company log cabin by the power plant. The pond there didn't freeze over, so he was able to feed the ducks the year around. Mom bused across town to a favorite music teacher at Roberts School of Music. She also looked after and cared for Susan and Doug for years. Mom loved the horse races where she met many friendly people. To this day the Kentucky Derby theme, "Old Folks at Home," brings tears.

Charles Henry (Harry) and Geraldine H. Fentiman (nee Ettinger) spent their final years in their lovely home in Edmonton, Alberta. We lost Mom January 21, 1976. Dad, like his father, was an artist and painted shadow box pictures and of course many of them were mountain scenes. We have some happy memories of how Mom and Dad made things so special for birthdays and Christmas. It seems ironic that we lost Dad on Christmases Day 1985.

FENTON, Keith information submitted by Keith

Keith Fenton, son of Eugene and Elsie Fenton, grew up in Rocky Mountain House in the 40s and 50s. Keith started school in 1944 and took all of his schooling (Grade 1 to Grade 12) in Rocky, finally graduating in 1956. Many of the activities Keith participated in, while in Rocky,

are described in his grandparents' history (found under Anna and Nils Hill). Keith also had numerous part-time jobs while growing up in Rocky. These included doing dry cleaning at the Smart Shop for Charlie Chow, performing general chores for Tom Brownlie at Rexall Drugs Store, helping Cliff Haughin deliver milk every Saturday morning from six to noon, sweeping the floor at the Roxy Theatre, setting pins at the bowling alley and pumping gas at Edwards Garage.

After leaving Rocky in 1957, Keith took his first year of engineering at Mount Royal College in Calgary and then moved on to the University of Idaho where he obtained his Bachelor of Science degree in Civil Engineering in 1961. While attending university, he worked during the summer months as a surveyor in Banff National Park. After graduation, he accepted a posting with the Federal Department of Public Works at Churchill, Manitoba, where he met his wife, Eola.

Keith and Eola were married in 1963. Keith's next job was with Underwood and Associates Ltd., in Saskatoon where the Fentons' son, Rod, was born. Keith worked in Saskatoon for a year before the family decided to move to the warmer and wetter climate of Vancouver in the spring of 1965. Here Keith accepted a position with Associate Engineering Services Ltd. The family immediately settled into the big city, and shortly after arriving in Vancouver, Bonnie was born. Pierre, the French poodle completed the family plan.

Ten years later in 1975, the family moved to Kamloops where Keith served as Transportation Manager for the City for about four years. He then spent the next six years as an independent consultant, providing engineering services for numerous communities and private companies in the interior of British Columbia. In 1985 Keith and his family returned to Vancouver where he worked with UMA Engineering Ltd., for about a year, before joining one of his previous business associates to form a new consulting engineering company, InterCAD Services Ltd. The company has a staff of twenty people and Keith still enjoys going to work every day.

Keith's wife, Eola, is the manager for an architectural firm, W.M. Moroz Architect Ltd. Rod is an accountant in the financial department at Kelowna General Hospital. After obtaining her degrees from the University of Victoria, Queens University, Brock University and the University of British Columbia, Bonnie is an independent consultant, specializing in linguistics.

FENTON, Newton Chester
written by Marg Valstar

Newton Chester Fenton, was born in Evart, Michigan, USA, in May of 1896. After moving to Alberta, he married Florence (Simon).

Newt served in the First World War and, after returning, had a sawmill and planer at Ferrier. He had Tim Kirby build him a special planer blade and made ship-lap imitation log siding out of two-by-sixes. He was a cook for the government when they surveyed the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountain Range. Newt and Florence lived in the Ferrier area on NW 22-39-8-W5 and also owned a cabin at Crimson Lake. He passed away May 3, 1962, and is buried in the veterans' section of the Pine Grove Cemetery.

Newt and Florence had one child, Marion Jane, born April 2, 1922, and she married "Sam" Robert Taylor Clary and they had two children, Bob and Ruth. Marion later married John Hunley in Bonners Ferry, Idaho, and they had two children, John and Annie. John (Sr.) worked for Willis Teskey and Atlas Lumber in the Rocky area, later moving to Whitecourt and then Sundre. Marion passed away May 10, 1986.

Florence Simon was born about 1893 in Ontario and had one child, Annie, from a previous marriage. She was a widow when she came to Alberta. Annie was married to Mr. Martin who died in a car accident near Nordegg. Annie died young and is buried in the Garth Cemetery. Florence's sister, Ollie, who was married to Tom Ross; Maime who was married to Frank Hough (Ollie and Maime's histories are in the previous history book, "The Days Before Yesterday"); a brother, Charlie Simon, and her mother, Mary Jane Simon (who later married William Riddell), all lived in Rocky at one time. After Newt passed away, Florence married Adolf Frederick and they made their home in Rocky. Adolf had worked for Edwards' Lumber. Florence Frederick passed away March 3, 1975, and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

FERREY, Aubrey & Daphne (Strong) and family
written by Daphne Ferrey

Aubrey, Daphne and family, June 16, 1996 – 50th Anniversary at Crimson Lake.

I met Aubrey in Drumheller after he returned from overseas duty with the R.C.A.F. I had been in Drumheller since 1941, working at the Midland Coal Mining Company. We were married in Holy Trinity Anglican Church in Rocky, in June of 1946. We resided in Drumheller, where Aubrey worked for the C.N. Railway, until 1948 when we moved to Rocky Mountain House, and Aubrey joined the firm of Strong & Son (later known as Strong & Ferrey Ltd.). He remained in the garage business until it closed in December of 1976.

I worked part time for a few years in the Town Office in Rocky until 1967 when I went to work for the Sub-office of the Red Deer Health Unit as secretary, a position I enjoyed immensely until retiring in December of 1987.

Our son, Geoff, married Theresa Sivak in 1978, and they live in Rocky also. Geoff works for BP Canada Energy Company at Ricinus and Theresa works part time for The Mountaineer, our local paper. They have five children: Anne who is in her fourth year at the University of Alberta; Will who is in his first year at the University of Victoria, B.C., and Tim, Sam and Grace who are still in school in Rocky.

Our daughter, Betty Anne, married Greg Alexander in 1978, and they presently reside in Bonnyville, Alberta where Greg is working for Canadian Natural Resources, and Betty Anne is pharmacist at one of the Bonnyville Drug Stores. They have two children, Kate and Matthew who are both in school there.

Aubrey passed away in June 1997 and I still live in our home in Rocky. My brother, Jack Strong, passed away in 1982, and my sister, Betty Hanlan, in 1995. My sister, Barb Bromley, is still in Yellowknife where she has lived since 1948.

FERRIER POST OFFICE
submitted by June (Gray) Cowie

When I was a child on the farm, 12 miles west of Rocky Mountain House, our family travelled to Rocky for our mail. I was nearly seven years old when mother began home-schooling me with the use of correspondence school lessons from the Department of Education in Edmonton. The great depression had descended on us, so our car sat idle in a shed, without a licence or gasoline. Dad rode horseback to town to mail my lessons and retrieve the returned ones from the Rocky Post Office. We did not get mail often, so we were delighted when word came that there would soon be a post office at Ferrier. The mail would come by train on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, when the mixed train travelled to Nordegg from Mirror, via Red Deer. The "mixed train" came back from Nordegg on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and carried all outgoing mail from all post offices along the way from Nordegg to Red Deer.

I'm not certain what year Mr. and Mrs. Bulmer arrived to set up a post office and small convenience store. The building was erected on a little knoll on the north side of the road (known today as Highway11A) near the west entrance of present day "Ferrier Acres."

Bulmer's living quarters were at the rear of the building. I don't know where the Bulmer family came from, but they often spoke of a previous home at Swan River, Manitoba. I would guess the time was the mid-thirties, or earlier. My uncle, Arnold Hanson, came to visit the summer of 1935. He had driven from North Dakota in his little black car and we drove to Ferrier on mail nights to collect the precious mail and purchase special groceries. Large grocery purchases were made in Rocky, but it was a delight to pick up a few things at Ferrier, when we ran out of things.

My brother, Roland, got a bicycle (via Eaton's Catalogue) which was delivered to Ferrier Post Office. When he was old enough, he peddled approximately four miles to the post office to pick up mail and other items small enough to fit in the basket on his bike.

One night Roland forgot Dad's tobacco and Dad was out of the precious stuff. He said not a word, but went outside and didn't return. After a short time we went looking for Dad and found the bike was gone. We were worried because it was dark; Dad had no light, and we knew he didn't know how to ride a bike. However, in due time he returned with his tobacco. Several days later, he told us about his adventure. Apparently he had numerous falls and tumbles in the dark. Fortunately, there was very little traffic.

We didn't get gravel on that road until 1950, when the whole road was rebuilt to Nordegg. There are many tales to be told about our adventures on that dirt road during spring breakup and summer rain storms.

To get back to the Ferrier Post Office: Mrs. Bulmer was the post mistress. She was a bright little lady and Mother enjoyed visiting with her. Mr. Bulmer met the train daily, except Sunday, to collect incoming bags and dispatch the outgoing mail. He was a kindly gentleman and Dad thought highly of him.

The Bulmers had one son, Allan, who was a grown man when they came to Ferrier. Allan taught school at Crimson Lake and married a local girl, Amy Raivio. Allan and Amy had two sons, Allan (Jr.) and Duane. I'm not certain, but I believe Allan (Sr.) joined the army when the war began in 1939. Mr. Bulmer died in the mid-forties; I went to his funeral, by myself. It was held in Rocky, so I expect he was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery. I have not found his grave at Garth Cemetery.

Ferrier was a busy hamlet during the Bulmers' stay. Cards' sawmill was active and several residences and farm homes were located nearby. A small station house sat beside the track, and there were two residences for the CN maintenance men. Fred Yonke was Section Foreman and Mike Maziska was second man.

After the Bulmers left, Joe Mactimus took over the post office. When Joe left, Ray Smith set up a post office and store in Card's garage at the foot of the hill, where a steam engine had been sitting a short time before, supplying power to Cards' sawmill. During the time the Smiths ran the post office, it was shifted to various other buildings, one being the Ray Card house.

When the mine closed, the railway pulled the section crew out of Ferrier. Smiths left Ferrier and there was an attempt to find a new postmaster. However, no one came forward, so that was the end of our post office.

The FESCHUKS and AUNES
by Peter Feschuk

Feschuk daughters: Myrna, Cheryl, and Arlene, 1999.

We left Rocky in July of 1967 when I accepted a teaching position with the Vernon School District. That fall Dolores's parents moved to Vernon and we bought the Green Timbers Motel, and Trailer Park. During the next 10 years I continued teaching and we operated the motel selling in 1979. We moved to a home west of Vernon.

In 1984 I suffered a minor heart attack and retired the same year. In 1991 we moved to our present home at Desert Cove (a seniors development).

We have three daughters. Arlene and her husband, George, live at Squamish, and they have two daughters, Raelene and Sheena. Cheryl and husband, Darren, live in Vernon and have two daughters, Jenna and Jillian. Myrna also lives in Vernon.

Dolores's parents lived a long and busy life passing away at ages 88 and 84.

We are really enjoying our life at Desert Cove, but we have a "For Sale" sign and plan on moving into a condo. We are in reasonably good health and spend a lot of time outdoors. I like fishing, and I bowl during the winter. We have given up curling. Dolores enjoys her yard with the roses, flowers and shrubs.

Dolores worked several years completing paramedicals for life insurance companies.

FINDLATER, Trueman
submitted by Susan LaCount

Trueman Findlater was born in Rocky Mountain House in December 1931. His mother died of pneumonia when Trueman was six months old. So, he and his four brothers were passed around to be raised by various aunts and grandmothers. My grandmother, Betty, remembers changing Trueman's diapers the night before she was married.

Trueman and my grandmother, Betty (T. Graham) Bradshaw, are first cousins. Trueman's father (James) was the youngest brother to Betty's mother (Netty).

Trueman now lives with the LaCount family in Rocky Mountain House. He lived with them in Edmonton, and since 1974 he has lived in a little house on LaCounts' acreage. At the age of seventy, he is still going strong, cutting firewood, doing home repairs, helping friends—a real son of the pioneers.

FINK, Buster and Ida
submitted by Arnold Fink (2000)

My grandfather, Joseph Henry Preeper of Woverly, Nova Scotia, was trapping and residing in the Rocky Mountain House area from 1911 to 1915. He was a travelling man and met Myrtle Lunn in Boston, Massachusetts. They married on July 5, 1915, in Calgary, AB, and then moved to homestead a quarter section, three miles west of Rocky on what is now Highway 11A, at Garth. They would remain there until their passing. Their daughter (my mother) Ida Helen, was born at home on July 29, 1916. Next were brother Harry, sister Alberta, brother Joe and then Edna.

Grandpa Joe was a logger and had sawmills throughout the West Country from Chambers Creek to the Brazeau River. He also had a small coal mine at Jackfish Coulee and trapped and

Buster and Ida Fink, April 30, 1938.

hunted. The whole family participated in these endeavors and my mother worked along side her father and brothers in the bush camps. Many of the roads and old camps still remain that were built by Grandpa, Mother and my uncles. My father and some of my older brothers worked in these camps.

Grandpa was a heavyset man with a brush cut and was well known for speaking his mind. I recall the rumors of his hunting and shooting ability. After supper he would take up his spot in the front room easy chair, turn the radio on to catch the news, light up his daily White Owl cigar and disappear in a blue haze.

Grant Grover Fink and his wife, Florence, moved from Spencer, Iowa, in 1914 to the Hand Hills near Hanna where they homesteaded and farmed for several years before moving to East Coulee. My father, Russell Grant, better known as Buster, was born on Aug. 15, 1913. There was one older brother, Dick, a sister, Gail, and younger brother, Lyle.

My grandfather ran a delivery service with horses; most everyone else worked in the coal mines. Dad learned to play the fiddle at a young age and played at his first dance when he was only nine years old. Music was a big part of his life, playing the banjo and mouth organ for

dances and for family and friends. In the early years horses were a part of almost everyone's life on the prairies.

When the Thirties arrived, Dad traveled with some neighbors, the Pattersons, to start a new life and horse ranch in British Columbia. They left the Wintering Hills in June of 1933 with three covered wagons and a team hooked to a 1928 Chevrolet truck, along with 250 head of unbroken range horses. Traveling on existing roads with travel permits created an interesting journey. They drew lots of attention to this strange cavalcade as they made their way through the mountains from Pincher Creek to Fernie, then on to Cranbrook and across the Balfour Ferry. This route took them over the narrow Monashee Pass through to Vernon and to the Okeefe Ranch where they held up for several months, wintering in the Savona and Wallachin area. In 1934 the Pattersons split up. Some moved to Southern B.C. with their horses at Bridesville where their horse ranch lasted until the late 1950s.

After some time, my father returned to Alberta where he met my mother and they were married on April 30, 1938, in Drumheller.

The dangers of working underground in the coal mines always worried my mother, so she convinced my father to move to Rocky Mountain House in 1942. For the first couple of years they lived three miles west and a half mile north on what is now the cut-across to Crimson Lake. Then in 1944 they purchased a quarter section, four miles west on old Highway 11A, where they resided until their passing.

My dad, known to his family and friends as Buster, worked in bush camps and sawmills and for the railroad, while running the farm.

My mother was to give birth to eight sons, the youngest dying at birth. I often think of the task it must have been for her, with no running water or electricity until 1960. She always managed to cook, clean, mend, and farm and could always smile and take in several neighbor kids almost every weekend. With no television for entertainment, we relied on dad to entertain us with card games, tricks, stunts and playing musical instruments. My Dad certainly was a clown and entertainer and had a reputation for practical jokes among his family and friends.

The oldest of the boys were twins, Bill and Jim, then Melvin, Gordon, Allan, Arnold, Dale and Terry. Bill married Dorothy Courtwright from Rocky and had three children: Debbie and twins, Cindy and Randy. Jim marred Marion Chambers from Rocky and had two children: a daughter, Wanda, and a son, Paul. Melvin married Kathy Mofford of Rocky and had five children: Grant, Kelly, Brad, Shannon and Sandra. Gordon married Helen Speight of Rocky and had four children: Terry, Richard, Tina and Stewart. Allan married Marie Knight of Caroline and had five children: Larry, Darrel, Dwayne, Tasha and Kenny. Allan has remarried since to Helen Northcott from Caroline. Arnold married Dorothy Wiggett from Rocky and had two sons: Greg and Doug. Dale married Jo-Ann Bingham of Caroline and had two children: Shane and Blaine. Dale, through a second marriage to Maxine Friesen, had another son, Zack.

All family members have made Rocky their home. Although work has taken some of them away for a few years, most of us still live here. There are 24 grandchildren, 31 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. My parents lived a very happy life together (for 42 years) until my father passed away from a heart attack on Jan. 12, 1980. My mother stayed at the farm with the help of her family and friends until her passing at her home Sept. 14, 1992, following a lengthy battle with cancer. The Fink property has since been sold to a neighbor after 48 years of family ownership. Both my parents are now at rest in the Garth Cemetery.

FISHER, Arthur Edward and Alice (Laycock)
– submitted by their family

Art, the third child of A. P. (Fred) and Edith (Richards) Fisher, was born March 25, 1917, at Ferrier, Alberta. On March 31, 1919, his mother passed away suddenly. Art, his brother, Bill, age ten, and sister, age seven, accompanied by their mother's sister, Mabel, journeyed to their maternal grandparent's home in Elmdale, Nova Scotia, to live. They returned to their farm home in Ferrier when their father married Julianna Hill on February 16, 1921.

Dad (Art) attended Confluence School in Rocky. In the summer time travel was by horse and buggy. In the winter months, the children

Art and Alice Fisher.

Mother Alice, brother Bud, Father, Herbert and Alice in 1928.

were looked after by Mrs. Edith Morrish and son, Reg, and lived in their town house, located on the corner across the street from the Provincial Building. Report cards and teachers' comments indicate that school was not one of Dad's favorite pastimes. He finished Grade 11, and then farmed with his father.

Alice Laycock, the second child born to Herbert and Alice Laycock, was born July 17, 1916, in Bradford, England. In 1928 the family emigrated from a large industrial city to Canada where the streets are paved with gold. Their first stop was at Alhambra, Alberta, to stay the first winter with relatives. Rocky Mountain House followed, where Alice's father and brother worked at any job available. Within a year Bud left for Victoria, B.C., to join the Navy. Shortly afterwards Alice's dad left for Victoria and years later he returned to Bradford, England, to live. Alice attended Confluence School. Her report cards indicate that she was an honour student, but talked too much. More than one student lost a tooth or two for poking fun at her English accent. She walked out of school in the middle of Grade 11, saying she was smarter than the teachers. She then went to work in the Melton Hotel dining room. The early school days friendship between Art and Alice blossomed into a marriage vow on November 25, 1937. The marriage ceremony was performed in Henry and Elsie Barbee's residence, which had been Art's winter home when he was going to school.

Art stayed on working with his dad, so they began living with the family on the farm. Besides farm work, there was also road construction and mine props to be built. Their first daughter, Patricia Ann, was born on May 28, 1938, in Nurse Fleming's house in Rocky Mountain House, as the Rocky Hospital did not open until September 1938. Shirley Anne was born on September 21, 1939. At the time of her birth, we were living in town.

Around 1942 Art decided to go into the lumber industry with the help of Bert Parsons and Bill Chabaylo. The lumber industry was a wintertime job only, so the whole family packed in during the late fall, and stayed in camp until Christmas, then back to camp again until spring break-up. Alice did the cooking and Patsy and Shirley helped by setting the table, washing the dishes and playing outside. During the summer they continued to farm with Art's dad. A hay crop was taken off the land across the river, just west of the home farm. Hay wagons and teams would drive by on the Strachan road; supplies and other crew members went over by boat. Supplies had to be taken down a very steep bank, manually or by rope, put on to a large boat, then we had to jump in and hang on while one man rowed like mad.

A. P. Fisher house.

When Patsy turned six, everything changed. It was time for Patsy to go to Garth School with the teacher being Josephine Gray. The school consisted of Grades 1 to 10. By then we were living on the farm. Two granaries were added to a small house to make it larger, and this we called home. When Shirley started school, we moved to town for four years. Both Patsy and Shirley went to Confluence School. The total population at that time for Grades 1 to 12 was around 300, in a building that smelled of linseed oil (oiled floors), chalk and cod liver pills, not to mention the cold in the winter time and the dampness when it rained.

Keith Arthur was born on September 17, 1945. He was born with celiac disease and very little was known at that time about the disease. He was valiant fellow, taking each day one at a time until he left us on August 11, 1956. Kenneth Gordon was born March 10, 1947. He was born with a stomach disorder and died the following day.

In 1949 Art's dad retired and moved to Kelowna, B.C., so Art took over the farm. We moved back to the farm and continued living there until 1954. Threshing was a great time of the year. You've never lived until you've helped make meals, lunches, and do the dishes for a threshing crew. In later years if there were not enough local farmers available for the threshing jobs, there was always a crew to help from dad's planer mill in town.

James Alfred was born March 2, 1950. He was very good at bringing home any animal that looked lost or homeless. James took his schooling in Rocky Mountain House then farmed with dad.

Homestead at Ferrier, 1917. Father A.P. (Fred), Mother, Edith, Evelyn (5), and Bill (8).

We moved to town for the final time in 1953. By this time the lumber industry consisted of bush camps and sawmills with planer mills in town. A sawmill was built in town in the 1950s, and during the summer of 1957 a new house was built in the Rocky Elementary School area. Art and Alice joined the Kinsmen and Kinettes Clubs. Art also joined the Masonic Lodge, Leslieville Elks and the Rocky Stampede Board. Alice joined the Hospital Auxiliary and the Legion Auxiliary. They traveled to Hawaii, England and the USA as well as enjoying a month long tour of Europe. Art sold the lumber business in 1974. Rueben Odenbach and family operated the farm from 1957 until 1979. Son Jim took over the farm in 1979.

Poor health prevented Art and Alice from traveling in later years. However, they spent quality time with their grandchildren, and then in 1985 their first great-grandchild was born and in 1986 their second one was born.

Art passed away on October 9, 1986, and Alice on December 14, 1986.

In 1958 Pat married William Robert Luoma. They have a daughter, Barbara Alice, who married Richard Ernest Reimer in 1985. Barbara and Richard have a daughter, Katherine Victoria, and a son, David Peter. Pat and William's son, Robert Arthur, married Sandra Lynne Martin in 1985 and they had a son, Brett Arron, who died accidentally in July 1990. They have two sons, Ryan William and Jeremy Philip, and one daughter, Brianne Kristen. Pat and William's other son,

Timothy William, married Leeann Lila Calvert in 1985, and they have three daughters, Tanya Lorraine, Samantha Jolene and Christy Natasha.

In 1960 Art and Alice's daughter, Shirley, married Gordon Merle Leavitt; they had three sons and one daughter. Their daughter, Bambi Lynne, and one son, Faron Merle, passed away in 1962. Their son, Kelly Jordon, married Beverly Bergen in 1989 and son, Todd, married Laurie Fullerton in 1991. Todd and Laurie have a son, Todd Gordon, and a daughter, Regann Ross, and their daughter, Melinda Anne, had a son, Jaydon Douglas.

In 1970 Art and Alice's son, Jim, married Linda May Williams. They have one daughter, Michelle Lynn, who has two sons, Logan Warren Hunt and Tristan Shaelon Hunt, and one daughter, Kaileigh Larrisa Lynn Hunt. Jim and Linda's daughter, Michelle Lynn, married Cory F. Gillingham in 2001; their daughter, Vicki Marlayne, married Kenneth Dale Fink in 1992 and they have a daughter, Kennedy Linda. Their son, Jim, has a daughter Kennedy Blair Demarge.

FISHER, Bill and Edna

William John Fisher was born May 8, 1909, in Summerland, Massachusetts, USA, and first came to Alberta with his parents in 1910. He received his schooling in Ellemsdale, Nova Scotia, and Rocky Mountain House. As a young man he worked in a pulp and paper mill in Washington before returning to his parent's home in the Ferrier district in 1932.

On November 16, 1932, Bill married Edna Mabel Brierley, daughter of Chester and Mabel Brierley. Mabel was born May 19, 1912, in Calgary, Alberta. Bill and Edna had three sons: Alfred John (Fred), born September 1, 1934; Gordon Chester, born June 28, 1936 and Kenneth Clifford William (Ken), born April 21, 1949.

Fred married Hazel Doreen Youngstrom on April 18, 1957, and they had three children: Brookes John, Eddie McGregor and Laura Lee. Eddie has since passed away.

Gordon married Laureen Polnau on Feb. 11, 1961. Their children are Joanne Carol, Lee James and Brenda Marie.

Ken married Maureen Ann Pike on Feb. 2, 1973. They have two son, William and Robert.

In 1940 Bill and Edna moved to the SW¼ 18-39-7-W5 where they farmed and lived out the rest of their lives. Bill passed away August 31, 1977, and Edna passed away December 16, 1986. Both are at rest in Garth Cemetery.

For added information please refer to page 401, The Days Before Yesterday.

FISHER, Doreen
(Eulogy for mother, composed by Laura-Lea Fisher)

Hazel Doreen (Youngstrom) Fisher was born the middle child of three girls in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, in 1933. Being born on the prairies in the cusp of the depression, Doreen's young life was the training ground for her great sense of resourcefulness.

When Doreen was five, the family was forced to move to Alberta because of the great drought. The family chose Markerville to settle in, buying a farm, and living in a tiny two-room farmhouse. They were a welcome addition to the close-knit community.

Doreen attended the Markerville School, and later went to school in Red Deer. She enjoyed dancing at community get-togethers, played baseball in the summer, and was noted as being a pretty-fast runner.

Although the family continued to struggle financially, they were very resourceful. Alice, Doreen's mother, taught her how to cook, sew and knit. The family traditions and recipes were passed down to all the girls. Because Ralph and Alice did not have any sons, the daughters were no strangers to hard work. They were responsible for the animals and crops on the farm. Doreen milked the cows and fed the animals. To Doreen's children, her parents would later be known as Grandma and Grandpa Smokey Truck.

After finishing high school, Doreen had aspirations, determination and a passion to teach and to make something of her life. She put herself through school in Calgary, attending SAIT where she obtained her teaching certificate. She had a great time in Calgary. She made friends and lived as a boarder with an elderly couple in Inglewood. While studying, Doreen worked to pay her way and to send money home to help her mother make ends meet.

Doreen was 19 when she got her first teaching position at Sleepy Valley School. She spent one term there and then transferred to the Gaetz

School for one term. She then moved to Rocky and started teaching in the expanded school system in 1955. In Rocky, Doreen made friendships that lasted her entire life. Dancing, sewing, needlecraft, and curling were among her hobbies.

Doreen met "Old Blue Eyes," Fred Fisher, in Benalto, and started dating Fred after she moved to Rocky. She knew he was the man for her. Fred and Doreen were married in 1957. Vowing to be a true partner and friend to Fred, she was a renaissance woman before it was fashionable. True to her character, she always did her share and made a meaningful contribution. Doreen kept the family together, giving direction and guidance, ensuring that they stayed on track to meet the family goals. Not just a marriage partner, Doreen was a true business partner as well.

Brooks John and Eddy McGregor were born within a year of one another. Along with their two sons, Fred and Doreen moved into a holiday trailer. Doreen took care of the boys and cooked for a logging crew, moving from bush camp to bush camp. She taught during the school season. Laura-Lea was born in 1964, and the next year Fred and Doreen bought the Texaco Bulk Station. Once again, she taught school and kept busy with the business, keeping the books. Raising her family, she made sure that her children received every opportunity that she didn't have. Hockey, figure skating, swimming, skiing, and motorcycles filled their days. Doreen joined the ladies curling league, volunteered as secretary of the Rocky Chamber of Commerce and was a member of the Kinettes.

While living in town, Doreen was an active member of the community. All of the neighborhood children knew they could go to Mrs. Fisher's house for fresh baked cookies and treats. She hosted many little tea parties for the children in her backyard.

In 1969 the Fishers bought the farm and started building their new home, and Doreen entered a new phase and new role in her life.

In 1970 Doreen noticed the first signs of her disease, a disease that she would battle valiantly for 32 years. It took the doctors four years to diagnose the illness. At that time, there were only seven people in Canada with Poly Arteritis Nedosa. Once diagnosed, they were able to arrest the symptoms of the disease, and Doreen vowed to raise her family. She found great strength and courage in knowing that her job as a mother was not finished. She vowed to do her best.

Her passion to teach and to be near children sustained her. Once she felt better, she went back to her teaching position. Because Doreen had a teaching certificate, she took correspondence courses to earn her teaching degree. It was not uncommon, after working all day and cooking and caring for her family, to find Doreen studying into the wee hours. Outdoor education was one course she studied that expanded and deepened her appreciation for the outdoors.

Around 1976, Doreen became the librarian for the Rocky Mountain House Junior-Senior High School. This was a position that she cherished, not just for her love of books, but for her love of the students as well. Many of those students looked to Doreen as more than a teacher. She provided comfort, encouragement and hope to many. She helped raise money and supervised the year book club, and chaperoned two school trips to Expo in Vancouver. She could always be counted on to lend a helping hand. Her illness forced her to retire from her beloved teaching job in 1986. It was a devastating blow to her.

In 1983 Doreen became a proud grandmother. Megan Ann Fisher was the recipient of many handmade blankets, sweaters, books and love. In 1985, another grandchild, Mathew Brandon McKay, was born. Doreen devoted herself to the teaching and the sharing of time with the grandchildren. Today, they have a great appreciation of the outdoors, animals and homemade pies. She loved to spend time fishing, gardening and walking in the woods behind her house with Megan and Matt, passing on a lifetime of love and experience. While convalescing, it was not unusual to see Doreen going for a walk with two cats, three dogs and a horse following her. Ice fishing with Eddy and Emily Ames was a great source of strength for Doreen.

She took up watercolor painting and quilting. In Doreen's later years, as throughout her life, she could be counted on to support her friends and show up with either baking or a clown nose! Doreen loved to laugh and have fun. She never lost a sense of adventure and childlike fascination for life.

After teaching, Doreen did not sit idle. She overcame her illness twice more. She fought and struggled through terrible suffering to raise her children and see her grandchildren grow up. Her love overcame her personal hardships and adversity. She always pretended that she wasn't sick and when asked "How are you, Doreen?" everyone received the same reply: "Fine, how are you?" Doreen passed away January 2, 2003.

FISHER, Gordon, Laureen and family

Fisher family, June 1989.
Brenda, Joanne, Lee, Gordon, and Laureen.

Gordon Chester Fisher was born west of Rocky Mountain House in the Ferrier district on June 28, 1936, the middle son of William John and Edna Mabel (Brierley) Fisher. He attended school at Garth in the early years and later in Rocky Mountain House.

As a teenager, he went to work, driving heavy equipment in road construction. While employed for F. W. Lamb & Sons Construction, he worked on many highways throughout Alberta.

Laureen Edna Polnau was born on the prairie at Hemaruka, Alberta, on July 6, 1940. At the age of six, she moved to a farm northwest of Leslieville with her parents and older brother. After graduating in the first class from David Thompson High School, Laureen worked at the Imperial Bank in Rocky Mountain House.

Gordon and Laureen were married on February 11, 1961, and lived in Rocky Mountain House. In 1964 Gordon purchased a section of

Fisher family, 1974.
Laureen, Joanne, Gordon, Lee, and Brenda in front.

land in the Cow Creek area where they still reside on the SW 9-39-8-W5. To the present time, they have been involved in farming and ranching, raising commercial cattle and registered quarter horses. They have three children: Joanne, Lee and Brenda.

Joanne Carol was born on August 19, 1961. She graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Education degree in 1983. She has been an elementary teacher in Red Deer since 1984. Lee James was born on September 14, 1964. He obtained further education at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary. In November of 1988, he started working for Nova in Vegreville. Here he met Michelle Dawne Haubrick (born November 25, 1965), and they were married on March 23, 1991. They have two girls, Mackenzie Leigh (born February 18, 1993) and Kennedy Dawne (born, April 2, 1996) The family moved to Wainwright in 1995, and in July 2001 Stettler became their home, where Lee is still employed with Trans Canada Transmissions. Brenda Marie arrived on May 19, 1971. She graduated as the top student in the Pharmacy Technician Program at Red Deer College in 1991. Due to the many cutbacks in the medical field at this time, she was unable to find work in her chosen career. She obtained employment at the Alberta Treasury Branch in Rocky Mountain House. She married Stanley James Nicolay (born February 28, 1966) on October 12, 1991. They have two children, Cody James (born November 17,1994) and Nicole Diane (born, August 4, 1998). They own a dairy operation in the Taimi area. Stan did much of the building on a new dairy barn, which has up-to-date equipment and modern conveniences.

Three Fishers, Laureen, Joanne and Edna.

Throughout the years, Gordon and Laureen have always been active volunteers in the community and in the various youth groups their children were involved in. Love of the sport of rodeo played a major role in the life of the entire family. Gordon was on the Stampede Board from 1968 when the amateur Foothills Cowboy Association was active in the area. In 1971 the board began to make plans to bring professional rodeo to Rocky. Gordon made many trips to Calgary, laying the groundwork to bring the professional Canadian Rodeo Cowboys' Association circuit to the annual rodeo. Many of the first meetings were held in his home, where contracts were signed with stock contractors and rodeo personnel. Instrumental in bringing professional rodeo to Rocky Mountain House in 1972, he was made an honourary member of the Canadian Rodeo Cowboys' Association in 1977. Throughout the years, there was always room and/or board available in the Fisher home at rodeo time for the many people involved in the rodeo who came to town.

In 1994 Gordon was elected by his peers to serve as one of the two committee representatives on the Canadian Professional Rodeo Association Board of Directors for a two-year term. In this capacity he travelled many miles throughout Alberta, B.C., and Saskatchewan, attending meetings and rodeos.

FISHER, John Arthur
by Helen Zander.

John Fisher came to the Rocky area sometime between 1933-37, from England. As a Remittance Man, he received a small pension, and settled a half mile south of Oras hall. Apparently he was a very well educated man and had been a concert pianist. He was an excellent pen man and wrote poetry. I don't think he was ever married. He lived humbly in a shack and when his only horse died, he had no other means of getting to Rocky for groceries or other supplies. So, he would walk to town a distance of about four miles. In the winter time he would bind his holey shoes with layers of gunny sacks—right up to his knees—then tie the sacks on with binder twine.

Many times he stopped at the Stelfox farm, on the outskirts of town to get warm. After mother fed him cups of tea and probably a big bowl of homemade soup, she would ask him to play something on the piano. My brother David well remembers John Fisher.

However, there was another side to John Arthur Fisher. Apparently he was severely shell shocked in World War I and kept several dogs, but was not very kind to them.

He left the community in 1939 or '40, and was admitted to a hospital in Edmonton. My brother, David, while attending the U of A, remembers reading many letters John had written to the editor of the Edmonton Journal.

FISHER, Walter Ernest and Grace Fern (Hereford)

Walter was born February 8, 1907, in Battleford, Saskatchewan. His folks arrived in Canada from England in 1903, with a large group of people known as the Bar Colonists. The family left Saskatchewan in 1917 for Northern Ontario. Walter and his brother, Roy, came west on a harvest train. They harvested mostly in Saskatchewan and, by winter, had arrived in Rocky Mountain House. In 1931 Walter obtained work with the forestry department in Rocky Mountain House as a ranger. The job lasted from May until October and, for the other six months, he had to find other employment. The area Walter covered was done by horseback. Walter continued working for the forestry for two years.

Grace Fern was born May 26, 1912, in Innisfail, Alberta. After she finished her schooling, she working at Gilberts' Bakery in Rocky Mountain House and in a candy factory in Red Deer. In January 1931 Grace applied for a job in

the Nordegg Hospital and got the job. They were not classed as Nursing Aides in those days, but did the same work, along with the laundry, cleaning and cooking. There was only one registered nurse (Lynda Craigen) and the Doctor was James Key. The nurse also worked at all of the above as well as her nursing duties. Wages at the hospital were $15 per month, which included room and board. The girl Grace worked with was from Scotland and knew very little about working. She was laid off, and Grace got a $5 a month raise. After three years, Grace's salary was $25 per month.

Walter and Grace were married November 20, 1934. After working for the Forestry for two years, Walter got a job with Home Oil on Chungo No 1. When that job was completed, Walter and his brother-in-law, Jim Hereford, were hired to go with the rig to Turner Valley. Between wells, the family went to Rocky Mountain House to visit family, and Walter got work in Nordegg at the mine. In October 1942 Walter enlisted as ground crew in the R.C.A.F. He was in the heating section and was a "fireman" which started him in the engineer department. After the war, he went on to become a second class steam engineer. Walter was discharged on February 25, 1946, and worked at the Nordegg mine from March 1946 to March 1, 1954, when he was hired as a steam engineer with Imperial Oil, in Devon. He worked for Imperial until 1971 when illness forced him to retire. Grace, Dale and Betty moved to Devon in June of '46, when school was finished, and Jane moved to Calgary in September 1953. Grace continued to live in Devon and was an active volunteer until her passing, September 16, 1986.

Walter and Grace had three children, Estelle Jane, Walter Dale and Betty Elaine.

Estelle Jane married Don Borbridge and they have three children: 1) Lorie Jane (Kimberly Haydu) whose children are Michelle Jane and Lindsay Rae; 2) Grant Kenneth Donald (Tanis Donkin) and daughter, Isabella Grace; 3)Lynette Dawn (Charles Kent) whose children are Sadie Elise Dawn and Jordan Taylor.

Walter Dale (Darlene Bagstad) (Villa McNaughten) There are six children in Walter Dale Fisher's family: 1) Kenneth Dale (Anita Larsen) and their children, Tyler Kenneth and Torrie Grace; 2) Warren Bradley; 3) Shelly Darlene; 4) Kevin Marshall; 5) Nealle Jolynn and 6) Jennifer Maureen.

Betty Elaine (Harvey Hill) (Donald Unwin) Betty Elaine has three children: 1) Robert Dale (Kim Goertz) and their three children, Amanda Anne, Sarah Kathlene and David Phillip; 2) Nadine Jane and her three children, Nalyn Grace, Adam Wyatt and Christopher Luc and 3) Donald Matthew.

FORRESTER, John, Janet and family
submitted by Edith Nielsen

John and Janet Forrester.

John and his wife (the former Janet Imrie) and their family of three sons, James, David and John, and two daughters, Esther and Edith, immigrated to Canada from Scotland. John Sr. was a cabinet maker and worked for a year or so in South Africa before coming to Calgary in 1909.

In 1911 the family moved to a homestead about six miles south of Rocky.

John resided on his farm until 1938. He sold his farm to the Cook family and after a brief stay with his daughter, Esther Nielsen, he retired to New Westminster, B.C., where he resided until his death in 1953. He was predeceased by his wife in 1933, and sons: John in 1916, James in 1917 and David, about 1941.

David and his wife, Winnifred, had two children, Stuart and Gladys (deceased). Stuart and his wife, Helen, live at Langley, B.C.

Esther married Emil Nielsen in 1919 and they lived in the Rocky area until her death in 1991. Emil predeceased her in 1972. They had three

Winnifred, David, Stuart, and Gladys Forrester.

children: John (Jack) of London, Ontario; Annie (Anne) Cook (deceased 1963) and Dennis (deceased 1995).

Edith married Chester Hutton and moved to British Columbia where she lived until her death in 1972. Chester predeceased her several years earlier. They had four children. One son died in infancy (name not known) Alan, Jeanette and John.

FREGREN, Carl Edwin and family
submitted by Donald H. Fregren

History On The Nordegg Coal Branch 1930–1955 as recalled in December, 2001

It's difficult for me to decide just when to start the history of the Carl Fregren family's association with the Nordegg (Brazeau) Coal Branch. Difficult, because they didn't start out in this district as a family, but began here in 1930 with the marriage of Carl Edwin Fregren to Mary Mathias in the mining camp of Saunders Creek. Reliable sources state that their marriage on September 17, 1930, was in fact, the first one held in that town, which was a bit of an unusual event since Saunders ("Creek" is optional) had no church.

The only public community building in Saunders at the time (except for the pool hall) was the school house, so it had to double as a church for this occasion. Following the wedding,

Main Street Saunders Creek. Ann Mathias, Lee Gladwin, Dianne Mathias, Margaret Mathias, 1950.

it then became the reception hall/dance hall for the rest of the night. How many other weddings were held in that same old school house, I do not know, but I do remember one other in 1945, when another of the Mathias girls, the youngest by the name of Margaret (but always called "Peggy"), wed another Saunders native by the name of Grant "Tubby" Gladwin. I'll never know why people called him "Tubby" since he was about the trimmest person you'd ever hope to meet—and still is—even to this very day.

As you have already guessed, both Peggy and "Molly" (Mary's nickname—seems nicknames were the rage in the '20s) came from Saunders at the time. They were the daughters of Ann and William D. Mathias (also known more commonly as "Happy", (here we go again) who came to Canada from Liverpool, England, and Wales respectively, in the early 1900s, meeting and marrying in Bankhead, near the town of Banff, Alberta. They followed the mining camps through places like Mountain Park, Lovett, Reco, Foothills, etc., on the Mercoal Branch south of Edson, Alberta before settling in Saunders.

There were two other siblings in the Mathias family, Eva and Trevor. Trevor remained in Saunders till it shut down, working in the power house as did his father, Happy.

Following their wedding, Molly and Carl Fregren went to Mercoal and then to Drinnan, Alberta, near Hinton. They remained in Drinnan until 1936, during which time their first son, Trevor Edwin Fregren, was born in 1932. Then they moved once more to a different part of the coal mining world, Lethbridge, Alberta.

The coal mine at Lethbridge was quite different from those located in the mountains. Instead of an inclined entry into the mine, the entry

Carl and Molly Fregren at Mercoal Alta., 1931.

shaft was vertical, extending down some 200 to 300 feet to the coal seam. Apparently, coal mining in Alberta had its beginnings in Lethbridge. Coal from Lethbridge was initially shipped out by riverboat, down the Old Man River to Medicine Hat and the western extension of the railway at the time. This arrangement only lasted a year or two until track was laid to Lethbridge.

Back to the Nordegg Branch history. Oh, by the way, in 1936 Molly and Carl's second son, Donald Harvey Fregren, was born. During our stay in Lethbridge we still kept contact with the relatives in Saunders, being that Grandpa and Grandma Mathias, Trevor Mathias and his wife, Margaret, their children, Trevor Jr., Dianne and "Babe" (Margaret), as well as Tubby and Peggy with their new son, Lee—all lived there. (Sister Wendy came later.) In fact we traveled there for summer holidays just about ever summer, and believe me, it was a memorable trip every time. Until about 1945, Rocky Mountain House was the end of the road, heading west from Red Deer, unless the ferry was running. There was no automobile bridge over the North Saskatchewan River, only a ferry that ran when the water levels where not too high. Because the North Saskatchewan River is glacier fed (there were no dams controlling the water levels in those days) hot weather often "dry -docked" the ferry. The only way west to Saunders, Alexo and Nordegg was by rail.

I recall one occasion when we arrived in Rocky to find the ferry was closed. After coming

Molly (Mathias) Fregren, east of Saunders Creek, overlooking North Saskatchewan River, 1927.

about 200 miles and being within about 30 miles of our destination, it was hard to consider turning back. The only other alternative was the railway bridge, if you wanted to take your car with you. Getting onto the track was easy (for a kid like me anyway). So was getting off the track. It was the trip across the bridge that was tricky. The passengers crossed on foot, while my dad did the driving. Being designed for trains, the bridge had no side railings, just an 8" x 8" treated timber. My dad was a pretty daring fellow and made the crossing without incident. Not so fortunate was a fellow traveler who approached the crossing with his car with some trepidation. Sure enough, he went a bit too slow and got hung up between two crossties. With a little help from us, he got moving again just as an east bound train came along. It slowed in time, and we high-tailed it to our car and took off before the fireworks began. Train people didn't much like cars using their bridges.

Winter crossings were pretty easy since ice bridges were established on the river and these served motorists very well. The road west was not much better than a bush trail. That is to say, there were no road grades in many places, just side cuts and the odd bridge or culvert. Muskeg

sections were pretty much "bottomless," and the only good part about travelling this road was, that after the first trip, you knew the places where you were going to get stuck if the weather was anything but "bone dry" for at least a week. A car jack was a must to help you raise the wheels to get another log into the ruts. Cords of wood were buried in the worst hole every year. Jackfish Hill was always a tough one when the rains came. Sometimes, if everyone got out and pushed the car, you could make it up the hill; if not, you put on your tire chains. As a last resort you could always wait for help to come along, or for the sun to come out and dry things up a bit. Meeting time schedules was unheard of in those days.

Once you arrived in Saunders, it was well worth the effort, especially if it was blueberry season. Blueberries grew in abundance where the Saunders turnoff left Highway 11. Many Sundays were spent collecting this delicious fruit for making pies and preserves.

In 1949 Trevor Mathias, Molly's brother, who operated the Saunders general store, called Carl in Lethbridge with a proposition to buy into a partnership with him in the store. This proposal was accepted and in February 1949 all but one of the Fregren family moved to Saunders. The one left behind was Trevor Fregren. Since Trev had just completed high school and was preparing to enter University in Edmonton, he stayed with friends in Lethbridge. So, Trevor never did get the chance to move to Saunders.

Being the younger brother (I was 13 at the time), I moved to Saunders with the family, and went to school there. Eventually I became the school janitor in my spare time and generally enjoyed life in the hamlet of Saunders.

The new routine of living in Saunders was quite different from what I was accustomed to in the "city." Running water was a seasonal thing in Saunders. Every year the water pipes to each home froze up early. No doubt this was due to the fact that the pipes lay about four feet below the dirt surface of the only street in town. Everything and everyone traveled on this street, so before long traffic drove the frost down and froze the lines. The rest of the winter was spent thawing out the ground, digging down to the pipes and trying to thaw them out. I never really figured out why they did this, since water

Carl Fregren family, 1936. Molly and Carl and children, Trevor (standing) and Donald.

to the homes was never regained until late April or so anyway, and Mother Nature did the work.

The freeze-up sequence in each home, each year was the same. The first morning, you turned the tap on, but got no water. No problem! You would take the blow torch into the cellar and after an hour or so you got running water. This would work until the first real cold-snap, then out you'd go with the buckets and down to the horse watering trough. Since the mine horses needed regular watering, this pump located near the centre of town was always the last to freeze, because it was in constant use. But eventually it too would freeze, and we all had to resort to the final source, Big John's Spring. The spring never stopped running, but it was located at the east end of town and a long walk for many of us. Wash day was a dreaded event for those destined to haul the water. Wash tubs and boilers were loaded on sleds and away you'd go to Big John's Spring. John lived closest to the spring so it was natural to give it his name.

Water at the mine site was never a problem year around. In fact it was the bathhouse for all the men in town, including us kids. During "off-shift" times all we had to do was stop in and ask the powerhouse operator to turn on the steam to mix with the cold water for a nice warm shower. Unfortunately for us, the power house operator (including my relatives), were not to

be trusted. About the time you were soaking the ice out of your veins, one of them would sneak in and stick the cold water nozzle through a knot hole in the wooden shower stall and pin you against the wall with an ice-cold blast. Seems we were never willing to post a lookout.

Summer time for me in Saunders was like a dream come true. To the south of Saunders, across the North Saskatchewan River about 13 miles away, was a forest ranger station called the "Meadows." The only access was by horseback. First, one had to cross in a basket suspended on a cable across the river. All supplies had to be taken across in this manner, then loaded on packhorses for a four to five hour trip to the station.

During my first summer in Saunders, I was invited to spend a couple of weeks at the Meadows along with my cousin, Trevor (Jr.). I ended up staying all that summer, as well as the next two or three summers, with the odd holiday break thrown in to boot. Fishing at the Meadows was as easy as cutting a pine pole, attaching a length of green cod line and a hook baited with a piece of bacon or whatever. The local Bull Trout were not fussy, but very plentiful. At the end of a day's fishing, the line was rolled on to the end of the pole which was then cut-off and the end carried around in the shirt pocket till the next fishing time. Carrying the rolled up line and hook in a pants pocket was too dangerous. The toughest part about this fishing was stopping. There was no means for freezing your catch, so you only caught what you could eat fresh.

Good times continued in Saunders till the fall of 1952 when, like most other coal mining camps at that time it was abandoned with the closing of the mine. Nordegg was still hanging on, so the Fregrens moved to Nordegg, about 20 miles west of Saunders. I expect everyone knew it was just a matter of time, but it was still better to stay with the occupation you understood as long as it was available. Since I was still a student, I went with my parents. Brother Trev was already making a new life for himself at the U of A studying—mining and engineering, of course.

I first knew Nordegg as the closest place to see a movie. Rocky Mountain House was an alternative, but was twice as far away from Saunders. Nordegg also had the reputation of being a tough town for a new young person to break into. Fortunately, that reputation applied to the age group just ahead of me, and they had all finished school and gone to work in the mine. The classmates I went to school with in the fall of 1952, were a great bunch. Utmost in their mind was getting an education and enjoying good old-fashioned sing-songs for evening entertainment. I couldn't have asked for a better bunch of classmates during the two years that I went to school in Nordegg. I am fortunate that Nordegg stayed active long enough for me to finish my high school and move on to another chapter of life.

The Carl Fregren family left Nordegg when it closed down in 1954. The move was initially a short one to Alexo, a mining town, three miles west of Saunders. That mine didn't operate very much longer either and, in the winter of 1954-55, Carl and Molly moved once more. This time they moved to East Coulee, Alberta. I stayed around Nordegg, working for a seismic company while I planned my next move. Finally, in the fall of 1955, "yours truly" made the jump to university in Montana to begin a career in forestry. Mom and Dad soon left the coal mine scene and moved to Devon, where they spent their retirement years, living close to Peggy and Tubby Gladwin and Molly's sister and husband. Carl passed away on May 26,1983, at the age of 83. Molly survived him, dying at the age of 84 on April 2, 1994.

Trevor Fregren and his wife, Madeleine, presently live in Port Colborne, Ontario, where Trevor finally retired from a career with Inco Canada as manager of the Port Colborne Plant. Their children, Chris and Duncan also reside in Ontario.

Donald H. married Margaret Chorney, a prairie girl from Coronation, Alberta. They are currently enjoying retirement near Edson, Alberta. Daughter Donna lives in Edmonton, and son Michael has a career of travelling around the world. Currently, he resides in Santiago, Chile, S.A.

It's always nice to keep contact with the past and I am pleased to say that we still maintain close ties to Nordegg through one of my earliest friends, Robert Reed of Reed's Garage, an icon from the Nordegg "daza."

FRENCHEATER, Lyle
as told to Carrie Mason

Lyle was born on May 26th, 1978, at the Rocky General Hospital. He has lived on the Sunchild Reserve most of his life, except for when he attended school in Red Deer. He is married to Monika MacDonald who was born April 28th, 1979, and incidentally is the granddaughter of this researcher.

Lyle and Monika live in their new home on the Sunchild Reserve and have two boys; their names are Keean and Khalid. Keean attends Grade 1 at the Sunchild School, which is a beautiful new facility.

Jimmy Goodrunning, Lyle's father, was born in a cabin on the Sunchild Reserve. He left the Reserve when he was around 12 years old to go out to work where he picked roots on farms all around Central Alberta. He later attended school at Olds, Alberta, where he received his high school education. He began work at the Revelstoke sawmill when it first opened out near Nordegg and remained working there for ten years. He is now employed at Sunchild Public Works where he runs a backhoe.

Jimmy's father is Pete Goodrunning, and his mother is Chakasee Strawberry who was the daughter of Pat Whitford from the Edson area. Jimmy's siblings are Rose Marie, David and Wally (who are both deceased), Augustine, Jack (who is a plumber), Irene (who has worked in the finance department at Sunchild for years), Harry (who has served as Chief), Donald (who is a carpenter), Miranda, Valerie, Myron and Daylight (who works at the Sunchild Day-Care Centre).

Maryanne Frencheater, Lyle's mother, was born at the Rocky Hospital. She completed her Grade 11 at Lethbridge, Alberta, and later received her certificate in addictions counselling. She served as an addictions counselor for years and worked in the Child Welfare Department from 1991 to 1999. She also served on Band Council for two Terms.

Maryanne's brothers and sisters are Sweetgrass, Gladys, Phillip (deceased), Alice (who is a teacher's aide), Freda, David (deceased), Viola (who is training as a computer programmer) and Charlene.

Lyle's siblings are James (who is on Band Council), Jonathon (who is a truck-driver), Melissa, Stephanie, Travis, Evan and Keiland. Lyle is employed at Public Works where he drives a backhoe doing various excavation jobs around the reserve.

FRISCO SCHOOL
submitted by Edith Fitch

Frisco School.

Everything I Needed to Know about Teaching, I Learned at Frisco

Well do I remember the fall of 1951 and the two years following! My parents and I headed north from Rocky Mountain House to find the school I had been assigned to teach—Frisco. The first three miles were straight gravel roads and then we came to a narrow, dirt trail that wound its way, no fewer than twenty-six turns in all, for six miles around muskegs and ravines. You'd never believe that with today's paved Highway 22.

There were very few houses along the way and I wondered where my students would come from. The first building we saw when we arrived at Frisco was a weather-bronzed log structure. I gasped, thinking this was the school I'd be teaching in. What a story I'd have to tell my colleagues, I thought. We soon realized this was the community hall. It was sitting on the road allowance but was later moved eastward and put on a foundation when the highway was built. I considered myself lucky to have a community hall in which to hold Halloween parties and Christmas concerts.

A small part of me was excited about my new venture but the bigger part of me was filled with apprehension. I was 18 going on 19 and was to be Frisco's new, inexperienced teacher. On the west side of the road, the cream-colored

Frisco Teacherage, 1951–55.

one-room school stood on a slight knoll. It overwhelmed me to think that the future leaders and citizens of Rocky Mountain House and beyond, exiting this "house of learning," would be my sole responsibility. Little did I realize, 21 students from grades one to seven that first year would teach me more about education than I had learned at the University of Calgary the previous year. They did such a good job that I stayed in the profession for 41 years!

A two-room teacherage, partially hidden in the trees, was my home for two years. I wasn't prepared for a life of loneliness, challenges, and hard work—both mentally and physically. I grew up fast and lost 15 pounds the first month! I'm most grateful to four families who helped me survive in their isolated community. I spent weekends on a rotating basis at the homes of Sam and Grace Bidinger, Andy and Minnie Hoffman, Lorne and Mary Schenk, and Veral and Irene Sims. As I visited other homes, I was served with gracious hospitality and cannot forget their kindness.

Schenks often bought my groceries and gave me some of their garden produce. I bought milk from them and kept it cool on a step leading to the cellar under the kitchen. Mary Schenk laundered my sheets and towels, but I did everything else with the old-fashioned washboard. I used sad irons with the table as an ironing board.

There was no electricity, central heating, indoor plumbing or even a party-line telephone in those days. I came from Sylvan Lake and knew the convenience of these luxuries. It was hard to revert to the basics of the early pioneers. Coal oil lamps burned late at night as I prepared my lessons for the next day. A flashlight guided me outside. I pumped water by hand. More than once, I had to prime the pump when it froze during the winter.

The teacherage was banked with earth to keep it warmer but I still found it very cold. There were no storm windows so I could feel a draft when the wind blew. I eventually moved my bed into the kitchen and heated only one room with the small cookstove. Later I got a heater that threw out more heat and I could bank it with coal at night.

I had to split wood for two fires every day. This was my hardest chore. The teachers before me had been men or women with husbands. I complained loud and long about it. Finally, Clarence and Howard Hoffman heard me! They used a wood splitter and chopped the whole woodpile in one afternoon. I also ordered coal so I could bank the fires at night. There was no coal shed so the coal was dumped outside in the corner of the school and porch. As you may guess, the coal broke up with the elements and got covered with snow.

The modes of transportation were most interesting. A few people had trucks or cars but some drove their tractors, pulling a wagon behind. The school bus might be described as an apple box pulled by a tractor or a team of horses in the winter. I walked wherever I went. I didn't even own a bicycle. The ladies of the district held a women's club meeting every month. On those days I'd walk to the home of the meeting after school and enjoy lunch and a social time with them.

The Scott children lived the farthest from school. They came six miles on the school bus driven by Sam Bidinger. Others living over two miles from school and riding the bus were April Yee, the McKervey children, the Gene Bidinger children and Madeline Werner. Archie Cooke rode horseback four miles to school and always arrived on time. All others were within a mile and a half from school and walked or rode bicycles.

Frisco was my training ground in many areas. I learned to organize my time and prepare lessons for seven grades. Many nights I didn't get all the sleep I wanted but the weekends provided the rejuvenation needed. At times it was hard to keep the students busy and on task but I

developed some strategies as the years went by. I began a collection of arts and crafts ideas that eventually filled a four-drawer file cabinet. I expanded my teaching devices and learned how to improvise when there was a shortage of supplies. There were times I wanted to quit and shoulder no responsibilities but I persevered. I learned thriftiness because I had no easy access to town. I learned independence and hospitality. Finally the day came when I could say "Teaching is fun!"

Thanks, Frisco.

FROESE, Estelle and Laverne and family
submitted January 2002

National Historic Site,
York Boat along the North Saskatchewan River.
David, Rochelle, Carol and Dennis Froese.

Move to Rocky Mountain House? You've got to be kidding! Laverne had been asked to be lead operator on the start-up crew at the newly built Dekalb Leafland Gas Plant in the Beaver Flats area. The new position was to start on January 2, 1985.

We had been to Rocky nine years earlier, in 1975, when we'd first moved to Alberta from Manitoba. At that time, Rocky seemed very "Hicksville." The streets were very narrow with many potholes. There were few paved streets, and the town itself seemed unkempt and run-down. We camped in Centennial Park. There was a forest where Pioneer School is today. The scenery west of Rocky was very beautiful.

In August of 1984, we came back to Rocky with the prospect of moving in mind. What we found was a very pleasant change from 1975. Highway 11, going through town, had been widened and paved. The town seemed to have been "spruced-up" from what we remembered. We couldn't get a camp spot at Crimson Lake, so we stayed at Riverside Campground, and David Thompson Days were being held. We were treated with a pancake breakfast at the Co-op, and took in all the festivities at the Rocky Mountain House Historic Park—free admission. We toured the town and were pleasantly surprised to find a new swimming pool and a Catholic School. We had four children, so these amenities were big drawing cards. So, we decided to make the move. We sold our house in Innisfail, moved to a rented farm house outside Innisfail, for three months, and started looking for accommodation in Rocky. There didn't seem to be many houses or acreages on the market, so we rented a house on 58th Street Close, west of the old post office, towards Old Town.

Do you know how cold -44 degrees Celsius is? Well, that's how cold it was when we moved to Rocky on December 27 and 28, 1984. Plastic chair covers crack and plants freeze solid, just going from the house to the car. To try to save some of my plants, I put them in garbage bags and exhausted the vacuum cleaner air into the bag in an attempt to try to keep them warm. The next morning, we went out to try to start our plugged-in vehicle. It protested loudly, but started. At the time, we drove a vehicle with a standard transmission. The gear shift was frozen in place and we were unable to go anywhere until it warmed up later in the day. The children were upset. The house was filled with boxes. We were in a new town. We had left all our friends behind. What a cold welcome to Rocky! The summer of 1985, we moved the family to an acreage east of town on the Taimi Road.

The kids, David, Carol, Dennis and Rochelle, are all grown up now and they survived quite well. David lives in Grande Prairie, works on rigs part-time and is going to University prep-classes at Grande Prairie College. Carol is in her first year of teaching in Calgary after graduating from a five-year B.A./B. Ed. program at University of Lethbridge. Dennis is in his last year of B.Sc. in Forestry Business Management at U of A. Rochelle is taking her third year of Education in the Uof A. Collaborative Program at Red Deer College.

Laverne is still working at Leafland Gas Plant. Dekalb was bought out by Apache out

of Houston, Texas, in 1995. Estelle is working as a special needs aide at Will Sinclair High School. During the past 17 years that we've lived in Rocky, we've witnessed tremendous growth. Rocky is no longer "Hicksville." It is a very modern, progressive town with all the amenities of a larger center. We have been very fortunate to be part of this community. We delight in the many opportunities to enjoy nature, the trail system, lakes and mountains that make this area of the province the envy of many.

FROST, Joseph
submitted by Viljo Kohtala

Joseph Frost in his orchard, 1940.

Joseph Frost was born in the middle 1880s in Norfolk County in England. Later he lived near Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. After immigrating to the United States, he lived in Grand Forks, North Dakota, in 1905 and 1906. In 1906, he came to the Bingley district, one of the area's first settlers, and proved up on his homestead S.W. 10-40-6-W5th. He worked hard to clear and improve his land. In the off seasons, he worked for the railroad company and helped build several of the railway stations in this area.

He built a house and, into the side-hill, he made an excavation into which he constructed his barn with the entry to the east at ground level, while the loft was at ground level at the sides and back.

Joe Frost was among the first settlers to realize the importance of shelterbelts, and planted spruce and pine trees around his farmstead, many of which are still standing. Being an enthusiastic gardener he felt that hardier fruit trees and shrubs would thrive in the district, and his splendid orchard in time became a showpiece that attracted visitors at blossom time and in the autumn. He experimented with the hardier apples, plums and cherries, but the crab apple trees and raspberries were his particular pride and joy. Grafting was an art that he was successful at, and Joe propagated many of the fruit trees growing in the Bingley and Rocky Mountain House areas.

When the road (south to Oras) was corduroyed across the muskeg in the middle '30s, the ditches were dug by hand. Joe dug the major part of them with axe, mattock and shovel for so much a foot for the work. Joe Frost sold his farm in 1951 to James Halas, but he continued residing on the farmstead until his death on May 8, 1952.

FRY, Dan and family
as told by Dan Fry to Ray Grosso

In the early 1920s, the Fry family heard of homesteading opportunities in Alberta. Dan's father, Lee Fry, and one of Lee's brothers took a trip from Washington State to the Peace River area to check things out, but they weren't satisfied with that area. Somehow, they heard of available land west of Rocky Mountain House, six miles or so out of Horburg.

A willow flat on Chambers Creek looked great, so a group of the Frys moved up there and started the homesteading process by building a log house. A little later on Jasper, the family patriarch, and father of Hazel (Fry) Grosso, moved along with some of his family to another location six miles or so farther northwest (on the Baptiste River).

Dan recalled that, "We built an ice house, cut ice from the river and had ice well into the summer. We put up hay on the creek flat and had to fence the stacks as moose used to come in and would have eaten it all if it wasn't protected. Moose and deer were plentiful; they would come in around the stacks and we always had plenty of meat to eat. In winter we trapped wolves, lynx, muskrats, ermine, beaver, skunk, fox and coyotes. I had my own little trapping area close to home, and did quite well. We would churn

butter and make it into one pound blocks and take the butter and eggs into Horburg and sell them or trade them for supplies like sugar, flour, coffee, etc. My sister, Rena, and I would ride our saddle horses 'Thunder' and 'Lightning' to Horburg once a week to get the mail and mail letters.

"There was a sawmill that cut railroad ties near Horburg. We rented two teams of horses to its owner. One team knew what they were supposed to do, and when a load of logs was unloaded they would go back for another sloop load with hardly any direction.

"There was a road we called the 'ice road' where ties were hauled on sleighs to the Horburg siding. Well, the summer Wayne and a group of us drove to Horburg from Montesano, Washington, we thought the 'ice road' was the road to the homestead. Boy, we probably got a hundred yards into the swamp and got stuck. We had to find the right road and walk six miles up to where the Frys were. They had to bring one or two teams of horses down the next morning to pull Wayne's car back out of the muskeg. We had a lot of great experiences."

FURLOTTE, Allan F.

Allan Furlotte.

I was born on May 14, 1948, in Blind River, Ontario, and came to Rocky Mountain House when I was four years old. I remember the board side walks.

My father, Fred J. Furlotte, was born February 19, 1912, at Jacquet River, New Brunswick. He was a good hearted man. His parents, Alexander and Elizabeth Furlotte, was born in New Brunswick.

My mother, Elva Alberta Hamel, called Rolly, was born March 20, 1922, in Brant Township, Ontario. She made any place a home! Her parents, John and Sophia Hamel, were born in Ontario. They made good sausage and sauerkraut. When I started to smoke, they didn't tell my parents.

Most of my schooling was by correspondence. I do remember taking third grade in Rocky. I think I fell in love with my teacher, Mrs. McCabe—an excellent lady.

I started working in Art Fisher's sawmills at age 14. When I was 17, I got a truck driver's licence and went into hauling logs, lumber, gravel, oil equipment and mobile homes. There were times I operated heavy equipment building oil leases, etc. Now I am developing my own business as pilot truck and light hot shot operator. I have lived at least 17 years in Rocky Mountain House.

The following record of our early life was written by my mother. She says, "I will write what I can remember. In 1951 Fred came to Alberta. He took the bus down through the U.S. Allan and I came in January 1952. Allan was four years of age. Our first home was near Camrose. Fred then went into trucking – gravelling roads. In the outdoors, being raised in a city, Campbelltown, N.B., he would go to the woods as this was the type of work he loved. His first winter he worked for John Stogie. I cooked there for one month. In the spring we came out broke as John paid no one—he always seemed to have an excuse for not paying.

Then Fred worked for Art Hunley for about three months, and in the fall of the same year we started work for Art Fisher. The first year I cooked at the tie camp, and Fred worked in the main camp. Allan took his schooling by correspondence lessons. The second year we both worked in the tie camp. Fred worked at the mill and was the cook; he worked from 5 a.m. until 10 p.m. as he had to turn out the lights since they had a power plant for lights. Myself, I worked from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. We were paid $150 a month and worked seven days a week. However, we never did come out broke in the spring."

GABLER, Anita Gail
all Gabler histories submitted by Phyllis (Gabler) Way
Condensed from " The Days before Yesterday"

Anita and Kelly took the school bus to Rocky for grade school. Anita chose to go to the Three Hills Bible School for high school. She then attended Olds College. Her first job was a secretarial position at the Penhold Forces Base. Anita and her husband, Gordon Croteau, lived and worked in several locations before settling in Condor.

Gordon is a class B pressure welder and works for a local firm. He is also a car buff and is usually rebuilding a vehicle in his shop. Anita has been busy the last eleven years raising their only child, Robert Laverne Croteau. She is an accomplished sewer and gardener. Both she and Gordon are great cooks and are teaching Robert to cook. They have a happy family life, doing activities together and with other family members. Currently, Anita is keeping the books for her Dad's business. Anita is very kind to her grandmother Gabler, taking her out of the Lodge for shopping and appointments. She and Robert visit her often.

GABLER, Annie

In those days all our mothers stayed at home and raised their families. They worked very hard, with little in the way of conveniences. Mom was no exception. She was a wonderful cook, raised a large garden (much of which she canned), milked cows and churned butter. There was always room to set another place at the table. Our friends were always welcome. In our family, Mom's Valentine cookies were legendary. We even got them in the mail after we left home. She then carried out the tradition for her grandchildren. I (Phyllis) make them but they just don't taste as good. I think Mom's answer to missing Dad was to go out to work. She took cooking jobs, first for a construction company, then on a ranch in Southern Alberta. In B.C. she was a housekeeper for a daughter and her invalid father. Finally Mom came home to the farm. She lived with Richard for awhile, then moved into a trailer beside the old house. For eight years Mom was a familiar figure driving in and out of town every day to work at The Smart Shop where she was a very popular employee.

Speaking to her on the telephone one Sunday, Mom told me she had an accident. Coming home from work in her '68 Mustang, she slid on ice into the back of a welding truck. I am yelling, "Are you all right?" Mom said, "Oh, yes, my car is a total wreck, but thank goodness I didn't hurt the truck." That's our Mom! Mom was always a good neighbour and friend. She would be your first visitor when you were in hospital. She spent many hours working with the Presbyterian Church Auxiliary. Mom was gradually losing her eye sight. She moved to an apartment in town when she could no longer see to drive. She did not want to be a burden for Richard. In October of 2001 Mom became a resident of Westview Lodge.

GABLER, George, Marcus and families

In the summer of 1906, George Gabler and his son, Marcus, travelled to Raven, Alberta, to look at land. They had become disillusioned with life in South Dakota and Northern Oregon having suffered through twelve years of drought. Raven did not appeal to them. They continued on west of the Clearwater River.

When George looked out over the beautiful Prairie Creek Valley, nestled in the virgin forests of west Central Alberta, he knew his search for "wood, water and grass" had ended. After erecting a cabin and making several stacks of hay by hand they returned to Oregon to bring George's wife, Frances, and his daughter, Georgia to their new home in the spring of 1907. Settling on what was to become the –OC Ranch they were the first family of white settlers west of the Clearwater River.

Since the land was not yet surveyed, George and Marcus ran their own survey line from somewhere near Raven so they could prove up on their land. When the Government survey was completed a very small error was found. To his dying day George was sure the government surveyors had made a mistake! The ranch has been enlarged over the years, but the two quarters they proved up on still form the nucleus of the present –OC.

They erected a large log house on the site of the present house, built fences, shop, and out buildings, then constructed the first bridge

across Prairie Creek in 1908. Shortly after this Marcus spent a summer on the Raven herding their flock of sheep. This was not profitable so they turned more heavily to beef cattle.

In 1910 they built their first sawmill, known locally as "Gabler's Mill." It had a cross cut type saw which moved up and down powered by a horizontal water wheel. Some of the old timers say much of the lumber for early houses in the district was sawn in "Gabler's Mill." The first mill was constructed almost completely of wood and worked very well for the day and age.

George Gabler was an extremely talented blacksmith with a creative mind. He excelled at building new things from the materials at hand. It was said that if something did not work or was broken, the Gablers could repair or redesign it so it would work. Their blacksmith shop was a rainy day rendevous for settlers from miles around.

The original blacksmith shop soon became too small, but the location was ideal. Unable to do without the shop, they built a much larger one, around and over the existing one. The smaller one was then dismantled and removed. Over ninety years later the same shop is still in use. The original roof was replaced with a metal one and electricity has been installed.

During these years all supplies and the mail were hauled by team and wagon or sleigh from Raven.

In 1913 the Gablers opened the first post office in the district and named it Vetchland. The name was changed to Strachan in honour of the first local boy to lose his life in World War I. George hauled the mail and Frances was post mistress until 1930. The room which had been the post office later became the "milk room," housing the cream separator. It is now used as a pantry.

In the spring of 1915 the worst recorded flood on Prairie Creek washed out the bridge, water mill and everything along the banks. The bridge was rebuilt immediately. Over that and the following summers a completely new water wheel and sawmill were built. A mill stream was dug across a horseshoe bend in the creek. A dam was built down stream of the inlet, to supply water with a five-foot drop through a concrete sluice to a horizontal turbine type water wheel. A flood water spillway was dug from above to below the dam to protect both the bridge and the water mill from future floods. This new water wheel supplied motive force for a sawmill which resembled the sawmills of today, in as much as it had a circular saw and carriage. Trees were cut upstream, floated down and allowed to collect in the mill pond above the dam, to be taken out as required for sawing. In later years a "jack ladder" was installed to deliver logs from the pond to the mill. Remains of the concrete sluice and water wheel in the "Old Mill Stream" can still be seen. In later years a steam engine was purchased to replace the water wheel for power to run the mill and jack ladder.

In 1919 the original barn burned down. A new, larger, log and lumber barn was built. A set of loose "slings" carried loads of hay into the loft. The big loft door was opened. The load was carried along a steel cable to the desired spot in the loft, the load was "tripped" dumping the hay. The horse pulling the guide rope would be turned to retrace his steps bringing the slings back to be placed in the hayrack to get another load.

This barn was a landmark in the community and was still in use in 1998 when a very heavy snowfall caused it to collapse. It has since been replaced by a steel barn and corral system in a different location. In 1921 the original log house burned. In 1922 the frame house Richard still lives in was erected.

Early on a wire-tie, horse-powered hay baler was purchased to bale hay to be sold. It was the first cash crop on Prairie Creek. (Hay is still one of the best.) Marcus hauled hay from the ranch, up the North Fork of Prairie Creek, over the divide and down to the Phoenix logging camps on the Ram River. He drove a four-horse team and a round trip took two days.

George Gabler was a very big man, standing 6' 4" and weighting 240 pounds. For much of his life George walked with a limp which progressively grew worse. His solution was to let his small horse "Mr. Dix " be his legs. At the back step of the house and by the barn he had "loading platforms" consisting of two pillars with steps up one side. When George wanted to go somewhere he would call Mr. Dix who would stand between the pillars while George mounted the steps and slipped onto his back.

The Gablers had the first tractor on Prairie Creek, apparently this purchase was Marcus' idea. It was a "Bull" which had three wheels, a

small one in front, a medium wheel on one side and a large wheel on the other side of the back. George decided the front field should be plowed using the tractor. He, on Mr. Dix, would oversee,à; Marcus would operate the tractor, and a hired man would guide the plow. The "Bull" pulled quite well on level ground. However, on the first hill, the front wheel lifted off the ground and since the large hind wheel pulled much better than the small one, the tractor turned around, backing the small wheel over the plow. When plowing (flat land) the front wheel did not follow the furrow, so George invented a steering device to follow the furrow and automatically steer the tractor. This device was so efficient the operator had little to do. When one old timer was asked how the automatic steering worked he replied, "Real good I guess, I never saw it work myself. My father and I rode 15 miles to see it, but a few days before we came, Marcus had been plowing and with nothing better to do, he was reading a paper while coming up the field. A haystack got in the way and broke the automatic steering off." After a few years the Bull was replaced by a large traction steam engine.

There was a windmill beside the house which among other things powered a butter churn which George designed and built. George milked several cows and transported the pails and milk to and from the barn on Mr. Dix. Frances churned the butter, pressed it into pounds and sold it in Innisfail. The churn and several other Gabler artifacts are on display in a Wetaskiwin museum. George Leonard Gabler, "The Big Blacksmith," passed away in 1934 at the age of 79.

Frances May Gabler was truly a pioneer in every aspect of her long and varied life. She was the stabilizing force in the Gabler household. A problem was a challenge not a crisis, something to be grappled with until overcome. Once while walking across a pasture, she and two neighbour ladies were accosted by a horned billy goat. The neighbour ladies hoisted their long skirts and bolted for the fence. Frances stood where she was watching the approaching billy. Unaccustomed to a quarry that did not run he stopped to take stock. This pause was his undoing. Frances stepped forward and grasping his horns held him in place while her friends climbed through the fence. Then Frances calmly backed to the fence leading an unwilling goat with her. One of the ladies held billy through the fence while Frances climbed to the other side. Frances bore three children, two of whom lived long, fruitful lives, the third died in infancy. She retained her poise as a lady through a rugged life of very hard work.

The Gablers' hospitality was legendary. Frances' smile of welcome and open kitchen door made her house a favourite stopping place for both friend and traveller. Her willingness to help the sick, the troubled or those in need made her a very popular neighbour. On whichever horse was her favourite at the time she was a familiar figure about the countryside "helping out." The community lost a legend when Frances passed away with every faculty intact in 1945 at the age of 90 years.

Georgia Gabler was a very talented lady. In early days she and Marcus developed their own photographs. She was a skilled woodworker who built the dish and linen cupboard in Richard's dining room. This cupboard had a dumb waiter on the end which saved many steps to the cellar. In 1913 Georgia married Sid Milbank. After a honeymoon in Great Britain they lived on Sid's homestead on Prairie Creek. They moved to Huxley and then to Spokane, Washington. Sid and Georgia divorced and she began a long career working for a Spokane firm. Georgia passed away in 1976. She is survived by her two sons and their families: Gordon in Seattle, his wife Jean and children Mark and Zoey; Norman, in Los Angeles, his wife Tillie Ann and children Patrick, Michael, Marnie and Miles.

Marcus continued to operate the –OC, but his first love was the timber business. He operated his own logging and sawing operation beginning in the early 1930s. First at home and then in government berths on the South Fork of Prairie Creek. He and Annie Spense were married in 1937.They had four children, Richard, Ronald, Phyllis and Robert.

GABLER, Kelly Lee

Scholarly pursuits never appealed to Kelly. At a young age she was bugging Uncle Richard to let her work on his farm. When she could reach the peddles on the old John Deere tractor, the same one we all learned on, Dick taught her how to handle it. Kelly never looked back.

Soon she was towing machinery, hauling bales, feeding silage, welding and fixing fence. She became adept at handling all the machinery. Two cattle buyers (once watching her) asked Richard where he had found such an accomplished hired man. Dick's droll reply, "Oh we grew that one here. She's my niece."

Kelly attended welding school and became a welder's helper working in plants and on pipe lines. She progressed to tackrig operator. In 1991 Kelly married Ross Fraser and two years later they built a home on a severance off the Pike homestead which is now owned by Richard. For over 13 years Kelly and Ross worked pipelines throughout Alberta, Sask., Man. and B.C., while living in a fifth wheel trailer. The past two years Kelly has returned to her roots and farming with Richard. She enjoys visits with family and friends, riding, carpentry and design welding. Kelly requested I include this quote, "I have never had a friend who was as understanding and supportive in everything I have attempted and accomplished as my Uncle Richard. Thanks Uncle."

These are some of my memories of the lives of the Gabler family. In closing I would like to add my view of the times we grew up in. We were a generation blessed. Living in a fairly isolated area, which was accessible only by dirt road, without benefit of electricity, running water, telephone or television, we learned many valuable lessons that have served us well. Twenty-four kids in a one-room country school with one teacher, we learned a lot of our lessons through osmosis. Miss Bockus, a wonderful teacher from Mystic, Que., drummed into our heads, "You get out of life exactly what you put into it."

We were more than just classmates, we were all each other's friends, we knew who was capable of something and who was not. We learned to look after the underdog. Of course we had tiffs, but if anyone from the outside cast aspersions we presented a united front. We made our own fun. We all worked hard, but our parents made sure we had free time. In June we had the community picnic, Sunday ball games against Hardindell or Everdell. In December, we had the Christmas concert and every kid had a role. We rode horseback, skated on the creek, swam in the frog pond, fished, learned to handle guns and small animal traps. If something was broken we learned how to fix it.

"I'm bored" and "I can't" had not yet been invented.

The only regret I have is: Connie, Lorraine , Miriam, Shannon, Laura, Shirley, Audrey, Marjorie, Phyllis, Sandra, Beth, Marion or I did not write "Memories of a Strachan Farmer's Daughter." We let Loretta Lynn best us!

GABLER, Marcus Francis

Dad always worked very hard, in his lumber camps and on the farm. He delighted in trying something new or different. I remember him bringing home a tin of Hominy because we had read so much about it. Boy, it was awful stuff! When he was hauling lumber he might find a cantaloupe or other delicacy our stores did not often have. It would be a Sunday morning treat. Dad had a great sense of humour and a deep core of integrity. He was always supportive and willing to offer help and advice when asked.

Sundays were a time for piling into the cab and onto the deck of his three-ton 1941 Fargo truck for fishing and berry picking excursions. My Mom and Aunt Helen Bruce (Mom's sister) loved to pick berries and Uncle Denny loved to fish. Dad usually found a good spot under a shady tree and told my cousins and us stories. His Paul Bunyan's were the greatest.

Uncle Jim Hereford came to manage the Strachan Ranger Station in the '50s and he and Aunt Margaret (mom's other sister) would join us for family events. Their son Doug's first home was Strachan.

After completing taking the lumber off his last timber berth on the South Fork, Dad became a log scaler and worked for Murray Bros. of Caroline for several years.

Dovercourt got Calgary Power. Dad could not rest until Prairie Creek also got power. He talked up, down and sideways to get enough people to subscribe so we could all afford it. He was on one of the teams, cutting brush for the lines, so the price would be cheaper.

We had a "light plant" in the shack which we could use so many hours a day for light in part of the house, but basically still relied on coal oil lamps. In 1952, at a cost of $1100 per subscriber, Prairie Creekers saw the light!

Houses and barns were wired; we had lights in every room. Wonderful inventions like electric washing machines, irons, deep freezers and fridges gradually made their way into our homes.

Twenty-four children, more or less, went through school together at Pleasant Vale. Mary McDonald taught my brother, Richard, Murray McDonald, Miriam McDonald and Art Evans Grade nine – a departmental year examination —as well as the rest of us in the other eight grades. The year following there would be eight of us in Grade nine. Mary did not feel she could teach that many of us Grade nine and do justice to all. Dad went to the School Board. They would not give us a school bus because our road was not graveled. Another challenge and another campaign for Dad. He wrote letters and went to Edmonton. The final outcome: the Honourable Alfred J. Hooke would see to our roads being gravelled. In return the ladies of our community would provide a home cooked chicken supper for him and the members of his band and they would provide entertainment. I think we had chicken suppers for three consecutive years; we all got to go to high school; we had a graveled road and I am sure that Mr. Hooke and his band had the best food they had ever eaten.

I remember one trip home from town (going to town was an event) when everyone was getting stuck on what is now Qually's hill. The Smiths just couldn't get up. Dad's solution: put Peter in the trunk. Peter climbed in and Joan went right up the hill!

There was always love, fun and laughter in our home. I remember very little bickering, but when there was, Dad's solution was to make us sit on chairs without talking for a specified length of time. If the weather was warm one of us might be sent to "cool our heels" on the back porch. Both were effective because we were great talkers! My brothers were my friends. We were taught to respect each others opinions. Ronald could argue until the cows came home. He was usually right and one was supposed to give in with good grace. Sometimes I did!

Dad was also a blacksmith. The shop door was always open, and he took the time to let us try our hand at taking a red hot piece of iron out of the forge, cool it slightly in a bucket of water that made a wonderful sizzle, and hammer it to death on the anvil. Dad taught us to ride and handle horses, how to take a fish hook out of my cat's mouth and porcupine quills from a horse's foot.

Mom was cautious about some of our ventures and would say "Marcus do you think (he or she) should try that?" Ninety per cent of the time his reply was, "They'll never learn younger." Learn we did and have all become accomplished adults. A very large hole was left in all our lives when Dad passed away from cancer in 1965 at the age of 73 years.

GABLER, Phyllis Ann

I was the kid determined to do everything my brothers and their friends did and hopefully do it better! Dick, Ron and Art Evans always tolerated me,à. Clifford Sever and I disagreed a lot. I remember once biffing him over the head with my blue lunch, pail and a time he pushed me off a rafter in our loft. Ouch! My poor mother must have despaired!

I remember my childhood as a happy time with something always going on. I had chores to do, but so did everyone else. I really wanted to skid logs like the boys (to earn money) but that was one I lost. Instead riding Blue, my horse, I sold Regal Cards, and one cold fall I sold twelve subscriptions to The Mountaineer which earned me a longed for pair of ice skates (still have them). In 1958 I won the United Nations Pilgrimage for Youth by competing in a ten minute Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Silver Birch Rebekah Lodge #119. The prize was a three-week tour of Ottawa, Washington, D.C., and N.Y. City with 40 other students. After high school I went to Toronto where I attained a degree in bookkeeping from Shaw Business Schools. I was working for Kee Klamps Ltd., in their bookkeeping department, when I met Skip Smith who two years later became my husband. This resulted in a move to Hamilton where I worked for Tridon Mfg. Our next move was to Oakville and a job with Storeaid Mfg.

Our sons, Terrence Francis and Darin Mark whom we call Mark, were born and grew up in Oakville. I taught English to new Canadian children in Brookdale School in Oakville for six years. When Terry was twelve and Mark almost five Skip and I were divorced. I went back to work managing Mr. M's Sandwich Shop in downtown Oakville. Both boys were athletic.

Terry played lacrosse, football and hockey. Mark played hockey, which he still plays.

Terry and his wife, Christine, have two sons, Sean and Jason. They live in Sudbury. Terry is a purchasing agent. Mark and Karen live in Milton with children, Lauren and Ryan. We enjoy Lauren's music recitals and Ryan's hockey, lacrosse and soccer games. We see a lot of this family. Mark is an Auto Service Advisor in Oakville. Karen has a managerial position with Community Living in Mississauga.

My second husband, Robert (Bob) Way, came complete with three children. Lynn, who is a Corrections Officer, lives in Calgary. William Robert (Bob Jr.) and Elizabeth have a son, Corey, and daughter, Shannon. They live in Oakville. Mark Edward, Bob's second son, and his wife, Traci, live in Pueblo, Colorado. It is rather nice having an extended family. While the children were growing up I did the usual Mom things, the PTA, Hockey Mom, Lacrosse Mom, Scout Leader, school field trips and driving kids to games, etc. Bob coached a juvenile hockey team, so we were always busy.

In 1984 we joined the Optimist and Opt-Mrs. clubs of Oakville. In 1987-88, we were presidents of the two clubs respectively. By '91 the Opt-Mrs. Club had disbanded and I was asked to become a member of the Optimist Club. Our motto is "Friend of Youth," and I found myself devoting a lot of time to this work. In '97-98 I served as the first female president of the club. I was then selected to be Lt. Governor of our zone and held that office for two years. A citation I am proud of is one I received from the Halton Regional Police in 1994 for exceptional work in the Community.

In 1986, tired of our town becoming a city, we moved to a rural property in Milton.

Dad used to say, "You can take the girl from the farm, but you can't take the farm from the girl." How true. It is a joy to be able to grow all the flowers and vegetables I want.

I am a director of the Milton Fair Board and enjoy getting ready for, competing in, and working at the Fall Fair.

GABLER, Richard (Dick) Marcus

As a child Richard always watched over his three younger siblings. Ronald and I (Phyllis) would get up to something. Dick would shake his head and say, "I don't think you two should do that." We would do it anyway and he would get us out of trouble. This trait is still in evidence today as he is always very willing to help family, neighbours and friends. He and Ronald both worked in Dad's lumber camp, starting by skidding logs as young boys. They both progressed to tail sawing and sawing. Both boys learned to mow, rake and stack hay, feed cattle, milk cows, chop wood and water holes and the endless other chores associated with farming. Dick always noticed if Mom was behind and the table needed to be set, a pot stirred or dishes dried and he would do the task. Richard took part time jobs, but never left the farm and took over full time after Dad passed away. He also operated a sawmill. Dick still lives in the house we all grew up in. The countryside has changed so much. For me, going to Richard's is really going home.

Richard was a strong advocate for the installation of telephones on Prairie Creek and worked hard to see this become a reality. When our brother, Robert, moved home to an acreage on the Sid Strong quarter, Dick soon became and continues to be a large figure in the lives of his nieces, Anita and Kelly. In the early '70s, in keeping abreast of new farming techniques, Richard went to Guelph University in Ontario to take a course in artificial insemination in cattle. This trip included a visit with me in Oakville. In the 1980s Richard sat on the Alberta Cattle Commission for two two-year terms. In the '90s he was Councillor for the Municipal District of Clearwater for two three-year terms. As is his way, he put a great deal of time and dedication into representing his neighbours. It is not unusual to find a group of "the boys" playing poker at Dick's on a Saturday night. The neighbours also know he serves a very good cup of coffee.

GABLER, Robert George

Robert is the youngest child in our family. He is my junior by three and a half years. I missed his latter years of growing up. He had the company of our dear old dog, Leeard, and liked to tell about the time he heard someone stealing gas from the gas stand in the night. He quickly let the dog loose. Leeard returned with a gift—the seat of someone's pants. Robert attended the

Olds School of Agriculture. He then worked at various jobs finally settling in Fox Creek where he became a steam operator in the Hudson Bay Gas Plant. Robert and his wife, Heather, had their first home in Fox Creek. They have two daughters, Anita and Kelly. When the family relocated to Strachan, Robert worked in the Aquitaine Gas Plant. Wanting to be independent, Robert started his own business, cutting, peeling and treating fence posts. This was very successful until the powers that be decided we should not be using treated products. Robert then went into the lumber and firewood business. Today he operates two band saws and a micro mill.

Heather is a very accomplished home maker and gardener and is talented at doing crafts. Robert and Heather have always been involved in their community. For many years they worked hard establishing a community club similar to the one we knew while growing up. They organized whist parties, picnics, and other community events as well as fund-raising. The bank account they had established helped cover the cost of refurbishing Pleasant Vale School for the reunion which was held in 1996. It is in a large part, thanks to Heather, the Strachan Cemetery is in good repair. Their neighbours all know they can count on Robert and Heather.

GABLER, Ronald David

Ronald was the "why" kid in our family. He had to know how it worked and why. If an explanation was not forthcoming he did not rest until he found the answer. He still eats encyclopaedias for breakfast. I do not recommend playing Trivial Pursuit against Ron. On completion of High School, Ronald did a three-year stint in the Royal Canadian Navy. He became very adept at hitchhiking from Halifax to Rocky when on leave. One leave he spent a few days in Toronto with me and we toured the city. Going from the sea to the mountains, Ronald became a forest fire lookout man at the Ram Mountain Lookout. He worked for Vic Evans in his lumber camp, before and after serving in the navy. Ron tried a variety of other jobs in Central Alberta until his itchy feet took him to B.C. The Department of Highways found a dedicated surveyor in Ronald, and he found an occupation that involved working in a lot of the province. Ron met and married his wife, Marlene, in B.C. The crew Ron worked on could be moved at a moment's notice. They lived in double wide trailers, and all wives knew how to secure their trailers before they were loaded up to go to a new location. On one such occasion Ron neglected to tell Marlene he had stored his home made wine under their bed. I believe Marlene and Sheila went to an neighbours and Ron to the doghouse that night!

When Ron and Marlene's only child, Sheila, reached high school, they decided to settle so her education would not be disrupted. They chose a pretty location in Heffley Creek. Marlene has fruit trees, a big garden and chickens for fresh eggs. Ron grows grapes for his wine, and turned an old lawn mower into an apple press to make cider. Marlene is a bowler and her latest addiction is playing baseball. She is a member of the Women's Institute and does beautiful sewing and needlework.

GABLER, Sheila

Sheila is a Senior Design Technician at HPR Engineering Ltd. Sheila's life partner, David Graham, owns and operates Procad Designs, a residential and light commercial building design firm in Kamloops, where they live.

Ron is now retired and has time for cabinet making. There are some lovely examples of his work in their home. In the late 1800s our grandfather, George Gabler, had a dream of making a living showing motion pictures with an Edison machine called a "Kinetoscope" using calcium light. This did not work out as people did not have the money to pay an admission fee. On a trip home in the '70s, Ron and I dug the old machine out of the lumber shed and he took it home. Being Ronald, he figured out how to make it work, using electric light. Reading from one of the handbills our grandfather probably hung on trees, you could watch "A Spanish Bull Fight, A Trip to the Moon, Grand Naval Parade, Fun in a Butcher Shop, etc." The reels are very brittle but are viewable.

Ronald is a member of The Heffley Creek Gun Club. He is very proficient in both Black Powder and regular rifle shooting. In keeping with the Gabler family tradition Ron and Marlene are also good neighbours.

CROTEAU, Robert

Robert attends school in Condor. Robert enjoys snowmobiling, fishing, camping, hiking and swimming with his family. He plays hockey, soccer and baseball. Visits to his Croteau and Gabler Grandparents and Great Uncle Dick's farm are high on his list of priorities.

GALVON, Gertrude (Salmon) and family

Fred and Gertie Galvon Family.

Elmer Salmon had four daughters: Lorraine, Gertrude, Shirley and Carroll.

Elmer worked on the Brazeau Dam until 1980. He then retired and did some fishing, visited friends and spent time at the Legion playing crib, and touring Rocky with his well known red Datsun. He had a trained budgie bird which he loved dearly. The budgie shared his meals and Elmer taught the bird to talk. His companion, Dorthea Lawery, passed away in 1980, and Elmer passed away in March of 1982.

Gertrude (Gertie), Elmer's second daughter, married Fred Galvon. Fred and Gertie had three children: Patricia, Darcy, and Daniel (who passed away in 1978). In 1984 they moved from Drayton Valley to their retirement home in Adams Lake, British Columbia. Deciding not to quit work completely, Fred and Gertie moved to Tofield, Alberta. Fred worked as the foreman of the town while Gertie cooked at the seniors' lodge in Tofield. After eight years they decided to move back to Adams Lake where they still enjoy the beauty and visits from family and friends.

Patricia Galvon, Gertie and Fred's eldest daughter, married Bob Thompson. Their son,

Pat and Bob Thompson family. Daniel, Candace, Angela, Maggie, Pat and Bob.

Darcy, married Shelly Wolosyn of Calgary in April of 1985. Darcy and Shelly now reside outside of Calgary at Heritage Pointe. Darcy is in computer sales in Calgary. During the winter months he coaches hockey, and in the summer he golfs with family and friends, and transports his son, Jesse, around to various golf tournaments. Shelly is busy volunteering at her kids' school, setting up a very efficient lunch program which is copied by many other schools. She also loves to golf with her family and friends and watches her kids play various sports.

Jesse Galvon was born September 14, 1987. He is an avid golfer and hockey player. In hockey, his team won many provincial championships. During the summer he loves to golf and has won numerous tournaments in this sport. At age 13 he claimed first place in a recent citywide tournament for golfers 18 years and under. Haley Galvon was born September 10, 1989. She loves to dance, play baseball, golf and is involved in an equestrian program. Both Jesse and Haley are honor students at Good Shepherd School in Okotoks, Alberta.

Gertie's youngest sister, Carroll (Salmon) Bergen, died in an accident in 1977. Following her death, her children, Edward and Pam, lived with their father, Larry Bergen, and both graduated from Rimbey High School. Their step-father, Victor Forchuck, still lives in Alder Flats, Alberta. Edward (Ed) Bergen married Terry Janson in August of 1988. They have three children: Eric born in February 1990, and twins, Scott and Dean, born in November 1994. Ed and Cary are now living in Drayton Valley, Alberta. They are very busy with "Summit Safety," the

business they own and operate. Pam Bergen married Victor Lemky in July 1990. They have two children, Taaron born in March of 1994 and Carollyn born in January of 1999. They now live in Beiseker, Alberta. Victor works for Snap on Tools. Pam is busy with her family and her involvement with Creative Memories.

GARLAND, Lloyd
writen by Linda Gibbon

Lloyd was born in Winslow, Maine, U.S.A., on April 23, 1910. He was the oldest of ten children born to Usher and Mary (nee Gagnon) Garland. At birth he wasn't given a second name as he was only four pounds, and they never expected him to live. He took all of his schooling up to Grade eight in the United States. In 1928 his entire family moved to Red Deer, Alberta, where they bought a house in the West Park area. At 18 years old, Lloyd weighed only 100 pounds, yet he was known to be a hard worker even for his size. He worked at Tisdale Packers and threshing crews around the Red Deer area. Sometime between 1928 and 1930 the family traded their house in Red Deer for the Luxom home quarter in the Everdell area, near Rocky Mountain House.

In 1933 the parents and six of the youngest children were deported back to the United State. They had applied for social relief, but were denied because they were not Canadian citizens. Lloyd contributed all of his savings (one hundred dollars) to help the family moved back to the States.

In 1933 Lloyd applied for a homestead, the NE 21-38-15 W5 in the Everdell area. It took him five years to clear 10 acres and build a home so he could qualify for the land title. The quarter was a timber berth consisting of large trees, and the clearing of the land was done mostly by hand with the help of a neighbor. Lloyd hired Louie Rodkta to provided a team of horses to help clear the homestead. He also borrowed Mrs. Clancy's horses and a team of horses from Bill Scott (Hector and Mary were these horses' names). At first when he left the quarter to work elsewhere he would tie a white flag so he would remember where he came out. Through this time Lloyd worked a lot off the quarter, so he could earn some money to develop the land. Two of his brothers Herman and Cyril often teased Lloyd, saying they could walk across the quarter on stumps and never have to touch the ground. They said he would never make a farmer.

In February 1937 Lloyd met Mary Carpenter at *his* brother and *her* sister's wedding—the wedding of Herman Garland and Florence Carpenter. At the time, Lloyd was working with a bridge gang on Highway 11, close to the Alhambra store. On Sundays, his day off, he would walk from Alhambra to Strachan to court Mary.

Mary Vera Carpenter was born on Jan. 17, 1920, in Nordegg to Julia Rosina (Gray) Carpenter-McFadden and James Ulysles Carpenter. At the age of two, she moved with her family to their homestead in the Prairie Creek area. Mary's schooling was completed at the Glacier school in the Prairie Creek district. Lloyd and Mary were married on Nov. 25, 1938; in Rocky Mountain House. Mary was 18, and Lloyd was 28. Lloyd became a Canadian citizen in the latter part of 1938, he and another man were sworn in by Teddy Brett. On Christmas Eve 1938 they accepted an invitation to celebrate at the Small Boy camp, next to their sawmill in Strachan. Some of the native children in that camp gave Mary and Lloyd homemade candy; this was quite a treat as sugar was rationed during the war. In 1941 there was a big forest fire in the area. The fire came from the northwest, from the general direction of the quarter behind Bigelow's place. Mary was down at the well, getting water for the house, when Ed Lund came from the sawmill to help save the house. Ed and Lloyd walked the fireguard all night with wet gunny sacks to beat down the fire. That night they were surrounded by fire on three sides. They kept soaking down the house, otherwise it would have burned.

In 1941 they worked at the Mackies sawmill in the Dovercourt area with Vern Scott, Neil Speight, Jim Spence and Loretta Winchester. Mary and Loretta were the camp cooks. On Feb. 12, 1942, William Lloyd Garland was born to Mary and Lloyd, and on June 22, 1946, Geraldine Rosemary Garland was born.

From 1942 to 1948 Lloyd worked from the farm for numerous people in the district. Lloyd used to cross Prairie Creek and the Clearwater River on horseback twice a day to worked at Bill Scott's place. In the winter of 1948-1949,

Lloyd worked for John Gibson at a sawmill on the west side of Don McDonald's place in the Strachan area. From 1950 to1952, he worked at Marcus Gabler's sawmill. In lieu of money, Marcus exchanged work for cattle. This is how Lloyd built up the farm. In the fall of 1955, Lloyd bought his first vehicle, a 1942 Chevrolet coupe.

On a rainy spring morning, June 6, 1956, Linda Marie Garland was born in Rocky Mountain House. In the fall of 1956, Lloyd bought a 1953 blue Fargo truck. That was right around the time he started logging for Murray Brothers of Caroline, by Stony Creek. He kept on logging through the season of 1957-58 for Jim Hardie on Cutoff Creek in the Corkscrew Mountain area. As for the winter of 1959-1960, he worked for John Gillis west of Rocky. This was Lloyd; last season of logging, other than the logging he did on his own quarter.

Lloyd and Mary were involved with their community center. Mary helped start the Women Sewing Circle Club in Everdell. The original members were Susan Brown, Maida McKenzie, Dorothy Grams, Ann Dixon and Mary Garland. To raise money the women sold crafts and had bake sales. The money raised was used to put on Christmas parties, summer picnics, as well as other events in the community.

The Garland family was always busy and worked very hard on the farm, from haying, canning, caring for a huge garden, milking 12 cows and many other duties. Yet, they were never too busy to stop what they were doing, if a neighbor dropped by for a visit and a cup of coffee.

Lloyd rejoined the bridge gang, and helped construct the Elkton Bridge west of Didsbury, in 1960-61. The bridge was built across the Little Red Deer River for the Department of Highways. They stayed in camp, carpooling from Rocky to the camp with Harry Lawson and Jim Grams. Maude Bigelow was the camp cook and traveled with them.

In 1961-62 Lloyd started logging the home place, taking out trees for lumber to build the new house. During this period he earned a living from farming and milking cows. The cream was taken to the creamery in Rocky once a week. Lloyd's cream was always in the top grade and used as table cream. The Garlands took pride in providing a good product. Although the house was not finished in 1963 they moved in. To everyone's delight it was a big improvement from the old tarpaper shack. However, on January 1966 the house burned down—or actually blew up. The attic door was found 40 feet away in the field. It was concluded that gas had been building up from the wood shavings in the attic, and the insulation had been ignited by a spark from the chimney. The whole community got together and by April 1966 the Garland family moved into a brand-new house, built on the same location by donations and goodwill. Chris Moeller and Neil Speight organized the work bee, and all the neighbors took turns completing the work.

Mary started working at the Mountview Hotel in 1968, housekeeping, a job she remained at for about 12 years. In the fall of 1969, Lloyd bought the only brand new vehicle he owned in his entire life. It was a GMC half-ton pickup truck, purchased from Edwards Garage. Lloyd sold the farm to Harold McNutt in 1972, and on November 14, 1978, Lloyd passed away in Rocky Mountain House after a lengthy illness. Mary and Lloyd were married for 39 years. Lloyd was survived by his wife, Mary; son Bill of Caroline; daughter Jean and son-in-law Joe Chambers of Bashaw, and daughter Linda of Rocky Mountain House. Lloyd had 19 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren.

GARRETT, Gordon and Ingaborg
written by Ingaborg

Gordon and Inga Garrett, 1945.

Inga and daughter, Margaret, April 1943.

My early years were spent in a Norwegian community in Eastern Alberta called Codogan. The Norwegian language was spoken at home and by our neighbors. As a result I started school unable to speak English. Fortunately for me, my grade one teacher was a young Norwegian man, and he taught several of us English which I was then able to teach to my younger sisters at home.

Mom and Dad had immigrated to Alberta in 1923 from Valdres, Norway, and I was born on August 14, 1923, in Provost. We lived on three or four different farms in Eastern Alberta always moving a little further west each time, hoping for better growing conditions for our crop. By 1934 we were in Coronation, and the land was very dry. It was now the dirty thirties. We were unable to grow even a vegetable garden. The few plants that did come up were eaten by gophers and grasshoppers as well as crows. That fall we loaded up everything we owned and travelled by train to Rocky Mountain House where I have lived ever since.

My parents put a small down payment on a farm eight miles east of Rocky (in the spring of 1935) where they lived until 1942. I attended the 'old' Arbutus School. When not helping with farm work or going to school, we would have friends over to play anti-eye-over, fox and geese, or make snow angels in the snow. That is how we met the Garretts: Olive, Gordon, and George, the neighbor children, who lived about three miles away. We'd go to their place and play ball and cards with my friend, Irene Clemont and her sister, Adeleine. Sometimes Alma Ardell would stop by on her big black horse, and I would ride double with her or I'd get my horse, Maud, and we'd ride to Rocky and do her shopping. I spent many enjoyable hours with my horse.

I quit school in 1938. I had always enjoyed working outside with my dad on the farm, so now I started helping him, cutting down trees for wood. We would cut logs into stove length, split it, put three cords into a wagon box and haul it to town to sell for $3.00. I also helped with the field work, disking, walking behind the harrows, harnessing and feeding the horses, milking cows and cleaning the barn. One year in 1938 or '39 there was a fire in the trees to the south of us. With the help of a wind from the south, it crossed the road and burned down our barn and granary. That certainly added to our hardship and curbed our ability to get ahead.

However life continues; Gordon and I dated for a year and a half before we were married on February 22, 1941. That snowy day we drove to town in a two-wheeled cart pulled by a team of horses with my sister, Ruth, and Gordon's brother, George. Ruth and Gordon stood up for us. Money was in short supply and Gordon had to borrow the $2.00 from his brother to pay the pastor. We were married in the Presbyterian Manse by Reverend Peck.

Two days later, on Monday, Gordon and George went back to work at the Laming Mill, twenty miles west of town. 'No money for a honeymoon! I lived at home until spring. In April, Gordon and I moved to a house on the west side of main street. We lived there for a year and then moved to a larger house that we rented from J. Cony for $7.00 per month, and seven dollars was hard to come by.

Our oldest daughter was born in October, 1942. Gordon was now working at the Atlas Lumber Mill where he stayed for fourteen years. He would use his own truck to haul lumber from Fisher's camp or Andy Miller's in the winter and work at the mill in the summer. Gordon and two other determined young men came up with a plan to get across the Saskatchewan River faster than the other drivers who had to wait their turn for the ferry to take them across. In the early morning they would let some air out of their truck tires and then drive across the railroad bridge. Once across they pumped the tires back up and continued on their way to the mill. Because they had the jump on the other drivers they were able to get better loads of lumber to haul. Gordon also skidded logs with a horse rented from Jack Worsley to earn extra money.

Soon we were able to buy a house in Old Town where we had a large garden, lots of vegetables and a good cellar to store them for winter. All three children were born in the Rocky

Hospital with Dr. Greenaway who was a good hard working doctor. Quite a few years earlier Gordon and I had been driving home with a team of horses in a high wagon box full of wood. A car was approaching us from the east going at a good clip. Before we had time to react, it hit us. Gordon and I flew over the horses onto the gravel road, in front of them. We were stunned for a minute, shook ourselves off and got up. Here came Dr. Greenaway very concerned about how we were. He took me to the hospital and treated my gravel burns and insisted I stay in for observation. The next day he drove me home. As usual he had been working too many hours and was overtired.

There was lots of laundry with three young ones. I had one of those Renfrew tubs that you pulled back and forth with a handle. In 1949 my brother Joe bought my mother an electric washing machine which we were all able to use. That was a lot better. As the kids got older, I drove Garry to hockey practice, Cubs and then to Scouts. Margie took tap dancing and guitar lessons, and Carol had Girl Guides.

After working at the mill, Gordon drove truck for Lecerf for a short time and then went to work for the town operating the backhoe and the grader. (The streets in Rocky were not paved at this time.) In 1959 I started working part time at different jobs. I cleaned Dr. Semple's office and worked at Machan's corner store for many years. I also cleaned for Mrs. Day. In 1972 Gordon and I bought the milk route and delivered milk, house to house, for Alpha Dairy until 1978. Gordon went back driving truck at Rocky Concrete and I started working in the kitchen at the hospital where I was employed until March, 1985 when I finally retired.

Gordon continued working until 1988 when his diabetes and gout finally got too bad and he also retired. He passed away on October 4, 1993. Over the years we enjoyed being with our family and grandchildren and now there are also 13 great-grandchildren and two great great-grandchildren, who all live in the Rocky Mountain House area.

This is our family's history. I know I love to read other peoples' stories and there have been many over the years—hard times and wonderful times. We all get our share of both. God Bless.

GARRETT, Ruth

Ruth and Inga Garrett, 1942.

My earliest memories stem from the time we lived in Codogan, Alberta. Inga, my older sister, was very little and wanted to go with Dad on a short trip somewhere. He told her "no," but after he had gone on his way, she went running and crying after him. Unfortunately, she fell into a badger hole and couldn't get out. When Dad came back home without Inga, everyone realized she was missing. Dad found her afraid and crying, still in the badger hole. Mom and Dad really had to watch her as she really was Dad's girl and went with him whenever she could.

Our parents immigrated to Canada from Norway in 1923. They had heard stories of a Norwegian settlement in a small town called Codogan, in eastern Alberta. However in 1927, because of the drought, they moved further west to the Coronation area where they hoped there would be more moisture. However, by the early 1930s, there was not enough moisture to even grow vegetables. So, in 1934 we moved to Rocky Mountain House under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act.

We spent the winter in a rented house in old town and in the spring moved out to a farm eight miles east of Rocky. I went to the old Arbutus School which was three and a half miles away on a rough country road. In the winter Dad and other neighbors would take turns driving us to school in sleighs. Later an empty house to the west of us was used as the "new" Arbutus School and I went there for awhile. For teachers, I had Mr. Peterson and Mr. McDonaugh,

and at the New Arbutus School, Miss Anne Ardell. She was my favorite because she used to come to visit me when I was sick.

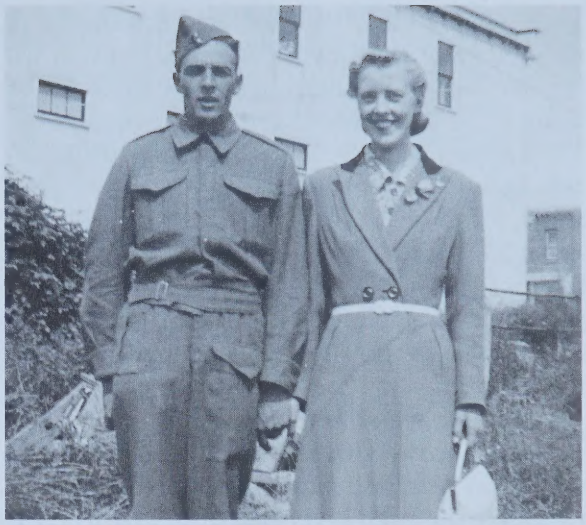
I was often sick with heart trouble. Dr. Greenaway gave me medications and had me stay home (now and then in bed), and eventually I lost interest in school. Later I went baby-sitting for a neighbor, Mrs. Mc Devitt, who was looking after a neighbor's baby whose mother died giving birth to her. This baby had been born too early. I remember being there when Mrs. Mc Devitt made a bed for the baby in her oven—the oven door was left open, so as to keep the baby warm. This was in place of an incubator and did the job just fine.

In the summertime there was gardening to do, and in the fall my sisters and brother, Joe, stayed home from school in order to finish getting the garden into the cellar before the snow came. We had to catch up on our school work later, which was fine with us. We really enjoyed our vegetables and were very glad to have them to eat during the winter.

Later, as I got older, we spent time at the Garretts', neighbors who lived about two and a half miles southwest of us. I became friends with Olive Garrett and stayed with her at times. I guess that is how we met the Garrett boys, George and Gordon, as they would play cards with us when they were home. They worked at the Atlas Lumber Mill out of Rocky. To get to work, they walked several miles from the farm to the mill and then back home in the evening, until they finally got a one room place in Rocky and were able to stay in town. With both of them working and saving, they were able to buy a model T car.

Gordon and Inga got married on February 22, 1941, and George and I on June 15, 1941. Both weddings were at the Presbyterian manse. After our wedding we went out to the farm for only a couple of hours as George had to go to work at 7:00 p.m. He was on the night shift at the Atlas Lumber Company. I think one of his jobs was loading the lumber into train cars.

The four of us lived in one small house together. Inga and Gordon lived downstairs and George and I had one room upstairs. We all ate together. Our furnishings were apple and orange boxes for cupboards with washed flour sacks hung over them to keep the dust off the dishes.



Ruth and George Garrett in July 1942. Killick's Drug Store in background.

We had a wood stove and used mill ends for fuel. Times were hard. No honeymoon for us—that is for sure.

In 1942 George got a call to go into the army where he spent sixteen months before being released because of illness. Two of our children were later born in Rocky: Allan in 1943 and Betty in 1946. Caren was born in Red Deer in 1953, because we were there for awhile. Later we moved to Edmonton for four years, before moving back to Red Deer. George and I both worked because it was truly a necessity in order to have a place to live and support a family.

In 1971 George had a stroke and spent three months in the Red Deer Hospital. I had to quit work to look after him. When he was feeling better he decided we should move back to Rocky to be closer to family. My father, Julius Hagen, was also living with us so the three of us moved to Rocky and I cared for them both. George passed away in 1974. My father stayed with me until he died in 1982.

Over the years I have moved to a couple of different homes in Rocky. However, when Columbus House was being built, I had my eye on it. I thought it would be a nice place to live since I had heart surgery in 1984 and again in 1992. I finally got my wish and moved into Columbus House in 1992. No more snow to shovel in the winter or yard-work in the summer. Life has been much easier these last few years!

GARRETT, William and Emma
submitted by Shirley Garrett

William (Bill) Robert Garrett was born at Ramsey, on the Isle of Man, on November 28, 1879. Emma Scatchard was born at Selby, Yorkshire, England, on Sept 26, 1887. They were married on Feb 6, 1911, at St. George's Church, Altrimcham, Cheshire, England. Their first son, Sydney, was born in England. In 1913 Bill emigrated to Canada at the urging of his brother, Harry, who wanted the two of them to go farming together.

One year later, Emma made the long journey across the ocean with her very young baby. They settled in Nanton from 1914 to 1916 and then moved to the High River area from 1916 to 1920. Bill got a job on the Bar U Ranch working with the farrier and helping with the cattle. Emma was to do the cooking for the men, although there was a building for the cookhouse, Emma's home was a tent. The first meal she prepared was ready on time, but not served. Bill came into the cookhouse and said, "The men are hungry; where's the food?" Emma, who was flustered by then, replied, "I can't find the tablecloth, so I can't set the table!" She was quickly told to put the food, plates and cutlery on the wooden table—this was a ranch in western Alberta. In 1916 their second son, George Lane, was born in a tent, in Petkiko (near the ranch), with a local midwife helping. Unfortunately, their older son, Sydney, died of croup at a young age. Another son, Gordon William, was born in High River in 1919.

By 1920 the family decided to join Bill's brother, Harry, and moved to Caroline where they farmed together for ten years, raising cattle and sheep. William and Emma's daughter, Olive, was born in Caroline in 1923. The two brothers seemed to get along, but the two wives, Emma and Flo, often disagreed over feed for the livestock and other things. So, even though Bill and Emma had their own homestead, they walked away from it in 1930. The family moved to the Dovercourt area and worked for the McCutcheons until they earned enough money ($500) to buy a quarter of land in the Arbutus area. The children went to the Arbutus School for awhile. George got a job, during the week, helping the McLellans with farm work. At weekends he walked home. The McLellans wanted to help George finish his education, but his parents felt grade eight was enough, and working was more important than school. So, that was that!

The McLellans had one of the first new sedan cars in the area in 1935-36, and the kids would run to the window to watch it go by. When Gordon worked for Havelock Sloan, on his farm, he would get the horses in, get them ready for the field work and milk the cows. When the boys were older, they went to work for Laming and Atlas Lumber Mills.

Eventually Bill and Emma sold their farm and moved into Rocky where they bought a house (located where the Legion now stands). Emma always had a large garden and planted lots of rose bushes. The roses were still there until the house was removed to make way for the construction of the new Legion. At times, when Bill worked for the Atlas Lumber Mill, he would go to camp and help load lumber, chop wood etc. Irene Salmon, who was cooking at one camp in 1942, remembers him always asking if she would make bread pudding for the meal. This was obviously a favorite of his. A few years later Bill suffered a stroke, but refused to go to the doctor. So, Emma nursed him at home, and the doctor made house-calls. Bill died on January 13, 1955.

Emma lived alone at the house for some time, but eventually she wasn't able to care for herself. So, she sold her house to her son, Gordon, and his wife, Inga. For awhile she lived with her daughter, Olive, and son-in-law, Bill Hackett. Later she moved to Red Deer where she lived with her son, George, and his wife, Ruth, until her death on April 29, 1962.

GARTH CEMETERY
(pt. of S.E.1/4-13-39-8-W5)
written by Irene Salmon

About five miles west of Rocky Mountain House, just south of the old No.11 Highway, lies a small country cemetery, beautifully kept and maintained by volunteers, family and friends of those resting there.

Except for the fence and gate it remains in its natural state with native trees, bushes and ground cover of wild berries, flowers and grasses. In 1920 a burial site became necessary after the death of two infants in the district. A

Photos by Irene Salmon

Photos by Irene Salmon

pioneer in the area, Thomas M.Gray, kindly donated about one acre of his land for the burial, but it was not until 1929 that Garth became a registered cemetery with Jack Allen and Mabel Brierley as trustees.

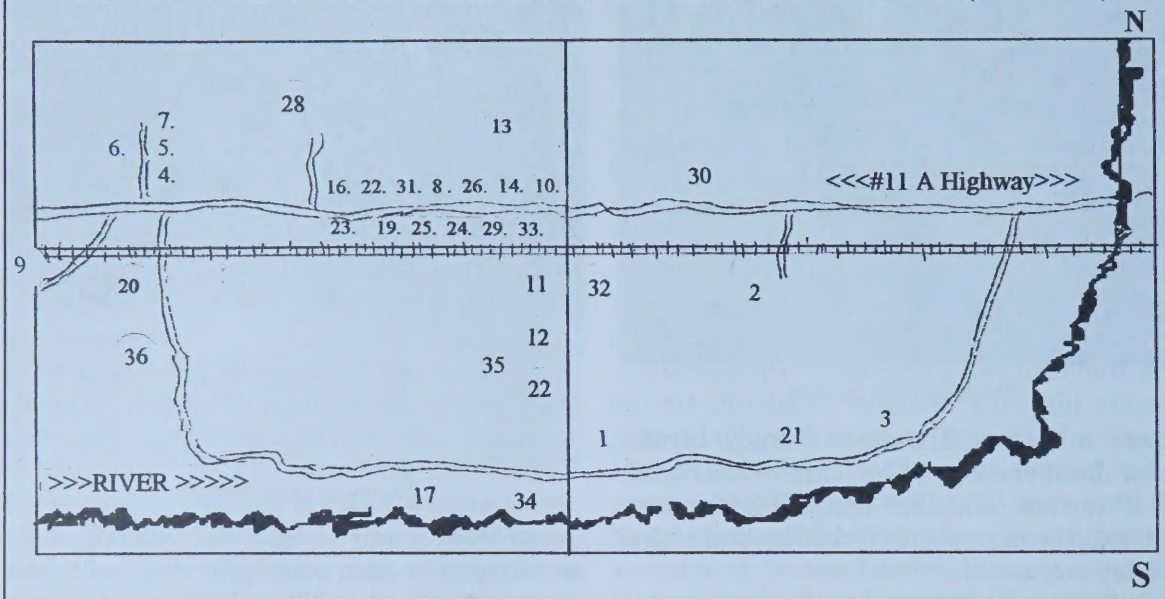
Over the years the cemetery has increased to 2.5 acres with land donated by Mr. Fisher and Hugh and Maxine (Gray) LaSalle. There are more than 85 known graves and two unknown, mostly people who once lived in the area and their families. Nine members of a family of ten have returned to be buried there. There is a cenotaph to honor several war veterans and, on November 11th each year, you will find poppy wreaths placed there by the local branch of the Legion.

Editor's note: Other records suggest a burial of Garth may have occurred during the building of the Nordegg railway (1912-13). See Tom Gray story.

GARTH COMMUNITY

Riverview Ladies Club of Garth, circa 1941.

HOMES IN THE GARTH / FERRIER DISTRICTS FROM THE 1930s (not to scale)



1. Allen (first Thompson, Allen, B. McLearn, Wm. Fisher, now F. Fisher)
2. Beanblossom, Hunley Sr., Art Hunley and Donald Hunley
3. Brierley, Bill and Mable (Fort RMH, now a National Park)
4. Bulmer family
5. Card family
6. Clary family
7. Fenton family
8. Fink family
9. Fisher, A. P. (next Art Fisher, now Jim Fisher)
10. Garth (new) School
11. Garth (old) School
12. Garth Cemetery
13. Glew Wm.
14. Gordon, Warren (then Marion Rollier, Myrtle Ravio)
15. Gray, Ira 3 mi. west
16. Gray, Tommy Jr.
17. Greer, John, Robt.
18. Grosso family 5 mi. west
19. Lewis family
20. McCauley family
21. McKechmie, Jim S. (sawmill in 1920s)
22. McNally, Emerson, Thomas
23. Morrish family
24. Preeper, Harry
25. Preeper, Joe
26. Robinson family
27. Sands Ranch 35 mi. west
28. Seldon family
29. Siddall family (first home)
30. Siddalls'(second home)
31. Soles (hill on roadway known as Sole's Hill)
32. Thompson - Gillis
33. Thompson (Grandma Virginia)
34. Turnquist, Andrew
35. Site of Tom Gray Sr./ Killick Store.
36. Mr. and Mrs. O.C.

Map showing homes of early residents.

Garth School Outing, circa 1944.

Garth Schoolchildren at Crimson Lake, circa 1942.

GIBSON family A.L.P.
submitted by Emily Ames

A.L.P. Gibson, my father, was a teacher in Ontario when he joined the army in 1914. Upon discharge in 1919 in Calgary, he decided against more teaching. His sister, Jennie Gibson (a teacher), a brother Harry (a doctor), and his mother had moved from Ontario to Calgary while he was in the army. Dr. Gibson set up his medical practice in the two front rooms of his house. This property downtown across the street from the Empress Hotel was sold and a medical clinic was built there. Dad heard there was lots of work in Rocky Mountain House, so he came here.

In April 1920, he married Margaret Anne Williams. They had five boys and one girl: Arthur, Emily, George, Wallace, Henry and William. Arthur, the eldest was named after his father, Arthur Leach Patterson. Emily was named after father's mother. George, who was named after an uncle, died of whooping cough when he was a few months old. Wallace was also named after an uncle. Henry, born with only Grandmother Williams in attendance at birth, got his name from her. Her name was Henrietta. Walter was born by cesarean section in Calgary.

Mother had been diagnosed with cancer, so Mrs. Katie Gray, mother's sister, took Arthur home from the hospital and raised him. Mother died shortly after the birth. Arthur was nicknamed "Peanuts," cut to "Peanie," by Mr. Spoor, owner of the butcher shop. He was named this after the devastating cyclone when lumber and all sorts of debris were piled up on Main Street. Crawling out from all this was six years old Arthur with his pockets and hands filled with peanuts blown into the street from some store. This name stuck all his days. He was a wonderful, happy young man who joined the Air Force and was killed with all the crew while bombing a munitions factory in Germany.

Emily married Gordon Ames of Leslieville. She was obsessed with being a teacher, and got her B. Ed. in 1968. After that, she worked thirty-one years for the Rocky School Division. She started by supervising at Blueberry Valley. Emily and Gordon had one son, Terry, who married Faye Engen and they have two boys and one girl.

Wallace married Mildred Wright of Calgary after his discharge from the Air Force. Wallace and Mildred had two boys and one girl. Wallace died December 1998.

Henry married Yvonne China of Nordegg. They had two girls and one boy. Henry died December 1999. Walter (unmarried) worked as a janitor until his death in June 2000.

Here are a couple short stories about the Gibsons:

My father started a dray business in 1924. Several men in town had teams which they used for various jobs around town. Many of their horses were kept in a large livery barn located where the present Provincial Building is located. After work, often bragging about the horses went on. My father bet a beer that he could hook up his team to an object and say "lay into it boys" and they wouldn't quit until he said "whoa." Next day after work to prove his story, he hitched his team up with a chain wrapped around a big pole outside the

Melton Hotel. He said "lay into it boys" and went into the bar for a beer. Sure enough when they came out, the team was still pulling. Great way to get free beer, but what wasn't told was the team was trained to "lay into it" tightening the harness and tugs, but never exerting any effort of pulling.

My eldest brother, Arthur, was always constructing something which he hoped would give him flight. One day, after a parachute was made, we all went over to Granny Williams's home for trials. She had a big house with a barn-style roof. How Arthur got up on that roof I will never know. He put his sheet and rope parachute on and leaped off the roof. The chute did not open as it was caught up in the branches of a tree. Fortunately the tree was close. It broke his fall, and no bones were broken. He began to scream and Granny ran out of the house to see why. When she saw Arthur had fallen, she sent Wallace to get Dad who was working at the office of Atlas Lumber. By the time Dad got to the landing site, Arthur was coming around. He wasn't hurt, just had his wind knocked out of him. Dad said to Granny "will his flying be the death of him or me?" Arthur told Dad that flying was his life. Ironically, Dad died three months after Arthur.

GILBERT, Elizabeth and Byron
submitted by Frieda Kerik

Elizabeth at 70 years of age. Her chair made by son-in-law, Alfred Kirby.

Elizabeth Isabel Frank, better known to her friends as Lizzy, was born in 1901, in Dobery, Russia, and came to Canada when she was 12 years old with her parents, brothers and sisters. They settled and homesteaded in the Fairview area.

Elizabeth met and married Byron Cecile Gilbert from Spencer, Iowa, U.S.A. After marriage, they spent some time in Prince Rupert and Revelstoke, B.C., before coming to Rocky Mountain House in the early 1900s. They settled on a farm north of Rocky. Elizabeth opened the first bakeshop in

Schlebnig school bus, Frank Schlebnig with students; Bill Gilbert, Peter Rezunick, Betty Gilbert Bond, Dave Gilbert, Olga and Gertie Schlebnig.

Rocky and, although times were hard, she would give free cookies to the children. Even today people who remember Lizzy, talk about how hard she worked and how helpful and generous she was. The cyclone went through Rocky in 1927 and I have been told she stayed in her bakeshop and held blankets over the windows to save the glass from breaking.

Byron (better known as Humpback Bill) worked very hard on the farm and in bush camps. While working in bush camps he had his leg badly crushed, spent time in the hospital and it was then that pneumonia set in and took his life in 1942. Elizabeth was left with seven children to raise ranging in ages from nine months to 15 years. The family lived on a farm on Chicken Creek Hill. This is on the corner of what is now the David Thompson Highway and Highway 22 north. Elizabeth worked hard to provide for her children and no hungry traveller was ever refused a place at her table.

Elizabeth remained on the farm until 1957. When she moved into town, she took it upon herself to do janitorial work and cleaned many offices and homes. She bought a house on 54 Street and remained there until she was unable to take care of herself. After that she spent six years in extended care in the Rocky Hospital before her passing in 1989.

Children of Elizabeth Gilbert: Leonard in Revelstoke, B.C., b. 1926; Bill in Rocky Mountain House, b. 1930 d. 1954; Dave in Rocky Mountain House, b. 1932; Betty in Rocky Mountain

House, b. 1936; Doana in Rocky Mountain House, b. 1938; Frieda in Rocky Mountain House, b. 1940; and Raymond in Rocky Mountain House, b.1941 d. 2000.

All of the Gilbert children received their schooling in Rocky.

Leonard and Elaine (Farman) raised four girls: Joann, Gerry, Lenora, Sandy. They have ten grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Leonard and Elaine reside in Bentley where they own a trucking business.

Bill, who was killed in 1954 in a train accident, is sadly missed by all the family.

Dave and Laureen (Adams) have been living in Whitehorse, Yukon, for the past 35 years. They raised one son, Jeffrey, and two daughters, Teresa and Roberta. They also have eight grandchildren. Dave worked for the weather station. After retiring from the weather station, he opened a gas station, café and motel at what is called Jake's Corner on Mile 866 Alaska Highway. They are now retired.

Betty, Mrs. James Bond, was well known for her years at the Rocky Treasury Branch and her husband, Jim, was a popular employee of Calgary Power. Betty and Jim raised two children, John and Cyndie. They have four grandchildren. Betty and Jim moved to Crofton, B.C., in 1984. Jim passed away in January 1996.

Doana and Alfred (Kirby) raised two daughters: Lydia and Kathie. They have four grandchildren. Doana and Alfred spent most of their years in Williams Lake and Prince George, B.C. Alfred worked as a mechanic for years, before buying into a Home Hardware where they both worked until Alfred's passing in 1991. Doana is now retired and living in Williams Lake, B.C.

Frieda and Peter (Kerik) raised three boys: Rod, Greg and Ken. They have nine grandchildren. One granddaughter passed away in 1988 at three months of age.

They lived in Rocky for 35 years. Frieda has been manager of Rocky IGA for 11 years and has been with the company for 26 years. After leaving the oil rigs, Peter barbered and worked for MacLeods Hardware.

Raymond and Doreen (Grosso) raised three children: Jean, Bill and Judy. They have six grandchildren. Raymond was well known for guiding, working the bush with loaders and skidders and working for Rocky Post Plant. Raymond passed away May 2000 from heart problems which he had suffered with for many years.

Thinking back on the sacrifices her mother made, Frieda now realizes what a loving, kind and generous person her mother, Elizabeth, really was and how much and how deeply she really loved her children and grandchildren.

GILLIS-THOMPSON
submitted by Doreen Feys

Virginia Thompson.

James Thompson.

When we attempt to record family history we often become totally involved with dates and places and, while they are important, we sometimes forget the warm human characteristics of our loved ones. Memories of my family would fill a very large book, so I must choose some of the special things, particularly about my mother and her father.

In October 1907 Grandmother and Grandfather, James and Virginia Thompson, journeyed almost 2,600 miles from West Virginia, U.S.A., by train to Red Deer with their two small boys. From there they travelled to Rocky Mountain House by horse and wagon. It was the beginning of a very severe winter and, since no accommodation awaited them, they had to construct their own. They used a dugout for shelter which was literally just that—a hole in the side of a hill. They lined the walls with gunny sacks, and I don't know how they survived. In the spring of 1908 they took possession of their homestead by the river, adjacent to, and on the west of what is now the National Historic Site. My mother, my two brothers and myself were born there, and a portion of this land remains in the family.

Many years of work were ahead. There would be six more children, making eight altogether, and their names deserve to be included here. In order of birth they were Dewey, Harley, Terley, May, Vernie, Hazel, Earl and Ivron.

In addition to clearing and developing the property, Grandfather spend many years working on the railroad which was being built to Nordegg. He also worked in area logging camps. Grandmother grew a garden, raised chickens and took in laundry (which was done on a scrub board). She was a tiny lady, but incredibly strong and managed to cook, sew and care for her family in every way. It was a time of "neighbor helping neighbor" and, as did all the women, she helped deliver numerous babies including me. Each neighbor did what they could for one another. Everyone was in the same circumstance.

A situation that required the utmost determination and courage occurred in April 1915. My uncles, Dewey (age twelve) and Harley (age ten), were playing on the river, half a mile from the house, when the ice gave way, and Harley fell into the water. After several frantic rescue attempts Dewey ran wet and cold to alert his parents. There was a small area of open water downstream from the house and there Grampa watched and waited. Miraculously Harley's small body appeared and Grampa managed to reach him and carry him to shore. He was unconscious after being under the ice for forty minutes. Both parents worked frantically until faint signs of life appeared. They carried him to the house where, for hours, they used hot irons wrapped in blankets to raise his body temperature. The doctor and neighbors arrived to help, and no one thought it less than a miracle that he survived. Harley lived an active life to the age of 80 years.

Grampa would travel by horse and wagon to Red Deer for supplies and mail twice a year, a five or six day trip. He returned to West Virginia for a short visit in 1950, but Grandma would never see her original home again. Mom spent two summers in West Virginia, meeting relatives for the first time. I joined her there once, and we visited her parents' birthplace. I was surprised too see the similarities to the country here—mountains and trees. I think that is why Grampa chose to settle here rather than the prairies. Mom and I drove back together, and I soon appreciated the vast distance between West Virginia and Alberta. On this trip Mom brought spruce cones home, and with love and care managed to produce three trees, the only West Virginia spruce in Canada. One was chosen by the University of Alberta to plant in the Devonian Gardens in Devon, Alberta.

Hazel and mother, Virginia in 1933.

My childhood was very happy, filled with care and love from my uncles and especially Grampa. He would spend hours telling me stories, carrying me on his shoulders and holding me on his lap in a big rocking chair. From there we travelled to far away places in our imagination. One of them was Regina, which seemed to be very magical in my four year-old mind. Grampa knew everything! Once I asked him if we had enough money, so he took me to a shed and showed me a big wooden box of harness rings, various nails and bolts. He said they were worth hundreds of dollars, and we didn't need to ever worry. Looking back I know that it was a lot of rusty hardware, but how relieved I was to know that we had this treasure. I didn't even think of selling it—it was security! Grampa was so wise!

He knew dozens of games to play. Somehow I always won. I have tried to pass these stories on to my daughter, niece and nephews. They should not be forgotten. How fortunate I was to hear them first hand. Grampa and I would go berry picking, and he would tell me names of plants and flowers. We would proudly bring our

berries home for Mom to clean. We weren't the most careful pickers and Mom wasn't quite as pleased as we were.

Pearly and Opie Thompson.

Grampa's brother, Opie, and his wife, Pearly, from West Virginia also settled in Rocky in 1913. Opie operated the ferry every summer for many years at the river crossing. He and Pearly also owned what is now Foothills Service. They had one son, Bill. In winter, when conditions would permit, we would cross on the ice; otherwise we walked the railroad bridge to town, after carefully listening for trains. The traffic bridge was a wonderful change for everyone.

My dad, John Gillis, was born in Innisfail in 1907. I am not sure when he came to Rocky, or when he met my mother. He had worked for sometime with painting crews that maintained bridges throughout the province before settling with the lumber industry here. When I think of my father, and it is often, one thought comes to mind: he was a "gentleman" in every way. Dad's parents, Vernie and Wilbert Gillis, came from Innisfail to Horburg. They built a large three-story house to accommodate boarders employed in the local timber operations. I spent wonderful times exploring that big beautiful home. They also provided the postal service there. I can remember Granddad holding a mail bag high so that if the train didn't stop the conductor would use a big hook to grab it as the train went on its way to Nordegg. They had three children: Myrtle, John and Gordon.

Mom and Dad shared the hard work of lumber camp operations in the winter. Mom was the cook—and an excellent one—preparing meals for 45 men. There was no electricity or running water and the camp was miles from town. She did this while caring for her two small boys. I boarded in town with various people, so I could attend school. I was terribly homesick, but one winter I stayed with Aunt Myrtle who was very kind and understood how lonely I was. When we went back to the farm, brother Ryan and I attended Garth School. Lots of memories there! We moved into Rocky in 1948, and my youngest brother, Ken, spent all of his school years in town.

Vernie and Wilbert's Horburg house. John, Hazel Gillis and Doreen, 1944.

In 1945 and 1946 (I think), Mom owned and operated Riverview Store, just across the river to the west. She sold a variety of groceries and served her delicious homemade pies at the lunch counter. One day a fellow came into the store just as she was discarding day-old baking. He asked to buy it and, when Mom said she could not sell stale pies, he explained that it didn't matter because they were just for his old grandmother anyway!

In the late '60s and early '70s, John and Hazel offered their services at Gillis Foods in town, for eight years. It was a friendly neighborhood store, open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., seven days a week.

Hazel and John in front of Gillis Foods.

Mom was born in 1915. (I could write an entire book about her, and perhaps one day I will.) She was everyone for all of us—a daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, neighbor—honest and generous to all who knew her, and sometimes to those who didn't.

She was my best friend. I am grateful to a lady who knew her well for sharing this story with me: When Mom was 17, she cooked in a lumber camp in the Rocky area. Depression times were hard, and there was no money for groceries. So, Mom had to fish and pick berries to provide meals for the working men. A true story! Sad, but courageous! I often think of this with the greatest respect and admiration for her. For many years she was a loyal employee at Killico Stores, and when they were sold to "The Bay," she stayed on. She was a Cub and Scout Leader for ten years and active in the Rebekah Lodge. She contributed generously to a number of charities. Her favorite was Foothills Academy in Calgary where a building brick bears her name. She purchased a star as a donation to the Space Science Centre in Edmonton, and I am sure it shines brightly. I submit this amateur writing in her memory with love and gratitude to her for being my mother.

GLADUE, Simon/ YELLOWFACE, Jeanie
as told by Ray Gladue to Carrie Mason

Ray Gladue was born August 26, 1956, at Rocky General Hospital. For several years he worked in Saskatchewan and Hobbema as a carpenter; however, he has lived on the O'Chiese Reserve since 1980.

Ray graduated from Saskatchewan Halley High School, then went on to take drafting, surveying and carpentry. He is also skilled in mechanics and body work. Most of his employment has been as a carpenter in Saskatchewan and Hobbema where he worked for Housing and Public Works or private contractors. He also did some surveying in Saskatchewan on reserves doing town-sites and roads. He served as Chief of the O'Chiese Reserve in 1983 and 1984.

Ray did some rodeoing in the CCA, FCA and CRCA, riding professionally in bull-riding and bare-back events from 1972 to 1982.

He has six children: Charmene Gladue, born May 29, 1975; Candy Gladue, born May 3, 1976; Raymond Yellowface, born in March of 1981; Andrea Yellowface, born in 1983; Cheyenne Yellowface, born in 1985 and Jaycinda, born April 1, 1998.

Simon Gladue, Ray's father, was born in 1936, in Coshin, Saskatchewan. He transferred from the Moosamin Reserve in Saskatchewan to the O'Chiese Reserve in 1957. Simon worked in bush camps around the Rocky area for years; one that Ray recalls is the Andy Miller camp.

Simon Gladue's father was August Passpasschase; his name was changed by Father Lacombe, and he was registered as Gladue. His wife was Mary Mayo who originated from the Little Pine Reserve, but settled in Coshin, Saskatchewan. Simon's brothers and sisters are Ernest, John, Edgar and Peter Gladue, Maryanne (who lives in Edmonton) and Maggie (who passed away in August of 2001). Around the turn of the century, August Gladue settled on land around Edmonton. Today this land is under negotiation with the government and the descendants of August Gladue (Passpasschase).

Jeanie Yellowface/Strawberry, Ray's mother, was born in 1938, and passed away in 1970. Ray's brothers and sisters are Olga Crier, Joanne Gladue, Doreen Gladue, Gordon Gladue, William Gladue, Adrian Strawberry, Rachael Mackinaw and Jason Gladue.

Ray's maternal grandparents were Andrew Strawberry and Mary Yellowface. Some of Ray's research has revealed that Jeanie's grandfather, Chief Yellowface, was one of the chiefs who walked away from the original Treaty signings in 1876. According to Yellowface history, Ray says that the Yellowface Clan moved back and forth between Alberta, Saskatchewan and Montana during this era. Prior to settling in the west, they lived around Medicine Hat and also spent some time with the Blackfoot tribe and the Mormons. Chief Yellowface was said to be friends with Chief Crowfoot, Chief Poundmaker and Chief Bigbear, who at the time were resisting the rebellion of the late 1800s. Ray also added that the treaty signings were resisted by several chiefs, mostly because of the confusion of translating the negotiations. However, the chiefs recorded their expectations in the negotiations on a deer hide, and that deer hide is still being preserved today.

Ray has really enjoyed doing research around the treaties and culture with the Elders and Indian Affairs. He participates as an Elder's helper at cultural events such as Sundances and Powwows and is trilingual, speaking Cree, Saulteaux and English. He is employed at O'Chiese Reserve doing some housing and mechanical work.

GLEW FAMILY

The story of the "Glew Family" and information of students attending school has been submitted by Marg (Glew) Crittall of Cutknife, Sask.

Children who attended "Garth School" when the Glew children did, came from the following families: Beanblossom, Blare, Brierley, Fitch, Glew, McNally, Morrish, Owens, Preeper, Robinson, Small and Thompson.

Helen (Helmie) Stenback was the teacher some of the time.

Glew Family

Mae Estelle Glew born in England, May 1893, died Oct. 1975, in Victoria B.C.

William Charles Glew, born in England, March 1893, died June 1979, in Port Alberni, B.C.

Eric Douglas Glew, born in England, Jan. 1919; died April 1994 in Edmonton, Alberta.

Leonard William Glew, born in England, Sept. 1917, died July 1998 in White Rock, B.C.

Surviving members of the Glew family: Gladys May Burton (Glew), born in England in 1918, now living in Port Alberni, B.C. Elsie Winnifred Goold (Glew), born in England in 1920, resides in Port Alberni, B.C. Margaret Stella Crittall (Glew), born in Rocky Mountain House in 1929 and lives in Cut Knife, Saskatchewan.

THE WILLIAM GLEW FAMILY TREE

Elsie, Len, Gladys, and Eric Glew in 1924.

"William" and "Mae" Glew from England
Arrived at the Halifax shore.
Canada, would be a new experience,
And the year was 1924.
This was a very long time ago,
Around seventy-five years or more.
They travelled out to Alhambra
With their little family of four.
"Leonard," was the eldest,
then "Gladys," and next in line
"Eric" and "Elsie" were to follow
Then me, Margaret, born in 1929
Dad worked in Alhambra for "Sam Emerson"
Who owned the P. O. and General store.
Sam put Dad to work, cutting mine props,
But times were hard and wages were poor.
The family, later moved to McNallie Lake.
The Government hired Dad to clear land
He received five dollars a month for relief pay
Doing all of the work by hand.
Then "Chesty Thompson," a railroad man
Decided to give Dad a shout.
He needed someone to work his fox farm
So Dad stayed 'til his ulcer gave out.
Dad was in the first World War.
Malaria fever nearly took his life.
It left him with an ulcerated stomach,

Yet he had to care for his children and wife.
After receiving treatment from "Dr. Greenaway,"
A physician in Rocky Mtn. House,
He was able to start work again
And built the family a plain log house.

This was situated five miles west of Rocky
And again Dad was clearing land.
They were living in the "Garth" district.
The work, of course, was all done by hand.
The children were going to "Garth" school,
About a mile and a half from our gate.
A dozen or so families were in attendance
And that was about 1928.
In the summertime Dad walked to Rocky,
Which I mentioned was five miles away.
He did gardening for Mr. Kirby
And made around a dollar a day.
Mr. Kirby ran the Post Office
And Mr. Leland was Chief of Police.
Dad gardened for them both
Finding them very easy to please.
He also worked repairing shoes.
Anything to make a dime.
It was very difficult to make ends meet,
And as I said, these were hard times.
Now all the family would pick blueberries
And take them to town to sell.
They only received a cent a pound,
Providing the berries were cleaned real well.
Dad had his special berry patches
And only invited certain people to stay,
As some used the clawed berry picker,
Which would pull the good plants away.
Our Dad was an expert hunter
And carried a sharpened willow in his waist band.
Whenever he went berry picking
He'd spear a partridge with the flick of his hand.
With an exception. Once in throwing the willow
It ricocheted as it caught the side of a tree.
So, he came home with a bandaged ear
With strips he'd torn off his good hankie.
We never had domestic meat.
Dad hunted for the elk and deer.
I know we even had rabbit stew.
How welcome would have been a steer.
We didn't have a fridge or an ice box.
So, there was only one way to keep meat:
To salt it down in wooden kegs,
Then soak out the salt in cold water,
before it could be eaten.

Dad was a Jack of all trades.
He doctored our scrapes and cuts.
I nearly cut off my big toe with the saw,
But he quickly bandaged it up.
One time Dad had an appendix attack
And I'll never forget that day.
Dr. Greenaway drove him to Red Deer,
But the appendix ruptured on the way.
He had a long stay in the hospital.
Some folks didn't recover back then,
But we prayed for his well being
And for the day he'd be home again.
Thank God, our prayers were answered
As he returned safely home one day,
But he was laid up for quite sometime
And couldn't work until the Dr.'s "okay."
Now "Garth School" wasn't just a school
For a teacher and students to attend.
It was a place where Socials and Dances were held.
Folks had a great time to the evening's end.
Of course there were unpleasant times,
When a funeral would take place.
I remember when 14 year old "Mike Small" died.
How devastating for family and friends to face!
Now some folks may remember the Bush fire
Which hit around nineteen thirty one.
My Dad and "Babe" McNally were cutting cord wood
And suddenly were on the run.
They sent the horses on their way
And the men headed for a slough,
To stay in the water was imperative,
As there was nothing else they could do.
The horses travelled to safety,
But there was no sign of the men.
Families began to worry
They'd not see their loved ones again.
Meanwhile, the fire raged on,
Burning a barn with horses inside.
The students from school were evacuated.
There was fear that Dad and Babe had died,
But fortunately many hours later
They emerged and seemed all right.
They were very blackened and tired,
But to the families they were a great sight.

The nature of the fire was uncertain,
But obvious it didn't start on its own.
Someone, somewhere, was responsible.

Their identity just may have been known.
Now going to Rocky meant crossing by ferry,
Operated by "Opie Thompson" for years.
When the river was low we'd cross the bridge
Which was one of my biggest fears.
I'd look down and see the water below.
There was no way I was crossing over that.
Even a lot of coaxing didn't do the trick.
So, Dad would carry me over on his back.
I still don't like crossing bridges,
Even in this day and age.
I'll never forget that bridge at Rocky
And the times I was so afraid.
I would like to mention a place called "Ferrier."
It was a little "saw mill" sight.
I would walk with Mom to pick up the mail,
Getting back home again before night.
We visited the "Fentons" at Ferrier.
It was three or four miles from home
I remember her beautiful Sweet William's
And how I'd like some of my own.

Elsie Glew playing her guitar in front of Curly's Bake Shop, 1930.

I've tried to grow Sweet Williams,
But with not much luck it seems.
It's funny how one remembers special things.
I guess it's part of childhood dreams.
Now "Elsie" was frequently teasing,
Not always just a little bit.
She'd put a snake in her empty lunch pail,
Almost giving poor Mom a fit!
Mom and Dad would be away playing cards,
So they'd leave Elsie to look after me.
She'd scare me with crazy stories
Which I dared not tell, you see.
But one night they came home early.
Elsie was outside making noises like a bear.
So, Dad snuck up behind her.
She was the one who got the scare.
Of course he wondered, so he asked
"How long had this been going on for?"
So she finally got caught in her own trap
And I don't remember that happening anymore.
But later on we became good buddies,
And we often talk over old times.
I remind her now and again about the scary days,
But of course she's sure it's all in my mind.
"Gladys" was berry picking one day
And came face to face with a bear.
She dropped her berries screaming all the way home,
But I think she gave him the scare.
My brothers, Len and Eric,
Hunted the squirrels up hill and down.
After drying the hides on wooden slabs
They'd take them to a "Buyer" in town.
Then later came the time when the "Boys" left home,
Also "Gladys," but they were still quite young.
"Elsie" stayed as she was in grade eight,
And I was starting grade one.
Later on "Elsie" worked in Rocky
Across from "Cony's" General Store.
She was employed at "Curly's Bake Shop,"
Staying for round a year or more.
By now, Dad decided it was time for a change,
So he left for Calgary to find work there.
Later that fall he was accepted
For the position as "Police Commissioner."

So I said good bye to my teacher and friends.
There's be lots of changes on my slate.
I'd never been to a City

Before we moved in 1938.
That was a very long time ago.
Many moves and changes came over the years.
Some were very happy ones.
Of course there's always sadness and tears.
I made a recent trip back to Rocky Mtn. House,
Actually, August 14th of 1999,
And at the interesting "Museum" there
My family and I were treated most kind.
I was directed to "Garth Cemetery,"
And there I looked over some of the plots.
It was the only land mark I could find.
Even the school had gone from its spot.
My family and I drove around,
And I looked for the old log frame,
But many years have gone by,
And nothing looked the same.
What could one expect after 62 years?
I was only eight years old when we left.
I have just those childhood "Memories,"
But, that part of my life I'll never forget.
Now this has just been an outline
Of the "William Glew" Family Tree,
And I hope we will finally make it
As part of the "Garth District" History.

GLOVER, Reverend George and Isabel

George Glover was born in 1905 in Hawick, Scotland. He immigrated with his family to Biggar, Saskatchewan, as a child, where he was raised. George joined the Medical Corp in 1942 in Regina, then left from Saskatoon on the train with about 2000 other men. Their families never knew where they were going or when they might return. George went to Bellevue, Ontario, for basic training then on to Camp Borden till the end of the war. He was called to service three times, but each time the order was changed, so he never saw action. George received an honorable discharge at Calgary after the war.

Isabel was born in 1917, in Benito, Manitoba. As a child, Isabel memorized 500 Bible verses one year, in order to attend Sunday School Mission Camp at Wawka (west of Niskonaw, in Saskatchewan. She remembers that the camp had no cabins, just tents. When the wind came up, there was a camper holding frantically to every pegging point.

George and Isabel married in 1942 and moved to Rocky Mountain House, in the early 1950s, where George worked first at Nance's Mill as night watchman, then on to Spoor's Meat Market farm as the farm manager. For five years, George also pastored at various churches in the area: Bethel Union in Leslieville, Bingley Mission, Alhambra, Nordegg and Condor. He pedaled his bike from Leslieville to Alhambra and back weekly for Sunday services. After being at Spoors, they bought seven acres from Jack Cogland where they built a little "shack." They lived there until they bought the farm three miles south of Rocky, from Ella Bourne (Hardy) in 1955. That was where they raised their five boys: Bob, Dave, Bill, Jim and Lloyd. Due to the passing of George's brother's wife, George and Isabel took their nephews (Walter, Lawrence and Garth) to raise as well. When the family lived on the acreage, southeast of Rainbow Ford, they had no car. So, they all walked to the Nazarene Church so the boys could attend Sunday school.

Isabel remembers a lot of hard work, but lots of fun and good times, too. One time they were given a week's vacation from the church, but had no money to go away. Charlie Chow offered them the use of his lot out at Crimson Lake. They tented for a week and, while the boys enjoyed the lake, George and Isabel picked and canned 25 quarts of wild strawberries. Many times they crossed the Saskatchewan River on the ferry to pick blueberries and strawberries west of town.

During hard times when money was tight, Mr. Cony of Cony's Store was known to say, "As long as you worry about what you owe, then we won't," and there was no interest charged on accounts. In 1958 George and Isabel built a house on the farm with the help of friends and family. At that time a lot of help was given without thought of financial recompense. George and the boys (with the help of Johnny Gibson) felled and skidded the trees. Bob Wilson's mill cut the lumber, and a portable planer was brought in to surface 18,000 board feet. Challand Construction built the foundation for about $200.00. Evert Tekelenburg helped with the roof framing. Ev Farnell and his son-in-law, Corky Falk built the kitchen cabinets (they were paid for with inheritance money Isabel received). Shorty Tessmer did the stucco work. Allan Turnquist hung doors and did interior trim. Bob Glover hung the drywall. The sewage lagoon was dug with a horse and slip.

George loved animals. He always said you could tell a lot about a person by the way he treated animals and how animals responded to that person. If George needed an animal to go somewhere, he first tried to lead it with a pail of chop and most animals would gladly comply. However, a humorous story is told of a pig that George tried to contain in a pen. The pig was determined not to be penned in and kept climbing over the fence. So, George built the fence to a height of five feet and said, "That will keep the old sow in!" A scrambling began behind him, and George turned to see the sow climbing over the barricade. With a few choice words and a well-aimed hammer, the pig was subdued. George loved his dog "Lassie," and when she died of old age, he hoisted her up on his shoulders and walked through the pasture, to bury her. The cows followed in a funeral procession, then stood around watching the interment.

While living at Leslieville, George was asked to conduct a wedding ceremony at Alhambra. He had no car, so had to pedal the distance on the gravel road. When he arrived dusty and sweat soaked, he had to borrow a clean white shirt (from Jack McDonald) to be presentable—but he got the job done.

George had very little in the way of mechanized equipment and very few tools. He thought any job could be done with hard work and sweat. Stumps, rocks, and roots were all grubbed out and gathered by hand while the Farmall tractor stood idly in the yard.

Of George and Isabel's family, three of the five sons, and two of the three nephews remain in the Rocky area. Bob married Anetha Salmon; they have four children; Gordon (Jill-Brittani and Tristan), Geneva (Keith Siemens-Shelby, Lacey and Cassidy). (See the Bob family story)

David Glover married Eva Bott, on November 6, 1965. She is the oldest daughter of Art and Myrtle Bott of Rocky Mountain House. David apprenticed as an electrician with Modern Electric. Then in 1970 he began working for Alberta Gas Trunkline Ltd. Eva worked at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Treasury Branch, Pioneer School and Rocky Mountain School Division Office. In their spare time David and Eva built three homes at various locations around Rocky, doing much of the construction work themselves. They were also very active in Rocky Mountain Alliance Church.

David enjoyed a long and interesting career with Alberta Gas Trunkline/Nova/TransCanada Ltd. Much of his career was spent in Rocky Mountain House, however, he and his family spent several months in Thailand where he acted in a consulting capacity to the government of Thailand. David also worked in the Calgary/Edmonton offices, traveling to company offices from B.C. to Ontario. He was working in the Rocky office, when he retired from TransCanada in April 2002, with 30 years of service. David and Eva like to spend time with their grandchildren, enjoy traveling, camping and getting together with their families and friends. They live on the family farm southwest of Rocky. They had two children, a daughter Tracy, born in 1969, and a son Randal, born in 1972. Both children attended school in Rocky Mountain House, graduating from Will Sinclair High School. In 1992 Tracy married David Trautmann, son of Ed and Lucille Trautmann of Rocky. Tracy is a schoolteacher, and David works for ConocoPhillips Canada in Rocky. They have two children, a daughter, Kastyn, eight years old and a son, Carter, five years old. In 1999 Randal married Dawn Gendall of Denver, Colorado. Randal is a dentist and lives in Edmonton. They have twin daughters, born in August 2002: Emma Arlene and Isabelle Elaine.

Bill Glover married Gay Needham. They have lived and worked in the Rocky area. Gay has worked at the medical clinic, the hospital and as a home-care provider in the community. Bill worked for Calgary Power/TransAlta Utilities and drove truck for Garnett Transport, before becoming a power lineman. He has many humorous stories to tell of his work—many of them about the dogs he encounters. One time Bill arrived on a farm where a large pitbull was on patrol. To ensure a safe and quick get-a-way, Bill left the driver's door open, then climbed the power pole. Before starting back down, Bill scouted around for the big dog, only to find the dog had climbed in the cab of his truck and was enjoying his lunch with great gusto! Bill and Gay have two children, Ayren (George Klesken) and Sheldon. Ayren owns and operates Natural Choice Esthetics in Rocky, George

has an accounting degree and works as a field operator for Gulf Midstream at Strachan. Sheldon is a nurse and has worked several emergency units in hospitals across the States as well as in Red Deer.

Jim Glover married Delores Dick and has lived in Edmonton where he was a power lineman before operating a real estate business and other ventures. They have since moved to Calgary where Jim has his own oilfield related business. They have two children, Tannis (Matthew Eapen) and Brandi (Corey Makus-Colson and Kayley).

Lloyd married Jeanette Gibbs. He took his electrical apprenticeship at Modern Electric, then worked at Aquitaine (now Husky) for Quinn Contracting. They live in Red Deer where Lloyd works for Nova at the Joffre plant. Lloyd and Jeanette have two sons; Ryan (Vicki) and Clarke.

GLOVER, Garth and Bonny

Garth Robert Glover, youngest son of Adam Scott and Nellie Enid (Odland) Glover, was born July 20, 1962, in Red Deer. He has two older brothers, Walter and Lawrence. The family lived on a farm beside the Beaver Flats road (across from the Odland homestead), when the boys were very young. Nellie passed away in 1963 at the age of 38 years, after being ill a short time with leukemia. Scott passed away in 1998, at 92 years of age.

After Garth's mother died, he stayed with Norman and Magda Anderson (Nellie's uncle and aunt), in the Withrow district. A few months later he was reunited with his brothers, when Reverend George and Isabel Glover (Scott's brother and sister-in-law), took Garth and his brothers into their home to raise. George and Isobel lived three miles southwest of Rocky, so Garth took all of his schooling in town, with the exception of Grade 11 (in 1979), which he took at Prairie High School in Three Hills, Alberta. Garth enjoyed piano lessons and worked on neighboring farms until he graduated from Will Sinclair High School in 1980.

In 1981 he met Bonnita Louise Fedirchuck who was born July 13, 1963, in Rocky Mountain House, to Richard Lee and Patricia Louise (Brown) Fedirchuck. Bonny lived with her parents and two younger sisters, Pamela and Lisa, in Rocky Mountain House, Estevan, Saskatchewan, Edmonton, Calmar and finally the family farm at Gimlet, 30 miles northeast of Rocky. Bonny started school in Calmar, then Leslieville and graduated from David Thompson High School in 1981. Bonny was involved in various school sports and 4-H Beef during her high school years. Through these extra-curricular activities, she was able to experience some travel. In 1979 she went to Quebec on a volleyball exchange. Then in 1980 (through the Hazeldell 4-H Beef Club), she went to Owen Sound, Ontario. After graduating, Bonny moved to Rocky where she lived with Aunt Evy and Uncle Alva Humphrey for five years.

Garth attended SAIT and NAIT, taking carpentry and cabinet making. While apprenticing, he worked for Lyle Goulden, Graham and Hansen and Ed Donner. During his years of apprenticeship, he won several top awards for Alberta in his trades. Garth launched his own business in 1985 and remains successfully self-employed, today.

Bonny worked for Amerada Hess (now Petro-Can Ferrier) for three years before taking a job as an accounting clerk at Rocky Wood Preservers/Ullinwood Building Supplies (Bill and Pat Luoma and sons), and has enjoyed working for this company for 15 years.

Garth and Bonny were married at the Alliance Church in Rocky on June 21, 1986. They lived on Phyllis Jarvin's place in Old Town, then on an acreage a half-mile east of the Frisco Hall, before developing their present acreage in Pine Hills Estates, three miles west of Rocky where they own and operate Glover Built Homes, in conjunction with a cabinet shop. On Father's Day, June 18, 1995, they were blessed with a baby girl, Stephanie Rae. Garth and Bonny are actively involved in the Alliance Church. Bonny currently does the bookkeeping for their business and home-schools their daughter.

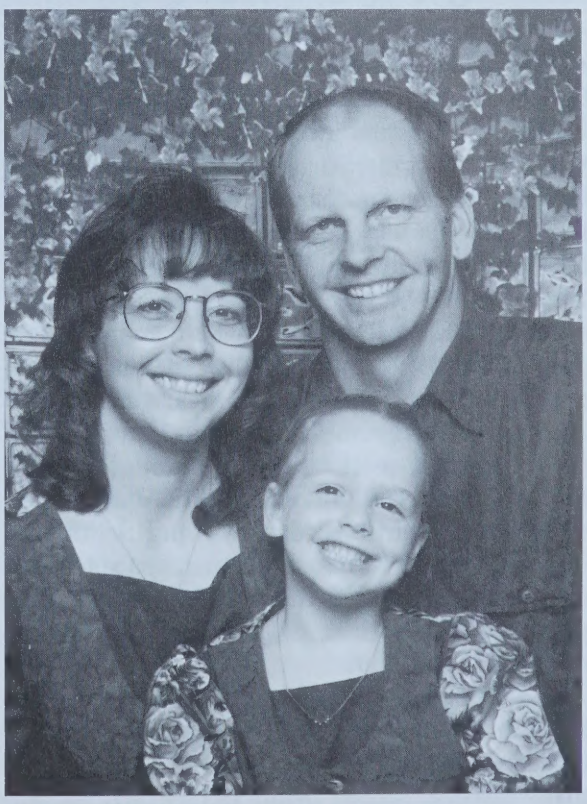
Garth has many fond memories of growing up on the farm which was located south of the Clearwater River and west of where Prairie Creek joins the river—that was the boys' playground. There was no television in the home when the boys were growing up—no playing cards, either—so their entertainment was Ping-Pong, crokinole, monopoly, chess checkers, etc. Much time was spent outdoors regardless of the weather. Food was simple but ample. Breakfast

was usually porridge, but for a treat there was a large bag of puffed wheat with milk from the cow. When the younger cousins came from town to visit at the farm they wouldn't drink "cow's milk." Auntie kept one step ahead of them by pouring the farm milk into a carton; the cousins couldn't tell the difference—and drank it.

Garth recalls lots of fun with collie dogs, Lassie and Laddie, and riding around in cousin Lloyd's Model A coupe (in various stages of restoration). One time Garth's older brother drove Uncle George's late 40s Model M Farmall tractor right up a large poplar tree (while looking over his shoulder, trying to decipher his uncle's instructions). Another time, Garth and cousin, Bill Glover, were riding on top of a load of hay which Uncle George was pulling to the shed. Bill climbed down onto the wagon hitch (while they were moving) and pulled the pin. The wagon stopped, but Uncle George continued all the way to the hay shed before discovering he had no wagon or helpers following him. Garth recalls memories of the annual fall hunting crew, gathering at the farm before heading out to the Meadows area to hunt/camp. They would have dinner, tell lots of stories (on each other) and roar with laughter. He later joined the hunting crew and had many successful hunts with them. When Rocky had a drive-in, Garth was just a young lad and not able to drive. He tells of how he and his buddy, Lonnie Earl, put "dummies" in their beds, then sneaked out of Lonnie's house, pedaled out to the cemetery, crawled through the fence and sat on the hill to watch the movies.

Garth has enjoyed many adventures on mechanized conveyances, such as riding his old Honda 90 on the railroad tracks out by Strachan, riding his 399 Motoski at Bud and Esme Duncan's place with their kids, Enduro racing his Honda XR350 in the Gloomy Creek race and the Green Meanie down by the Old Man River, snowmobiling in Golden, B.C., on his Yamaha SRV540 with Bonny and friends, as well as at Ranger Creek on his Polaris XLT600. Garth has always loved to build things and is very particular in his work. He was privileged to build the Chief Factor's house and Trading Post in the new play fort replica at the Rocky Mountain House National Historic Site, as well as work on Nordegg's mine-site restoration. It was also an honor to build a western style pine casket for Uncle Art Hollingsworth, and he has built many fine homes and kitchen cabinets in the area. Garth has a 40' x 60' well equipped cabinet shop and loves it when his friends come

Hunting at Meadows.



Garth, Bonny and Sephanie, 1999.

to work on projects with him. One day a friend, Greg St. Pierre, came to use the thickness planer. On his way out, with his arms full of nicely planed birch, he slammed the shop door and was immediately swarmed by bees which had built a nest on the shop wall. Running from the bees, he stumbled and fell on his armload of boards. Sorry, Greg!

Garth and Bonny enjoy traveling. In 1986 they flew to Jamaica; in 1990 to Hawaii and in 1994 to England/Scotland where they met family and discovered roots there. Throughout the years, they have traveled and camped regularly with Bonny's mom and dad, going to Wyoming, Oregon, southern Alberta, north-central British Columbia and up and down the West Coast. Most recently they all drove to Pennsylvania to bring back an outdoor boiler which they have since set up on their acreage. A highlight for Bonny in 2001 was laser eye surgery. Good-bye to 30-plus years of wearing eyeglasses!

Rocky has been a great community to grow up in, and Garth and Bonny look forward to raising their family and retiring in it.

GLOVER, Robert and Anetha

Robert N. Glover (Bob) was born to George and Isabel (Johnstone) Glover in 1943 at Melfort, Saskatchewan. His brother, David, was born at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. George spent time in the army at Camp Borden, Ontario, and when he came home after the war he brought his family to live at Rocky Mountain House. George's first job was at the Nance mill in Rocky. George, Isabel and the two boys lived upstairs in a house owned by Ram River Oil. About 1945 George got a calling to pastor the Leslieville Church. Two more brothers, William and James, were born at Rocky and later another brother, Lloyd, and a sister, Sharon, were born at Eckville. Sharon died in infancy. Bob went to school at Leslieville, Rocky, and Forest Training School at Hinton. He began his career as a spare towerman, working out of the warehouse. He progressed to office clerk, assistant ranger, ranger and senior ranger.

Anetha was born to Harry and Irene (Allen) Salmon at Rocky in 1945. Her family includes three brothers: Arthur, Kenneth and Lloyd, and three sisters, Judith (Mel) Lougheed, Teresa (Dennis) Gray and Tina (Myles) Wasik. She attended school for 12 years at Rocky and worked two years at Cony's Store. Anetha's family includes some of the area's early pioneers. Harry's parents, Arthur and Sarah (Hulet) Salmon, came to Leslieville in 1912. Irene's mother, Elvera (Turnquist) Allen, came to Alberta from Sweden, in 1903 to the Evarts area with her parents, Andreas and Johanna (Bengtsson) Turn-quist. They moved to the Rocky area about 1913. Irene's father, John (Jack) Allen, and his parents, William and Isabella (Carson) Allen, came from Ontario to Edmonton and then to Rocky in about 1910. They built on the south side of the Saskatchewan River across from the old fort. Jack had a farm on the north side of the river, a little to the west. The barn he and his brother-in law, Allan Turnquist, built still stands today, along with several spruce trees Elvera planted.

After dating through high school, Bob and Anetha married in the fall of 1964. They lived in Rocky for a short time following their marriage. Their first move was to the Clearwater Ranger Station west of Ricinus. Gordon Robert was born in 1967 at Rocky Mountain House while they lived at Clearwater. They moved to the Nordegg Ranger Station where two daughters, Geneva Anetha and Glenda Stefni, were born. Life was a series of moves, to Hinton, back to Nordegg, Rocky Ranger Station, Wabasca Ranger Station, and the Spirit River Ranger Station. Ginette Lynne was born in Rocky while the family was stationed at Wabasca. Fishing, boating, camping, ice fishing, snowmobiling and learning native crafts were a few of the things enjoyed at Wabasca. The children picked up their first, second language, Cree, from their friends.

It was during this time at Spirit River that Bob's father, George Glover, passed away in September of 1987. Isabel remarried in November 1988 to Eric Harold Davis. The couple enjoyed their time together until Harold's passing in January 1993. Isabel now resides in Day Manor at Rocky.

Gordon finished his Grade 12 in Spirit River and went to Grande Prairie College for one year. He also took one year at the U of A in Edmonton. His summers were spent working for Fish and Wildlife, Initial Attack fire crews and Helitack. Gordon married Jill Sawchuck in 1994. They have two children: a daughter Brittani (6)

and a son Tristan (3 1/2). Gordon decided he needed more education with a family to support. He will finish a four year Bachelor of Science in Forestry in March 2002 at the U of A.

Geneva finished high school at Spirit River and went on to take two years at Sexsmith Bible College. While at the college Geneva sang with a group called "Joyfully His." This group traveled in western Canada and northwestern states, singing in churches. She graduated in March of 1988 and moved to Rocky for a short time. During her time at Sexsmith she met a young man named Keith Siemens from Kola, Manitoba. In October of 1988 they were married and moved to Virden, Manitoba. A few years later they moved back to Rocky where Keith took carpentry at Red Deer College and worked for Garth Glover. Geneva and Keith have three daughters: Shelby (9), Lacey (8) and Cassidy (5). Geneva teaches "Music for Young Children" from her home four days a week and gives private piano lessons. She is also involved in the music department and Sunday School at Rocky Alliance Church.

Glenda finished Grade 12 at Spirit River, and she worked a summer job pipe-lining for Nova. She spent a year working in Grande Prairie at a jean shop and a mens' wear store. The next year Glenda took courses in business administration at NAIT. Her Nova connections from the pipelining job came into play as she was able to get work with Nova again. She has worked for Nova for the past 13 years and is studying for her C.G.A. degree evenings at SAIT in Calgary.

Ginette moved to Rocky in 1987, a few months before the family, to start grade nine. She stayed with her Grandma and Grandpa Salmon. Ginette continued to excel at sports and academics through high school and went off to Simon Fraser University in B.C., upon completion of Grade 12. She spent five years working and getting her degree in kinesiology. Ginette married her best friend, Ryan Downey, and they have two daughters, Alexis (4) and Katelyn (2). Ryan has degrees in kinesiology and podiatry. He gave up working in podiatry to work with Ginette, who manages three clubs for Spa Lady, (a fitness club) in Vancouver.

Upon the family's arrival back in Rocky in 1988, it was decided to build on the Glover farm which had been purchased by Bob, Bill and Dave. The land was divided into acreages, and the three brothers live there. A house was built and has been enjoyed for the past 11 years. Sometimes the house is very quiet with only two living there but, at other times it is over flowing with children, spouses and grandchildren.

On August 30, 2000, Anetha's dad, Harry Salmon, passed away at the age of eighty-six. Her mom, Irene, continues to live in their home in Rocky with Anetha's brother, Arthur.

Bob completed 40 years with the Forest Service in 2001. He is now contemplating retirement and looking forward to camping and touring. Anetha enjoys her handicrafts, gardening and their grandchildren.

GOODRUNNING, Helen
as told to Carrie Mason by Helen Goodrunning and Arlene Mason

Arlene (nee Goodrunning) Mason and her husband, Clint, deserve some acknowledgment for graciously sharing their beautiful home with this ragged, roving researcher. Their three delightful children provided "yours truly" with support and encouragement, not to mention guide services around the Reserve to locate the homes of some of the key, historical families who have been interviewed for this book.

Arlene was born on December 23, 1973, in Rocky Mountain House. She has lived on the Sunchild Reserve all her life, except for the two years she spent in Red Deer to attend college. Arlene graduated from Will Sinclair High School in Rocky Mountain House in 1991, then went on to Red Deer College where she spent her first year in the Bachelor of Arts program (General Studies). She has taken additional training in Small Business and Retail Management and now runs the Sunchild Store and Gas Bar.

Arlene is married to Clint Mason, the youngest son of Ralph and Donna Mason, who are long-time residents of Rocky Mountain House. Clint has been employed with Wayne Pidherney for several years, working in the oil industry. He and Arlene have three children: Natalis, Danielle and Theron. They all enjoy music, art and camping with their parents or grandparents. Arlene enjoys doing Native crafts and has made traditional outfits for the children, who have participated in pow-wows.

Arlene's parents are steady, hard-working people. Her father is George "Bob" Gopher who was born October 30, 1945 and her mother is Helen Goodrunning who was born September 23, 1946. Both have lived all their lives on the Sunchild Reserve.

Bob and Helen have 10 children: Rueben, Priscilla, Arlene, June, Cameron (deceased), Arabella, Terry, Miranda, Keith, and Rhonda. Both Bob and Helen have encouraged their children to get an education and pursue a career. After attending Elementary School at Sunchild, all of their children attended Will Sinclair High School. Several received their diplomas there, with the exception of Rhonda, who received her diploma at Sunchild High School.

Priscilla graduated from Grant McEwan Community College with a two-year diploma in Social Work, then went on to get a diploma in Community Justice. She now works as a probation officer in Rocky Mountain House.

Terry received his Heavy Equipment Operator certificate from Keyano College at Fort McMurray. He is now employed with Sunchild Public Works doing road maintenance.

Keith is attending a three-year program to obtain his Pipefitter's Journeyman Certificate. The rest of the children are attending various Schools in the pursuit of a variety of careers.

Bob Gopher received his Heavy Equipment Operator Certificate from Keyano College at Fort McMurray in the '70s and was employed at Sunchild Public Works for years doing road maintenance. He served on the Sunchild Band Council for years, much of this time with the Public Works portfolio. Bob is now the Director of Public Works and coordinates a variety of public works projects. He likes to hunt and spends a lot of time driving around in the bush.

Helen received her certificate in Community Health in 1976 and has worked as a CHR (Community Health Representative) on the Sunchild Reserve ever since. The first 11 years she was employed by the government, then in 1987 she began working for Sunchild Health Centre after the Band assumed control of their own health services. Helen enjoys doing housework at home, tanning hides and sewing curtains and mossbags.

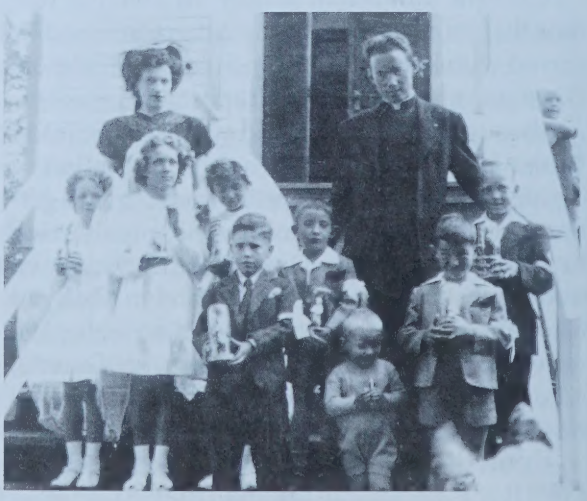
Helen's father was Shorty Goodrunning who was born in July of 1925. He passed away in 1963 while he was serving as Chief of Sunchild Reserve. Shorty's father was John Goodrunning who worked around the Rocky Mountain House area for years prior to the signing of the Treaties.

Helen's mother, Madeline Goodrunning, was born March 26, 1925; she originally came from Muntou Lake, Saskatchewan. She and Shorty had seven children: Helen, Eva, Glenda, Sharon, Johnny, Lawrence and Richard (deceased). Madeline's sister, Chakasee Goodrunning also had seven children who are very prominent on Sunchild Reserve: Irene, Jackie, Harry, Augustine, Donald, Daylight, Ronnie (deceased) and Jimmy.

Helen recalls how her father would bring Elders in to their home to tell stories and to teach them about traditional cultural ways; she remembers that they had to sit still and listen. She notes that much of the old teachings fit with the training she received during her Addictions Counselor Training at the Nechi Institute. She uses these teachings to help with daily problems and passes her knowledge on to her children when they are going through rough times. "These teachings are very valuable," says Helen.

The Goodrunning families have made an incredible contribution to the previous development of the Sunchild Reserve and the obvious ambition of this next generation signals more positive development in the future.

GRABEK FAMILY
by Kazia (Grabek) Poscente



Grabek family.

My parents, Michael and Antonia Grabek, came from Poland. They farmed a small parcel of land, but things were not easy. Dad heard that Canada was admitting immigrants, so he hired out to work on a farm for a year. He was sponsored by a farmer in Rocky Mountain House. After his year was up, he was hired on as a miner in Nordegg. When his name came up and he qualified for a house, he sent for us.

Mom sold some of the property to pay for our voyage and left some for my oldest sister, who stayed in Poland and got married before we left. We sailed from Danzig the end of June and arrived in Halifax on July 15, 1928. There was Mom, my sister, Jenny who was 17 years old, my brothers, Eddie, 11 years old, Stefan, 9 years old, Roman, 7 years old, and myself, Kazia, 4 years old. My sister, Elsie, was the only one born in Nordegg in 1929.

Even though the mine didn't work every day, we had a good life. We always had a big garden, kept chickens and rabbits, and there was always someone who gave you some fish or wild meat. Some of my best times were going for mushrooms with my mother and dad. Every fall we drove out to the Saunders hill with a picnic lunch and picked blueberries.

When the war broke out in Europe in 1939, my brother Eddie went in the army and Roman went into the RCAF. Roman trained in Yorkton and Regina, and then was sent to England to finish his training. Roman was returning from bombing on his second mission and the plane was shot down over Holland. There were eight in the plane. The air gunner was killed and the other six were picked up by the Germans. Roman was the pilot, so he stayed with the plane. He was buried in a small town in Holland. He was the very first young man from Nordegg to be killed.

Eddie returned to work in the mines and married Fora Marchuk from Gibbons, Alberta. They had four children, Toni, Roman, Donald, and Sydney. Young Roman died from cancer in 1999.

Else married Peter Bifano and they have a daughter, Tina, married to Russell, and have two grandchildren, Cole and Keltie.

Stefan never did marry and died of cancer in 1991, in Calgary.

As for myself, I married Geno Poscente. We had four children, Victoria, Judith, Michael and Lorraine. We now have eight beautiful grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

GRAHAM, Robert and Nettie
as told to Susan LaCount by Betty Teasdale Graham

Robert Graham family.

Robert and Janetta (Nettie) Graham and their four children left from Lanarkshire, Scotland, for Rocky Mountain House in the spring of 1913. They reached Red Deer by train and Sam Findlater (my mother's brother) met them in Red Deer with team and wagon, and took them to Granny Findlater's big house—the large two story log house her sons had built for her. Quite often travellers would stop overnight at this house before travelling on the next morning.

My father walked all the way from Red Deer behind the wagon. Mother and we children stayed at Grandma Findlater's until my father took a homestead. There was a log house on this

land, but the gable ends were missing until Dad repaired them. Nettie (my mother) worked hard when she came to Strachan as a young girl. She was the eldest of ten children. Coming to Canada was quite a change from life in a city in Scotland. Nettie was very musical and she and her boys used to play music together and I would sing. She also played for Christmas concerts as well as playing music with her brother, Uncle Billy Findlater. Christmas time was a happy time for us as our grandmother and uncles all came Christmas day and we had lots of music. My brothers also played for dances; Bill played the organ and guitar and Richard and Jock, the violin.

Mother helped deliver Edith Major's baby with Mrs. Cora Mustard, but he did not survive. The next hurdle was getting a school for the children of the community. My father, Carson McDonald, and Frank Haworth were the main workers while others helped. It was a well built school and dances, Christmas concerts and card parties were held there. My father sawed our wood with an old cross-cut saw for hours, which wasn't the easiest thing to do. He didn't have the machinery we have now. He spent hours walking behind the old plow and harrow, preparing the fields for planting in the spring. Dad and Mr. McDonald did their haying together. Dad always worked on the stack, and Mr. Mac always drove the buck-rake. We had a stacker for lifting the hay up on the stack. Dick's stacker team was Jenny the mule, and an old grey mare. Dad milked cows and fed the horses for some time, but he had heart trouble and had to slow down.

My mother was kept busy with housework and sewing clothes for the family. Mother would do a lot of knitting when her arthritis wasn't so bad. Father passed away in the Strachan area on November 11, 1926. Mother passed away in Rocky Mountain House on September 27, 1961.

When we came to Canada, the four of us children were Richard (Dick) who was nine years old at the time, William (Bill), John (Jock) and Betty.

Richard was born on October 18th, 1903, in Scotland, and passed away June 23rd, 1966, in Rocky Mountain House. He stayed on the farm every winter except one when he worked in Nordegg in the coal mine. He, with help from Bill, looked after Mother when the rest of the family moved out on their own. It was quite a worry for him as mother wasn't too well, so he hired a housekeeper, Mrs. Ferguson.

Bill was born in Uphall, Scotland, on March 16th, 1909. He spent his first winter in Canada with his uncles and his grandmother Findlater at her home near Strubel Lake. Later, Bill travelled the prairies at harvest time, and spent winters out west on the trapline with his brother Jock. Bill spent a year and a half in Kamloops, British Columbia, with his uncle, George Rogers. They were prospecting and diamond drilling. He then moved back to the farm in Prairie Creek. He married Patricia Osborne from the Prairie Creek district in 1940. They had three children, Sandra (Mrs. Jock Kay), Bruce William Teasdale Graham and Keith Teasdale Graham. They were recognized as Farm Family of the Year in 1974. Bill passed away in Rocky on May 3rd, 1994, and his son, Bruce, died June 11th, 1994, just a few weeks after his father. Patricia Graham passed away on February 5th, 1999.

Jock was born on March 19th, 1910, in Uphall, Scotland. While he and Bill were running a trapline, he caught pneumonia. Mother put him to bed with mustard plasters on his chest and he soon improved. Jock married Gertrude Scott. They had two sons, Robert and Brian. Jock logged for a few years then moved his family to Arcata, California, USA. He passed away in Arcata on February 21, 1991, and his son, Robert, passed away in 2000.

I (Betty), was born in Uphall, Scotland, on July 13,1912. I went to the Pleasant Vale School in the Prairie Creek district. I helped with farm chores, and during haying time drove the stacker team. I would drive the horses into town (Rocky Mountain House) whenever Mother and I had to go. It was a cold drive in the winter time. One day coming home from school, I had to stop at Jim McDonald's to return the lantern we borrowed the night before. I tied old Jenny (mule) up to a fence while I took the lantern into McDonald's. When I came out, Jenny, having been bothered by flies, had turned completely around between the shafts and broken them off. Luckily Ralph McDonald had ridden home from school with me. He pulled the cart, and I held the mule. The worst of it was the road crew was working at that time and they had a good laugh.

I met Frank (Franklin Glenwood) Bradshaw at a dance at the Pleasant Vale School. He was the forest ranger for our district. We were married on August 22nd, 1932. Frank was not eligible to take a homestead because he worked for the government, so I took one and we lived on it for four years. We had five children, but our oldest son, Robert, passed away shortly after birth. Later we had Jeanette Ida, then Robert, who passed away. Betty "Irene" was next, followed by William and then Mary Ann. The children and I moved along with Frank, as he was posted at Nordegg Ranger Station, Saunders Ranger Station, Camrose and Bonnyville. Frank retired and we moved to Ardrossan, then Sherwood Park. Frank passed away from cancer on July 10, 1970, and I went to work at the University Hospital in Edmonton. I am now living back in Rocky with my daughter Irene (Don) LaCount and her family, and hope to end my travels here.

Note: Betty Teasdale (Graham) Bradshaw was 89 in July of 2001 and recalls this amazing story. "My parents planned to emigrate from Scotland in 1911 and purchased their tickets to come to Canada by ocean-liner. However, Mother, being pregnant, did not feel well enough to travel, so, Father canceled the tickets. The ship we were supposed to travel on was none other than the Titanic and I was born three months after the Titanic sank. We immigrated in 1913."

GRAHAM, William and Patricia Gertrude (Osborne)

submitted by Sandra Kay

William Teasdale Graham (or Bill as he was known), was born in Uphall, Scotland, on March 19, 1909. He immigrated to Canada in 1913 with his parents, Robert and Janette (Nettie) Graham, and siblings, Richard (Dick), John (Jock) and Betty.

Robert Graham wanted to immigrate to New Zealand, but Nettie (the eldest child of Richard Findlater and Eliza Jane Plunket) wanted to go to Canada because her mother and four of her brothers were living in Canada. It seems Nettie got her wish.

It took two weeks to reach Montreal by ship. From there, the family travelled by train to Red Deer, where they were met by Nettie's brother, Sam Findlater. They journeyed by team and wagon to Innisfail, purchased supplies and set off for the Strubel Lake/Glacier district with Bill's father walking behind the wagon all the way there. I'm sure he wondered what he had gotten himself into.

In due time they reached the large Findlater house, known as the "Castle." As the story goes, this huge house was built by four brothers. To obtain a quarter section of land under the homestead act each brother was required to live on the land he wished to own. So the brothers built the house on the corner of all four quarters, which gave the house four legal land descriptions. "Findlater Castle," later became the Congressbury Post Office where everyone in that part of the country came to get mail. Some years later the building was razed by fire.

Bill spent his first Canadian winter at Strubel Lake with his uncles and grandmother, Eliza Findlater. Then in 1914, Rollie Major, a soldier, was killed in action, and Bill's parents acquired Rollie's homestead (SE13-38-9-W5) in the Prairie Creek Valley.

It was a struggle to make a living in those days, especially for Robert and Nellie Graham who were used to greater conveniences in Scotland. I'm sure that if Robert had had the money, he would have turned around and gone back to Scotland.

Although their newly acquired house was constructed of log, the gable ends had been left open to the elements, so that even the chickens flew into the house. However, Robert soon had the gable ends sheeted in and the walls plastered. Even so, the house was still very cold. Bill remembers how he and Jock used to sit beside the heater eating breakfast with their mitts on. The family lived in this log house until 1935, when Bill, Dick and Uncle George (Findlater) built a new house.

Robert was an excellent rifleman and kept the family supplied with wild game. Using a team and grub-hoe, he cleared a garden patch, pastures and fields. Later, when conditions improved, Bill and Dick made a tennis court and invited the neighbours over to play.

In 1915 Robert and Carson McDonald helped to build Pleasant Vale School and the Graham and McDonald children were some of the first students to attend the new log school house.

In November of 1926, the family was saddened by Robert's death. Bill was only 17 when

his father died, and it fell to him and his brothers to keep the farm going. After his schooling, Bill joined the harvest gangs going to the prairie by rail. Harvesting in those days was done by threshing machines going from farm to farm, the hired hands bringing in the crop with team and bundle wagon.

In late fall Bill returned to Strachan—to the family farm—and spent much of the winter on the trapline with brothers, Dick and Jock, and friends, Jim and Don McDonald. Trapping brought in some badly needed income and provided recreation, and Bill had many a tale to tell of his early trapping adventures.

Bill's next move was to Kamloops where he stayed with his uncle, George Rogers, a prospector. Bill worked with George, prospecting and diamond drilling for a year and a half and spent some time on Vancouver Island. With the advent of the great depression, mining came to a halt, so once again Bill returned to Strachan, driving his first car, a Model T Ford.

Bill's mother, Nettie, was very musical, a gift she passed on to her children. Many evenings were spent singing and playing musical instruments and Nettie often played the organ for Christmas concerts. Shortly after Bill's father died, his sister, Betty, who had a beautiful voice, sang "Daddy, Please Come Home," at the Christmas concert. It is said there wasn't a dry eye in the place. As Bill grew older he played the guitar and organ at country dances. Bill, Dick and Jock and the McDonald boys often told about the many dances they played for, sometimes travelling as far as Dovercourt.

As time went on, Bill began visiting a family further down the "creek." This was the Osborne family who had four daughters. Pat, the Osborne's third daughter, became the object of Bill's attention.

Patricia Osborne was born to Elmer and Katie Osborne at their home at Strachan on March 17, 1920. Her early years on the farm were spent helping with chores, riding horses and attending school at Pleasant Vale. School teachers often boarded at her mother's place and would walk with the children down the hill, over the foot bridge on Prairie Creek and across the field to the school. Many stories have been told about the foot bridge and how the changing seasons offered challenges to those

William (Bill) Teasdale Graham and Patricia (Pat) G. Graham married September 19, 1940.

using it—not to mention the pranks played by a few jokers.

With school behind her, Pat spend a few months in Banff working at the Mineral Springs Hospital. However, she didn't enjoy the experience and returned to Strachan to marry Bill Graham on September 19, 1940, at her parents' home. They spent their honeymoon camping for two weeks, riding horseback through the Fall Creek/Ram River country, west of Prairie Creek, and reported two weeks of sunny warm weather. So this west country has always carried a special place in their hearts.

They began their married life with nothing of their own, in one-room log cabin on Brother Dick's homestead on Prairie Creek. Bill fixed up the one room shack and added a new cook stove and bed. For their first winter Bill cut wood for the school and made a little money. Following that he ran his brother's saw mill and Pat cooked until she became ill with appendicitis. After a poorly done operation, she got an abscess and many thought she would not come through.

The next year the young couple managed to purchase the Apperson land located down the valley. There was a log house on this place which they fixed up, and Bill built kitchen cupboards. He used to walk five miles a day hunting

squirrels. He also worked in saw mills during the winters, logging and running the mill, with Pat at his side—she cooked for the crews. He was always building something, and built many boats in order to go fishing.

On November 24, 1942, their first son, Bruce, was born. The following spring their house caught fire and they lost all the treasures—wedding presents and everything, including a crib Bill had spent hours making. Back they went to the saw mill for lumber, and with neighbours' help they built a small two-room frame house before moving back to the homestead where they sawed for the winter. They had a berth nearby and by this time Bill had his own mill.

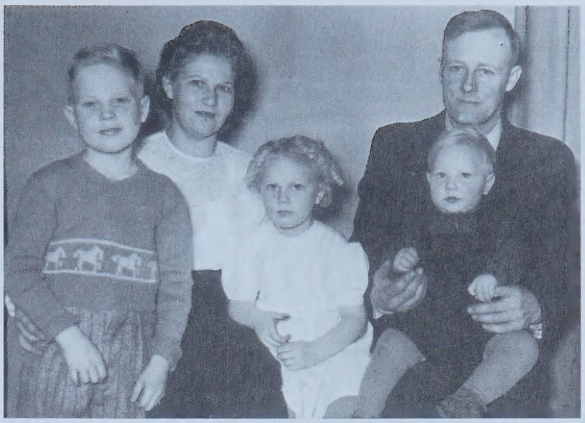
In January 1946 their daughter, Sandra, was born. Previously a bad snow storm had blown in, so Bill took Pat to town early to stay with Aunt Flo Strong and Nell Parsons.

In 1947 Bill built a camp on his own land: cook house, bunk house, horse barn, and in the fall of 1948 Bill and Pat moved the family up there for the winter. In the summer they moved home to put up hay and sawed in the winter, repeating this routine for the next two years until they saved enough money to put a down payment of the "Gaskel" and "Chesney" quarters. This land lay just across the road from the school.

Finally Pat was able to buy a new stove and sewing machine and stayed home to feed the cattle and keep things running while Bill was away sawing for the winter. Many winters she fed square bales with the pony tractor and trailer, sometimes getting stuck in snow banks. In November 1949 Keith was born to complete the family.

By 1952 Bill moved his saw mill back to the Apperson place and it is still there today. Much improved, the mill is operated by his sons, Keith and Bruce, and their families who own Strachan Forest Products.

When it was time for the children to go to school, they didn't have far to go. The Pleasant Vale school was just across the road. This school closed when Sandra was in grade eight and all the students were bussed to Rocky Mountain House. The first bus drivers were Rollie Gray and Sandy Petrovich who drove for Sorensen Bus Line. Later Slim Ruthven and his step-sons, Ken and Lawrence Stewart, drove this route for years.



Graham family, 1954. Bruce, Pat, Sandra, Bill and Keith on knee.

In July of 1954 disaster struck again. Graham's third house burned to the ground. Once again, the family lost everything they owned. That winter Pat managed to keep house in a two-room bunkhouse, which held her family of five, plus a hired man.

I can remember Keith needing to go to hospital to have his tonsils out while we were living in this bunkhouse. Dad was busy, as usual, so Mom and Keith caught a ride to town with Mrs. Myers, the mail carrier who delivered mail, hauled cream and did lots of extras for folks on her route. While Mom and Keith were gone, I decided to bake a cake for the crew, using a cake mix. I followed directions so carefully, but when Dad came in to see how I was making out, he told me the cake batter needed to be much thicker. So we added flour. What a heavy cake we had!

The following spring after the fire, Pat and Bill built a new house, which incidentally is still standing and Margie lives in it, today. Having lost our clothing, neighbours brought some and the Red Cross sent us two large boxes of bedding and clothes. Before the fire, my cousin, June Hammell, was going to live with us while her Mom was working. All of June's clothes were lost in the fire and she had to stay with Grandma Osborne.

Bill had planned to stay home for the winter, but with the house burning down, money was so scarce he had to operate the mill a little longer. So, he built another camp and worked on this berth for the next two years. In those years when Bill was away, Pat was often unable to get to town. I remember one Easter, we kids were sure

the Easter bunny wouldn't be coming, because Mom hadn't gone to town. However, when we woke next morning, there were homemade candy eggs in lovely cloth-lined baskets. I'm sure Mom must have been up all night making them.

Dad caught a sucker (fish) from the creek and put it in the water trough to help keep the water clean for the cows. It was alive and over time grew large enough to catch the attention of some mischievous young men in the district. We didn't have running water in the house, so we kept a pail of drinking water in the porch. The morning after Halloween, when we got up, there was the fish in our drinking water. Another Halloween, these same young men dismantled a wagon, hauled all the pieces to the roof of our barn, and re-assembled it again. As I recall, it was more fun putting it on the roof than it was getting it down.

After our new house was built, annual community turkey suppers were held in our large basement. These were followed by a dance in the old school hall. Alf Hooke was MLA at the time and came out to visit his constituents. My parents enjoyed these events and often hosted barn dances in the new barn they built after the house was complete. If live music wasn't available Dick Graham would play records. Dick also played records for young people's dances at the school.

During haying and harvest season, Pat was called upon to supply three big meals a day for the crew, with coffee and a lunch mid-morning and afternoon. In those days, all the neighbours helped with the harvest. The crews moved up and down the valley from Smiths, Severs, Gablers, Osbornes, Grahams and McDonalds.

Bill and Pat had a grazing lease in the Fall Creek area for summer pasture. There was never a shortage of helpers when it came time to drive the cattle to the lease. The annual cattle drive was held in June and, with their parents' consent, any "kid" who wanted to make the journey saddled up their horses and headed for the hills. We always had fun. Bill Sinclair, Ray Gilbert, Don Hunley, Miriam McDonald, Shannon McDonald, Shirley and Audrey Sever were a few who loved to make the trip. One summer a bunch of us stayed an extra week. Pat cooked for them all and everyone had a great time.

Pat and Bill were involved in their community, helping to organize community picnics and hosting a school reunion in their new barn. Both were delegates of the Alberta Dairy Pool. Bill was a member of the School Board and lobbied to get the new Pleasant Vale School built and, as a director of the REA, helped the Strachan area acquire electric power.

Like so many women of her generation, Pat could best be described as a farm wife. She was equally at home on the dance floor as she was in the kitchen, on a saddle horse herding cows, or on a tractor raking hay. She was usually the first person in the district to plant her vegetable garden and each autumn can and freeze the produce for winter. Her flower garden was also a source of pride and joy, especially in later years when Bill, too, worked in the garden. The yard bloomed with roses and sweet peas, and in the fall the apple trees were loaded with fruit—yours for the picking. Eventually, the couple who had started with so little ended up with nine quarter sections of land, one of the finest farming operations in the district. In1974 they received the "Farm Family of the Year" award, a very proud moment for the family.

In 1972 Bill felt it was time to retire—to pass the torch on to the next generation. He and Pat built a new home (where Bill had lived as a child) and spent the rest of their lives there. They both enjoyed the monthly card games, playing bridge, whist and crib, in homes around the neighborhood. During the winter Bill could be found in his workshop, where he and his son, Keith built a canoe. Family and friends have many of Bill's creations: bowls, trays, tables, display cabinets, cedar chests for the granddaughters; desks for the grandsons.

After moving to the new house, Pat raised chickens for a short time, before getting rid of them in order to spend time with Bill camping and fishing. They would load the tent in the back of their red Oldsmobile and away they would go. Later they purchased a camper for their truck and after that a motorhome and travelled to Alaska, the Northwest Territories and throughout the Pacific northwest.

When not traveling, Pat enjoyed bowling with sisters: Joan Smith, Babe Hensen and sister-in-law Betty Osborne. They were the "Fantastics." Pat also took painting lessons and left a large

William and Patricia Graham at 50th Wedding Anniversary, September 19, 1990. Back row: Shelly, Vance, Bruce, Pat, Amanda, Betty, Sandra (Graham) Kay, and Jock Kay. Front row: Ken Kroes, Donna (Graham) Kroes, Margie Graham, Bill, Keith, Billy, Jason Graham Kay and Ian G. Kay.

collection of her own paintings to friends and relatives. She also enjoyed knitting, crocheting, quilting and making rugs. Whenever a new hobby came along, she was sure to try her hand at it.

Pat and Bill were involved in the Rocky Museum, Pat as a volunteer and Bill built several cabinets for museum displays. They also donated many artifacts.

Bill and Pat Graham in 1992.

Bill passed away on May 3, 1994, and the Grahams' eldest son, Bruce, died in June of 1994. After Bill's death, Pat lived alone in her house on Prairie Creek, but life way never the same without her partner of 53 years. Yet she still took part in activities at the Pioneer Centre, went to crib games at the Legion and attended many Tuesday night bingo games at Dovercourt with her sister, Joan.

The Next Generation

At age 15 Bruce Graham and Bill Sinclair (also of Strachan) went to work for Brewsters in Banff, for two summers, coming home in the fall to go to school. The following summer they got a job at Mt. Robinson Ranch, west of Jasper. Here Bruce met Margerette Cochrane. They were married January 25, 1964, at Mt. Robson Ranch, B.C.

Bruce and Margie lived in Revelstoke and several B.C. towns where Bruce worked for the Department of Highways for a few years and then came back to help on the farm. They raised three children on the Graham farm: Donna, Shelly and Vance.

Donna, born March 1964, obtained her

University Degree in Business Management , married Ken Kroes of Calgary and they are now living in Sacramento, California where they both work for HP Computers. They have two children, Megan and Jared.

Shelly, born April 1968, went to school at Olds College for cattle management and, while in Olds, met her husband, Keith Siltala of Trochu. Shelly currently helps manage Strachan Forest Products, the saw mill her Grandpa and Dad built. Shelly also helps her mother, Margie, and brother, Vance, run Lodgepole Ranch, which is the ranch established by her grandparents. She and her family live on the original homestead (Dick's) where her grandparents started their married life in a one-room shack. Keith and Shelly have two children, Zachary and Miranda.

Vance, born September 1969, went to University of Calgary and received his Engineering degree, but when his Dad (Bruce) passed away in 1994, he came back to the ranch to help his mother on the farm. He also is involved in the saw mill. Vance married Mindy Brewer of the Cow Creek district and they have four children: Travis, Rowanna, Kari Catherine and Marcy-Jane.

Sandra obtained her secretarial diploma in Calgary, but missed the farm and moved back to Rocky where she worked for Helen Hunley Insurance, the Bank of Nova Scotia and Rocky School Division. In 1970 she got a job at the Gulf Canada Strachan Gas Plant and also that year married Wilfred (Jock) Kay who was a local forest ranger. When her children were born she became a stay-at-home mom, but is now back working at the Strachan Gas Plant. Sandra and Jock live in the Prairie Creek district, where Sandra owns the original land Robert & Nettie Graham purchased in 1914. Jock has two children: Pat and Tim, and Sandra and Jock have two boys: Jason and Kendall.

Jason Graham Kay, born January 20, 1974, has his Master of Biochemistry and is currently working at Health Research at Foothills Hospital in Calgary.

Kendall Ian Kay, born December 29, 1975, is in his last year at University of Victoria and plans to become a chiropractor.

Keith married JoAnn Paquette of B.C. in 1972. They have two children: Amanda and Billy Joe. Amanda Graham, born May 1972, has an degree in architectural design and lives and works in Edmonton. Billy Joe Graham, born September 1973, has his mechanics papers and is currently working at Fort Saskatchewan. He married Nancy Vavrek of Rocky Mountain House and they have two boys, Phoenix and Liam. Keith and Joann were divorced and Keith married Betty Fredericton in 1990. Keith and Betty live on Bill and Pat's original homestead and operate "Strachan Forest Products."

The original land that Robert and Nettie Graham and Bill and Pat Graham worked so hard to obtain still remains in the Graham family. The Strachan/Prairie Creek valley continues to be in the blood and soul of all the Graham clan. Robert, Nettie, Dick, Bill, Pat and Bruce are all laid to rest in the Prairie Creek Cemetery overlooking their beloved valley.

Of the original Graham family who moved from Scotland in 1913, Robert Teasdale Graham passed away November 1926 at the farm. Nettie Graham, the first woman director of the Alberta Dairy Pool, passed away in 1961 at the home of her son, Bill.

Richard Teasdale Graham (Dick) never married and passed away 1966.

John Teasdale Graham (Jock)married Gertie Scott. They lived in California. Jock died in 1990; Gertie, in 2000; their son, Bob in 2000. Their second son is Brian Graham.

William Teasdale Graham married Patricia Osborne and remained in the Prairie Creek Valley. He passed away May 3, 1994.

Patrica (Osborne) Graham passed away February 5, 1999.

Bill and Pat's eldest son, Bruce, passed away June 1994.

The youngest child of the original family, Betty Teasdale Graham, married Frank Bradshaw, a Forest Ranger, and spent her life in various Alberta locations. She passed away in Rocky Mountain House on January 25, 2002.

Bill and Pat left a legacy for their family which is being enjoyed today. Margie with son, Vance, still own and farm five quarters which once belonged to Bill and Pat. Keith owns two of his parents' quarters and also operates the sawmill, while Sandra owns the original home quarter purchased by Robert and Nettie in 1914, plus the quarter across the road which Nettie herself homesteaded.

GRAY, Burley
submitted by John C. Galloway

In 1864 James Burley Gray was born on his father's homestead in Blenheim Township, Oxford County, Ontario. Burley immigrated in 1880, to the Dakota Territories in the United States with his parents, John Doyle and Julia Gray, and siblings. Eventually, Burley took up a homestead a couple of miles southwest of Sanborn, North Dakota, and in 1891 he married Tryphena Craft (1870). They farmed this land throughout the 1890s and five children were born there: Rosina, Wilfred, Belle, Doyle and Sarah. In October 1901 Burl with his son and daughter, Wilfred and Belle, accompanied by Mancefield Zellers and John Craft (Sr.) left for Lacombe in the North West Territories of Canada. Tryphena remained in North Dakota with Doyle, Sarah and Rosie, because Rosie was very sick with typhoid fever. Tryphena and the kids followed in November.

Burley took up a homestead two miles south of Gull Lake, Alberta, on the NW12-40-28-W4. Here three more children, Mancefield, Oliver and George were born into the family.

While the Burley Gray family was living on the farm south of Gull Lake, Burley's eldest son, Wilfred, went on an errand into Lacombe, a distance of some 10 miles. Wilfred was in his mid-teens at the time. It was getting dark when he left Lacombe on his return trip home. There were long shadows and the night air was cool. He was getting tired, cold, hungry—and scared. As he hustled west along the road he saw a spark of light ahead, far down the road. Intermittently the light disappeared, then reappeared again, each time getting a little closer. The strange light worried him until finally he could see it was a lantern. His mother, Tryphena, had come to meet him.

By 1909 the family had moved to Rocky. As recorded in the Rocky Echo (the local newspaper), Burley operated the Rocky ferry in the summer of 1909, and continued operating it for 3 years, 1909 through 1911, resigning in September 1911.

Stepping aside to indulge in some Gray Family Folk Lore:

A Titanic of a story: ***His Majesty's Royal Ferry, "The Rocky Rock."***

Tryphena and Burl Gray on Makeshift cable car.

In the years prior to 1908 the community west of the North Saskatchewan River at Rocky Mtn. House was lobbying the Alberta government for a ferry. By 1907 the government decided there were enough settlers west of the river to warrant a ferry. So, during the winter of 1907/08 the ferry cable and metal fittings were transported to Rocky by horse and sled from Innisfail, which was the closest rail point. In the early spring of 1908 a government engineer came in to supervise the construction of the ferry. Trees were cut down and whipsawed into lumber to build the ferry. The ferry was built on a gravel bar on the east side of the river. Pylons were built on either side of the river. A deadman (a concrete block used as an anchor) was buried on the west side for the cable anchor. On the east side of the river, the deadman was set on the east slope of a narrow hill (this is still visible today). The cable was stretched across the river from deadman to pylon, to pylon to deadman. During the building of the pylons much discussion took place between Horace Churchill and the government engineer. Mr. Churchill had ferry building and operating experience and he believed some of the pylons would fail if they were constructed as planned, but the engineer insisted on designing them as he pleased. Anyway, the day came for the launching of His Majesty's Ferry, "The Rocky Rock." A bottle of the finest was broken on her bow as she was dragged onto the river with horses. The ferry floated. The next thing was to test its operation for crossing the river. So the local dignitaries boarded the "Rocky

Rock" and ferryman, Burley Gray, was asked to guide the ferry across the river on its first crossing. The ferry was set so the flow of the river would push it across to the west shore. This was done without incident and the "Rocky Rock" made a normal landing.

After handshakes, backslapping and congratulations all around, it was time to return to the east side of the river. Now the flow of the water in the river is not constant. Where the ferry crossed, the west side of the river was deeper and ran much faster than on the east side. So when the ferry was being re-positioned to make its return run, it was brought broadside to the current. At this point the river applies maximum force to the side of the ferry. What happened next was definitely unplanned; the west pylon toppled over, the cable fell into the river, the upstream side of the ferry was dragged down, water spilled in and began to swamp the ferry. For several minutes, it looked like the ferry was going to sink. Fortunately, Burley rose to the occasion, grabbed an axe and cut the ferry free from the cable. The ferry, its crew and dignitaries went floating off down the river, to be deposited a mile or so down the river when the ferry went aground on a gravel bar. Everyone was safe and the ferry was tied to a big old balm tree for the night.

The passengers and crew returned to Rocky on foot. The plan was to bring horses down in the morning and drag the ferry back up the river. However, overnight the weather turned ugly and by morning the river was much higher. When the ferry builders went to get the abandoned ferry, it and the big old balm tree were gone.

(Please note: This story is tongue in cheek. It has some fact, some fiction, some Gray family folklore and a whole lot of artistic license.)

When Burley came to Rocky he applied for homestead entry, in the name of his father, John Doyle, on the quarter north of the ferry launching area, on the west side of the Saskatchewan River (the new Rodeo site). Here he built a two-story home; here also his son, Benny, was born.

In 1911 Burley's father died and Burley and family were forced off the land. They moved across the river to Ferry Hill where Henrietta was born in 1914.

In September of 1914 the Echo reports: JB Gray family moves from Ferry Hill to Ira's (Gray) place on the west side of the river. In May 1915 the Echo reports: JB Gray and family are now in residence on Wilfred's homestead in the Ferrier District. (Wilfred had joined the Canadian Navy and served on the east coast until the end of WWI.)

Sometime, presumably at the end of WWI, Burley and family moved to Old Town into the Killicks' old store south of the railroad. The family remained there until 1922, when Tryphena with Benny and Henrietta moved their cows to her son's, Mance's, homestead on Prairie Creek. Tryphena lived out the rest of her life on Prairie Creek. Throughout her adult life she had to work very hard to feed her family. Her gardens and milk cows were her main life support. Cream from the cows was her main source of income. Whenever someone stopped by, they were always invited to stay for dinner. Like all grandmothers, she helped her family by looking after her grandchildren at various times. She also gave to the greater community by looking after neighbour's children, doing midwifery and helping out in times of sickness and injury. Her granddaughter, Evelyn, remembers her as a very neat, well-kept lady.

Another granddaughter, Eileen, remembers her grandmother as her saintly protector. The story goes that Eileen was at the farm on Prairie Creek, while her dad, George, was helping out with the haying. Tryphena had a big dog infested with fleas, and George told Eileen not to play in the doghouse. But Eileen could not resist playing in the doghouse. The result was George was going to punish her. Tryphena stepped in and would not allow George to spank her.

Tryphena passed away in 1937. She was interred in the Prairie Creek Cemetery. Many of her family and descendants are interned around her.

Burley remained in Rocky until the early 1940s, when he went over to B. C. to live with his son George. In the late 40s he returned to Nordegg to live with his daughter, Henrietta. His health was failing, so he was taken in by the Salvation Army, and lived out his life in the Salvation Army's Eventide Home at Gleichen, Alberta. He passed away in 1956 and was interred in the Pine Grove Cemetery at Rocky Mountain House.

GRAY, Curtis Doyle

I was raised ten miles west of Rocky Mountain House on a beef farm. As a teenager most of my time (when I wasn't in school) was spent either at my family's automotive shop in town or on the farm. At both locations I was doing small jobs that needed to be done. Perhaps my favorite memories are of riding through the foothills on my albino quarter-horse, Spook, accompanied by my trusty beagle, Cindy.

Curtis with horse, Spook and dog, Cindy.

At the age of fourteen I attended St. John's Boys' School outside of Edmonton, where learning was by old school methods—strong values and strict discipline were part of the curriculum. The students came from across Canada, some from England and Mexico. Coming from a small secluded community, I found it hard to adjust socially at first. The students were responsible for cooking, cleaning, maintenance and any necessary construction. There were very high physical demands which had to be met and our limits were tested as we relived the experiences of voyageurs: snow-shoeing, canoeing, dog sledding and backpacking in the mountains. It was not unusual to snow-shoe 25 miles in a day, or canoe the rough waters of the North Saskatchewan River for two days at a time. On the final canoe trip of the school term, my classmates and I paddled a distance of 360 miles on the Churchill and Waterhen Rivers in northern Saskatchewan.

Curtis and daughter, Santina.

After a year at St. John's, I returned home to complete another year of school in Will Sinclair High School before moving to Calgary at the age of sixteen to enroll in Calgary Academy. Here I spent three years until my graduation. During the summer time and holidays I worked at gas stations and moving companies to help put myself through school.

On completing high school, I attended Olds College for a year. Following that I had several different occupations, working for a short while as a private investigator for a Calgary firm before developing health problems which took me out of the work force.

My parents, Dennis and Annette Gray, lived most of their lives in the Rocky Mountain House area, as did my grandparents, Ira and Josephine Gray and great-grandparents, Tom and Minnie Gray. I have one daughter, Santina, who was born in Red Deer on June 19, 1992; two brothers, Dennis and John Gray, as well as two sisters, Debra Wynn and Janet Dornan. Having been born in Rocky Mountain House in 1970, I have many special memories of my early days in and around town.

GRAY, Dennis and Annette
submitted by Annette Gray

It was spring and the ice on the North Saskatchewan River was breaking up, cracking and popping like a high powered rifle, but that didn't stop Ira Gray from driving his car across the ice in order to reach Rocky Mountain House. The Grays were expecting their third child any day and since there was no hospital, Ira was taking his wife, Josephine, to Miss Fleming's

Nursing Home. As the story goes, Ira had just enough time to drop Josephine off in town, and drive back across the river before the ice went out. Two days later, on April 1, 1938, the ice was gone, the ferry was making its first spring crossing and Dennis Cameron Gray was born.

Dennis and his family lived on a ranch ten miles west of town. Their house sat in a grove of pine above the river and, beyond the trees, they could see the Rocky Mountains to the southwest. A spring supplied the family with cool sparkling water all year round. Using only a hammer and hand saw, Dennis's dad built the house, barn, bunk house, workshop, sheds and chicken house, single-handedly. All were constructed of log.

When Dennis was five years old, his mother began teaching at the little one-room school at Garth which was located a half mile north of present-day Garth Cemetery. So, Dennis accompanied her to school from 1943 to '46. After that Josephine resumed teaching in her home, something she had done at various times before. Hanging a blackboard on the wall, she taught Dennis and several neighbor children in the kitchen for the next five years. Unlike his sister and brother, Dennis enjoyed his home schooling, learning to write without the usual awkwardness of a "south paw." When his mother began teaching in Nordegg, Dennis attended Nordegg High School.

Dennis's brother, Roland, and sister, June, were a good deal older than he was—too old to be pals. So, except for the times his friend, Clayton Grosso, or cousins came to visit, Dennis led a solitary life. He learned to entertain himself by harnessing goats to his wagon, or taking his dog, Mickey, fishing or grouse hunting. He often tagged along after his father and, as "Daddy's helper," learned how to shoe horses, rebuild engines and cut and haul mine props. Ira was also a Guide, taking big-game hunters out each fall. One day he took a little mare out of his string of pack horses and gave it to Dennis. For obvious reasons Dennis named his pony, "Pinto," and through the years they made many a mile together.

Dennis was only seventeen when he went into business for himself, operating a dray business in Rocky, delivering groceries from the Co-op, Curley's, and Machan's to store customers. In those days almost everyone used coal to heat their homes; the elevator agent handled coal and gave Dennis a dollar a ton for delivering it to homes and businesses. After selling the dray business, Dennis worked for Bill Doyle, pumping gas, and hauling gravel, then worked for a seismic company. About this time he bought a sporty-looking green Ford car with a cream colored roof and rear fenders—a real beauty—which caught my eye in '58, when I came to teach school in Rocky Mountain House.

I was born May 11, 1937, in a small one-bedroom house in the Aurora-Carlos district about twenty miles north-east of Rocky. Similar to Dennis, I grew up in the later part of the dirty thirties when times were still regarded as "tough." Our tiny house was finished in splintery, brown shakes, walls as well as roof, and the Carlos Post Office shared our lean-to kitchen. As well as being the postmaster, my father ran a small mixed farm on two quarters of land and also hauled cream to Leedale and mail to Leslieville. Until I was twelve years old our only means of transportation was a horse drawn sleigh or wagon. There was also "shanks pony" (our own two feet) to take us wherever we needed to go. Mine carried me to and from Aurora school, four miles a day, for nine years.

My parents, William and Gertrude Lees, came from Southport, Lancashire, England, and so my sisters and I were treated as "immigrant kids" at school. I remember being teased because Mother insisted in dressing us in woolen "jumpers," the kind worn by English school girls. My two sisters, Evelyne (now Mrs. Elmer Heringer) and Doreen (now Mrs. William Thomsen) and I went to Aurora School, fifteen miles north of Leslieville. My first school year was spent in the old log schoolhouse on the hill, and Donna Robinson, Catherine Cornforth and I sat in one double desk.

My first visit to Rocky Mountain House was a real adventure. We drove 13 miles to the railway station at Leslieville, left our horses in Bell's large red barn on the north of the tracks and took the train to Rocky. What a thrill! I was six years-old at the time—my first train ride—and I recall how the fields and fence posts appeared to rush past the train window. I remember how we got off the train at the bottom of main street, walked up the hill and took a room at the Mountview Hotel. We children had never seen

water come from a tap before, so we had a great time playing at the pedestal sink, turning the tap off and on. The next day we walked down to the river. Since there was no pedestrian bridge we crossed the river by way of the railway bridge. I was so height-shy I crept across, on my hands and knees. Thank goodness my parents decided to return by ferry and spare my knees additional slivers.

Years later when Father bought our first vehicle, we came to Rocky quite often, to shop or take in a movie. One time, after the Rocky Stampede, we took a picnic lunch down to the river for an evening meal. While eating we were treated to another show—that of cowboys herding the rodeo stock, mostly horses, down to the river to drink, this being the practice before there was such things as stock-waterers. I also rode the school bus up to Rocky for Home Economics classes while attending Leslieville High School. The classes were taught by the very competent Doreen Youngstrom, (Mrs. Fred Fisher) now deceased.

I took my teacher's training at the U. of A., then taught at Taimi, before teaching in Rocky Mountain House. I planned to teach two years for the Rocky Mountain House School Division, then go to Australia as an exchange teacher. However, Dennis and his Ford car changed my mind. We were married July 12, 1959. Through the years I have taught grade one, kindergarten and, as a substitute teacher, taught grades one through twelve. When our children were in school, I taught Sunday School, helped organize a Home and School Association, initiated a drug education program and for three consecutive years took a busload of high school students to conferences in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Although I've enjoyed working with various organizations, my favorite has always been the Rocky Mountain House Girl Guides; I was a guide/ranger leader for seven years.

After our marriage, Dennis apprenticed as a mechanic and worked thirteen years for Clayton Kennedy at the GM dealership. He served on the Provincial Apprenticeship Board for fifteen years. He was—and still is—surprisingly resourceful, building a holiday trailer for family vacations in 1967. And in 1969 he single-handedly built a tractor, using parts of two worn out tractors, a model 9n Ford-Ferguson and an 8n Ford.

The following year the Rocky hospital had a shortage of hospital beds. I have good reason to remember this because I was sent home from the maternity ward, whereupon I delivered my own ten pound baby by myself—with no doctor, midwife, kinfolk or what-have-you.

Gray's Turbo Service Ltd.

In 1974 we took over the Turbo Service Station, a business which kept us working day and night. We had two tow-trucks, key-lock, bulk and retail fuel and two mechanics working in our repair shop. A café was on the premises. This was subleased to various operators, but we still had the responsibility of seeing that it ran smoothly. One of our best café operators was Dale Shippelt, who came straight out of chefs' training in Edmonton to establish himself in business. Our customers and staff were the greatest; they really were, but the long, hard hours of work required to run a 17 hour-a-day business took its toll on health and family life, especially after 1979 when we were operating a ranch at the same time.

Prior to buying our own land, we built a green cabin on the river bank on the old home place. Oh, what good times we had in that cabin! It was a wonderful place to unwind after a busy day, to sleep on the deck under the stars and listen to the sound of the river or wind in the pines. Our children, their friends, bikes, snow-machines and fishing rods all went to the green cabin, every chance they got.

In 1979 we bought our ranch and, in 1980, we built my dream house. I loved the ranch and still miss it. At one time we had over twenty registered appaloosa brood mares and always one

or two stallions. We also raised Limousine-Hereford cross cattle, the herd averaging fifty to sixty head of cows, their calves and at least two good Limousine bulls. We owned approximately 300 acres of land and leased 400 more.

All things come to an end and finally our strength gave out. On October 19, 1989, our friends, Russell, Clayton, Wes and Gladys Cole, handled a three-ring, all-day auction sale of our business, ranch and home—an emotional day which preceded our retirement.

In December '84 we made our first trip to Arizona and grew to love that particular state with its wonderful people. We bought a house in Arizona City in 1989 and spent the next eleven years (spring and autumn) biking, horseback riding and hiking desert trails. Black pigeons nested in the eves of our house and crop-dusters woke us in the morning as they flew over the cotton fields. We had our own cacti garden, complete with nesting wrens and roadrunners, our own mole digging trenches in the backyard. We baby-sat the kids next door and did volunteer work, just the same as we do in Alberta; we helped at the Eloy Food Bank; took part in park clean-ups; picnicked with "snowbirds" and full-time residents. The Arizona people treated us well and we made some great friends. We especially enjoyed the "wild west" history, so full of lawlessness and so different from our own. I became a member of the Arizona Historic Society, the Anza Society and took history and writing courses offered by Pinal County College. I still attend the Arizona and New Mexico Historic Societies' Conferences when I'm able.

I love to fly and have traveled to Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain as well as many interesting places on this continent. I enjoy oil painting, but my greatest pleasure is writing. Many of my writings have been published and I hope to have more poems, short stories and full-length books to my credit before I lay my pen down for good. Sometimes the Rocky Girl Guides invite me to go camping, hiking or horseback riding with them, and to date I have never refused an offer. Daughter, Deb, and granddaughters, Nicole and Megan, belong to the Girl Guide Organization—and joining them around a campfire is one of my greatest pleasures.

The Dennis Gray family: Janet (Gray) Dornan, Curtis, John, Annette (holding dog), Dennis (Sr.), Debra and Trevor Wynn. Front: Nicole and Megan Wynn, Terry (Salmon) Gray, Dennis (Jr.), Jessie, and Melissa Gray.

In 1992 Dennis and I moved to an acreage, half a mile south of Markerville. Property "west of the North Saskatchewan River" continues to bring us back to good ol' Rocky, as do family and friends living in the area.

Our children and their families are Dennis Alan Gray (his wife Terry and their children, Melissa and Jessie of Rocky Mountain House); Debra Ann Wynn (her husband, Trevor, and daughters, Nicole and Megan, of Rocky Mountain House); John Cameron Gray of Red Deer; Janet Cathleen Dornan (her husband, Bart, and children, Kayla and Brant, of Sherwood Park) and Curtis Doyle Gray and his daughter, Santina, of Red Deer.

GRAY, Dennis, Terry, Melissa, and Jessie

Dennis and Terry were born and raised in Rocky Mountain House. Their grandparents and great-grandparents were some of Rocky's earliest pioneers. Dennis's great-grandfather, Thomas Gray, owned the first store in the Rocky area and his grandmother, Josephine Gray, was one of the early teachers who taught in a number of different schools around the district. Johanna (Mimi) Turnquist, Terry's great-grandmother, was a midwife for many families around Rocky Mountain House. William Allen, Terry's great-grandfather, had a homestead located across the North Saskatchewan River from the old fort. His son, John (Jack) Allen, operated some of the early tie and logging camps in the area. Dennis's great-grandfather, Thomas Gray, and Terry's grandpa,

Jack Allen, had neighboring homesteads in the Garth district. The red barn, Jack Allen and Allan Turnquist (Terry's great-uncle) built, is still standing on the old Jack Allen homestead.

Dennis Alan Gray was born December 27, 1959, in the old Rocky Mountain House Hospital. He is the eldest of five children born to Dennis and Annette (Lees) Gray. He has two sisters, Debbie Wynn and Janet Dornan, and two brothers, John and Curtis Gray. He attended kindergarten in the Presbyterian Church with Grandma Josephine and his mother, Annette, as his teachers. He then went on to Rocky Elementary and Rocky Mtn. House Jr.- Sr. High School. As he grew up he was involved in hockey, Boy Scouts and swimming. In 1974 his parents acquired Rocky Turbo, which they renamed Gray's Turbo. Dennis spent the next several years working in the family business and attending high school. In his spare time he could be found on his grandfather Gray's homestead west of town, with his buddies dirt-biking in summer and ski-dooing in winter.

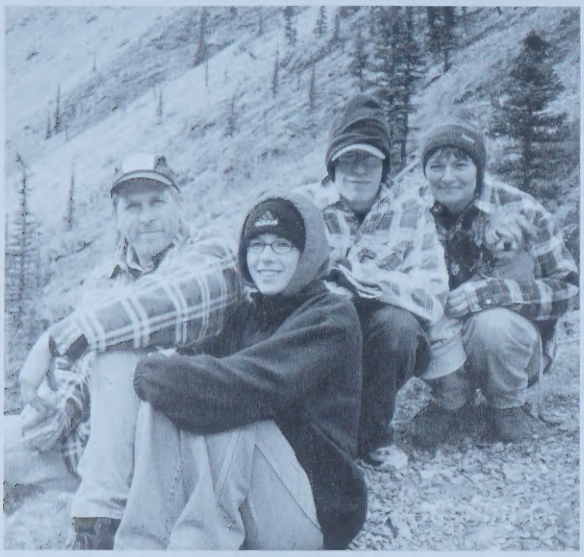
Teresa Lynn Salmon was born September 19, 1959, also at the old Rocky Hospital. She is the sixth of seven children born to Harry and Irene (Allen) Salmon. She has three sisters, Anetha Glover, Judy Lougheed and Tina Wasik, and three brothers, Arthur, Ken and Lloyd. She attended Lochearn School and Rocky Mtn. House Jr.-Sr. High School. She was a bit of a tomboy and spent much of her time following her dad around and going for rides in his big truck. Terry and her sisters were some of the original members of the Rocky Figure Skating Club. They spent many hours practicing at the Rocky Arena. In the summers Terry would ride the bus to Crimson Lake to take swimming lessons. There was nothing quite like a 9:00 a.m. lesson, come rain, shine or white caps. On Saturdays she would take her hard earned allowance and go to the Lux Theater to see the new movie in town. That was back in the good old days when fifty cents would get you in, and buy popcorn and a pop. One of her fondest memories were of the hours spent with her sisters and friends, playing in the playhouse which had been built for her mom in the early 1930s, by Big Bill Chabalo. The playhouse has been moved several times and was even sold once, only to be bought back later. It is now situated on the Salmon property west of town, just waiting for the next generation to enjoy.

After graduation in 1977, Terry's first full-time job was at Gray's Turbo where she was employed as a bookkeeper. Dennis was still working for his family and attending high school and graduated in 1978. Dennis and Terry began dating in 1978 and were married July 28, 1980. They bought a mobile home and lived half a mile west of Rocky and spent the next 20 years working and raising a family. In 1983 Dennis began his apprenticeship as an automotive mechanic and attended Red Deer College. He worked for Gray's Auto Repair Ltd. and Ed's Wireline while spending two month of the year traveling back and forth daily to school in Red Deer. In March of 1987, after four long years of work and school, he was a journeyman motor mechanic. In December of 1986 Dennis and Terry started their own business, Gray's Towing, which they still operate today.

Dennis and Terry have two children, Melissa and Jessie. Terry left her job to stay at home and raise the children. She does books for Gray's Towing and her own family's business, H.A. Salmon and Son Trucking Ltd. She enjoys her dog, Zachary, sewing, crafting, painting, and gardening. In his spare time, Dennis can be found cruising the roads of Alberta on his motorbike which he acquired in May of 2000. On August 30, 2000, Terry's dad, Harry Salmon, passed away at the age of eighty six. Although he is no longer sharing in their lives, he will always be in their hearts. In October of 2000 Dennis and Terry purchased an acreage with house and shop on it, three miles west of Rocky in Woodland Estates. Now most of their time is spent working in the shop, doing books, going for fire wood and doing yard work.

Melissa Lynn Gray was born July 18, 1981, in Rocky. She attended Rocky Elementary and was in grade eight at Pioneer School, when it was distroyed by fire. She was relocated to Will Sinclair where she stayed until graduation in 1999. In her early years she was a member of the Rocky Figure Skating Club and took swimming lessons. Melissa and her cousins, Kalyn and Kelsy Salmon, spent many hours playing in their Grandma Salmon's playhouse. Melissa has worked the last three summers at the Rocky Mountain House Historical Site as an Interpreter.

She also worked a short time at the Rocky Co-op. In September of 2000 she enrolled in Red Deer College and is currently taking her second year of Fine Arts. She loves Zachary, drawing, painting and living in the big city.



The Blackstone Gap, October 7, 2001. Dennis, Melissa, Jessie, Terry and Zack Gray.

Jessie Aaron Gray was born June 30, 1983, in the Rocky Hospital. He attended Rocky Elementary School and was enrolled in grade six at Pioneer School when it burned down. He returned to Rocky Elementary, but finished most of grade seven and grade eight in the new Pioneer School. He went to Will Sinclair High School where he graduated in 2001. In his early years he was involved in Rocky Minor Hockey and took swimming lessons. During high school he worked part-time at Alpine Drug Store and later at G.T.I. Car Wash. He is now helping his dad in the towing business, and working at Rocky Wood Preservers Ltd. Jessie loves ski-dooing and starts praying for snow at the end of October. The whole family enjoys camping and spending time out west. Melissa and Jessie especially like the time spent backpacking with their Uncle Kenny and cousins.

GRAY, Earl and Valentina (Tina)

Earl J. Gray was a longtime resident of Rocky Mountain House. Earl was born in Ozark, Michigan, in 1905, the seventh child in a family of eleven children. When he was six years old he moved with his family to the Red Deer district, and later, in 1914, the family moved again, this time to a homestead in the Carlos district, north of Leslieville.

In 1926 Earl married Tina, the youngest daughter of Edwin and Stephanida Jensen. Tina was born in Russia in 1907 and came to Canada in 1924 with her parents who had taken a homestead in the Carlos district.

A year after Earl and Tina were married, they bought a farm at Carlos. Their first child, Eileen, was born in February 1928; she married Johnny Playfair and had three boys. Johnny passed away in 1981, and Eileen in 1985. They are both buried in the Bradsaw Cemetery.

Earl and Tina's second child, Kathleen, was born November 29, 1929; she married Bruce Johnston and they have six children, four boys and two girls. Kathleen and Bruce live on an acreage just out of Terrace, British Columbia.

Nellie, the Gray's third daughter, was born July 10, 1931; she married Harry Heringer and they had a family of four girls and a boy. Their son, Wade, was killed in a traffic accident in 1969. Harry and Nellie live on an acreage east of Rocky.

Earl and Tina's son, Eric, was born on May 10, 1933; he married Betty Nickle and they had three daughters and one son. Their daughter, Darlene was killed in a car accident in 1972.

Mona, the fifth child, was born September 8, 1934; she married Glen Brun of Rimbey, and they had three girls and a boy. Glen passed away in 1993 and is buried in Pincher Creek. Mona still lives in Pincher Creek.

Jean, the sixth child, was born May 14, 1936; she married Harold Parker. They have two sons and two daughters, and live on an acreage in the Wabamun area.

Alma, the seventh child, was born October 18, 1938; she married Earl Hollingsworth, and they have two daughters and a son. Their second son was stillborn and buried on the farm. Earl and Alma live on an acreage three miles west of Rocky.

Carol, the eight and last of Tina and Earl's children, was born July 16, 1943; she married Tom Nothof, and they have three sons and live on a farm in the Hespro area.

Over the years Earl worked at several sawmills. When Earl, Tina and seven of their children were living at McTighe's mill in April of

1941, a forest fire went through the mill site. The family lost everything they owned, but were lucky to get out alive. They said the roar of the fire was so loud they had to holler to hear each other—and it was so hot, the air was suffocating. Burning pine and spruce cones and limbs from trees were falling all around them, and these started new fires. After a narrow escape, the family arrived at Tina's parents' home at two in the morning, and the children were bathed and put to bed on the floor. Later they moved back to their own farm.

In 1944 Earl and Tina moved to Jones's Mill in the Faraway area and, while living at the mill, the younger children walked to Faraway School (almost five miles each way). In 1946, Earl, Tina, their daughter, Eileen, and her husband bought a sawmill from Bob Jones. They ran the mill as a family operation until Johnny and Eileen sold their share to Tina and Earl.

Around 1952 the Earl Grays moved their mill north of Rocky and, after selling the mill, went to work at Andy Miller and later worked at Hulbergs' mill. Earl also worked for the Forestry for several years and spent one summer at a lookout tower, northwest of Rocky. They then bought a couple of lots in Leedale where Earl was a blacksmith for a several more years.

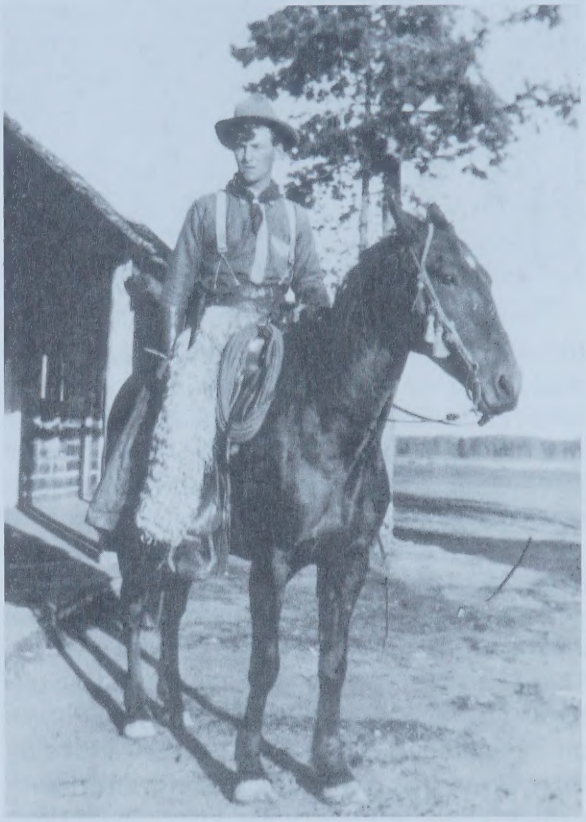
Tina loved doing ceramics, playing cards and fishing. When they lived at Leedale, she spent many, many hours down at the river fishing, enjoying the quietness as she sat by the slow moving water. She went fishing right up to the time that she was too ill to go anymore. Earl was an avid hunter, and the family ate a lot of wild meat when they were growing up. Friends say Earl was a very accurate hunter.

Tina passed away on June 9, 1961, and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery. Her father, Edwin Jensen, died two weeks earlier, on May 26, 1961, and Tina's mother, Stephanida, lived in West Park Nursing Home until her death on January 8, 1977.

After Tina passed away, Earl moved to Rocky Mountain House and went back to work for the Forestry. He married Hazel Murphy (widow of Del Murphy) in 1965. Together they bought a house in town. Hazel passed away June 17, 1972, and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

In 1977 Earl sold his house, had an auction sale and bought a mobile home which he first moved to his daughter's farm, east of Rocky, and then to Killian's Trailer Park where he resided until his passing on December 1, 1987.

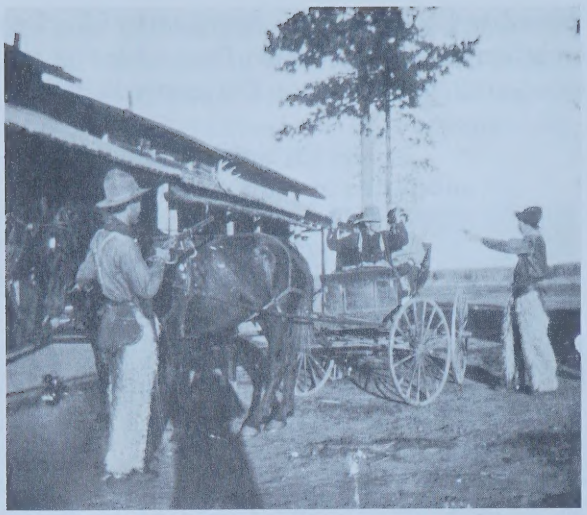
GRAY, Eph
submitted by Annette Gray



Eph Gray.

Eph was nine years old in 1906 when his father, Tom Gray, decided to sell all but eighty head of horses and move from the Slim Buttes area of South Dakota to Canada. The family first lived in the Sunset Hills before moving to Rocky Mountain House, where Tom opened a store and stopping house on the west side of the North Saskatchewan River. Eph remembered the country as beautiful, describing it as "a place where there were miles of river meadows and over a hundred miles of range land—no end of range."

The rancher's son quite naturally took to rodeo riding. When the town of Rocky Mountain House first moved to its hillside location, Eph and his brother, Ira, would saddle up a wild bronco and put on a show on main street. Ira would pass the hat, while Eph mounted up for some rip-snorting rodeo action. As the story goes,



Eph staging mock holdup in front of Tom Gray's Store.

this went on for some time until one day Eph's bucking bronc made kindling of the wooden sidewalk in front of one of the shops. Needless to say, the shopkeeper was none too happy and put an end to the only bronc riding events intentionally staged on Rocky's main street.

Yet, Eph had had a taste of rodeo which led to success. At the age of sixteen, he made his way to Calgary and on July 4, 1913, took second money in saddle bronc riding at the Calgary Stampede. That win gave him confidence to try his luck at other rodeos and he and a friend took off for Pendleton, Oregon, where they added to their winnings by taking second and third money in saddle bronc riding. From Oregon, the teenage bronc-busters went to Cheyenne, Wyoming. The friend disqualified, but Eph placed second. At that stage of the game, Eph was sure he could accomplish great things, so he signed in at a big show in Miles City, Montana.

"I met a big roan horse in Miles City," Eph said, "that threw me so high I thought I was never coming down. That fall took a lot of bronc riding out of me."

Two very subdued young cowboys returned home to Rocky Mountain House. However, after his body healed (not to mention his injured pride), Eph decided to enter another rodeo at Sylvan Lake in competition with thirty-two other riders and this time placed first. Once again rodeo drew him back, and he rode in Calgary, Edmonton, Billings and Great Falls, Montana and Buffalo, North Dakota. Eph successfully rode some big name horses of the day, such as "Brown Jug" and "Tip-top," at times winning as much as $50.00 a ride which was "quite a sum" in those days.

Eventually, Eph settled down in Colorado, but often spoke of Alberta and the town he called, "Good ol' Rocky Mountain House."

His children, all born in the States, are: Glenn, Bob, Dean, Dell and Carolyn (Gray) Gotschall. One son, Chester, was killed in action during World War II. Eph passed away at the age of 91, in 1988 and is buried in Livingston, Montana.

GRAY, Frank and Dorothy

Frank and Dorothy Gray.

Frank Gray was born and raised in the Prairie Creek district. His father was Benjamin Franklin Gray, son of Burley Gray, one of the first settlers in the Rocky Mountain House area.

Frank was the first child of Ben and Lillian (Evans) Gray's large family. He was born August 11, 1941, followed by Claude, Gloria, Glen, Joyce, Jean, Ruth, Doris, David, Grace, Stephan and Gail. Frank grew up on the farm and learned good work ethics at home, pitching in to do farm work as well as baking cakes and cookies when his mother was tending the younger children. He took his schooling at Prairie Creek, a small rural school, before being bussed to Rocky Mountain House and resumed farming, full time, after graduation. In 1964, he married Dorothy Elaine Jones, and the young

couple began their married life farming, before turning to the lumber industry. In the early 1970s, the Grays purchased their own saw mill, and in the following years have employed a large number of local men.

Dorothy Elaine (Jones) Gray was born December 22, 1946 to Frank and Mary Jones of Rocky Mountain House. A good wife and mother, Dorothy is no stranger to hard work. Besides household and farm chores, she keeps the lumber company books and, for many years, was the manager of the IGA bakery. Dorothy was very involved with 4-H as a leader when her children were growing up—and can still be found helping out with 4-H activities. Her other interests include gardening and art work, and she has some beautiful oil paintings to her credit. However, her main passion is horses; she rides, shows and raises Paints. She and her son, Ted, and daughter-in-law, Tina, have their own riding arena and manage an extensive breeding program.

Frank and Dorothy have three children and seven grandchildren. Their children are Vernon Edgar Gray born October 31, 1965; Roxane Lillian (Gray) Snyder, born July 20, 1967 and Ted, born March 30, 1970.

GRAY, Ira and Josephine

Ira Gray, 1918.

Josephine Gray.

Ira Doyle Gray was born at Sanborn, North Dakota in 1894. In 1906, he came to Canada with his parents, Tom and Minnie Gray, his brothers, Jay, Eph and Tommy and an elderly frontiersman, Mr. Churchill, whose parents had been killed by Indians in the States.

Ira and Josephine Gray.

The family first made their home in what is known today as the Sunset Hills (west of Lacombe). Here they built a two-story house beside a clear flowing spring where travellers often stopped for water.

In 1907 the family moved to the Rocky Mountain House area, settling west of the North Saskatchewan River. By the year 1910, at age sixteen, Ira was freighting goods from Red Deer and Innisfail to his father's store at Rocky and points west. A news item in the Rocky Mountain House Echo of Feb. 4, 1910 reads: "Gray brothers are making a trip to Red Deer with a number of teams and will bring back a fresh supply of goods next week for T.M. Gray." (This reference to the Gray brothers meant Ira and his brother Jay.)

In December of 1911, Ira began driving stage between Prairie Grange, the post office south of old town, and Red Deer, making a one-way trip in a day. His next job was packing with Beau Gaetz for Jack Brewster taking survey parties into the Nordegg area. (see West Country Memories)

In 1916, Ira and his brother Eph, returned to the States. At this time, the States were actively involved World War I, so both Ira and Eph were conscripted into the army. Although neither saw active duty, Ira became a Corporal in the 69th infantry, Company M.

When the war ended, Ira returned to the Slim Buttes in South Dakota where he met Miss Josephine Hanson, a local school teacher. They were married July 14, 1923, at Buffalo, South Dakota, and spent most of 1924 at Rocky Mountain House. However, Josephine was homesick for the Dakotas, so the couple returned to the

States where Ira worked in the Homestake Gold Mines at Lead, South Dakota. The couple's first child, June, was born at Lead.

In 1927 they moved back to Rocky Mountain House, making their home nine and a half miles west of Rocky on what was known as the Flitcroft Farm, a quarter Ira's father had given him. Later, Ira built a log house, barn and out buildings on his own homestead, located on the next quarter west. Ira worked at mixed farming, logging and trucking while Josephine taught school, first in her home, then in local schools, such as Garth, Buster Creek and Dovercourt. Later she taught Hutterite children near Lethbridge and Veteran, Alberta.

Ira passed away in January 1964 and Josephine in October 1992. Both are buried in Garth Cemetery—on the S.E. 13-39-8-W5, the same quarter of land which many years ago held the Grays' stopping house and store.

Josephine and Ira had three children, June, Roland and Dennis.

June and her husband, Melvin Cowie, live in Barons and have two sons, Terry and Robert: Terry and his wife, Yvonne, have two sons and a daughter. Robert and his wife, Lynn, have one a son and daughter.

Roland and his wife, Mary, had four children, Donald, Deryl, Joanne and Terrance. Donald and his wife, Patty, have three children and Donald has two children from a previous marriage. Deryl and Janet have a son. Joanne and her husband, Rob Hugill, have a son and two daughters and Terrance and his wife, Heather, have a son and daughter. Roland passed away in 1996 and is buried near his parents at Garth.

Dennis Cameron Gray and his wife, Annette, have five children: Dennis Alan, Debra Anne, John Cameron, Janet Cathleen and Curtis Doyle. Dennis (Jr.) and his wife, Terry, have a daughter, Melissa, and son, Jesse. Debra and her husband, Trevor Wynn, have two daughters, Nicole and Megan. John has no children. Janet and her husband, Bart Dornan, have a daughter, Kayla, and son, Brant. Curtis has a daughter, Santina.

GRAY, John Cameron

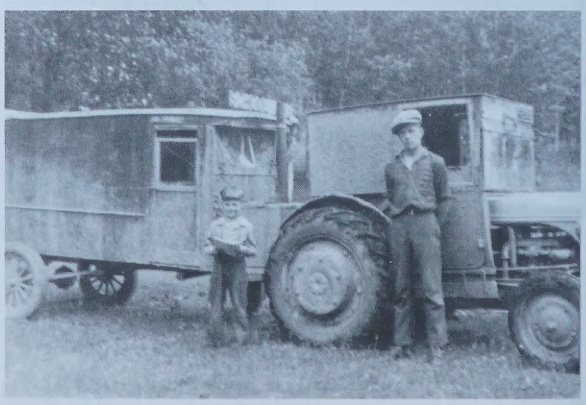
Born in Rocky Mountain House on November 27, 1963, John is the third child of Dennis and Annette Gray. He has two sisters, Debra Wynn of Rocky and Janet Dornan of Sherwood Park, and two brothers Dennis of Rocky and Curtis of Red Deer. John attended Rocky Elementary, Pioneer and Will Sinclair Schools while living in Rocky.

John Gray.

As a child John was always busy, building tree forts or biking around town with his many friends. He enjoyed camping and traveling with his family, and flew to California and Great Britain at an early age. In his preteen years he excelled in such sports as swimming, softball and hockey and later loved to ride his dirt bike and snow machine.

Much of John's childhood was spent on his grandfather's homestead, where his parents built a cabin overlooking the river. Almost every week-end his school friends accompanied him to the cabin to fish, ride bikes or horses. John had his own sorrel mare named Tammy, a high stepping part Arab—one that was a real pleasure to ride. He also had his share of pets: fish, turtles, hamsters, gerbils, snakes, cats and "Lady" his coal black terrier. After school, John worked at various jobs before health problems curtailed his activities. In May, 2001, John moved to Red Deer and is currently working as a volunteer for his church and other charitable organizations.

GRAY, Roland and Mary



Roland and Dennis Gray beside school bus which ran to Garth School.

Those that knew him called him "Rollie." I called him "Dad." My father, Roland Prestrude Gray, was born on the family homestead, located 10 miles west of Rocky Mountain House, in the fall of 1929. He was the eldest son of Ira and Josephine Gray. Dad, his older sister, June, and younger brother, Dennis, took much of their schooling at home as my Grandmother was a schoolteacher by occupation. While in his teens Dad worked with his father. Together they engaged in mixed farming raising cattle, horses, goats, sheep and chickens as well as hauling ties to the Nordegg coal mine and raw timber to the local saw mills. For a time Dad was also employed in road construction. I recall him telling stories of constructing corduroy roads across the muskeg, which is so plentiful in the foothills west of Rocky. In 1949 he went to work at the Brazeau Coal Mine located at Nordegg. His daily task consisted of working in the tipple, which filled railroad cars with briquettes.

In the fall of 1950 Dad was "swept off his feet" by Mary Ann Hvizdos. Those that knew her called her "Whizz." Today I call her "Mom." Mom was one of seven children born to John and Katharina Hvizdos, and was one and a half years of age when the family immigrated to Canada from Czechoslovakia 1928. The family settled in Bellevue, Alberta where Mom grew up and lived until, when seeking employment, she moved to Rocky. When they met, my mother was working as a nurse at the hospital in Rocky, which at that time had only 21 beds. Mom was residing in the nurses' quarters, located on the second floor of the Hospital. Dr. A.C. Greenaway Sr., Dr. A.C. Greenaway Jr. and Dr. Houston were the hospital physicians. Mom worked under the supervision of the Matron, Mrs. Wood, and Assistant Matron, Ms. Velma Daye. The nursing staff worked a 12 hour "split shift," with the exception of the night-shift where they would work 12 hours straight, 7 p.m. – 7 a.m. They were entitled to one day off per week. Mom's wages were $100.00 per month, plus room and meals.

In 1952 at Bellevue, Alberta, my Mother and Father were married in a small Catholic Church and the couple continued to reside in Nordegg. Dad continued to work at the coal mine while mom worked as a nurse at the Nordegg Hospital. At this time Nordegg was a thriving community, the hospital was small and its beds were only open to emergency and maternity patients. Speaking of maternity patients at the Nordegg Hospital, in the spring of 1953 my mother became one when I, Donald Roland, was born. Not many persons in this world have "Nordegg, Alta," on their birth certificates, but I do and I am very proud of it. While in Nordegg, Mom and Dad lived in a three-room house; it had a kitchen, living room and bedroom. I recall my mother saying that when seated at the kitchen table in this home one could access all the cupboards and the stove without leaving the chair. The rent was reasonable by today's standards, $10-$12 per month, with electricity and coal included. In 1954 the coal mine at Nordegg ceased operation. Mom and Dad moved to Rocky in that same year.

Dad was then hired, as a driver, by Sorensen Bus Lines of Red Deer and drove the route between Rocky and Red Deer. The bus traveled twice daily between the two communities. Dad and Sandy Petrovich shared the driving duties of this route, as well as sharing a school bus run. Sorensen Bus Lines was eventually purchased by Cardinal Bus Lines. In 1970 Cardinal was taken over by Coachways and in turn Coachways was purchased by Greyhound. In total Dad was behind the wheel of a bus for 35 years and traveled well over 5 million miles. Dad received numerous Safety Awards from the companies that he drove for, one of which was Greyhound's 25 Year Safety Award. This award represented 25 "consecutive" years of safe driving. This award was quite an accomplishment as a driver could lose the year's award by just backing over a piece of freight that a freight handler had inadvertently misplaced. Dad retired, from Greyhound in 1989, but continued to drive a school bus, as well he drove a bus belonging to the Westview Lodge. This bus transported senior citizens on sightseeing tours and to various events throughout the Province.

My Father had a love for the outdoors. He enjoyed camping, hunting, fishing and playing golf. My fondest memories are of family camping trips at Goldeye Lake, Sunday drives around "The Loop" and being with Dad on the annual elk hunting trip. Mom shared the same interests, but the hunting should be excluded. Mom was a "crack shot" with a rifle, but would refuse to harm an animal, although I have seen her

Roland and Mary Gray.

reel in many a fish. For Mom and Dad to go ice fishing at Cow Lake became an expensive outing as in total I believe Mom lost three rods and reels through the ice. Mom had the habit of standing over the hole in the ice; she would place the lure in the water, then set the rod on the ice in order to don her mitts. A fish would inevitably strike the lure while she was attempting to put on the mitts, and her precious fishing gear would be pulled to the depths. One would think that one would learn from one's first mistake, but "three times." As well as fishing Mom enjoyed sports. She would curl and bowl during the winter, played softball and golfed in summer.

In total Mom and Dad brought four children into the world. I have two brothers (Deryl Allan and Terrance Neil), and a sister (Joanne Marcia), and they had the privilege of being born and raised in Rocky. We all share our parent's appreciation for the outdoors and sports. As my siblings and I were growing up Mom and Dad always kept us active in sports. Mom says that they did this in order to "keep us out of mischief." I believe their tactic worked.

Dad passed way at the Rocky Hospital in the fall of 1996 after a prolonged battle with cancer.

I, Donald Roland Gray, am married to Patricia Margaret (Daughter of Robert and Margaret Manning of Turner Valley, Alberta). I have six children: Bradley Donald, Jamie Leanne, Christopher Robert, Matthew Ira, Aaron Joel and Lindsey Dawn. I joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1975 and as of this year have served a total of 27 years in the force. Patty has a successful career in real estate.

Deryl Allan Gray is presently living near Red Deer with his spouse Janet Sydorko. (daughter of Fred and Agnes Sydorko of Fairview, Alberta).

Roland and Mary Gray Family.

Deryl and Janet have one child: Rylan Patrick. Deryl and Janet are presently employed by Telus where both have worked since 1979.

Joanne Marcia Gray is married to Robert Lyle Hugill (son of John and Rita Hugill of Calgary) and they are presently residing in Brooks, Alberta. Together they have three children: Eric Robert, Lauren Marcia and Jordyn Kelsey.

Rob has been employed by Alberta Environment since 1990 and is presently the Chief Conservation Officer at Dinosaur Provincial Park. Joanne is an educator and is presently teaching school in the town of Brooks.

Terrance Neil Gray is married to Heather Lynn Brosinsky (daughter of Ray and Joyce Brosinsky of Rocky) and they reside in Rocky. Terrance and Heather have two children: Nolan Mathew, and Kieren Jean. Terrance has been employed by Gulf Canada since 1989. Heather is a successful Bookkeeper as well as home-maker.

GRAY, Thomas Mariner & Elma Minnie
by Josephine Gray

Thomas M. Gray and Elma Minnie Gray came to Canada settling first on a place in the Sunset Hills, west of Lacombe.

Thomas Mariner, or Tom, as he became known, was born at Berlin, Ontario, in 1861. Later, the name was changed to Kitchener. Elma Minnie was born at Drumbo, Ontario, in 1860.

Their parents moved to North Dakota where the young couple met and were married. To this union were born twelve children, four of whom died in infancy.

Tom and Min Gary.

At first they lived at Sanborn, North Dakota. After a few years of crop failures on the dry prairie, Tom turned to other means of support for his family. For some time he dug wells by hand and one winter he spent in Duluth, Minnesota, selling eggs and butter for farmers. They would bring their produce to him which he peddled from door to door. He took on building contracts and used a mixture of stone and sand called grout and these buildings withstood the ravages of wind and weather for many years.

Tom was a born trader and soon developed a business. He often told how he paid two dollars for a shot-gun, traded the shot-gun for a calf, the calf for a crippled mare and kept the mare, "Old Daisy," as the family fondly called her. She produced many foals, always mares, some of which he brought to Alberta.

While in the feed and livery barn business, some men came in with a few carloads of wild Montana horses. Tom made a deal with them. He would sell the horses on commission, on his own terms. They would be sold over a period of three years collecting the money every fall after harvest. He sold them all and this got him started in the business of horse-trading.

One time in St. Paul, Minnesota, he was told that the city was replacing its mule-drawn cars with electric driven cars. He traded cattle for the mules and took the mules back to North Dakota. He then sold the mules to farmers.

In 1897, he took his family and cattle to the Slim Buttes, South Dakota where they spent the winter. Ranchers by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Hodge, gave them part of their house to live in. Mrs. Hodge was pleased to do this as she had not seen a white woman for a whole year.

The cattle wintered without much loss but the family went back to North Dakota in the spring and they settled at Elm Coulee, forty miles southeast of Bismarck. The two youngest children at that time were Ira, three years old and Eph, a baby in arms.

There Tom went into the business of buying, selling and trading horses, farm implements and surreys. Then the land was opened to homestead entry and Tom began to look elsewhere.

He had become friendly with a Mr. Churchill who was a steam engineer for his father who

owned and operated several steam-driven threshing machines. Mr. Churchill's parents had been killed by Indians and he and his sister had been raised by their grandparents in Illinois.

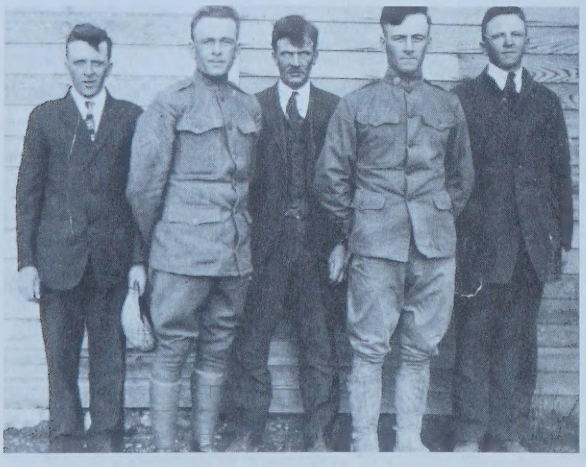
Tom Gray and Mr. Churchill made a trip to Alberta the spring of 1906 with his wife Minnie and four sons, Jay, Ira, Eph and Tommie. They came to Alberta to find a new home. With them they brought 70 head of horses, farm implements, household effects and a large amount of money.

They came first to the Medicine Lodge Hills, (now the Sunset Hills), near where a brother was already living. Winter came early but they managed to put up log buildings for themselves and a few cows.

While there, they met a Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and their family who were the first people to settle west of the Saskatchewan River, near the Old Fort, at Rocky Mountain House.

The Gray Family and Mr. Churchill made several trips also to this area and in the Spring of 1908, they too settled there permanently. Their homestead was S.E. 13-39-8-W5 but very little of the land was surveyed at that time. It was registered in his name March 17, 1913 and remained his until January 19, 1939, when he traded this quarter to Albert Leroy McNallie.

According to reports in the Echo, Rocky Mountain House's first newspaper, Tom opened a store sometime prior to February 4, 1910, as an ad in that edition reads. "...We are going to keep for convenience to the settlers, an assortment of everyday articles: Coal oil; breakfast foods, flour, canned goods, sugar, coffee, tea,



Sons: Frank, Ira, Charlie, Eph and Tommy Gray.

Tom Gray and bears, Jack Greer with dog in background.

tobacco, beef, mitts, overalls, rubbers, etc., Thos. M. Gray, two miles west of chimneys."

By May of 1910, Tom and his sons were freighting supplies from Innisfail to the store which he advertised in the Echo as RK'Y M'T HOUSE STORE. In 1912 Mr. and Mrs. Spence rented Tom's store. Then for a short while, before or after 1912, Tom leased the store to Jack Killick who had fallen on hard times, due to the railway bypassing the store the Killicks had opened in Evarts. Tom brought the Killick family home one day by team and wagon—a good thing, too, for the Killick family have certainly been an asset to the Rocky Mountain House community. Killicks did not stay long on the west side of the river, but soon moved uptown, partnered with Joe Cony and operated the Killico Stores: a drugstore, clothing store, grocery and hardware.

On the hillside overlooking the store Tom made plans for a cemetery. His son Eph recalled how his father stopped a group of C.N.R. surveyors (then surveying the railway a quarter mile away) and asked them to survey an allotment for a cemetery; 1.06 acres were surveyed and registered April 9, 1929 as Garth Cemetery. (Land title certificate No. 14). His granddaughter Maxine and her husband Hugh LaSalle made a further donation of 0.56 acres in March 15, 1972. William J. Fisher donated 0.87 acres April 1st, 1963 to bring Garth Cemetery to its present day size of 2.49 acres. (Land title certificate No. 229).

Ironically, Tom's grave there lies empty. In May 1941, at the age of 80, he wandered away and was presumed drowned.

He had acquired several farms from settlers who sold out and moved away. Each of his children were given a farm but those in the United States could not pay the taxes, during the depression, and gave up their titles.

The last days of Tom and Minnie were spent in a nursing home, until Tom's disappearance. His obituary refers to his wishes to be known as an honest horse trader. Minnie passed away in October 1941, and so ended the last of two hardy pioneers of the west.

GRAY, T .W . (Tommy), 1903-1975, and Filomena, 1910-1997
submitted by Maxine Lasalle

Tommy was born in Sanborn, North Dakota and came to Canada with his parents, T. M. and Elma Minni, when he was just three years old. They spent the first winter near Lac-ombe and the next year moved on to Rocky Mountain House. Eventually settling on a quarter section which included what is now the Garth Cemetery. His early years were spent at home helping his folks and trying to keep up to three older brothers Eph, Ira and Jay. He received the equivalent of a grade three education from a teacher, and from that point on "the three R's" were self-taught.

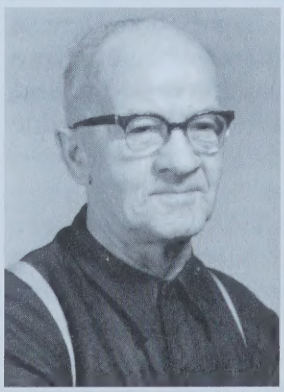
Tommy Gray, just before or after coming to Canada.

In 1926 he married Filomena Mary Grosso, the only daughter of Sam and Angelina Grosso of Horburg. They had four children, Clifford 1927-1957, Maxine 1934, Keith 1941-2000 and Bryan 1945. They lived in several different places at first, but eventually settled on a quarter section just east of Ferrier. The spring of 1934 they lived in a tent, until they built a one room log house which was home for the next fourteen years.

Clifford and I went to Garth school. I have many fond memories of school days and life on our little mixed farm. There was no phone, no electricity and only outdoor plumbing. Water was first hauled by hand from a spring nearby, and then dad had a well drilled, so we could just use the pump in the yard. What a luxury, but the water was rusty. If you pumped long enough it would come clear.

We children thought we had a great time in those days. Mom would can vegetables from the garden and wild game. She made wonderful breads etc. Homemade ice-cream, fudge and pull-toffee were treats. Mom was always sewing, knitting or mending and always milked the cows. Dad surprised us one year with a nice new bob-sleigh for the hill just west of the farm. I often wondered why we couldn't go into the garage; the reason was he was hiding our secret Christmas gift.

At first Mom and Dad tried to make a living off the land, but it was pretty hard, so dad ventured out to work in lumber mills, hauled ties etc. After that he went to operate the ferry across the North Saskatchewan River at Rocky Mountain House for a couple of seasons. Then he went on to operate heavy equipment, spending many years with the forestry and Camp Fifteen (Atlas). He also wrote for a class A guide license which he received and spent some time guiding for outfitters out of Caroline, west to the foothills. This he really enjoyed. About 1947 we moved into town where Dad eventually went to work as a janitor, at Lochearn School.



Tommy Gray.

Filomena (Grosso) Gray.

He maintained the grounds in summer months. His greatest passion was working with "Knurls and Burls" (gnarled tree trunks and branches), from which he made ornamental tables, lamps etc. The yard and half the basement were full of these.

After spending Christmas 1974 with us in Calgary, Dad left on a holiday to see his niece, Alma Anderson, in California. She took him to the Rose Bowl parade in January 1975. He stayed to enjoy the nice weather and the rose gardens Alma had in her yard. On January 23, while still in California, he passed away in his sleep. He is buried at Garth Cemetery.

The first few years in town, Mom did housecleaning, washing and ironing for folks around town. She then went to work at Cony's store. She stayed there until 1975, at which time she moved to Calgary to live with me and my husband, Hugh, and our family. One day, when she was out for a walk, she bumped into Eller Scott, an old friend from Rocky, who lived near us. After that Mom and Eller had great times visiting. They also joined the grand-parents' day at a school nearby, where they went once a week to listen to the little ones read.

When her quality of life went downhill, due to a stroke, she moved into a lodge for three years. From there she went to the Fanning Center for five months and passed away in February 1997. Tommy and Phyl had eight grandchildren and to date there are four great-grandchildren.

My youngest brother, Bryan, and his wife, Brenda, still make their home in

Calgary and have one son, Nathan, who is now married and living in Calgary.

Keith's family, Thomas, Scott, Sylvia and their mom, Joan, all reside in Edmonton.

Hugh and I still live in Calgary. Son, Dennis, and his wife, Judy, recently arrived home after a lengthy stay overseas. Daughter, Gwen, and son, Ewen, and Ewen's wife, Tanya, all reside in Calgary.

GREEN, T. D.

T. D. , the name by which he was known, was a veteran of the 1897 Yukon gold rush and kept gold nuggets as mementos of that experience. A government land surveyor, he was in charge of a survey party which surveyed the area west of Rocky Mountain House. On his retirement, he built a home south-east of the town on a site adjacent to the original highway to Red Deer.

In early 1911 a small business community had established itself near the east side of the North Saskatchewan River, where the terminal of the Central Alberta Railway, a subsidiary of the C.P.R., was under construction. The terminal was to be called "Lochearn," and a high level bridge over the river would permit extension of the railway some fifty miles west to the Brazeau Collieries, later to be called "Nordegg." As it turned out, however, the Canadian Northern Railway which had constructed a competing line from near Red Deer built the extension line to the Collieries.

It became evident to the business men in the community that its location was not suitable for future expansion. A group was organized to find an alternative site. The obvious choice was a quarter-section of land, north and east belonging to J.H. Bertrand who agreed to sell all the land, except a few acres where his home sat in the north-west corner and a cultivated field on the east side. The Central Alberta Town Site Company was formed, acquired title, and the services of T.D. Green retained to survey the new town site, which in due course was named Rocky Mountain House, after the Hudson Bay Fur Trading Post a mile west of the river.

An incident arising out of T.D. Green's survey party's activities in the area west of Rocky Mountain House merits telling. A member of the survey party was a young man by the name of Jack Mooney who lived with his parents on a ranch in the Buster Creek area, north west of Rocky Mountain House, not far from the Baptiste River. His mother was Mrs. T. D. Green's sister. On a late summer afternoon, in the course of his duties, Jack came across a small lake about nine miles northwest of Rocky Mountain House, ablaze with crimson colors from the setting sun. He spontaneously called it "Crimson Lake," the name by which it is still known.

GREENAWAY, Dr. Alfred Clayton and family

Dr. Alfred Clayton Greenaway was born in Lindsay, Ontario, November 13, 1885, the son of William John and Margaret Greenaway. He was the youngest son of a family of four, including

two girls, Sadie and Jean and two boys, Etley and Allie.

One of Etley's four sons is Brigadier General Keith Greenaway (retired) who was awarded the McKee Trophy, a Canadian recognition for his development of polar aerial navigation. Another interesting nephew of Dr. Greenaway was his sister Jean's son, the late Dr. A. C. Forrest, who was editor of the United Church of Canada monthly 'Observer', and sometime television personality. Dr. Forrest may be remembered by families in the Raven –Stauffer region where he was a student missionary in1939. He lived at the Dazall's and covered his mission field on horseback. Dr. Forrest died December 26th, 1978.

Dr. Greenaway went to school as a boy in Eden and Mariposa and later in Lindsay and Toronto. He graduated in Medicine and Surgery in 1916 and then moved west to practice with his brother-in-law, Dr. J. E. Lovering in Lethbridge. He soon opened his own office in Raymond, Alberta where he remained for six years.

Nursing Sister Agnes Huston, RRC, returned from overseas in 1918 at which time she and Dr. Greenaway were married. Their first son, Alfred Clayton (Allie) was born in Raymond in 1919.

The family moved to Killam, Alberta in 1922, where the other two sons were born. James Edward (Ted) was born in September, 1924, and William Lewis Garth was born in December, 1925.

As the depression dragged on, Dr. Greenaway accepted a contract in the Coal Branch to look after the miners and their families in Mountain Park. His family followed as far as Edmonton.

When Agnes Greenaway died of pneumonia in April 1931,the doctor moved to Rocky Mountain House to take over the practice of Dr. Hill who was moving to Calgary. The three boys went to Lethbridge to live with their Aunt Sadie and Uncle Jim Lovering where they remained until Dr. Lovering died in 1937.

Each of those summers saw the boys bussed to Rocky to spend the summer with their Dad. In the fall of 1937 they became full-time residents of Rocky with their citizenship being established in a brief fist-fight between Garth and Bruce Schuell on the first day of school.

In 1940, Dr. Greenaway and Signe Adella Nelson were married in Rocky. They bought the Edgar home and the three boys joined them there. In 1943, Sadie Margaret was born. She grew up and received her education in Rocky.

Dr. Greenaway practiced medicine in Rocky for 21 years. That practice included many wild tales of mud roads, frantic trips to the Red Deer and Bentley hospitals, perilous storms and limited facilities.

The stories of Dr. Greenaway and his travels throughout the district would fill a book. In the early days of his practice few families had a car. Therefore they had difficulty getting to the doctor. In those days it was the Doctor who went to the patient. One night we all remember well was in early winter, when there was too much ice in the river for the ferry and not enough ice to drive on. Dr. Greenaway was returning from the West Country with a maternity patient in the back seat of his car. The river ice was dangerous, but so was delivering babies in the back of your car. He started across and the rear of his car broke through the ice. All the occupants were thoroughly soaked in the frigid water, but all escaped. When the Doctor removed his frozen overcoat in the Mountview Hotel lobby, it stood up by itself. The mother and baby were fine in spite of this harrowing incident.

The Doctor lost his car on a ferry crossing another night enroute to the Lake to re-supply the boys. After driving onto the ferry he was required to back up so the ferry could commence its journey across the river. Unfortunately, the cable was not in place and he backed his car off the end of the ferry. The ferry travelled about half way across the river towing the car which eventually dropped off and settled to the bottom. O.P. Thompson drove the ferry back and forth while the Doctor tried to jump from the roof of the car onto the ferry. He finally made it. After spending a night in the river his Chevrolet was much the worse for wear, as was Nancy Brett's suitcase full of clean clothes.

In one of his early trips in the Rocky district he stopped in at Bob McCallum's at Leslieville on his way north to find a maternity patient who was overdue in Rocky. There was a fierce blizzard blowing, and Bob related that the Doctor was wearing a bowler hat, unlined gloves, toe rubbers and spats. After a brief conversation with Bob he headed north. He travelled until his car became stuck in a deep snowdrift. He then walked until he came upon a farmhouse. As the

couple at the farm had no vehicle suitable for the conditions, they gave him a horse. He wasn't too keen a rider but away he went. As the storm increased in fury, the horse became more intent on turning away from the wind and blinding snow. The Doctor soon lost his temper, turned the horse loose and walked on. He finally found the family he was looking for, the new addition had arrived ahead of him, and no one seemed too concerned. He made the trip back to collect his car which had been removed from the snow bank by the farmer who owned the horse. He returned to Rocky via Leslieville, stopping in to say hello to Bob McCallum, still wearing his bowler hat, unlined gloves and spats.

Garth well remembers driving in from the Beaver Flat area on one occasion when he was about fourteen. His father was in the front seat watching a maternity patient in the back who was being transported to the Rocky Hospital. He told Garth "If I say stop, just stop long enough for me to get in the back, then let her slide." When he decided to get in the back to staunch the hemorrhage, the car was still travelling at a fairly high speed. Luckily we had running boards in those days. At about 85 m.p.h. up the gravel road to Rocky it didn't take long to get to the emergency entrance at the east end of the old hospital. After its arrival, Dr. Greenaway brought the new baby out to show Garth. He remarked to the little one "I thought your mother might try that, she did it once before, you know!"

One of the most difficult journeys of his career was made by Dr. Greenaway a month before he died. When he received word that Ronnie Lyle had been mauled by a bear and seriously injured, he travelled to Phoenix by car, crossed the river by cable car, rode behind a tractor sitting on the pole wrapped in a blanket. When the tractor could go no further he started to walk in this mountainous terrain.

It soon became apparent he could go no further as he was experiencing difficulty in breathing and feared he might not survive. The young man accompanying him went on ahead on foot and returned with a saddled horse. The Doctor got on and although it was uncomfortable it was better than walking. Ronnie was eventually flown to Rocky by Clyde Cipperly of Olds. The Doctor arrived home a day and a half later, weary, sunburned but satisfied with his efforts. When one of his concerned sons inquired why he felt it necessary to do this sort of thing at this stage of the game, he replied, "Because Ronnie knew I would come."

The Doctor belonged to the Masonic Order and the Oddfellows. He loved flowers, books, good china and especially people. His love of the farm and livestock was a natural outgrowth of his boyhood on the farm in Ontario; but mostly he loved the practice of medicine and through it his close involvement with people.

Doctor Greenaway had a heart attack on the way home from Red Deer on October 2, 1952. He was taken from Sylvan Lake to the Red Deer Hospital where the boys left him next morning "feeling much better." They returned to find he had gone. He was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House, October 7, 1952.

Shortly after Dr. Greenaway and the boys started living in Rocky, Allie went to Red Deer to finish High School. He started University in Edmonton in the fall of 1937, entering the Faculty of Medicine. He took a break during the war and worked as a timekeeper for the NAR while the Alaska Highway was under construction. The most memorable part of this effort occurred in Dawson Creek when the huge dynamite cache exploded and Allie flew across the street accompanied by a lift of plywood. He said he was uninjured, but impressed. He returned to University and became a Doctor in 1947. He practiced with his father for some time in Rocky and with Dr. Coppock in Eckville. After a stint in Consort, Allie went to New York and Norfolk, Virginia for post-graduate study. Since 1953 Allie has practiced medicine in Toronto. He had serious difficulties with his heart in 1966 which required the installation of a pace-maker. Consequently he can't walk as long and as fast as he used to. He is still interested in languages. Dr. A. C. Greenaway, Jr., has recently studied Portuguese which enables him to communicate with many of the immigrants who have arrived in his area of Toronto.

When Dr. Greenaway (Sr.), Ted and Garth took up residence in three rooms of the Mountview Hotel they took their meals with the 'regulars' like Mr. Hall and Pat Patterson of the Forestry; teachers like John Gillis and G.V. Jones; George Page, the dentist; Tom Brownlie and his bride. And, of course, Charlie Bruce, Jock

Mellor, Scotty Keith and Jock Newsham. The nightly arguments with salesmen, who took advantage of Gus Urch's cuisine and sample room, gave the boys an understanding of politics that wasn't readily available in more formal lectures. MacKenzie King, R.B. Bennet, William Aberhart, the Massey-Harris Company and the Red Deer Hospital Credit Manager were discussed at some length.

Scarce pocket money was earned by the boys running a messenger service from the pay phone in the hotel rotunda. A three or four block run netted a quarter. Keeping Gus Ureh's showcase filled with cigars and gum, and turning off neglected lights in empty hotel rooms could net another ten cents a month. As a reminder, if payment lagged at the end of the month, the hotel would suddenly be lit up like a church. But mostly Gus Urch paid the boys on time. Empty beer bottles were purchased at the Bar door. Any empties left in the rooms by hotel guests became the property of the hotel unless given to the boys by the guests. There is no record of how many guests actually knew they donated bottles to the boys, but Mr. Urch bought them all anyway. Washing cars in the river cost a dollar. Driving to and from the river was the wash boy's privilege. Margaret Kirby offered a dime for the first car wash she had, but driving the car back and forth in the river to "wash the bottom" cost about a dollar for gas, wear and tear anyway.

In the years when Bill Ellenburgh's rink was not operating and before the town built the new rink, bobsleighing was one of the evening entertainments. A bobsleigh required a sixteen foot plank purchased (or rustled) from the Atlas or Charlie Bruce's pile behind the hotel. Bertrand's shop supplied the tools; Serky (Henry Jr.) supplied the skills; Ted supplied the boards and Cony's Mutual supplied the sleds. A cat steering wheel with quarter inch rope and a broomstick became the steering apparatus. Many, many exciting evenings were spent sliding down main street or Brown's hill racing Bronc (Cameron) Allen and Merlin Smith. Bronc built a huge convertible on his bobsleigh which seated three while Merlin built a bus on his bobsleigh, painted red, complete with foot warmers. Garth, Cecil Sorensen, Mary and Mildred Kramer, and Alice and Doug McLean were often members of this sleighing group. Eventually, one could run from the hospital to the river ice without getting off to push. One evening Garth clocked Truman Findlater at 35 m.p.h. on a bobsleigh on the river hill. One Sunday afternoon stands out in Ted's memory, his dad insisted that he take Mrs. McKinstry for a ride as she was out walking with her husband Jack. The hill was so slick that day that Ted missed the corner near the bottom and Mrs. McKinstry was deposited head first in a snowbank, legs a-waving, much to the glee of the driver.

The 9 p.m. siren meant the end of sliding for the day. There was more than one instance of a quick swing around Mr. Bert Herford, the town policeman, just after the siren blew. He seemed to understand us all too well and didn't get too upset. The advent of the new rink and the chance to play hockey spelled the end of the bobsleighing era. Also, the party who drove his bobsleigh under Teddy Brett's car didn't help the cause much either. Mr. Brett, the local magistrate, felt that stop signs were to be obeyed—even by bobsleighs!

Skating on Mud Lake was fun in the fall before the rink was ready. One can remember running all the way to the lake to skate in the moonlight and then warm up by a big bonfire. Skate laces were raw-hide in those days and we could get them right by the Lake at Arnold and Henry Orava's tannery.

Halloween night in Rocky was the night you bummed apples from the people you had upset the night before. The night before Halloween was called Gate Night which is unique to Rocky. It included artistic efforts like putting large cable spools on top of the school chimneys. This made it very smoky in the school early in the morning. Or unhooking the bell rope from the bell so 'Guvnor' (Mrs. Sims) couldn't ring the bell. Then there was the hay and goat episode when Gigliotti's goat spent the night tied to George Jones' desk. The fully assembled wagon looked eerie parked on the school roof in the early morning light. These efforts must have rivaled the construction of the pyramids. Most years the boys were kept at home under parental surveillance to keep them out of trouble, which it did. It also made sure they were stuck in school the following day when the older boys were sent out by Mr. R.G. Williams to upend the efforts of the night before. In later

years they got out but things were quieter then. On at least one occasion Garth's horse, Babe, was used in these endeavors. Garth claimed that with a horse to help it really was a pushover.

Summers were special. In the late thirties we watched Steve Chisholm Jr. and Bill White Jr. build a log cabin across the lane from Miss Fleming's Nursing Home. That's when we found out the meaning of the word "rustle." It looked quite a bit like swiping to us kids from Lethbridge. However, if we wanted to get into the shack we had to bring some boards or logs. So, we rustled them and it was a lot easier than we had thought. Steve was great at wiring things. It was his idea to string fine wire along the fences from his house to Alexanders, where the Greenaway boys were spending the summer and hook an earphone on each end. Alexander Graham Bell may have had a telephone sooner, but Steve's was cheaper. It may have been an accident but Steve, while crossing the road, tossed the wire over the Forestry's line. We had the latest information available on the current crop of forest fires. We'd like to have sold the information to Mrs. Grace "Scoop" Schierholtz of the Mountaineer, but she seemed more interested in the Ogopogo in those days. Steve's electrical activities reached a sort of peak when he wired the seat in the biffy behind their place. His dad still holds the record for the trip to the house to get a hammer to remove what he thought was a nail. Steve nipped smartly in while his dad was in the house and removed the offending wire.

For Ted and Garth, living at Crimson Lake in the summer with really nothing to do seems a dread, even today. Existing on a diet of toast, pork and beans and puffed wheat in bushel bags was simple enough. Walking three miles with three quarts of milk in a gunnysack was a feat worthy of note in those days.

The summer trips to Sylvan Lake in the back of Jack Edgerton's big new truck sponsored by Wong Fong (Shorty) from the Modern Café, with all the ice cream, pop and hot dogs you could eat free, was an outing relished by the kids from Rocky. We often wondered if those two gentlemen really understood what a rare treat they supplied. We suspected they did. Riding around in Jack's truck, and trying hard to remember not to slam the door, is a cherished memory. Did the sun really shine all summer? Years later in the Bus Depot restaurant in Red Deer, Shorty would smile at a passing passenger and say "Wait a minute...you Billy Greenwood kid? " He seldom missed.

For a couple of summers Garth and Ted swam in the "frog pond" with their friends. They poled a raft back and forth with Emily Gibson and Waddy, Bruce Schuell, the Kramers and Grum Saad. The frog pond was located in the W.T. Alexander prop pile beside the elevator and behind Teskey's Imperial Oil Tank. Ted quit smoking that year when he was banned from the pond for three days because he had been caught smoking. Probably a five pack of turrets. He was nine. When it was rumoured that the Melton Hotel dropped its wastewater there, some of the charm vanished. There was still a big pile of sand to jump into from the top of the boxcars. We remembered Dad sewing up a hole in Wesley Teskey's neck when he fell in between the cars by mistake. Gordon Payne used to give the Greenaway boys rides in his C.P.R. engine in the summer evenings when he was switching.

The old mill on the Clearwater River became an attraction then. It was about a three mile hike through the Atlas yard. West along the tracks, through the C.N.R. "Y", through Andy Klein's yard and a field to the riverbank. Andy had the best-darned carrots and cabbage and they were so handy, coming and going. The water at the mill was clear, cold and swift. When we first went there the log boom was still in place and the mill was complete. Later on there was just the steam engine but, exposed to the sun, the huge steel wheels made a warm place to sun after the cold river water. We would swim across the river and roll in the summerfallowed field. Then, black from top to bottom, we plunged in and swam back to the mill to wash it all off. Things got more exciting later when the big fellows like Robert and Arnie Spoor arrived with Jack Strong including a home-built canoe on top of the car.

We all admired someone who was a good swimmer. This was long before swim classes were organized at Crimson Lake. Rollie Lewis swam up and down the swift river with ease and helped many of the youngsters learn to swim and dive.

One very dark night at Crimson Lake, Mr. Chas. Edwards had been out on the Lake with his boat, the first power boat on the Lake, and had enjoyed himself so much that when he decided to land it was too dark to find the pier. After three attempts, Henry Bertrand came to his rescue. He and Ted filled a can with pitch, ran along the shore to Chas.'s pier and lighted the can to serve as a beacon. Mr. Edwards soon docked but the joy of helping a neighbour, from whom we often bummed rides, was somewhat diminished when the boat began to drift out. Mr. Edwards, with one foot on the dock, one in the boat, motor in his arms, had the choice of going home dry or dunking the motor. He dropped the motor. Ted was dismayed to find that Charlie felt he had pushed the boat out on purpose. He maintains to this day that he didn't.

Margaret Kirby and her friends often came out to her cabin at the Lake, which was close to the Greenaway's, and since there was seldom anyone out there at all, company was always welcome. These evenings ended about 11:40 PM, as that allowed 20 minutes to get to the ferry. Margaret is still revered for the swiftness of some of her trips. After midnight there was a 25 cents toll fee for the ferry, collected by O. P. Thompson or Mr. Gibson. Auntie Marg always made it by one minute to midnight.

On one of these very dark evenings the boys, having loaned Margaret their last half-pound of butter (no margarine then), decided to play a prank on her. Ted, wrapped in a white sheet, crouched in the back seat of her 1938 Chev. Unfortunately, when she came out Margaret saw "something ghostly" moving in the back seat of her car. Her shout caused Ted to bolt from the car and run down the road toward the main beach with the white sheet billowing behind. This apparently was really spooky because her second shout was more of a shriek. Ted circled back, dropped his sheet and squirmed under her car in time to grasp her ankle as she pulled open the door to inspect the car. She really screamed then, but not as much as when, somewhat shaken, she attempted to sit on a nearby stump which turned out to be Garth crouched down near the car. He got up abruptly and left. Auntie Marg made it to the ferry early that night—around eleven thirty. Being a good sport she was able to laugh about it years later when Ted and his family rented one of the cabins during the summer.

Editor's note: Alhough the Greenaway familyare no longer in the Rocky area, we know their sense of adventure and resourcefulness accompanied them wherever they went.

Sadie Margaret (Greenaway) Pleym has lived in various parts of Canada, her last known residence being Tofina, British Columbia. At one time, Sadia was the Cordinator of Preventative Community Health for the Stettler area.

Dr. Allie Greenaway (deceased) practiced medicine in Toronto.

After leaving Rocky, Ted joined the R.C.A.F. and trained as a pilot in WWII. Following service in the air force, he drove busses for numerous compaines including Sorensen Bus Lines of Red Deer, and graduated from the University of Alberta in 1950 with a Bachelor of Science degree. Ted married Daphne Agnes MacArthur (of Red Deer) in May 1951. They made their home in Edmonton where Daphne taught nursing in the old Misericordia Hospital. Ted eventually returned to the University of Alberta and graduated in Dentistry in 1960. They had five children: James E. (Ted), born 1954; Kerry Lillias, Born in 1961; Jonathan Alfred, born in 1964 and twins, Guy and Gwendo, born in 1966.

Garth left Rocky to Join the R.C.A.F. in 1943 and served in Coastal Command on both coasts. After the war he attended university attaining his Bachelor of Science degree in 1951. Garth and Audrey Jean Sim (of Red Deer) were married in Edmonton in 1950. Garth and Jean returned to Rocky in 1952 where Garth drove for Sorensen Bus Lines before entering the Real Estate business with Henry Stelfox in 1953. His love of flying enticed him back into the Air Force in 1956 where he remained in Air Traffic Control until his retirement in 1975. Jean was secretary to the Dean of Law at the University of Alberta. Garth and Jeanès Elder daughter Carol Anne, born in 1952, married Lesley J. Stephen and they had two children, Melanie Jean and Aaron.

GREENWOOD, Paul, Ruby and Paul (Jr.) as told by Paul Greenwood (Jr.)

Paul Greenwood (Sr.) was a former resident of Nordegg, and his parents played an active part in the history of Alberta. His father, Howard Fraser Greenwood, was born in Halifax, Nova

Elmer and Desi

Scotia, on December 7, 1848, and died in Edmonton, on January 30, 1940. Howard worked for the Hudson Bay Company in Montreal and Fort Garry. In 1883, he moved west to Coalbank (now Lethbridge), to work for the Galt Companies. In1885 Howard built the first frame house in Lethbridge, on 4th Avenue and 6th Street, and became Lethbridge's first postmaster. Later he moved to Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton, then began his career as an accountant with Hudson Bay Company in Montreal and later in Winnipeg. He was secretary-treasurer of the Northwest Coal and Navigation Co. (later called the Galt Mining Co.).

Paul's mother, Maria Greenwood (Stewart), was born at Cumberland House, North West Territories, on November 10, 1856, and died in Edmonton on November 7, 1914. She was the daughter of Col. Fraser Stewart, one of the Chief Factors of the company's Winnipeg Post, who was part of the Arctic expedition which searched for the last Franklin expedition.

Paul Greenwood (Sr.) was the eighth of Howard and Maria Greenwoods' nine children. He was born in Lethbridge in 1891, and received his schooling in Lethbridge, Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton. After leaving school, he worked as a chainman for an Edmonton land surveyor and then on the construction of the Coal Branch. He served in World War I from 1915 until 1919. After the war, he joined a Brazeau Colliery survey crew and located and staked out a mine and town site at Spray Lakes. He came to Nordegg (the Brazeau Office) about 1912, and became paymaster. There were plenty of activities to keep a young man busy in Nordegg; he enjoyed golfing, curling, hockey, hunting, fishing and trail riding, and during this time met Ruby McLaughlin, a young lady who had come to Nordegg to teach school. Paul and Ruby were married in Calgary on September 29, 1924, and their son, Paul McLaughlin Greenwood was born in Nordegg, Alberta, on July 14, 1926.

Ruby (McLaughlin) Greenwood was born, the oldest of nine children, in Sheet Harbor, Nova Scotia on December 24, 1898. Ruby's mother, Grace Quillian, was born at Sheet Harbor, Nova Scotia and died in Boston, Massachusetts, on July 5, 1943. Ruby's father, Pineo Smith McLaughlin, was born in Economy, Nova Scotia, in 1870, and died in Spring Hill, Nova Scotia, August 9 1934. He worked as sawyer in a mill in Sheet Harbor and then in the coal mine in Spring Hill.

Ruby took her schooling in Spring Hill and then went to the Nova Scotia Normal School. She graduated in 1919 and came west on a "Harvest Special" to teach school at Dalum, Alberta, in August, 1919. After one year, she moved to Banff to teach for two years and came to Nordegg to teach in 1922. Ruby was active in trail riding and local theatrics.

Picnic at Bighorn Falls. Back row Peter and Paul Greenwood.

Ruby McLaughlin Greenwood On "Snooks".

Ruby McLaughlin Greenwood.

In 1929, the Greenwood family moved from Nordegg to Edmonton where Paul (Sr.) joined the Provincial Government in the Treasury Department, working in that capacity until his retirement in 1954. He was always very active in sports, the Anglican Church and the Boy Scouts. After moving to Edmonton, Ruby joined the Edmonton Public School Board as a substitute teacher, later becoming permanent. Ruby was teaching at Mill Creek School in South Edmonton at the time of her death, April 27, 1962. She was very active in the Anglican Church, the Edmonton Little Theatre and the Dicken's Fellowship.

Paul McLaughlin Greenwood was raised in Edmonton and took all of his education there, graduating from the University of Alberta in 1963 with a B.S. in Chemical Engineering. During his career, Paul worked all over Alberta for the Department of Highways, as a land surveyor in remote areas, and in southern Alberta on Highways 2 and 4. He worked in the oil industry, both surveying and as a supervisor of production for many years. From 1969 to 1975, he was a consultant with Kenwell Engineering Services, and Farries Engineering and Acroll Oil and Gas. In 1975 he joined Saskatchewan Oil and Gas Corp., and in 1985 he retired as General Manager of Production. He loved his community and spent many hours volunteering in organizations, such as Little League, coaching his sons among others. He and his wife, Elizabeth, had a seasonal residence in Texas, and he continued his volunteering there as well. In 1999 Paul and Elizabeth returned to Lethbridge where Paul was appointed to the Board of Directors for the Sir Alexander Galt Museum and Archives. Paul passed away on December 12, 2001, leaving four children and his wife of fifty-four years.

GREENWOOD, Peter

Peter Greenwood was born March 1, 1884. He was the fourth of nine children born to Howard and Maria Greenwood, and the first white child born at Fort McLeod, Alberta, then part of the Northwest Territories. Peter was educated in Lethbridge and Fort Saskatchewan. He became a Party Chief for Alberta Land Surveyor, R. V. Heathcott in Edmonton. His brother, Paul, worked on his crew. Peter enlisted in the 20th Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery. He served with distinction in France where he was severely wounded. He was discharged as a Lieutenant in 1919. He then worked on the construction of the Hudson's Bay Railroad in 1920 and moved to Nordegg in 1922. Peter married Helen Snell of Red Deer, Alberta. They had no children. Peter became manager of the Brazeau Colliery Warehouse. He excelled in sports, especially hockey. Peter and his brother, Paul, owned a string of saddles and packhorses. He moved to Red Deer about 1936 and worked for Beaver Lumber and later retired to Calgary.

GREER, J.F. (Jack)

Jack Greer came to the area from West Virginia, in May 1907, with his wife Cora and two children: Sadie, two years old and Robert, ten

months old. Three other children were born to them, John, Violet and Gladys.

Jack Greer homesteaded across the Saskatchewan River in the Garth district on land along the river. When the family first arrived here they lived in a dugout that had belonged to Hudson Hunt at the Old Fort. During the railroad construction the family moved to the Tom Gray farm taking with them the post office facilities which they kept in their home for the convenience of the neighborhood. Tom Farling hauled the mail.

Mrs. Greer helped Mrs. Gray run a "stopping house," and Jack did the butchering for the construction crews. When they moved back to their own farm, the postal service which they continued to operate for several years, went with them.

Mr. Greer served on the Garth school board for some time. The Greer family operated a dairy, and milked twenty-five cows the year round until 1926. The milk and cream were shipped to Nordegg by train. Mrs. Greer passed away in 1926 and Mr. Greer in 1948.

Sadie was married. She passed away in 1930 at a very young age, leaving four small boys.

John is married, has three children, and lives in British Columbia.

Violet passed away in 1975.

Gladys is married and has six children. She, too, lives in British Columbia.

Robert is married and has a family of three.

In 1947 Jack Greer sold his farm to his son, Robert, who operated it until 1967. Now his son, William, farms the original Greer homestead with his wife and son, James. This makes the fourth generation of Greers on the same farm.

GRIFFIN, Joseph and Esther

Joseph (1877 - 1963) and Esther (1875 - 1942) Griffin (nee Bull) emigrated from England in 1895 and eventually settled in Dauphin, Manitoba. They had 3 children: Grace Edith (Feb 3, 1909-Oct. 4, 1909); Gladys Lovering, born July 28, 1910; and William Clifford, born Nov 27, 1915. They were all born in Lovering Park, Dauphin.

They moved to Saskatchewan and homesteaded in the Macklin area in 1915. Esther Griffin cooked for threshing crews and was known as a "great cook."

Esther Griffin and Clifford.

When it became difficult to survive off the land the family moved to Sydney, B.C. in 1921 where Joseph worked in the limestone quarry.This area later became the Butchart Gardens.

In 1923 they moved to Alberta and settled in the Horburg district where Joseph cut and hewed ties for the C.N.R. They moved to Rocky in the early 1930s. Joseph worked in lumber camps for a few years, then established the Evergreen Auto Court. It consisted of their home, three other houses and a few cabins with a central playground area. This location is now known as Evergreen Trailer Court.

Clifford Griffin was a carpenter, traveling around Alberta, building grain elevators and working on the construction of the Banff Springs Hotel. He also worked at the brick plant in Redcliff. He was then employed by Atlas Lumber Company. He and Slim Fenc were known as the best tie loaders in the country. He also drove truck, hauling lumber and was a tie inspector. Gordon recalls several memorable adventures with Cliff.

Cliff married Rene Kelly on October 5, 1951. They did not have any children. I remember Cliff as a big strong man who was very kind

Esther and Joseph Griffin with grandson, Gordon Otteson, at home in Evergreen Auto Court, circa 1942.

and generous. He was known for his dedication to the sport of baseball and appreciated for his coaching ability. He passed away Nov. 28, 1960.

GRIFFITH, Archie and Evelyn

Archie was born in Basswood, Manitoba. When he was old enough he joined the Navy and during WWII he was a gunner on merchant ships. During these times Archie saw much of the world from the water.

Archie and Evelyn Griffith at Ferrier Acres,2000.

It was after his return from the Navy that he met his wife-to-be, Evelyn Blunt, who was born on a farm at Clanwilliam, Manitoba.

We were married in Manitoba on September 1, 1956. At the time Archie was working on the drilling rigs. We lived in quite a few different places, drilling wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and then on to Drayton Valley, Alberta, in 1958. Our home during those years, was an 8' x 40' mobile home. It was a great home; whereever we went our home came along with us. Of course Drayton Valley was a dynamic town in its growing years, with lots of mud streets and lots of trailer courts.

Archie and Evelyn Griffith's Home at Ferrier Acres, 2001.

At this time Archie decided to try his hand at battery operating, first with Bishop Oil then moving to Dome Petroleum and the 'Dome camp' about 15km from the town of Lodgepole. It was a nice place for Archie to work. One draw back was muddy roads; heavy rains washed out culverts.

Our daughter, Yvonne, was born at Drayton Valley on April 24, 1960. August 11, 1962, saw the birth of our son, Mitchell, also in the Drayton Valley Hospital. There were so many babies born in those days at the Drayton Valley Hospital, you were lucky if you got in the labor room. Drayton Valley had more family allowances and less old age pensions than any place in Alberta, back in the 1960s.

Around about 1965 Archie heard about the planned centennial canoe race. He decided he would like to be a member of the Alberta team. That meant getting into good physical shape. Every night and every weekend from the time the ice was off the river, Archie was paddling.

Evelyn and Archie Griffith family: Sylvia Griffith, holding Aidan, Mitchell, Kieran petting dog. Center: Evelyn and Archie. Yvonne (nee Griffith) Bridgett and son, Tyson seated; husband Steven standing, holding daughter, Alison.

Sometimes he'd put a rock in the canoe and paddle it upstream by himself. In 1966 Archie and his friend, Dave Ellery, were the top canoeists in Alberta, winning most of the canoe races in Alberta. All the hard work paid off as he made it on the Alberta team and spent the summer of 1967 paddling to Montreal, taking part in Canada's Centennial celebrations.

In 1967 Dome transferred us to Rocky Mountain House. We were pleased to move to Rocky, as we had always wanted to live close to the mountains. Finding a place to rent was a challenge, and it took us months to find an apartment to rent in Rocky. In 1973 we built our log home in Ferrier Acres—with a mountain view. Rocky has been a wonderful place to raise our family. Almost anything you want to do is offered here.

Our children took their swimming lessons out at Crimson Lake. Lots of times they were blue with cold, but they enjoyed every minute of it. We enjoy so many of the activities offered here. Archie and I enjoy curling, golfing, dancing, hiking and canoeing.

Yvonne and Mitchell have done well in sports. Both are avid curlers and enjoy swimming, canoeing, baseball, football and hiking. They were able to participate in all these activities in Rocky. That's what makes our town so great.

Yvonne graduated from Will Sinclair in 1978, going on to SAIT and taking a travel course. A few years later, she went to University of Calgary, getting a degree in social work. She married Steve Bridgett of Calgary in 1990. They have a son, Tyson, and a daughter, Alison, and make their home in Cochrane. Steve is a teacher in Calgary.

Mitchell graduated in 1980 from Will Sinclair, going on to Mount Royal College and then to SAIT. He is employed as a nuclear medicine technician in Terrace, B.C. where he lives with his wife, Sylvia Jensen. They were married in 1988, and have two sons, Kieran and Aidan.

We are now retired and still living on our acreage at Ferrier. We enjoy our time—just having fun! We are very glad to call Rocky Mountain House "home."

GROSSO, Barbara

I was born in a small town (about the size of Red Deer), on September 10, 1942. You have probably heard the saying, "What's the matter with you, were you born at the bottom of the garden?" Well, I can quite honestly say that I was born at the bottom of our garden in Wednesbury! I started to arrive right after the 12 o'clock whistle, as well as air raid sirens that were sounding as the Germans were approaching our town. So off they trundled down to the bottom of the garden, to the air raid shelter where I was actually born!! My mom said that she was so embarrassed that I would be the only child they would have. Well, in 1948 they had my brother! The Doctor had his hand underneath her bottom cradling my head; the midwife was holding her back up; dad had her shoulders while a neighbor held onto her legs. This way they helped her down one flight of stairs to the shelter. I can imagine that it was very embarrassing for her at the time.

Our town (Wednesbury) was originally called Wodensburgh, named after the god of Woden; and it is in the Doomsday Book. So it is a very ancient town. They still have the store step John and Charles Wesley stood to preach their sermons when they visited the town. Plus King Charles 11 escaped from the Romans through a tunnel leading from the High Altar of St. Bartholomew's Church, to the grand hall in the Dudley Castle some 30 miles away! Quite a ride

in the dark and dank smelling tunnel. There is quite a lot I could write about my town, but since I have written a book about our travels there in 1999, and also hope to have it published one day, I won't repeat it.

So it was with a great deal of sadness that I left Wednesbury on October 2,1976, for Alberta, Canada as a single girl. Now I would start another life as a married woman. My parents accompanied me to Birmingham New Street Station to catch the train to London. I had promised myself that I wouldn't cry, but when my mom started to bawl, well, there went my promise! Am I ever going to see them again? I waved my arm off until the train went around the curve in the railway line and I lost sight of them. The rest of the 90 minute ride to London passed by uneventfully. The roses and other flowers were still blooming alongside the tracks, and in people's gardens. The lawns were still green. Oh, I am missing this already and I haven't even left the country yet! I am hoping to have a rose garden in our new home in Alberta.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I heard was the conductor calling out, "Paddington!!! All Change!" I struggled off with the two suitcases and handbag to catch the connecting bus to the Heathrow Airport.

We had a terrible summer that year with lots of rain and floods, especially down south in London, Devon, Cornwall and other places facing the ocean and the sea. The underpass going towards the airport was flooded so we had to be diverted around it, which made us late in reaching Heathrow. There was a large line-up at the desk for Flight 757 to Edmonton via Toronto. The clerk called out: "Is there anyone else waiting to board Flight 757 to Canada?" Six of us yelled back, "Yes, we are!" It's the first time in my life that I was pushed ahead of the other passengers. Yes, it was quite a mad rush to get us all processed, our luggage put onto the conveyor belt, our passports checked, going through Customs and Immigration lines, and finally down to the departing lounge. The jet was waiting on the tarmac: with it's engines running! Will we make it? I still don't how we did it, but soon were aboard the huge jetliner, settling into our assigned seats when suddenly the jet started to back away from the gate and onto the runway. I think we all breathed a heavy sigh of relief when the pilot started the aircraft down the runway and into the air. Now we face an 8 hour journey across the ocean to Canada!

I don't remember if the meals were good, but they probably were. I slept nearly all the way since it was broad daylight, and I knew I would be very sleepy when we touched down at Edmonton International Airport in Alberta. Our first stop was at Toronto where some our fellow passengers disembarked at. Quite a few of us remained in our seats while we waited for other passengers to get on and travel with us to Edmonton, and some were going to Vancouver, British Columbia. It was something to walk down the aisle and see this massive jet, once filled with travelers, now half empty! I do remember the pilot swung the jet up north to the southern edge of the Northwest Territories. He spotted some caribou on their migration, and told us he would bank to our left so that we could get a good view of them. There seemed to be literally hundreds or thousands of these huge beasts on the move! It was great to see them though, since I had never seen one before and I am sure my fellow travelers hadn't either.

Twelve of us disembarked at Edmonton, Alberta where even though the sun was shining in a bright blue sky, the air felt very cool, exhilarating after being inside an aircraft for eight hours! But there were no flowers blooming and even the grass was turning brown. We all went through Customs and Immigration which took quite a while with 12 people. Finally they are through with us and now we can go on our ways. As I approached the "Arrivals" door I remember thinking about the old hometown and country, my parents also. They were probably still missing me as much as I was missing them.

Up until now Ray and I had never met, but we had been sending each other snapshots so that when this time came, we could recognize one another right away. I pushed open the door and there, standing to one side – was Ray with a broad grin on his face. (Since I am still here he must have liked what he saw!) We kissed each other on the cheeks before he introduced me to his two young friends standing off to the right side of us. Since Ray doesn't drive, Ralph Thomsen and his young girlfriend Lise? drove him up to this airport and will take us home. Ralph put my suitcase into the back of his car

and then it was off to Rocky and Ray's home in the "Wilds".

About halfway down No.2 highway, Ralph stopped the car at a small roadside café for a midmorning break. We chatted as we sat by the window; Ralph and Lise were interested in my old country and hometown, which I filled them in with. What was I thinking of now as I looked about me? The completely different countryside, and the vehicles driving on the wrong side of the road. I couldn't get over the wide open spaces, driving for a long time before you saw a farm or some other buildings indicating a town or village was just ahead. And I was a little nervous about sitting on the wrong side of the car and seeing vehicles coming at you on the other side of the road!! This will take some getting used to for me. I am looking forward to living a very different lifestyle than what I was used to in England.

Back on the road again it seemed like such a long time before we were heading up the No. 11 highway towards Rocky Mountain House. This is a HUGE country! In 1976 there were not so many places of interest along No.11 then, and not so many farms or houses either, so it was quite more open than it is now. Not like back home in England where you can't tell where one town or village ends, and other begins. Everything is so crowded together that you feel suffocated. And these roads are so much quieter than English ones are! It was quite a while before I spotted a sign saying "Rocky Mountain House". Ralph drove us up main street and I half expected to see Cowboys and Indians having a squabble and fighting it out with guns, bows and arrows. Or seeing a Sheriff come riding along the streets on his horse! The false wooden fronted buildings in the lower half of main street looked to me like I was in a "Wild West" movie set. When you watch westerns on the telly this is what you expect to see when you are in the Western part of Alberta.

Soon we were driving past Rocky onto Highway 11a; both side of this road were lined with lots of tall spruce, pine and poplar trees, some houses dotted here and there. Ferrier Community came up on us quickly but it was not as populated as it is now. These roads are much wider than ours. Ralph turned the car up a steep sloping drive onto a farm road, and pulled up in front of Ray's home. I looked at the house and was surprised to find it made of wood instead of bricks or stone; likewise the barn and farm buildings are also made from wood. Since Ralph and Lise couldn't stay for tea, they shook hands with us and drove off towards Rocky. Ray took me inside the house where his mom and dad were waiting. I was introduced to his mom (Hazel) and dad, the late (Eugene) Grosso. His youngest brother Vern, wife Joyce and their baby son Nick were also there. You know how it is meeting people for the first time, you feel awkward, and like they are watching your every movement to see if you match up to their way of thinking! Little Nick came straight to me, Vern saying that I must be alright since he is normally afraid of strangers. Well, that made me feel more relaxed. Jetlag was starting to creep up on me now, so Ray showed me where the bedroom was—I dropped the cases onto the floor to unpack later on; the bed looked so comfortable that I dropped onto it and was asleep in minutes! After the evening meal over with, Ray's sister Doreen and her husband Ray with their 3 children also popped in for a few minutes chatter. Hilda's parents came from England so she was interested in meeting me and talking about the old country again. She has two sons and Clayton has two daughters. This country living is much better than being in a small town, with all the pollution from factories blowing around, being crowded in on all sides. Here there is no other house up against yours. Ray said that when he announced he was getting married to a girl from England, his young niece Linda said, "Does that mean we will have to learn to speak English now?" She was very young at the time so didn't realize she was already speaking the language.

Monday morning we went off to town for groceries and much needed wedding invitations, plus ordering a wedding cake. Mom and dad took us into IGA store where they always shop for food; I looked around at the fully stacked shelves of tinned, or packaged goods. It was very strange to see the Dollar sign instead of the pound sterling one for prices. We went into Brownlie Drugs (ow Guardian) and they sell only pills, ointments, rubs, liniments, first aid items, plus having your prescription filled too.

Ray and I walked up and down main street and I asked him where the fishmonger's shop was. He looked very strange at me and wondered what on earth was I talking about. After I explained that it is a shop where they sell only fresh fish, he said IGA and the Co-op stores keep fish, chicken and meat together. I do miss the freshly caught fish, especially when eaten out of a bag either walking along a street, at a football (soccer) game, or just sitting in front of the TV. I do prepare our fish and chips in this style now and then; just punch a hole in the top of the bag and drag out the fish and chips. Don't forget to add salt, pepper and vinegar. Tastes really good.

Yesterday Ray took me for a long walk through the bush and up to our homesite. First we stopped at the sandstone cliffs to look at the famous Rocky Mountains, the valley below and the fast flowing North Saskatchewan River. It was so beautiful and we have never found this to be boring. We love to come up here and sit still, just looking around us, watching wildlife crossing the river. It is so peaceful, yet you can hear the traffic very slightly on the No. 11 highway. We crossed the highway and onto our new site. It hadn't been cleared yet of all the trees and undergrowth. This was so different for me to see forest instead of someone's house! We heard the farm truck coming up the highway. Dad arrived with tape measure and ribbon in hand. Both he and Ray measured out a section for the yard, then one for the house to fit in. A family friend will come down next week.

The next few weeks we were kept busy going up the road to watch the area being cleared for the yard and house also. Ray's mom was also teaching me how to cook Canadian style instead of English. She also taught me how to crochet so this will be something for me to do in the winter evenings.

It is the 27 of October, our wedding day! It has dawned upon us quickly as it seems like only 5 minutes since I first arrived here. The day was sunny but cool; I had bought my dress and matching hat while still in England. It was cream chiffon with a ribbon on the waistline, in apricot color; the hat was also in cream with matching flowing ribbon in apricot. I tried white, but honestly, I look like death warmed over in that color. And I hate black, grays, or

Our "official" wedding picture.

browns on people. How drab and morbid, they look and make people look so dowdy. One of Ray's cousins drove me to the Church along with his wife, while Ray went ahead with his parents. His sister Doreen was my bridesmaid, so she came with me. Since I wasn't a member of the 7. Day Adventist Church at the time we couldn't be married by an Adventist Minister, but asked the Rev. Gordon Cunningham of the Presbyterian Church to marry us, which he was delighted to do. Our reception was held in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, after which our best man (Ernie Schockermaier) drove us to the Airliner Hotel in Calgary. Next day we boarded a jet to Hawaii, our honeymoon in paradise! Oh how beautiful this was, and I have since written about it, which I will include with our English holiday manuscript in a book. We spent three weeks in paradise, and could have stayed forever! Upon returning home we went up to the homesite to view our new house; but when we got there we found it hadn't arrived. What a disappointment! It did arrive two days later and so we watched them install it on a certain spot; but

we couldn't move in until after Christmas 1977. The mobile home made us a good dwelling place until we sold it almost 9 years ago now this coming April. We have a two-bedroom house on the same spot, which we love.

In 1982 I learned to drive! Yes, I did end up on the wrong side of the road while coming out of a bush road, but since then have stuck to the right side. I love driving and we often go for long drives into the mountains during later spring, summer and early fall months. Take a picnic with us and just spend the entire day up there among all the wild animals, the beautiful scenery; the rivers and glaciers. Have I been back home yet? Yes, in 1999 Ray took me home in September for a visit, which was both my birthday and anniversary gifts. You can't get any gifts better than that, can you? My poor old country is far more crowded than ever. I didn't dare drive back home, but left all this to my brother and cousins. They have changed all the roads around where I used to live, so things looked very strange to me.

The Grosso Home.

I wouldn't change my lifestyle now to go back and live in England, unless something terrible happened to Ray and then I may consider it. It's been very interesting to learn to live with another person 24 hours each day; to cook differently than you have been used to; to drive on the wrong side of the car and highway. And learning about Canada. We both enjoy looking at the series "Canada, A People's History." A lot of people don't seem to realize what a beautiful country Canada is. I would like to tell them to go and live abroad for a while, like England, Germany, and other smaller countries, and then come back to Canada.

In June 1988, I finally became a member of the seventh Day Adventist Church. It took me 12 years to do it, but I was baptized at Chambers Creek. I thought that this water would be nice and warm in June. How wrong I was! Pastor Gary Hodder and I almost froze in there. He told me that when he placed me under the water, he was going to let go of my hands and back and let me go free. I in turn told him that I was holding on for dear life, since I am petrified of water; and if I sank then he was coming with me. We are both still alive and active.

This coming October (2001) marks our 25th Wedding Anniversary and it doesn't seem that long since we were getting married. A lot of water has passed under the bridge since then. What we will do for a second honeymoon, we don't know as yet. It would be nice to go back to Hawaii, but this time to Kaui or Maui instead of Oahu. I am still learning different things about this country. Never stop learning!

GROSSO, Clayton and family
submitted by Annette Gray

Clayton Grooso.

Friend, neighbor and rancher, Clayton Grosso is one of Alberta's best known Guide and Outfitters. Clayton was born in 1940, to Eugene and Hazel (Fry) Grosso and has two brothers, Raymond and Vernon, and a sister, Doreen. His parents and grandparents, on both sides, were among Rocky's earliest pioneers and Clayton has spent all his life, working west of Rocky Mountain House, farming, ranching, working in the lumber industry and guide and outfitting. In his younger days Clayton was a bronc rider in local rodeos. Now, he offers trail rides in the Nordegg area during the summer months—the "Baldy Mountain Trail Rides." And what a treat it is to go riding under his expert supervision. While Clayton busies himself

with his clientele, his wife, Hilda, operates the Coliseum Gift Shop and at one time ran the museum cafeteria.

Hilda Grooso.

Hilda was born to Harold and Florence Turton, in 1939, and was raised in the Beaver Flats district. She became an excellent pianist and mother to sons, Kent and Wendall. However, due to a run-in with cancer in the late '60s she lost her right arm. Although she no longer plays the piano, the handicap hasn't stopped this industrious lady from excelling in anything else she puts her mind to. She is known to bake a dozen pies in a day, shovel snow, hang the family laundry outdoors on wash day, sell Avon and embroider beautiful table cloths—you name it and Hilda, who is naturally right-handed, can do it all with a well-trained left hand.

Clayton and Hilda were married in Rocky Mountain House, and their son, Eugene, was born December 16, 1977. Clayton has two daughters, Linda and Karen, as well as full time care of granddaughter, Jada (Karen's daughter), who has developed similar interests as those of her Grandpa. Jada loves horses, is an excellent rider and with her big smile wins the hearts of all who know her.

Clayton and Jada.

Eugene and Hazel.

The Grossos have other grandchildren to their credit: Linda and Cory Saar have a son, Dane; Kent and Brenda Overgaard have two children, Bridget and Justin; Wendall and Angela Overgaard have two children, Morgan and Leigh, and Gene and Beki Grosso have a daughter, Teja.

Karen Grosso and Linda and Cory Saar.

Jada Grosso.

In 1998 (in conjunction with the Make-a-Wish Foundation), the Grossos won international fame by making a young man's dream come true. A terminally ill eighteen year-old, by the name of Matthew Pattison, was treated to a remarkable moose hunt on the Wapiabi River which was organized by Clayton, Hilda, Gene, Beki and their friends.

Baldy Mountain Trail Rides.

Clayton is an active member of the Foundation for North American Wild Sheep. He has been the president of the Alberta Outfitters Association for the past thirteen years, and he and his son, Gene, have won scores of trophies over the years for their achievements as big-game hunters, guides and outfitters. Hilda, too, won recognition from the AOA, after seventeen years of voluntary service, receiving the AOA Volunteer of the Year Award in 2002. Besides this, Hilda volunteers in the local schools and Girl Guide Association. The "west country" is most fortunate to have the Grosso family make their home here.

GROSSO, Hazel (Fry)
from information submitted by Ray Grosso

Hazel was ten years old when her family, the Frys, came to the Rocky Mountain House area from Washington in 1920. Her father, Jasper,

Hazel's 80th birthday.

came to Canada with his brothers after his wife died, but their history really goes back to 1851 when Hazel's grandfather travelled by wagon train from Peoria, Illinois, to Rainier, Oregon. Quoting from a book entitled "Our People, "John Fry crossed the Great Plains in 1851. Rainier, Oregon, was 'Trails end' for the Frys. Most of them ultimately settled in Grays Harbour country (Western Washington). The party reached its destination on October 15, 1851, after a journey of six and one half months."

Back row: Wendell, Angie Overgaard, Kent and Brenda Overgaard, Clayton, Hilda, Gene, Beki Grosso Children: Morgan, Bridget, Justin, Jada and Teja.

Many years later, Jasper Fry, with his unmarried children: Dora, Bob, Ralph, Hazel and Lena Belle, and his married daughter, Emma, and two other families, first settled on a quarter section on Grace Creek. The quarter bordered the Sunchild Reserve Road and the Baptise River. The Fry family cleared the land, hunted for meat and had a vegetable garden. They trapped and hewed ties to earn money, but not much money was needed in those days. They were able to buy odds and ends at the Horburg store and went to Rocky Mountain House for other

supplies. Rocky, at that time, had one store, a cafe, the Melton Hotel, a mortuary and a laundry owned by Lee Joe.

In 1921 the family returned to Washington and stayed for two years, before coming back to the Rocky area where they lived on the Henry Barbee homestead at Chambers Creek for another two year period. Three families lived on this quarter section: Jasper Fry and his family and Clint and Harold Fry who each had families.

Of the Fry family members who accompanied Jasper Fry to the Rocky/Horburg area, only two remained in Alberta. The rest moved back to Washington. Those were Jasper's daughters, Hazel and Lena Belle.

1) Hazel (Fry) Grosso was born in 1910 at Montesano, Washington. She married Eugene Grosso of Rocky Mountain House in 1933. Their children, all born at Rocky Mountain House, are Ray, born April 22, 1935 (He married Barbara Whittaker of Wednesbury, England, in 1976); Clayton, born February 5, 1940 (He married Hilda Overgaard in 1977); Doreen, born April 18, 1944 (She married Ray Gilbert in 1962) and Vernon, born February 8, 1951. (He married Joyce Teskey in 1973).

2) Lena Belle (Fry) Counnic was born at Montesano, Washington. She married Rudolph Counnic of Rocky Mountain House in 1932. Her second marriage was to Alex Gazloff of Kindersley, Saskatchewan. Lena's children are William, born at Rocky Mountain House and twins, Gladys and Alice, born on the farm near Rocky. Gladys married Earl Olsen in 1953 and lives in Edmonton. Alice married Dale Park in 1955 and they make their home in Bentley, Alberta.

GROSSO, Raymond E.

Raymond (Ray) Grosso was born in Rocky Mountain House on April 22, 1935. His parents were Eugene M. Grosso, born March 3, 1914, at Coalhurst, Alberta, and Hazel L. (Fry) Grosso, born April 29, 1910 at Montesano, Washington, USA. Ray's siblings are: Clayton J., born February 5, 1940; Doreen A., born April 18, 1944, and Vernon L., born February 8, 1951.

Ray is said to mean "something of a joker." The name's old German meaning was "counsel." Grosso is of Italian origin meaning "big."

As Ray grew up during the depression, he and his brother, Clayton, had to make their own fun. One day, when they wanted to know the direction of the wind, they took the largest things they could find—a pair of their mother's unmentionables—tied them to a pole and hoisted them up like a flag. They left the flag flying and hurried away. As they got out of sight, the train went by. The engineer blew short toots on his whistle and pointed to the flag. Ray's mother ran as fast as she could to rescue her underwear. Although she wasn't a fast runner, she was really covering the ground that day.

Ray's dad spent most of his life as a farmer/logger. Logging began with making railroad ties with a broad axe, and later turned to sawing ties and lumber on a sawmill. At first logs were hauled to Card's mill at Ferrier, then when portable mills came to Rocky, a sawmill was moved to the timber.

Farming consisted of raising grain, running a small beef herd, as well as a few milk cows. A flock of about three hundred laying hens and cockerels for frying were also kept, along with a small flock of geese. Hay was put up in the nearby sloughs. During the dry thirties, the Grossos always had enough to eat. Perhaps the fact that Ray's dad had to work so hard was the reason he didn't develop a sense of humor until sometime after the depression ended.

Ray's schooling was taken in private homes, as there was no schoolhouses near his home. His teachers were Josephine Gray and his mother, Hazel. Friends included June (Gray) Cowie, Rollie Gray, Angelo and Angelina (Bednarz) Innocento.

When he was very young and there was no one old enough to play with, Ray's border collie, Tippy, became his friend, playmate and guardian. Special occasions were birthdays and Christmas. Christmas dinners included roast goose, vegetables from the garden and home preserved cranberries.

Ray worked as a general laborer—in the bush, on telephone and power-line construction and farming. Ray's courtship and marriage to Barbara Mary Whittaker were unique. They met when Ray wrote a "Dear John letter," on behalf of someone who intended to hire her, but no longer required her services. When they decided to get married, there was some

confusion as Barb was Anglican and Ray was Seventh Day Adventist. They settled on a wedding at the Adventist church with a Presbyterian minister performing the ceremony. There were no children from this union.

On many occasions Ray and Barb have volunteered at the museum and local hospital. They also enjoy visiting patients at the hospital and have worked at the food bank, first at Rocky, and later at Sylvan Lake—making friends from all walks of life and religious persuasions.

GROSSO, Sam and family
submitted by Ray Grosso

The Grosso family came from Italy to Canada about 1900. Sam (Salvatore), the father of the family, worked in coal mines at Kipp and Bankhead, small mining towns near Lethbridge, Alberta, until about 1914. After that Sam homesteaded a quarter section of land west of Rocky Mountain House and worked in coal mines at Alexo, Saunders Creek and Nordegg, together with his oldest sons, John and Nick, in order to have enough money to develop the farm.

Sam and his wife, Angelina, had five children: John, Nick, Filomena Mary (Gray), Eugene, and a daughter who died as a child.

Eugene started school in Nordegg. In the early 20s, Sam and Angelina moved back to the farm near Rocky with their younger children, where Sam farmed in the summer and took out railroad ties in the winter. From then on, Eugene's education was obtained by staying in town and attending the Rocky School.

John and Nick moved to Graminia, Alberta (west of Edmonton), where they purchased farms. In later years both John and Nick worked for oil companies west of Edmonton.

The older members of the family have passed away, but Eugene's son, Vern, still lives on the original homestead and has developed it into a small ranch.

HAGEN, Arne and Louise
written by Grace Proskow

We originally moved from a small Norwegian village in Northern Alberta called Valhalla. We left there in the summer of 1967 and spent most of the next year in different parts of Southern Saskatchewan where Arne worked as a driller for a seismic company. In May of 1968,

Louise and Arne Hagen and family.

the work brought us to Rocky Mountain House. After the flat land of Southern Saskatchewan, the mountains and trees of the Rocky area were a welcome sight.

At the time we arrived, we had no idea that Rocky Mountain House would become our permanent home. When the seismic company moved to Sundre later that summer, Arne and I and our two sons decided we liked the people and the area and we would stay. Since then, our sons have grown and moved away to start their own lives and careers. Darren lives in Edmonton; Trevor lives in Whitecourt with his wife Shawna and their two sons, Chad and Christian.

Arne and I have both retired and live on an acreage just west of the town. We call our acreage Valhalla which in Norwegian means "Heaven."

HAGEN, Ingaborg and Julius
submitted by Inga Garrett

Like many other young people my parents, Ingaborg and Julius, emigrated from Norway to Canada to seek a better life. Ingaborg Krossenger was born in 1889 and Julius Hagen in 1898. Shortly after they were married they got their papers in order and left on the ship for Canada, and then made their way by train to Codogan, in eastern Alberta, where they knew there was a Norwegian settlement. Dad bought a farm there and their first child, Inga, was born at Provost in August 1923. However, because of poor land, poor crops and very little rain the family moved further west to other

Spring of 1942 or 1943, Ingaborg Hagen.

farms a couple of times, hoping for something better. Four more children were born: Ruth (1925); Lil (1927); Ida (1928); and Julius or Joe (1930).

By the 1930s they were unable even to grow vegetables on their place in the Coronation area. In the fall of 1934 all their personal belongings as well as furniture, cattle, horses, chickens, their sleigh, and themselves were loaded onto the train and moved to Rocky Mountain House. They arrived in November 1934, in thirty degrees below weather and spent their first night in Rocky Mountain House in the train station. Dad got the team and sleigh hooked up and found a place to rent in Old Town from Burl Gray for $5 a month, which had been a store. (editor's note: this large, two-story building, owned by Tom Gray, was the location of Jack Killick's second store in the area. Jack previously operated the Tom Gray Store west of the river.) There was a barn for the cows and horses and a chicken coop with a heater in it. I would go with Dad about six miles east to buy a hayrack full of straw and some hay for 25 cents. It was very cold that winter, down to minus 50 and even minus 60 at times.

The family back in Norway sent some money to Dad in April and he was able to put a payment on a farm owned by Mr. Morley to the east of Rocky. We lived there for eight or nine years. There were plenty of trees for firewood, and gardens and crops grew well, and there was no end of good clean water for us and the animals. This was a big improvement over eastern Alberta. Most years we had a nice wheat crop and also raised a small crop of oats. We had a binder to cut the crop and a screening mill. One year we had a neighbor come with his thrashing machine which certainly got the job done a lot quicker. Dad worked hard clearing trees off the land to try to increase the size of his farmland, but they had no money to pay to get it broken.

Eventually my parents split up, probably because of the strain of hard times for so many years. Mom stayed on the farm with Joe, Lil, and Ida. (Inga and Ruth were married by this time.) However they were unable to keep up with the payments on the farm, and Ingaborg was too proud to write to her family in Norway to ask for help. In 1942 the sheriff evicted them from the farm. All their personal possessions were thrown in the ditch along the road. Her son-in-law helped her move to Old Town again, and she and Joe rented the Jarvin place. Ingaborg cleaned houses and did laundry, raised chickens and whatever else it took to support herself and Joe. Joe and the girls quit school as soon as possible and went to work. Mom was very careful with her money and eventually she and Joe had enough money to make a small down payment on a home of their own where they lived for quite a few years.

Shortly after Joe got married, Mom went to Red Deer and moved in with her daughter, Lil, to babysit Lil's children and keep house. She did this until she had a stroke. She eventually went to Red Deer Nursing Home and stayed there until she died in 1965.

When Julius, my dad, left the farm in 1942 he went to work for the city of Red Deer for awhile and then disappeared for many years. Around 1950 he came back to Red Deer and lived and worked there until 1970 or so, when he moved back to Rocky with his daughter, Ruth. He lived here until he died in 1982.

HAGEN, Tolaf
submitted by Cameron Kirby

Tolaf Hagen was one of the unforgettable characters I remember knowing when I was a boy growing up in Rocky Mountain House. He was a towering figure of a man—a bachelor with rugged features, sandy-red hair and grizzled beard—a Norwegian who spoke broken English. He lived on a homestead four miles north of Rocky Mountain House, across the road allowance from the farm of John Benson, where I often visited my friend Harold Benson. Tolaf's farm, like Benson's, was largely unproductive, comprising of large areas of heavily wooded muskeg. The few acres of land fit for cultivation had been laboriously cleared by hand, but it was sandy, fit only to grow timothy hay or oats for green feed. A few meadows on high land in the muskeg were suitable for pasture hay. Both the

Benson and Hagen farms sloped north to a ridge, below which was a wilderness of heavily wooded muskeg. From the depths of the muskeg came a mournful moaning of the wind which, in the blackness of the night, I found ominous and frightening.

Tolaf lived in a masterfully built two-story house of hand-chopped logs, meticulously squared and notched into each other at the corners. There was a small barn with a hay loft. Here, he kept his horse, Dolly, the only living creature sharing the farm with him.

Aside from a few teasing escapades at the Benson farm when I was visiting Harold, my only contact with Tolaf was in the early 1920s. After building an addition to our home, he built a barn at the rear of our lot, in which to stable Dolly whenever he came to town. He also built the Post Office and the house in which P.C.F. Routledge, manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, lived. Both buildings are still standing and in use.

Tolaf was a master craftsman, as well as a skilled carpenter. He built a table and two benches which served for many years in our home. Later they were utilized in our cottage at Crimson Lake. The table had no metal nails and, after being used for more than 30 years, was as solid as the day it was built.

As mentioned above, Tolaf kept his horse Dolly in our barn. I can recall so well seeing Tolaf at the end of a long day's work, taking off in what can be best described as a "gig." It had a single seat and footrest mounted above the axle between two high wheels. Tolaf would lead Dolly, a sleek, well-fed roan mare, out of the barn, hitch her up to the gig, take his place on the seat and immediately doze off. Dolly, whom he talked to as a person, was his loyal friend and companion. She would take off and unerringly make her way through town to the wagon trail which skirted the high bank of the North Saskatchewan River. From there she travelled through a heavily wooded area, down a steep hill, across a wooden bridge over Chicken Creek Island, continuing on the trail until she arrived at the farm. Once there, she walked to the barn door and stopped. This was the signal for Tolaf to bestir himself, unhitch Dolly from the gig and lead her into the barn. After she had been given some water and a generous supply of hay, Tolaf would make his way into the house. Dolly never failed him!

I can't say why Tolaf lingers in my memory. I can't recall ever having a lengthy conversation with him. Perhaps it was because I was impressed with his trusting relationship with Dolly and the loving care with which he treated her. Perhaps too, it is my lasting admiration for his craftsmanship in making the table which served us for so many years and on so many happy occasions. For whatever reason, he lingers in my memory as an unforgettable character I knew in my boyhood years.

There is a postscript to this story. When my Grandfather Joseph Kirby, a veteran of the American Civil War, came to live in Rocky Mountain House in 1921, my Dad persuaded Tolaf to dismantle his log house, move the logs into town and rebuild it in the north-west corner of the block in which our home was located. It was built facing south, a porch added, the logs covered with siding and painted white, making it a very attractive home for my Granddad. It too still stands and is in use. When I came home for visits after having finished my schooling, I slept there in one of the two upstairs bedrooms. There I listened raptly to my Grandpa telling me about his experiences in the American Civil War. He passed away in December 1937 at the age of 93.

Tolaf Hagen (additional information contributed by Winn Chevallier)

Mr. Tolaf Hagen came to Rocky Mountain House in the early 1900s from Norway. He settled three miles north of town in the Frisco district and died in the early 1940s.

He was a good carpenter and did various jobs in town. One of the things he built was the first altar for the Anglican Church.

His transportation was a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a little buckskin mare named Dolly. Many times she took him safely home after he imbibed too heartily at the local hotel. Dolly had a white foal. She was taller than Dolly and Tolaf named her "Mary."

Tolaf had no relatives in Canada, but we were friends (Bert Titford family), so he often came to visit at our house. My mother, Mabel, used to make him Christmas dinner, turkey, trimmings and all. When he came for the dinner he always brought a big bag of nuts which

we sure welcomed.

Others who lived along what is now Highway 22 north were Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Benson; Mr. And Mrs. Charlie Flitcroft; Mr. and Mrs. Hector Steven, whose brother was a parliamentarian; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, and Mr. and Mrs. MacBrown. The original MacBrown house still stands on 51 Avenue (in 2001). Mr. MacBrown was the druggist in town for many years. The McKervy family lived in that district, too, and their descendants still live on their grandfather's farm on the flats north of town and west of Highway 22.

Hall, Harold and Doris
submitted by Kelly (Rollier) Kirstein

Harold and Doris Hall.

Harold James Hall (b. November 18, 1910) moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1955 at the age of 45 years old. He was married to Doris Gadsden (b. June 30, 1916). They had four children: Donna Mae Grover (Gordon), Lois Rollier (Louis), Leonard Hall and Linda (Hall) Gillman. Harold was employed by the Department of Education. They moved from Oyen, Alberta, to Rocky Mountain House so Harold could fill the position of Superintendent of Rocky Mountain School Division. This was Harold's first posting as Superintendent as he had previously held the position of principal.

As Superintendent, Harold was responsible for many schools in Central Alberta. His territory included such towns and villages as Condor, Leslieville, Caroline, Rocky Mountain House, Taimi, Nordegg and Bighorn. He was appointed as the official trustee of Alexo and Saunders schools, even though they were not open at the time. Harold was instrumental in having a new school built for the Leslieville, Condor and Alhambra area. By having one school for these areas, the students would then be offered a full range of high school subjects. During the five years Harold and Doris lived at Rocky they made many friends and were involved in square-dancing, curling, badminton and other activities.

In 1960, the Halls moved to Red Deer (where they still live) because Harold was promoted to the position of Superintendent of the Red Deer School Division. They both enjoyed the friendly people and made long and lasting friendships while living at Rocky Mountain House.

HALLETT, Nayda
written by Annette Gray

Nayda Hallett.

No one talks about the west country without remembering Nayda Hallett. Nayda was born in 1933 and grew up in the mountains, roughly 35 miles west of the Porcupine Hills. The country was fairly primitive back then, and out of Nayda's early experiences came some of the best wild-life stories ever written. Nayda became, among other things, an animal trainer. In this area, her skills at communicating with animals are legendary. Breaking horses was Nayda's special talent. Once she halter-broke a full grown buffalo bull (an animal the owner said was too cranky to feed at close quarters, let alone halter-break). She loves animals and is known to have had a bear, a badger, a chimpanzee, and a beaver as her house pets. She has

made a living catching wild horses, guiding and outfitting, trapping and bartending.

Nayda is a natural-born storyteller who paints vivid pictures of things she encountered on mountain trails. In one instance, when Nayda was leading surveyors along the Brazeau River, she said she looked down and saw an odd shaped stone. "I dug around and found a broken lance and a few arrowheads. Upon more diggings I found scrappers and knives. These artifacts were all made of stone and unfamiliar to the area. I had a geologist out on a trip and I showed him my find. He said the scrapers and knives were all older than the arrowheads."

On reflecting on a bygone age, Nayda says, "Everyone misses something from their past. The thing I miss most is the lack of noise. I grew up in an area where there was very little noise that was not natural. Natural noise was beautiful. You heard the wind in the trees, the soft moaning sound it made blowing around the corner of the barn. You never heard the neighbors' dogs barking, car doors slamming, or the sound of vehicles roaring up and down the road—for there was no road. There were no sounds of bulldozers smashing trees as they cleared a path for the road for on oil well to go in. No sound of planes, or the 'whap, whap whap' of a helicopter. No ski-doos or ATV s roaring past to break the solitude. No telephone constantly ringing or TV blaring. Before all these things entered our simple life you could go into your home to relax, and the only thing you heard was the clock ticking; a fly buzzing on the window; the tea kettle singing; the odd pop from a log as it burned in the stove; the wonderful smell through the long process of getting a meal ready. There are no smells today! The food is taken out of the freezer, into the microwave and then into the mouth. It isn't around long enough to smell. The one sound I really miss is the sound of an old coal train's steam-whistle. The mountains, consuming and echoing the lonesome warning of the steam whistle. Whoooo! whoooo! whooo! It would echo and re-echo through the mountains, lonesome and drawn out—and it too was pushed into the past."

Nayda has written a collection of short stories and, partnering with the Western Star, published three books, entitled "The Life And Times Of Nayda Hallett." The stories, two of which appear in this book, speak of a courageous woman who met hardship head-on and came out smiling. No further character analysis is required; read the stories and enjoy her adventures.

HAMILTON, Eric, Hazel and Family

Eric Hamilton.

As our family enters its 50th year as residents of the Old Town and later Rocky Mountain House, we are pleased to relate our family history. Eric and Hazel (nee Duncan) were both raised near Eckville. Hazel first worked on several farms in the area and was employed for five enjoyable years at Cameron's Bakery and Heather's Lunch in Sylvan Lake. After their marriage in 1947, they resided in Sylvan Lake where their first three children: Reg (1947), Bryan (1949) and Shirley (1949) were born. During those years Eric trucked or operated his breaking-plow business. For one year he acceded to his father David's wishes and farmed the Medin place (SE 34-38-3-W5). As he had liked the Rocky area since working or hauling from lumber camps in the 1940s, the family moved permanently to Rocky Mountain House in October 1952.

The family first resided in the Old Town on a Rolland Gadsden property later owned by Jake Antilla and Vic Beanblossom before buying the Reid house on 54th Street west in 1957. The monthly terms were simple—rent was $45 and installment purchase was $20. Eric wanted to rent, but Hazel insisted otherwise. Donald (1955) was born during the Old Town years, and Janice (1956), Rhonda (1959), Garth (1961) and Donna (1963) arrived after moving uptown.

Eric Hamilton hauling lumber.

The adjoining lot was acquired from Les Greenwell where the present family residence was built in 1972.

Eric was a hard working independent truck driver who loved his work and the Rocky area. We could never imagine him in any other career or living anywhere else. His livelihood was based largely on the lumbering industry in winter and hauling gravel in summer and fall for the municipality, forestry or oil industry. Over the years he hauled out of most of the large lumber mills, including those owned by companies such as Atlas and Imperial and several privately owned mills including Art Fisher, Andy Miller, Dave Edwards, Johnson Brothers and Murray Brothers. He also hauled for many small operators, including Rowans, Ralph Hart, Wolgemuths, Marcus Gabler, Jim Spence, Jim Hardie, Elmer Salmon, Albert and Cyril Lund, Nick Rahko and Leonard Gilbert, Bob Ross and Willie Hansinger. These good people enabled Eric to stay in Rocky rather than having to work away from home. He was also well known for hauling lumber and posts to east central Alberta and back-hauling coal for local farms, residents and businesses. The remains of his first cable hoist gravel box is not much larger than today's pickup boxes. In the early years, some of the gravel and most of the lumber was loaded by hand. Eric never was in a collision and his only wreck was when he powered out on the icy Snake hill on the Camp 15 road.

Hazel worked as a cook at the Rocky hospital until her retirement in 1989. The children are thankful that Eric and Hazel enjoyed a trip to Scotland before Eric's untimely passing in 1978. The family hopes for Mother's continued good health as she enjoys her golden years. Reg has spent his career in oil field operations residing mainly in Drayton Valley. He has two daughters, Jane and Leah. Bryan, a resource management consultant, resides in Calgary with his wife, Vickie, and children, Pam and Brad. Shirley married Neil Visser and together they manage their demolition contracting business from Beaumont. They have four children: Ron, Sonja, Corey and Dianne. Don, his wife, Jane, and children, Garrett and Leslie, continue to maintain their home in Rocky from which he operates his oil field trucking concern. Janice married Randy Brodersen and they have two children, Travis and Amy. Randy first operated his oil field trucking business out of Devon and later Grande Prairie. Rhonda lives in Sylvan Lake with her boys, Ryan and Scott, and works for the federal government. Garth has a daughter, Bronte, and teaches school in Edmonton. Donna has three children: Grant, Rhianna and Randy. She is married to Shawn Wearmouth and resides in Rocky.

Hazel's father, George Duncan, homesteaded in the Everdell district in 1912. George and brothers, Alex, Tom and Peter, came from Elgin, Scotland, in 1911 to join their elder half-brother, Adam McPherson. Adam, one of the first settlers at Sylvan Lake in 1903, became well known for his award winning registered livestock. Their cousin, Mrs. William Stuart (nee Robb), was also an early pioneer in the Rocky area. George originally assisted the McPherson breeding stock operations before becoming one of their teamsters. He freighted for the rail construction to Nordegg and as far as the Wilson Ranch at Two O'clock Creek. Later, he worked on both the eastern trestle as well as the main trestle over the North Saskatchewan. Many people are unaware that the filling in of this smaller trestle resulted in the creation of the "Old" falls as the original mouth of the creek was north of the river bridge. In 1917 he left his homestead and moved to Red Deer where he married Gertrude Wright in 1923. After daughters, Hazel (1924) and Gladys (1926), were born, he farmed at Evarts where his wife passed away in 1927. He then married Helen Gowans. Born to this wedlock were George Jr., James, Jean (Milne), Robert, Peter and Edward. Hazel attended Gaetz School and later Shady Lane School after the family moved to the Hespero district in 1932. Sister

Gladys married Dewey Miller who also made Rocky their home. George Duncan died in 1984 at 92 years of age.

The Hamilton's had no connection to this area until Eric's father, David, came to Red Deer in 1918 to live with his sister, Eliza Day, and her family while undergoing rehabilitation from his WW I wounds. Traditionally, the family had been shepherds from near Auchencar on Isle of Arran, Scotland, though most family members later moved to Muirkirk in Ayrshire with only the men and boys remaining alternately on Arran to tend the flocks.

The Hamilton family history largely relates to the Assiniboia District of the former North West Territories. In early 1883, Eric's grandfather, Henry, was one of the first passengers to arrive in Medicine Hat via the CPR. He leased the NW/4 26-10-5-W4 and later purchased the land from the Hudson's Bay Company and homesteaded the NE 2-9-5-W4 where he found a coal seam, later site of the Hamilton Mine, one of the two early coal mines the area. After wedding Margaret Wilson in 1885, Henry Hamilton insisted that the family remain in Scotland until the children were educated. Thus he crossed Canada and the Atlantic eleven times to return to Scotland about every two years until he brought the family over in 1898. His plan was to capitalize on the open range while it lasted. The ranch grew to a six line shack operation covering an arc of over fifteen miles on the western end of the Cypress Hills. The district of Woolchester was named for the area's two large sheep ranches, the Hamilton Ranch and the Bruce Ranch which was established nearly fifteen years later. In May 1903 they lost over two thousand head in the worst single spring blizzard (in recorded history) in what is now southern Alberta. In the terrible unending winter of 1906-1907, they lost over twice that number, and the ranch was wiped out for the final time. They could have started again, but the days of the open range were over. Settlers were moving in and their fences prevented stock from drifting with storms in order to survive. With his dream of a ranching legacy over, Henry retired to Creston and then Telkwa, B.C.

His only son David worked on the family ranch and coal mine until taking out a homestead (SW 30-10-4-W4) on the bench of the Cypress Hills in 1910. David took shrapnel that destroyed a knee at Vimy Ridge, but fortunately had a solid joint grafted in London. While hospitalized, he met his future wife, Annie Cowie, who, as lady-in-waiting to Lady Moira Carnegie, was performing charitable services to the wounded. As the daughter of the manager of the vast Southesk estate and Kinnaird Castle at Brechin, Scotland, Annie had grown up listening to stories from the Earl, James Carnegie, of his hunting expedition across western Canada to the Rockies in 1859-1860. James erected a cairn on the pass above the tributary of the Brazeau River—the Southesk River which he named after his estate. He also named some ten mountains in that area. Remarkably, Annie heard stories about Joseph Brazeau, the factor at Fort Rocky Mountain House at the time, and she was disappointed to find that the town was not surrounded by mountains. After David acquired the SW 35-38-3W5 west of Benalto, he wed Annie in 1921 and their sons Eric (1922) and Lorne (1923) soon followed. Anne experienced the unbelievable thrill of living to see one of the Lady Moira's circle, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, become Queen of England. She described the present Queen Mother as cheerful, perky and kind. Gentle Annie, always of fragile health, did not live until the actual coronation as she passed away in 1937. She gave up a life of great luxury and world travel to become a farm wife, and she had to be taught such basic things as how to make bread because she had never cooked before. She succeeded wonderfully. David lived on the farm with son Lorne until his death in 1957.

HANKINSON - McCOY families
submitted by Winona (McCoy) Titford

I am starting out with the Hankinson family and then going on to my family, the McCoys, as Winnifred (Baker-Hankinson) McCoy was my mother.

In 1907 Rowlen Hankinson (Sr.) and his wife Martha came from St. Thomas, Ontario, and homesteaded the SW quarter of 4-38-6-W5 near Dovercourt. Rowlen ran the Land Office in Rocky Mountain House for several years. They had four children: Mary, Sue, Charlie and Kenneth. Mary was married to Art Driscoll, and they owned and operated a general store for

Bob and Win, September 12, 1948.

Bob and Winona Titford Family.

many years. Sue never married. Kenneth was a railroad engineer. Charlie married Winnifred Baker of Buffalo, New York. Rowlen, Martha and Sue are at rest in the Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky.

Charlie and my mother, Winnifred, were married in 1907, and that same year moved from St. Thomas, Ontario, to Red Deer, Alberta. They lived there for a short time before coming to the Stauffer area and settling on the NW 9-37-6-W5. They lived in tents until they built their home. While still living in tents, their first son, Gilbert, was born on August 22, 1908. Charlie ran the mail route between Stauffer and Rocky, from 1910 to 1919. In 1920 they moved to Nordegg where Winnifred and Nellie Edwards ran a boarding house. While living in Nordegg the Hankinson family lost four of their ten children to diphtheria. Their surviving children were: Gilbert, Helen, Lorrain (better known as Fritz), Edna, Rowlie and Harold. In 1921 Charlie, Winnifred and family moved to Dovercourt and ran the Dovercourt store. After Charlie died on April 19, 1922, Winnifred continued running the store, and sometime later she married my father, Kidd McCoy.

Charlie and Winnifred's son, Gilbert, married Kathleen May of Stauffer, and they had three children: Jean, Douglas and Kenneth. Kathleen died in 1983, and Gilbert passed away on December 14, 1994.

Helen married Ray Edmonds of Dovercourt and they had two children, Charlie and Helen. Charlie died March 29, 1976, at the age of 48 years. Helen Sr. passed away July 1973, at age 63. Ray died at 83 years of age, in 1986.

Lorrain (Fritz) married Edna Coghlin of Rocky. This union produced four children: Gary, Judy, Colleen, and Janine. Fritz died in 1983.

Edna married Bob Ross of Rocky, and they had three sons: Lorrain (better known as Bugs), Terrel and Ernie. After their divorce, Edna married Ernie Robinson of Grande Prairie. Ernie was an "exchange" teacher, so they lived in many countries before they finally retired in Cape Town, South Africa. In 1997 Edna passed away in Cape Town, at the age of 84 years.

Rowlen (Rowlie) married Verona Parks of Rocky. They had two children, Georgia and Tyra. Verona was killed in a motor vehicle accident, on December 2, 1969, at Golden, BC. In 1973 Rollie married Lucille Cole. Then, in November 1976, he passed away at the age of 61.

Harold married Neva Gibson in 1942. After their divorce, Harold married Ivy Baine (Dix) of Caroline in 1948. They have two adopted daughters: Wanda and Brenda. Harold worked for many years for United Grain Growers and was stationed in North, Central and Southern Alberta. They are now retired and living in Edmonton (2001). Footnote: Harold passed away February 26, 2002.

In the early '20s my mother, Winnifred Hankinson, married Albert (better known as Kid) McCoy. Kid was born in Pendleton, Oregon, in December 1886. He came to Alberta in 1909. He filed on SE 34-37-6-W5 and lived there until he joined the army and served overseas in World War I. Upon returning, he purchased a half section on 18-36-5-W5, located in the Butte Flats, for about $800. This purchase was made

through the Veterans' Land Act. Albert was always joking and kidding around, and hence the nickname "Kid." They had three children: Winnifred in June 1924; myself, Winona, in August 1928, and an unnamed boy who died of "black pneumonia" at one week old. Of Winnifred Baker's 13 children, I am the only one still living.

I have quite a few memories that I would like to share with the readers. My father loved to sing, and I can remember hearing his beautiful voice when he was going about his work around the farm. When he was plowing, I could hear him singing from far across the field. I can remember, as a small child, hearing Mom and Dad scheming how they were going to make the yearly land payment. Our main income was Dad's monthly pension cheque, of only $13. Mom used this money to buy the monthly groceries and Dad's one can of pipe tobacco at Killick's and Cony's stores. The majority of our food was raised on the farm. My mother would always can (preserve) 150 quarts of peas plus many, many jars of wild fruit, jam, beef, chicken, etc. All together she would put up about seven hundred quarts of preserves, yearly. We were a big family and always enjoyed company. Sunday dinners weren't Sunday dinners, unless we had 14 to 16 people seated at the table. Every Monday morning, I recall my Dad would help my mother wash clothes for the entire household, using the old scrub-board. Then, of course, everything had to be ironed, even the underwear. Wages, off the farm, in those days were $1.25/day for a team of horses and driver, for a 12 to 14-hour day. The land they were making payments on would likely be worth about $385,000.00 today (2001).

Mother, Winnifred McCoy, passed away in 1943 at the age of 57 years. Dad died in 1945 at the age of 59. They both are at rest in the Pine Grove Cemetery at Rocky.

My sister, Winnifred, and I were born and raised in the Butte district (then known as the Stauffer area), and we took our schooling at Clear Creek. Mary Ross was our teacher in that one-room schoolhouse for many years. There were as many as 60 children being taught from first to ninth grade. Two other teachers who taught me were Tina (Ritzo) McCabe and Phyl Bert.

I (Winona) left school at 16 years old (with a grade eight education), to take my very first job. Charlie Mofford wanted some domestic help for his wife. The first morning had a dream-like quality, when all those children (13, I believe) started coming down for breakfast. They just kept appearing out of the woodwork. The Mofford family were all good to me. After about a week, I started working at Spoors' butcher shop for about $15/week. Mr. Spoor always left a dime every day on his desk, for each of his workers, so they could go out for coffee over at the Modern Cafe (Shortie's). I can remember that if he didn't have two dimes he would say, "I haven't got two dimes. So, take this quarter, Win, and leave the change on my desk, when you get back." I also worked at the Heatherdale Bakery for Walter and Clarence Sheir. When I got married, they made our wedding cake (all fruit), as a gift. We still have the top part of the cake after 53 years. I also worked at Ross's Garage with Mary, doing books.

In 1948 I married Bob Titford of Rocky. Bob and his brother, Tom, were in the construction business, and in 1957 they formed a company, Titford Bros. Contractors. When Tom left the company, I became a partner in the business. In 1959 we built the first motel and trailer-court in Rocky, "The Sportsman." I was the bookkeeper for both businesses and an all-round general worker. We have three children: Larry (1951), Allan (1953) and Barbara (1956). Larry married Bonnie Sandmaier from Forestburg, Alberta, and they have two daughters, Catherine and Colleen. Allan married Cecily Burwash of Calgary (now divorced), and they have two sons, Carson and Morgan. Barbara married Jim Johnston of Rocky, and they have a daughter and son, Keely and Tyler.

My sister, Winnifred, married Bill Shaurette of Stauffer, and they had one son, Edward. Bill passed away November 1945. Winnifred married Donald (Scottie) Chapin in June of 1947, and they had three sons: Donald, Lloyd, and David. Scottie was killed in a chuck wagon accident at the Calgary Stampede in July 1960. Winnifred worked at a nursing home in Calgary for many years. She passed away in May of 1984 and is at rest in Queens Park Cemetery in Calgary.

HANSEL, Max and Annie
submitted by Annette Gray

When I first met the Hansels they were living south of the Elementary School on 46 Street. Max was a mechanic—and a darn good one—at Edwards Garage. Annie was a homemaker—an immaculate housekeeper and fantastic cook. Both Max and Annie were avid gardeners, and it was always a treat to walk past their two-story, gray insul-brick house where a variety of roses, delphiniums and begonias competed for your attention. Window boxes overflowed with geraniums and pansies, a greenhouse sat to one side of the house, and a healthy vegetable garden took up much of the back yard. As I recall, Max and Annie often won community beautification awards for their home and garden.

"You'd laugh if I told you how I met Max," Annie said. "I was 14 at the time, still living with my parents, Fred and Lily von Hollen, on the farm south of Alhambra. I was kneading bread dough, when a knock came to the door and who should come into the kitchen but a young German immigrant, dressed in suit, tie, and tall leather boots. He was so handsome!" Annie recalls, "and I was so embarrassed, because I had flour up to my elbows. He told us he had just moved with his parents to a nearby farm, so right then and there I decided he was the man I would marry."

Seven years later on December 2, 1930, Max and Annie were married. They lived for some time on the farm in the Horseguard district, with a short stay in Condor and Ponoka, before building a house in Rocky Mountain House in 1948—and lived in this house for over 50 years.

Max and Annie raised five children: Bernice (Mrs. Doug Meston), Laurie (Mrs. Bill McNutt), Arlene (Mrs. Ed Hammond), Steve (wife, June) and Dean. The Hansels were a hard working couple, yet they always had time to stop and chat with friends, relatives and neighbors over a cup of coffee. Max and son, Dean, passed away several years ago, and Annie passed away October 15, 2002.

HANSEN, Orval and family
information by Herb Hansen

Orville Hansen, and his brothers, Earl , Herb and Clifford grew up north of Spruce View, Alberta, in the Happy Hill district where his

Berry picking at Stauffer. Bill, Earl and Herb Hansen.

Danish parents, William James and Ella Christine Hansen, farmed.

Besides farming, his father, owned and operated a logging operation west Rocky Mountain House. While helping his father Orval met a local girl, Jean Kerik. They married and settled down in Rocky Mountain House and raised a family of three children: two sons, Rodney and Bill and a daughter, Karla. Orval drowned in a fishing accident west of Rocky in 1995.

HANSEN, William (Bill) and family

The William Hansen family. William, Herb, Ella, Orval, Clifford and Earl.

William James and Ella Christine Hansen, established a farm north of Spruce View, Alberta, in the Happy Hill district in the early 1900s, after coming to Canada (from Denmark) via way of the states. They had four sons, Earl , Herb, Clifford and Orval.

In 1943, William (Bill Hansen) and his sons began logging in the Rocky Mountain House area. At first they worked for Rudy Counnic. However, Rudy died during the following

Camp west of Rocky, Dewey Neilson on right, does anyone know the others?

summer, so Bill took over Rudy's berth and set up a logging operation of his own. The next season the Hansens made $3,000 to $4,000 logging and Herb recalls his father put the money into the farm, then got hailed out, "so the family hadn't gained much."

All the same, logging in the west country became a yearly venture for the Hansens. For many years Bill and the boys went into "camp" the first of December and came out the end of March in time to begin spring seeding on the farm. Bill hired lumber jacks who lived in bunkhouses at camp—about 30 men—as well as a woman cook, Bina Stephansson from Markerville. Young Herb's job was to haul ties.

When Saturday afternoon rolled around the whole crew flocked into Rocky Mountain House. That was the highlight of the week and what a time some of the boys had, kicking up their heels in town!

After Herb's marriage in 1947, his wife, Joan, became the camp cook from January '48 to March of '49. At the time the Hansens's camp was located north of Horburg, Joan was actually a young school teacher from the Kootenay Lake district, B.C., whom Herb met the summer of '47 while hauling gravel. After her brief stint as cook, Joan taught school at Spruce View for many years.

William Hansen Family. Back row: Earl, Ella, and William. Front row: Clifford, Orval and Herbert.

Herb tells a humorous story about a tall gangly fellow who accompanied his father on a hunting trip west of Rocky. The man shot a moose, but being an inexperienced hunter, he raced over to the downed animal before it had fully expired. Straddling the moose, the "green horn" was about to begin butchering, when the moose stood up, catching the man in a rather awkward position. Luckily, Herb's father heard him yelling, raced to the scene and ended the ordeal with a carefully aimed shot. The man was uninjured, but the sight of a hunter straddling a moose, clinging to its horns, and yelling at the top of his lungs was the funniest thing Bill had ever seen, and for many years he enjoyed telling the story.

Although Bill, Earl, Herb and Clifford never made Rocky their permanent base, Orval, the youngest Hansen, did. Orval met a local girl, Jean Kerik; they married, settled down in Rocky Mountain House and raised a family of three children: two sons, Rodney and Bill and a daughter, Karla. Orval drowned in a fishing accident west of Rocky in 1995.

Earl and his wife, Marion, live in Calgary and farm a quarter of land a short distance east of Caroline. They have two children: Vernon and Sylvia.

Herb and Joan Hansen have two children: Pam born May 1949, and Christopher (Kit), born Jan. 1952. The Herb Hansens took up residence in Markerville in the fall of 1960 and Joan and Herb lived there until they moved to Innisfail in 2001.

For most of their lives Clifford and his wife, Eileen, made their home on a farm bordering the Diamond Valley Road, south of Eckville, then retired to live in Red Deer. They have two children : Colleen and Colin.

HANSON, Edward and Julia

Edward Hanson was born in Oslo, Norway. Julia Christianson was born in Drammen, Norway.

Edward, son-in-law, Ira Gray, Julia, grandchildren:, Roland and June Gray, 1930.

Edward Hanson came to Hudson, Wisconsin, when a young man. When Julia was thirteen years, she and her parents also immigrated to Hudson. There Edward and Julia met and were married.

After a few years of city living, they moved to Clayton, Wisconsin, where the rest of their children were born. They had five sons, Henry, Edward, Arnold, Maurice, Harold and one daughter, Josephine (Gray).

In 1910 they moved to the ranching area of South Dakota which is said to be one of the driest areas in the States and lived there until their retirement. In 1928, they came to Rocky Mountain House to be with their daughter, Josephine, and son-in-law, Ira Gray.

Edward and Julia with Baby June (Gray) Cowie.

Edward Hanson died in 1935 and is buried at Garth Cemetery. Julia Hanson returned to the United States and passed away in 1947. She is buried at Jamestown, North Dakota.

HARBOTTLE FAMILY
by Peter Harbottle

Joan and Peter Harbottle in Old Town, Rocky, 1931.

My parents, Bill and Alice Harbottle, purchased a team and wagon in Calgary in the spring of 1928, and it was in this covered wagon that we journeyed to Rocky Mountain House. There were four children: Wesley, Mary, Peter and Joan. We lived in a house near the creek in "Old Town" from 1928 through 1931. Dad rented the house from Mr. Slaght.

One day when I was playing alone along the creek bank, I fell in. I remember floating downstream on my back. I floated under the bridge, looking up at the underside of it. As I floated into the open, my arm touched the bank and turning over I crawled out. I was soaking wet and knew I mustn't go home, so I played away from the creek and the house until I dried off. (editor's note: Runoff from the muskeg south of town is now drained by a culvert, but once the water meandered through the willows. Locals named the stream "Stump Creek," now known as Trapper's Creek, and crossed it in Old Town by means of a small, wooden traffic bridge.)

Ewant Harbottle family (1939). Chilliwack, B.C. 18th Anniversary. Back Row: Mary Harbottle White (1923), Peter (1925), Joan Harbottle Emery (1926), (Wesley) Ross Hadden (1922). Front row: Dad, (Bill) Ewant 1894-1981, H.Roy (1933), Mom, Alice Jones Harbottle 1902 – 1970.

Another boy and I played on the railway bridge and, as we were four and five years old, this was against our parents' wishes. We would each choose a track and see how far we could walk on it until we stepped off. We also climbed in the girders from the river edge and loved seeing the trains crossing the bridge. From there we could wave to the engineers as the train sped to and from Nordegg.

When the BlackFoot Indians came to town each year, they set up their camp near the bridge. I watched them dance around the campfire. Older men kept time on their skin drums and sang. They were very colorful in their beaded deerskin clothes, the women in beads and brightly colored satin dresses. They all wore deerskin moccasins. I remember wearing deerskin moccasins, decorated with beadwork which Dad purchased from them.

Wesley, Mary and Peter all started school in Rocky Mountain House. In 1927, Joan got the dreaded infantile paralysis and it affected her feet and ankles. She used canes and crutches most of her life and now moves around in an electric cart.

In 1931 we moved to Dovercourt, to the farm where Roy was born. In 1942, Dad and Mom moved back to Old Town, purchasing a house where they relaxed for a few years.

Roy is presently living in Vancouver. Joan lives in Victoria. Wesley, who changed his name to Ross Hadden, in 1977, lives in Creston, B.C. Mary lives in New Denver and I live in Oliver, B.C.

HARPER, John and Jean (Blackie)

John and Jean Harper, 50th Anniversary.

John Harper was born in 1918 in the town of Bath, Somerset, England. He came to Canada with his mother in 1919, at the age of four months, to the Okotoks area. There they waited for the arrival of his father who was still in the army. He was raised mainly in the Midnapore area.

Jean's parents, William and Catherine Blackie, emigrated from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1926, with three of their four children. Their eldest daughter remained behind to finish her nurse's training. They came to a soldiers' settlement farm at Bon Accord, Alberta. Jean was a surprise addition to the family in June 1927.

The family moved to Pincher Creek in 1936, where William worked on cattle ranches. Eventually, he managed the Anchor Down Ranch at Priddis, which was owned by the Dewar Whiskey family of England, at that time. He worked there until it was sold after Mrs. Dewar's passing. In 1942, Catherine Blackie lost her battle with cancer. Later, William married May Lowe and lived in the Priddis area. He passed away in 1963 from a massive heart attack.

Jean and her dad loved horses very much, showing them in Lethbridge, Calgary and anywhere there was a horse show. In 1941 Jean rode in a large class at the Calgary Horse Show and placed second as "best girl rider." Her mother, Catherine, was so pleased and predicted that "next year Jean would be first." However, Catherine's cancer returned and Jean did not

participate the next year. Her mother succumbed to the disease that same year.

In 1945 Jean joined the Canadian Women's Army Corp. She trained in Kitchener, Ontario, and was first posted to the military hospital at Camp Borden, working her way back west until she was posted to the Edmonton Military Hospital. The war was over, and the military hospitals were being phased out, so Jean returned to Priddis.

John and Jean were married in June 1948 in Priddis. They lived on a farm they purchased in the area. Their first child, daughter Merridith was born in 1949 at the Calgary General Hospital. Son, Keith, was born in 1952; a son, Kevin, was born in 1956 and a daughter, Shelagh, was born in 1962.

John and Jean decided they needed a larger land base for farming, but the Priddis area was being sub-divided and bought up by wealthy Calgarians. In 1963 the decision was made to relocate to the Rocky Mountain House area. Three quarters of land were purchased from John Berger in the Taimi area, where they ran a dairy until 1996.

Merridith married Harry Mofford of Rocky in 1968. They have three daughters: Candace, born in 1969; Melonie born in 1972, and Carolyn born in 1976. Merridith and Harry divorced when Carolyn was quite young; she stayed with her father, while the older girls stayed with their mother. Merridith married Gordon Rahm in 1988, and they live in Rocky. Candace married Trevor Richardson; they live in Innisfail, with their three children: Ian, Lindsay, and Josh. Melonie married Shaun Holland; they live north of Leslieville with their children: Cheynel, Hayley and Jayden. Carolyn lives in Sylvan Lake with her friend, Bryce Palmer.

Keith married Robin Reekie Peck of Rocky in 1980 and resides on a farm north of Rocky. They have two children: Dennis, born in 1980 and Russell, born in 1982. Dennis has a son Nathan, born in 2000, who lives in Pincher Creek with his mother.

Kevin married Margaret Martin of the Dovercourt area in 1978, and resides on one of the original quarters purchased by John and Jean. Their children are: Amanda, born in 1981; Dannielle, born in 1986; Michael born in 1987, and Deryk born in 1989.

Shelagh married Dwayne Bunch in 1980. Their children are: Warren, born in 1982 and Jeremy born in 1985. Shelagh, Dwayne and Jeremy presently reside in Jakarta, Indonesia, where Dwayne is employed by Gulf Indonesia. Warren is back in Red Deer attending Red Deer College.

HARPER, Ross and Patricia (Park)

Pat worked at Hadley's Eats & Treats, at the Rocky Legion and at Sears in Rocky where she raised her three girls. In 1981 they moved to Vernon, B.C., where Pat worked at Electrical Enterprise and at the hospital. Here she met Ross Harper and in 1983 they were married and moved to Cassiar for six years. In 1986 their son Nathanial was born. Ross worked at the mine and Pat owned and operated a ladies' boutique and managed a commercial laundry and dry cleaners. When the town closed, Ross went back into the consulting engineering field in St. Albert, Alberta, for three years. They were transferred to Vancouver, B.C., for two years before they embarked on an overseas assignment to the Czech Republic where they both worked for eight months. They then returned to New Westminster for two years, then off to Indonesia for eighteen months. Nathanial has had a lot of experiences in his variety of schools. They now have purchased a home in Calgary where Ross is a senior piping supervisor. Nathanial, who is fifteen years old, plays hockey, lacrosse, snowboards and almost any sport available. Pat's three girls are Laura Molloy, Kishanda Boutin and Korlaina Huber. Pat and Ross have seven grandchildren.

Laura is the oldest daughter of Patricia (Park) Harper and the first grandchild for Robert and Dorothy Park. Laura attended Rocky Elementary School for grades one to three, and Lochearn Elementary for grades four to six before moving to Vernon, B.C. in 1981. In 1987, she moved to Cassiar and remained there until the town closed in 1992. She married Chris Molloy, who is originally from Windsor, Ontario, and is a milker/herdsman on a dairy farm. Chris and Laura are parents of five children: Seth, Cody, Kyah and twin daughters Korilayn and Katyn. Laura is a free-lance artist.

Kishandra Boutin is the second daughter of Patricia Harper. She started school at Lochearn

Elementary School before they moved to Vernon, B.C. When she was in grade eight they moved to Cassiar where she graduated. She is a cosmotologist. She went to Indonesia for a year where she became a Dive Master for scuba diving. She also had an in-home hairdressing business. Before returning to Canada she visited Australia, and in 2000 she toured Italy, Germany and Amsterdam. At present she's taking a business course to help her open her own hairdressing business in Kamloops, B.C. Kishanda has a special friend, Livio Pierabon.

Korlaina is the third daughter of Patricia Harper and started school in Rocky Mountain House. When she was in grade four the family moved to Vernon, B.C., and she attended school there until she reached grade seven when they moved to Cassiar, B.C. where she graduated. It was in Cassiar that she met Garred Huber. Korlaina and Garred have lived many places, one year in St. Albert where Garred went to NAIT, two years in Nanaimo, B.C. where he continued his education at the college. Their next move was to Dease Lake where Garred worked for highways, and Korlaina worked as a teachers' aide and at the post office. In 1999 they moved to Nelson, B.C. where Garred is a quality control manager for VSA highway contractor. In 2000 they were transferred to Creston, B.C. where they now live. Korlaina has the best job of all; she's a stay-at-home mom to Jena (10) and Kail (5). Both Jena and Kail take piano lessons, swimming and skating.

HARTY, Snowy
by Jacquie J. W. Harty

Snowy was born at home September 2, 1937, on a farm near Masinasin, Alberta (today Writing on Stone Provincial Park). He weighed in at 9 pounds and 10 ounces. It had been a difficult birth. His mother remained at home in bed the following Sunday while his father, Wendell, along with aunts and uncles, and grandparents took the new baby to church for baptism.

Before Wendell left that morning, he talked with Anne about names and they agreed on Kenneth Martin. They chose Kenneth because they liked it and Martin for Wendell's father. Hours later in church, however, godmother Aunt Katie, a woman not to be trifled with, insisted that the child be named for his godfather, Uncle Ireneus. Ireneus was the name of a second century saint from Rome. The priest agreed that parents should name a child after a saint. Poor Wendell never liked to argue and gave in. So they baptized the baby, Ireneus Martin.

Ireneus quickly became Rene, which frequently came out as "Rainy." One day a neighbour pointed out the active youngster was more like a snowstorm, more Snowy than Rainy, and the name stuck. For the rest of his life, whenever he introduced himself, he would stick out his hand and say, "Snowy Harty." Only his family continued to call him Rene.

When Snowy was four, he discovered a beer bottle in the garage with a rag stuffed in the top and drank the contents. His mother found him barely conscious and reeking of kerosene. His parents rushed him to the hospital in Milk River for treatment. Years later his mother recalled that for months afterward, the child smelled like kerosene. Until this event, he had been the tallest of the three eldest Harty sons, which were born exactly one year apart. Now, however, his growth slowed drastically and he remained unusually small for his age. Finally, a medical specialist prescribed a growth stimulant for him and he grew seven inches in his sixteenth year.

Snowy kept busy during his high school years in Milk River. He loved scouting and was proud to become a Queen Scout of the first Masinasin troop in 1955 under Vincent Massey, Chief Scout for Canada. Sports were his first love. He made the school teams for basketball, baseball and rodeo. They played a lot of games "down across the line" against teams from Coutts, Montana, because it was conveniently close. Those were simpler times.

After high school, Snowy attended the Montana School of Mines in Butte, Montana, studying Petroleum Engineering. For the next decade or so of his life, he drifted between farming near home, ranching in B.C. with his brother Jim and oilfield construction jobs in Northern, Alberta. In his spare time he followed the amateur rodeo circuit and competed and brought home trophies in bull riding and bareback bronc events.

In 1966, his parents retired, sold out the grain farm east of Milk River, and moved to High River to be nearer more of their six children who

were by now in either Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, or B.C. Snowy became a Calgary man even though his work took him into the oil patch. That's where I met him in 1967.

At the University of Saskatchewan that spring, recruiters from Calgary Public School Board (as it was then called) held interviews on campus. My friend, Margaret Williams, and I decided to apply and were hired immediately. We moved to Calgary together. I got a job at Crescent Heights High School and Margaret got Kensington School.

I remember Calgary in 1967 as a very exciting place, expanding rapidly as both the oil boom and the baby boom came of age. I met Snowy at a football game at McMahon Stadium, and he explained the game to me. We were married July 8, 1969, and made Calgary our home. That was also when Margaret met Jim Kelly, but that's another story.

In 1970 Jim and Snowy went to work for Parsons Construction Company (later Partech) building the first phase of the Ram River gas plant. The site employed 600 men at its peak in that first phase and the work continued over several years and expansions.

Driving back and forth between Calgary and Rocky Mountain House became too much, and we moved to Rocky in July of 1971. Snowy and I purchased 62 acres from Alf and Joyce Morrish and we made our home there for many years. I taught at the Rocky Junior-Senior High School during this period. It was also while living there, we were blessed with two beautiful daughters. Susan was born March 6, 1973, and Carol arrived March 31, 1977.

Snowy became quite active in St. Matthews Knights of Columbus in the late 70s. They began moving ahead with plans for St. Matthew Catholic School. Snowy served as Secretary Treasurer on that first school board while still working for Quinn Contracting. There were many long hours of volunteer work and late night meetings before they built the school and began classes in the fall of 1980. His daughter, Susan, attended the school that first year.

Snowy's health began to deteriorate over the following years. He passed away May 16, 1986.

As for his family, I have been teaching at Pioneer School for the last 21 years. Both Susan and Carol attended St. Matthew and then graduated from Will Sinclair High School. Susan has been living in Edmonton for the past ten years, first at the U of A and then working. Carol went to UVic in B.C. first, and is now at Cambridge University in England.

HAWORTH, Elsie Goldie

Elsie was born in 1897 in Emporia, Kansas. As a small child she travelled with her parents, Elijah and Caroline, three brothers and three sisters by covered wagon to Alberta. The arduous journey took three years. They arrived in Red Deer in the autumn of 1905 and wintered there. In the spring of 1906, they took up their homestead land located, north-east of Rocky Mountain House, near the cemetery. The first years were quite lean and their diet consisted of wild meat, deer, elk and even some bear.

In later years the boys returned to the United States, but the girls all remained and married locally. Elsie married Charlie Edwards and they had seven children: Goldie, Mary, Alfred, David, Fredrick, Iona and Roy. After her divorce, Elsie and the children moved to Calgary in 1937. When Charlie died in 1949, their son, David, and his family returned to Rocky to take over Edwards' Lumber. In 1954 Elsie moved back to Rocky be close to Dave. After the death of her husband, Elsie's daughter also returned to Rocky, to be close to the family.

Elsie was one of the first seniors to reside in Westview Lodge when it opened. She died in 1972 and is interred beside her son, Dave, in Rocky's Pine Grove Cemetery.

HEIN, Dr. Stanley, Merle and family

Dr. Stanley Hein was raised on a farm in the Hanna area, studied medicine at the University of Alberta and began his career as a doctor in the Royal Alexander Hospital, in Edmonton. Later, he and his wife, Merle, moved to Mayerthorpe where Stan spent a year and a half serving as a rural doctor. In 1953 the Heins learned that a doctor was required in Rocky Mountain House and decided to see what opportunities the town had to offer. "We liked the countryside and the mountains nearby," Stan recalled. "...and the position was attractive."

At that time an addition to the Rocky Hospital had just been completed, including, among other things, brand new beds—the prospects

seemed good. So, the Heins arrived in Rocky Mountain House on April 1, 1953, and the young doctor began his tenure which spanned thirty-five years and saw him administer health care to thousands of townspeople, lumberjacks, oil workers, farmers and aboriginals on three reserves.

The Heins' first clinic was located in the former Teddy Brett house (now the Konynenbelt residence), on the corner of 49 Street and 50 Avenue. The popular Dr. Greenaway had passed away the previous October, and his replacement, Dr. Norman Mellor, a newcomer to town, more than welcomed another physician to ease a heavy workload.

The Heins immediately set about remodeling their new home to accommodate a clinic. The dining room was boarded off; the living room became an office; a front bedroom was converted into an examining room, and a closet was transformed into a lab. "Nothing was ever locked," explained Merle, and on one occasion she awoke at 3 a.m. to find three patients in the living room waiting for treatment.

In 1957 the Heins moved to a new clinic on main street (now Helen Hunley Agencies) where Stan continued his practice for another twenty years. During this time, he developed a reputation as a good orthopedic surgeon. Aided by a movable x-ray unit, he was able to replace broken hips with plates and pins and did considerable surgery on knee cartilage.

Besides working at the hospital and medical office, Stan had other interests. He began renovating old buildings, then renting or selling them—refurbishing nine such houses. "Much of the renovations were major," he explained. "Some of the houses were pretty beat-up." One building was only a shell, having suffered fire damage, and this entailed a great deal of manual labor. While replacing the floor, Stan found he had to extract many wheelbarrow loads of debris from the basement before he could begin to rebuild.

The doctor's construction skills were put to good use, when he volunteered to help build a manse and the Presbyterian Church (at the top of main street). The Heins have both been ardent supporters of their church, singing in the choir and generously volunteering time and money for church projects. They have also supported the arts, helping to run Juenesse musicale which brought many talented artists to the area. Stan also served on the school board from 1961 to 1964 and recalls the many hours he spent in meetings, especially when planning an addition to the high school. The community showed its appreciation to the Heins by presenting them with the Community Builders Award at the Chamber of Commerce Banquet in 1982.

Hein family. Top Row: Kent, Merle, Stanley. Front Row: Corliss, and Murray.

To their credit, Stan and Merle raised three children, Murray, Kent and Corliss, who are following in their father's footsteps. Murray practices emergency medicine; Kent is a plastic surgeon, and their daughter, Corliss, is a registered nurse. Kent and his wife, Janet, have three children, Sterling, Carlen and Natalia.

Since retirement in 1988, Stan and Merle have busied themselves on their acreage south of Crimson Lake. Stan enjoys oil painting, and on occasion he and Merle enjoy travelling and golfing. When asked how many babies he has delivered, the doctor answered, "around 3,500." That statement alone incites a great deal of admiration for Stan—as well it guarantees "Dr. Hein" will be fondly remembered for many, many years to come.

HEIN, Stanley and Merle and family

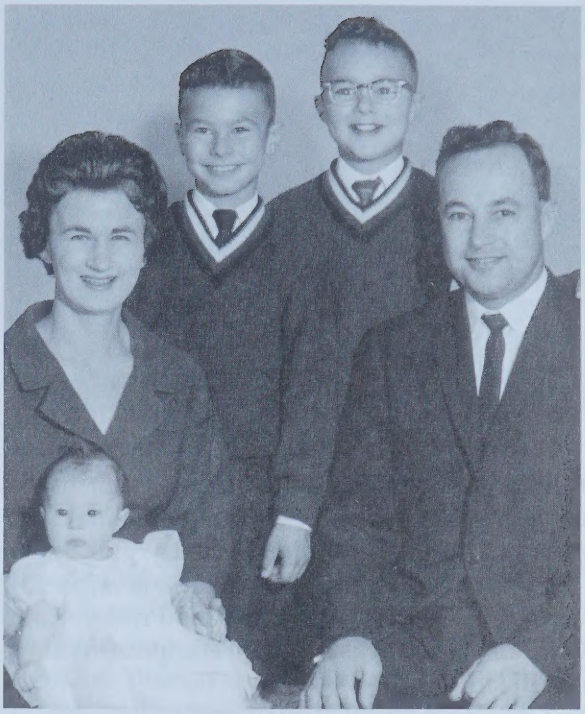
Stan and Merle Hein.

It was in April, 1953, Merle and I were exploring points in central Alberta to secure a medical practice. We visualized a yen for raw country living. Rocky Mountain House was open! As we drove west on the gravel road, the scenic snowcapped mountains were beckoning. The place was a small town jewel. There was a skiff of gravel on the main street and board sidewalks were limited to the upper scale areas.

The Municipal Hospital had a recent renovation incorporating a surgical suite and a separate delivery room. Dr. Norman Mellor was established in town and prospects for each of us to have an independent practice, while sharing services at the hospital, was an ideal setup.

Merle and I rented the Brett house from Margaret Kirby. It is presently the Konynenbelt residence. With some renovations, the front half served as an office and the remainder our domicile. Voila! What a privilege—we had running water and sewage. Heating was provided by a sawdust burner in the basement. Jack Edgerton's delivery service kept up a ready supply.

Health Insurance was lacking. Two dollars would cover an office visit. We managed quite handily. When Medical Services Incorporated came on stream, our fortunes were buoyed. There was no ambulance service to complement for emergencies. Doctors shared many exciting moments at the hospital. Occasionally the surgical armamentarium at the hospital was in short supply. I rummaged through Wally Mottus's machine shop for instruments. On one visit Wally asked me what I intended to do with a steel cylinder bearing. "It's for an operation,"



Christmas, 1962.

I said. He peered with comic perplexity and said, "I'm glad you're not operating on me."

As time moved on, this small town emerged from its cocoon. Business blocks, new schools, residential housing, churches, recreation facilities and later a new hospital blossomed together into a mini-metropolis. We also built a new office/home complex on main street, presently the Helen Hunley Agency facility.

Rocky Mountain House was home to our three offspring.

Kent Hein, a graduate of Calgary Medical School, specializes in plastic surgery, with a practice in Lethbridge. He is married to Janet Pittman, a nurse and the mother of our three grandchildren, Sterling, Carlen and Natalia.

Murray Hein, also a graduate of Calgary Medical School, is an Emergency Physician at St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver.

Corliss Hein graduated from Foothills Nursing School. In her youth, figure skating was her forte. She served as an operating room nurse at Foothills Hospital, Vancouver General, U.B.C. Hospital, Lion's Gate and Fernie Hospitals.

I retired from my medical practice in 1989. Merle and I are now comfortably ensconced in our home on a quarter section of untamed land. The nest is empty, and we have enduring

Family home.

memories to ponder. Our leisure time includes a medley of travel, tennis, square-dancing, church activities and more recently, golf.

While in Rocky, we also shared a Christian ideology. We identified with the Presbyterian Church. It served as a kind of compass in times of reflection.

HENRY, Ranse and Eleanor
submitted by Beverly Allen

In 1941 Ranse Justus Henry moved to Rocky Mountain House from Shaunavon, Sask. He lived with Moose and Goldie Aube, behind the Ford dealership. In 1950 Eleanor Maud Sinclair moved to the district of Rocky, living near the Coglin place. They met through friends and married in the autumn on Wednesday, October 10, 1951.

Ranse worked at the Atlas Lumber Company with a crew of men. Eventually he became foreman of Revelstoke Mill. As time went on, a two room shanty was placed on the home site. Prior to that the acreage was mainly bush which would be removed little by little. In 1953 Ranse and Eleanor were given a gift—a cow. Beauty was her name and she started their herd of livestock.

Ranse and Eleanor raised four children: Beverly, Barbara, Barry and Brent. Barbara lives with her husband, Lane and children, Jenna and Jason, at Drayton Valley. Barry and Karen live with their family in Red Deer. Brent lives at home with Ranse and Eleanor. Beverly's daughter, Samantha, and her husband, Scott Hamilton,

Rance and Eleanor Henry Family.

live at Kentville, Nova Scotia. They have a daughter, Emilie Nicole, born in 2000, and a son, Roman Lewis, born October 19, 2002.

Ranse and Eleanor Henry celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary on October 10, 2001.

HENSON, Muriel (Osborne)

Camping Trip, 1939, Prairie Creek.

I was born and raised in the Strachan area in 1922. My parents were Elmer and Katie Osborne. There were six of us kids, so similar to other folks at that time, my parents had quite a struggle to keep going.

I had three sisters, all older than I: Joan Smith, Jessie Milligan and Pat Graham. We lost Pat in February 1999. We also had two brothers, Raymond and Allan. Both are gone also.

I went to Pleasant Vale School where I got my Grade 8 education. After leaving school, I helped the folks on the farm with milking and haying. I spent lots of hours on horseback, looking for the cows night and morning, then milking them by hand.

As I got older, I went into Rocky to work at the Ritz Cafe in the winter, then in summer I went home again to help on the farm. One summer I went to B.C. to pick fruit.

I married Rod Hammell in 1947 and had three kids: June, Elmer and Dwayne. Elmer was badly crippled with polio in1954, and we lost him in February 1970 at age 20 years. We lost June in September 1985 at age 35. My Dad passed away in November 1959 and my mother in February 1970. So, we have had our share of grief, but we carry on.

My marriage to Rod ended in 1955, and I went out to work as a cook on seismic lines and road building. It was so very hard to leave my kids, but I had to support them.

In October 1960, I married Eric Henson. We had a dairy farm at Olds. We milked 75 cows and had a good milking parlor. It was a lot of hard work for two people. We tried hired help, but it was easier to do the work ourselves. We sold our farm at Olds in 1985, and we moved back to where I was raised on my grandparents' (Strong's) homestead. My folks took that over when my grandparents moved into Rocky. We still have Dwayne and four grandsons, two granddaughters and two great-grandchildren. We still are in fair health.

When we were young, we had to make our own fun. There was no radio or TV at that time. We had ball games in the summer and swam in Prairie Creek. In winter, it was sleigh riding down the big hill and skating on the creek. When the creek flooded in the winter, we could skate for miles and had skating parties and bonfires. Our fun times were in between school and doing chores. We never had much fresh fruit, only dried fruits and wild berries. We would spend hours picking raspberries, blueberries and cranberries. We would sometimes be lucky enough to pick a few extras and sell to the neighbors for a few pennies of spending money. We always had lots of rhubarb.

It seems all the wild fruit has gone the way of the dodo bird, but in the early days it kept Mom busy canning the berries we picked. One time, I was in a good raspberry patch and I stepped around a big spruce tree. There was a fellow with a high-powered rifle aimed at me. 'Guess he thought I was a bear. I do not know which one of us was the most scared.

There have been so many changes in our time. What will it be like in the next 100 years?

HEREFORD, Bert Emerson and Anna Estelle (McGinnis)

Bert Emerson was born June 27, 1880, in Salem, Oregon, U.S.A. He moved with his family to Walla Walla, Washington and then to Colfax, Washington, before coming to Alberta

in 1908. Land was being sold for $10.00 a quarter section, so Bert bought land in the Caroline district. The nearest town was Innisfail.

Anna Estelle (McGinnis) was born April 26, 1880, in Boone, North Carolina, U.S.A. Her father, Isaac Jefferson McGinnis, was a Baptist minister in the Banner Elk district of North Carolina. Anna left North Carolina with a brother, Donald, and found employment in Colfax, Washington, where she met Bert, and they were married there on November 20, 1904.

After living in the Caroline area until 1919, the family moved to Rocky Mountain House where Bert worked on the railroad as a section hand. Then in November 1920, the Hereford family was able to move to Nordegg where Bert worked in the mine. They lived on lower Martha Street for five and a half years. Bert moved the family back to Rocky Mountain House on May 19, 1926, because of lack of work. He had acquired several horses, so he stayed in Nordegg and packed for a government survey outfit.

Bert and Anna moved back to Nordegg in April 1942, and continued living there until they retired to Sylvan Lake in October 1949. Bert died June 13, 1959; Anna died September 6, 1967.

Their family consisted of three girls and three boys: Adelbert Arnold (Agnes Smith) was born June 25, 1907, and died September 14,1992; Wilma Fay (Douglas Balfour) was born January 23, 1919, and died March 30, 1988; Grace Fern (Walter Fisher) was born May 26, 1912, and died September 16, 1986; James Winford (Margaret Spence) was born November 26, 1916, and died July 13, 1997; Winston Isaac was born January 22, 1920, and was killed on June 7, 1943, in Holyhead, Wales, returning from a mission over Germany. Edith Elaine (Melvin Ollerman) was born March 11, 1924, and is living in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

HEREFORD, James Winford and Margaret (Brown)

James Winford was born November 26, 1916, at Caroline, Alberta, to parents Bert and Anna Hereford. Jim took his schooling in both Nordegg and Rocky Mountain House. When he finished school he first worked for the Atlas Lumber Company in Rocky Mountain House for the huge sum of $1.00 per day plus his board, less a 10 cent deduction for Workers' Compensation. He also farmed with his father and worked in both the Chungo oilfield out of Nordegg and the oilfields at Turner Valley where the wages were much better.

In 1941 at the age of 25, he joined the Canadian Navy and served on minesweepers off the west coast. While waiting for his "call" he found work in Nordegg, working as a "driver" underground in the mine. He was at work in another part of the mine when the explosion occurred on October 31, 1941. Mr. Samuels, whom he was driving for, got him out safely.

Early in January 1942, Jim got his call to the navy, taking his basic training in Calgary and Esquimalt, B.C. While on leave in July 1943 he married Margaret Spence of Rocky Mountain House. Margaret moved to Victoria until 1944, while Jim took his Leading Stoker course at Esquimalt. Jim served on minesweepers off the west coast waters, until November 1945, when he was discharged. Point of Interest: The minesweeper (HMCS Ouatsino), that Jim was serving on, was one of the boats that searched the waters for the plane that Albert France of Nordegg went down in.

Jim often mentioned the wonderful parcels the Nordegg Legion Auxiliary sent him while he was in the navy. They were really appreciated. He was the envy of his shipmates, and they all enjoyed the parcels.

In December 1945, Jim again found work at Nordegg. This time in the power house. Margaret joined him, and they spent four happy years there. After the fire in 1950, Jim joined the Alberta Forest Service. While with the Forest Service, Jim served at Nordegg, Clearwater, Strachan, Grande Prairie, Hinton and Blairmore. Their son, Doug, was born in November 1955, while they were in Strachan.

Jim retired from the Forest Service in May 1978. He spent the next five summers working for Alberta Parks Branch, overseeing the upgrading of the parks at Crimson Lake, Big Hill Springs, Switzer Park (Hinton), Beauvais Lake at Pincher Creek and Elkwater Park.

Jim and Margaret retired in Blairmore. Jim passed away July 13, 1997, at the age of 80 years. Margaret moved back to Rocky Mountain House in the summer of 1998 and continues to

be an active volunteer at the Presbyterian church, the museum and gives a helping hand to anyone who needs help. Son Doug resides in Lethbridge.

HERINGER, Charlie

Charlie was born in Medicine Hat, Alberta and moved to the Aurora district, north of Leslieville with his parents and siblings in 1933. Charlie attended Aurora school, then worked in sawmills and trucked lumber in the Rocky and Faraway areas for many years. He had a brief stint at farming in the Bingley area, then sold that land to Arnold Lee in 1969. He then spent the rest of his life owning and operating the Rocky Taxi Service. Bill McNulty was one of his relief drivers, as were his sisters, Helen and Erva, at various times.

Charlie never strayed too far from Rocky—holidaying once in Arizona and making one trip to the Philippines. Otherwise, there was no place like home, in Rocky. He owned the two-story building on the east corner of the bottom end of Rocky's main street.

Charlie suffered lung problems for years, and when the Lux theater burned down next door, the resulting smoke and fumes permeated his living area and aggravated the existing lung problem. He died in the Red Deer Hospital February 7, 1997, at the age of 69 years and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

HERINGER, Elmer and Evelyne
submitted by Evelyne Heringer

Elmer and Evelyne Heringer.

We are both from the Aurora-Carlos district north of Leslieville where we have lived most of our lives, yet we consider Rocky Mountain House "our town." We have always enjoyed shopping in Rocky, have supported community organizations, and patronized Rocky's doctors, dentists and veterinarians. Our family also takes part in the many recreational activities Rocky has to offer. Elmer has bowled at Rocky Lanes for over twenty years and participated in "horseshoes" throughout Central Alberta.

Elmer, born October 30, 1929, is the seventh son of Karl and Bertha Heringer, and I was born July 23, 1933, the eldest daughter of William and Gertrude Lees. Our parents farmed in the Aurora-Carlos district, and both Elmer and I attended the one-room, log schoolhouse at Aurora. We have a daughter, Patricia Louise (Mrs. Patrick Alexander), a son, Donald William Heringer, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Our main contribution to the immediate Rocky area was as the first resident caretakers of the Cow Lake Recreation Area. Joe Braben, the coordinator at the time, hired us in the spring of 1991. Joe laid down the rules for a well-run campground, and we spent the next six camping seasons implementing those ideas.

Neal Speight had worked with government officials to have a campground set up on the west shore of Cow Lake, complete with fifty-seven stalls in a tall timbered area, a camp kitchen, change house, woodsheds and outhouses, but there had never been any playground area, roped off swimming area, beach maintenance or landscaping done.

During our six seasons as caretakers, we managed to create much used walking trails around the area as well as a trail leading to Grandview Store. We put in horseshoe pits, beanbag boards and planted many trees and flowers. We maintained the newly installed playground equipment and groomed a playing field, the lake shore and the beach area. Under Joe's guidance, we also instigated a locked gate policy for the campground.

Richard Brewer and Maureen Fisher were the coordinators who succeeded Joe Braben, and they were very helpful and a joy to work with. Later Shannon Williams and Debbie LeCerf took over the coordinating job and they, too, were hard workers for the campground.

In 1998 a cabin was built for the caretakers, the large group camping area was put into use, and electricity became available. Before we began our tenure in 1991, Cow Lake was only a fisherman's cove and "partiers' hangout." Today, it is a real recreation area for Central Alberta families to enjoy, and Elmer and I are proud to have played a part in the lake's development.

HERINGER, Harry and Nellie
submitted by Evelyne Heringer

Harry and Nellie have lived in the Rocky Mountain House area most of their lives, and raised four daughters in this area: Julie, Phyllis, Jo Anne and Marilyn. For many years they lived west of Rocky on the old Garth School site, moving in 1978 to a quarter four miles east of Rocky where the couple still make their home.

Harry trucked lumber and gravel throughout the M.D. for years. He did the cat work when the campsites were built in Crimson Lake Park. He has operated his own lumber mill since moving to his present location. Harry and Nellie's daughter, Marilyn, and her husband, Alex Babich, have given many residents and businesses a "new look" in the Rocky area with their very efficient window washing service.

HILL, Doctor W. H. and family

One of Rocky Mountain House's earliest medical doctors was Dr. William Hawksley-Hill. He practiced here for seven years, from 1924 to 1931.

Dr. Hill was born in Liverpool, England, in 1892, and spent his early years going to school in the orphanage across the street from his house. At eleven years of age, he passed his Junior Oxford exams, the equivalent to Grade 12 exams. Being too young to enter University, and having a love of the sea, he took a job on a ship, in the purser's department of Elder, Dempster and Co. (A West African shipping firm). For three years he travelled back and forth between West Africa and England.

At the age of 13, Dr. Hill travelled to Montreal in June of 1906, arriving with $2.46 in his pocket. After that he trekked across the country to Calgary, then north to Edmonton before settling in Ponoka.

Dr. Hill spent the next six years with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce working in Gleichen, Innisfail, Hardisty, Bassano, Edmonton and three times at the main branch in Calgary. At age 18, Dr. Hill had the distinction of being the youngest man to ever acquire the title of manager of the C.I.B.C.

However, Dr. Hill's ambition was to become a doctor. In order to enter Medical School he had to study French and Canadian History. After these initial studies he enrolled in the University of Alberta's very first class in medicine, in the fall of 1912.

After a year in Calgary, Dr. Hill went to McGill University, Montreal. While there his medical studies were interrupted by the First World War when he was called to serve in the Navy. He remained in active service until the cessation of hostilities before resuming his studies at McGill. He graduated in 1919 with an M.D.C.M. degree. He then took a post-graduate course in England, obtaining his L.R.C.P. in Obstetrics.

On June 23, 1920, Dr. Hill married Thelma Gray of Innisfail, Alberta. The nuptials took place in Edmonton. In 1924 the Hills came to Rocky Mountain House where Dr. Hill practiced medicine until 1931. He left Rocky to take a post-graduate course at the University of Toronto, then moved back to Alberta and was hired by the city of Calgary in 1932. He was considered to be the first fully trained Public Health Officer in Calgary.

So many interesting stories were told about the life and times of Dr. Hill, but the most spine-tingling episode took place in 1937, when a woman who was waiting for him in his semi-dark office—a light bulb had burned out—shot him in the back. Thanks to a coworker, who came to his rescue, he was spared from being stabbed by the woman who was wielding a sharp kitchen knife. The woman was subsequently committed to a mental institution, and the bullet was removed from Dr. Hill's chest, but he never fully recovered.

Dr. Hill retired in 1960. After that, he volunteered in many charitable organizations until his death at the age of 70 in May of 1963.

Thelma Hill continued her volunteer commitments to the city of Calgary for several years after Dr. Hill's death until she moved to Ontario to be near her daughter Robin. Thelma died in 1987 at the age of 84.

Dr. and Thelma Hill had a life time of service and adventure and are still fondly remembered for their many contributions to society.

The Hills had two daughters. The eldest daughter, Peggy, married and settled down on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, while her sister, Robin, moved to Ontario with her husband.

Hill, Nikolai (Nils) and Anna
submitted by Keith Fenton December 2001

Nils was born in Kortesjarvi, Finland, on December 6, 1880. Anna was born in Kauhava, Finland, on June 26, 1881. They imigrated to Canada and on November 13, 1912, took out a homestead (SE ¼ of Section 32-40-6-W5), in the Taimi District about 10 miles north of Rocky Mountain House. They lived on the homestead until the early '30s when they sold the farm to Erkki Korhonen. The farm was later purchased by John Jackson. The Hills moved to the Johnson farm about five miles east of town for two or three years, after which they settled in Rocky. Nils worked in the planer mill at the Atlas Lumber Company yard for a number of years before retiring. He passed away in 1956 and Anna in March 1966. Both are buried in Pine Grove Cemetery.

The Hills had two children, Elsie and Eugene. Elsie married Warren Fenton and had two children, Keith and Darrel. Keith married Eola Graham from Minnedosa, Manitoba, and they have two children, Rod and Bonnie. Rod married Jill Benzer and they have three sons: Michael, and twin sons, Stuart and Bradley. They live in Kelowna. B.C. Bonnie lives in Vancouver. Darrel passed away accidentally in Calgary in 1988. Warren passed away in 1994. Elsie is living in a nursing home in Calgary. Keith and Eola live in West Vancouver.

Eugene married Violet (Vi) Lachmund from Alhambra. They had two children, Sherrie and Randy. Randy lives in Rocky and is married to Maxine Depner. Randy has two daughters, Danielle and Candus, and two sons, Clay and Chad Depner. Danielle is married to Mark Marley. They live in Victoria and have two sons, Zachary and Noah. Candus is married to Mike Nash and they live in Calgary. Sherrie passed away suddenly as an infant in 1949. Eugene passed away in 1990 and Violet in 1996.

The Hills lived in a small white house on 49th Street on the property currently occupied by the Rocky Medical Clinic. The house was initially heated by wood and coal. Lighting was provided with a Coleman lamp. It was not uncommon to wake up on a winter's morning to have ice in the water pail in the house. Water was drawn by a bucket and pulley from an open well. Since there was no sewer system in town, outdoor privies (complete with an Eaton's Catalogue), were common. It used to be a cold trip to the outhouse, with a flashlight, in the middle of winter.

At the back of the yard was a garage where Nils kept his blue 1929 Model A Ford coupe. Before buying the car, the garage was used as a barn where he kept a cow named Rene. Granddad used to go about town with his scythe to cut grass for the cow and then haul the grass in bundles on his back to the house. There was no shortage of tall grass in town.

At the rear of the property, next to the lane, was an old 2-room log house. This building was initially a sauna but was converted to make a dwelling to provide accommodations for Mr. Otto Hanninen, who lived there for many years before passing away. Gramma and Granddad Hill also used to help look after Jacob Peterson, who lived across the street in a small shack. Mr. Peterson died in 1948 at the age of 103. Mr. Peterson's obituary received province-wide attention.

Granddad Hill built a new sauna behind the garage at the north end of the property. It was not uncommon for our Finnish friends and some of the older teenagers in town to pay 50 cents for a sauna on a Saturday night during the winter and then romp in the snow drifts naked.

The Hill's pride and joy was their garden. About half of the garden was used to grow potatoes and vegetables and the other half, strawberries and raspberries. Nils and Anna loved their garden and spent many hours every day nurturing it. Some of the kids in town used to raid the garden from time to time, but never did any great harm. Every spring before planting the garden, I can remember Granddad getting Mr. Titford to plow the vegetable portion of the garden with his Ford tractor. Then we would all dig in to flatten out the furrows by

hand using a shovel, rake and hoe. Keeping the garden up was a big chore, in particular the potatoes, which had to be hilled as they grew. After the potatoes were dug, we carried them in gunny sacks into an earth-walled basement under the house. We never had to buy potatoes from a store.

The Hills always enjoyed a trip to the country to visit their Finnish friends in the Frisco, Taimi and Oras areas. The trips were, of course, made with the old Ford. Granddad Hill was not the best driver, but he always seemed to get there and back. The roads at the time were dirt and often had deep ruts, especially in the spring. On occasions we ventured on longer trips to visit friends in Eckville and Sylvan Lake. Highway 11 was a dirt road with one particularly bad mud hole near Hespero where the ruts were deep, and it was not unusual to get stuck there.

Every summer, the Hills looked forward to going berry picking for blueberries and cranberries in the sand hills west of town, We often sold some of the berries to Cony's Store on Main Street to raise a little cash. On occasions we went picking berries further abroad into the west country. I'll always remember one trip when we were on our way back to town loaded with berries. As we were coming down the hill from the west at Chamber's Creek, we suddenly saw a wheel rolling ahead of the car. The next thing we knew we were upside down in the ditch with berries strewn all over the place. The right front wheel had come off. None of us were injured other than having a few bumps and bruises. Gramma and I got a ride to town with a passing motorist, leaving Granddad to look after the car. About an hour or so after arriving in town, Granddad pulled into the yard with the wheel somehow reattached to the car. I can still vividly remember seeing him proudly turn off the highway into the lane. What a surprise!

The Hills used to occasionally borrow a loom from some of their Finnish friends and then make rugs from rags that were cut into strips. These rugs were very colourful and durable and we still have one or two in our possession. Grandad Hill had an accordion which he loved to play, even though he could only play one or two songs. His favorite was "It's a long way to Tipperary." He learned to play the accordion by ear—strictly by trial and error. He actually got quite good at it since he could use both the keys and some of the buttons as well as sing the song.

The Hills had a budgie bird for many years named Joe. Grandad used to stick his head in the cage and Joe would give him a kiss. He often kept the bird cage in the veranda with the door open. One day, one of Nurse Fleming's cats came into the house and somehow got a hold of Joe. I can remember chasing the cat with Joe in its mouth to Nurse's place across the lane where the cat ducked under the garage. Poor Joe was crying for help, but we never saw him again.

I used to have a Boston bull terrier named Sheenie who was very good-natured and could do a number of tricks. We also raised a few rabbits for a number of years and naturally had rabbit stew from time to time. A real special treat was going to the Ritz Cafe to get a brick of vanilla ice cream during the summer. Of course we had to eat it in one swoop, because we had no refrigeration. Another special treat was buying some baked goods from the Heatherdale Bakery. The Roxy Theatre was the centre of attraction for us kids, as we never missed a Saturday matinee to see Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and all of our other cowboy heroes. The cost was 15 cents. Comic books and big-little books were a very important part of our educational reading. We also played all kinds of outdoor games, such as cops and robbers, hide and seek, steal the boards and anti-i-over. Other activities included running along the tops of boxcars, jumping between lumber piles at the Atlas lumber yard, running along the edge of the trestle, climbing the big rock and getting into mischief at Halloween. A trip to Crimson Lake was rare.

A drainage ditch that ran along the south edge of the property was special fun for us kids during spring run-off. It seemed like all of the water in town passed through this ditch. As kids we used to race our hand-carved wooden boats in the ditch and hope that the boats would reappear after they passed into a culvert. All of the water eventually found its way into a big pond on the east side of 48th Street. We used to wade in this pond with our rubber boots, until we got our boots full. Then we would have to dry our feet and socks on the open oven door of the wood burning stove. We also built rafts.

It was a noteworthy event when one of us fell into the water up to our waist.

During the winter we would go sleigh riding down Ellenberg's hill. It seemed like a big hill at the time, however, when I see it now, it could hardly be classified as a hill. The ultimate sleigh ride was from the hospital down to the river along Highway 11A. This ride, which was usually done by a home-made bobsled, was fast and dangerous, especially around the curves at the bottom of the hill. It's a good thing there was very little traffic.

Occasionally, Gramma Hill would not feel well, so it was necessary to call the doctor, who was none other than Dr. Greenaway. He was a wonderful and kind man who always came to the house as soon as he could make it. We always felt reassured when he was present. He was later replaced by Dr. Hein, for whom we also had a very high regard.

Gramma and Grandad Hill were very kind and giving people and always helped others when in need. I will always have very fond memories of living with my grandparents in Rocky while attending school. I also hope I have lived up to my gramma's expectations. They always reminded me, to be a "hyva poyka" when I grow up.

HOEFLING, Roma and Elizabeth
submitted by Mrs. David Harvie

Dad was born in Nelson, Wisconsin, on October 17, 1888. Mother was born in Denver, Colorado, on January 10, 1889. The Hoefling family came to Alliance in 1908. Mother's family, the Spadys, came to Stony Plain in 1898. They moved to Castor in 1917. Mother and Dad were married August 27, 1919 and farmed at Castor until December 6, 1937.

I don't think any of us will forget that move to Rocky. The truck was loaded top heavy. The movers were to take the top layer of furnishings off and put the truck in Bill Ford's garage for the night, instead the driver decided to travel all night. The truck didn't have frost shields on the windshield or have any heat in the cab. They got to the MacLenan's corner with the help of Albert Shnell, scraping the frost off to see. The driver thought he'd take the turnoff, but didn't make it. The truck upset with all our furniture and things. Mother had been very

Mrs. Gertie Fuller, Dr. Greenaway, and Dorothy Hoefling.

thrifty, canning all the garden produce. She even had eggs saved. What a mess she found when we arrived in Rocky. I think my parents saved a few pieces of furniture.

Dad took over the shoe repair shop in Rocky. Business was poor and trying to start over again was a struggle. He eventually sold out to a Mr. Hepburn. Nordegg was really busy and he was able to get a carpenter job for quite a while in Nordegg. Mother took in boarders to help with the income. Dad did janitor work for the Treasury Branch and Social Credit Hall, when he couldn't go to Nordegg in the winter.

One trip home from Nordegg they found a newly born fawn. The mother deer had been killed. We raised the fawn until he was fully grown and then gave him to Borden Park Zoo in Edmonton. He was quite an attraction for all the neighbour kids. We also had a goat that had twins. I think our yard was the play area for the little neighbours' kids.

After finishing Grade 10, I applied at the Treasury Branch in Edmonton where I worked for five years. My sister, Edith, took a salesclerk course in Calgary and worked there for a while. When I got the job at the Treasury Branch, she came with me to Edmonton and got a job with the purchasing department of the government.

Elizabeth Hoefling, Annie Jones, Winnie Crowder, Gertie Fuller.

Dad loved to carve and whittle bits of wood. He made a chain for Mr. Manning out of a piece of wood fro lumer used to build the Parliament Buildings. He also carved many statues of small animals like bears and deer.

In 1947 Edith married Art McKim in June, and I married David Harvie. We went to the Peace River country, and McKims went to Calgary. They had three children, two boys and a girl. We had five children, three girls and two boys.

Dad passed away August 30, 1962, and Mother on April 16, 1976. McKims live in Calgary and we now live in Edmonton.

HOLLINGSWORTH, Arthur Lee
submitted by Patty Fedirchuck - niece

Arthur Lee, fourth son of Richard and Annina (Quilici) Hollingsworth of Aurora district, was born February 7, 1914, at Stettler, Alberta. The family moved in 1919 to Hoadly, and then Leedale and the surrounding districts, until they finally settled on the Moosehorn Ranch at Aurora, 25 miles northeast of Rocky Mountain House, in 1934. Art's six siblings were True, Ellis, Stanley, Violet, Evy and Anne (Babe).

Art was well known, as were his nephews and his brother, Stanley, who worked in the lumber mills around Rocky Mountain House. Art worked at mills owned by Lawton Brothers, Mctighs, Edie, Vartys and had his own mill up in Lampman's Valley. As a young man, he was a mule skinner, working with mules and horses, before working with "cats," skidders and tree-farmers. He followed the rodeo circuit,

Artie Hollingsworth.

drove lumber trucks, freight trucks (on the Alaska Highway), milked dairy cows and farmed, to name just a few of his pastimes.

Coming from "country stock" with some rodeo background, he harbored a passion to relive the good old days. Finally over a building period of four years, he completed an entire rodeo grounds on his ranch in the Lone Deer district. He held very successful rodeos for a few years and, after a fifteen-year interval, he revived the Silver Springs Rodeo in the year 2000 and lived out his dream. In 1995 he wrote and published a book, "Tracks In Time," the story of his life, as he remembered it. His life experiences were many, in and around the Rocky Mountain House area. To read this book is to know and enjoy this man. Art also wrote a poem a few years ago:

A true cowboy is a friend for life.
He'd loan you anything except his wife,
His saddle, his riggin', his hunting knife.
For you, he'd even lay down his life.
I had a cowboy for a friend.
He was a true cowboy and a great man.
My friend, by name, was Nap Cayanne.
He said, "I'll meet you in Cheyene."
I said, "Our riding days are over, Nap,

Lay down your rope, hang up your chaps,
We've had our rodeo days for now,
Really, we can't even catch a cow!
I've rode when the sun was shining bright,
I've rode in the moonlight late at night,
The rain came down, the thunder rolled,
My horse was wet and I was cold.
I've rode down in the valley
'Tending many cattle.
I've rode up on the hill,
Mid meadowlark and whippoorwill.
I've rode for some big ranches
I've enjoyed the cowboy dances.
I've lived good and enjoyed life,
Sometimes a girl friend, but never wife.
I'm headed for the big rodeo in the sky
And I'll see you there by and by
To this my friend, I vow,
So long to you, for now!"

Art passed away in July 2002, but will be forever remembered for his generous spirit, storytelling and his love of family, rodeo, good horses and good people.

HOLLINGSWORTH, Earl and Alma
submitted by Alma Hollingsworth

Dwight, Earl, Alma, Bev and Bonnie, 2002.

Both Earl and his wife, Alma, are longtime residents of Rocky Mountain House. Earl Alton Hollingsworth, second son of Stanley and Adeline (Babe) Hollingsworth, was born in a farm house in the Gimlet area on May 9, 1935. Granny Murphy was the midwife who delivered him. Earl was raised in the Aurora district, north of Leslieville, and spent several years at his aunt and uncle's (Harold and Velma Misner's home). As a teenager, he worked at the A7 Ranch at Nanton, Alberta, then drove truck for Butch McCrindle, hauling lumber from the mills west of town. Later he went to work on oil rigs.

On May 11, 1956, he married Alma (Gray), the seventh child of Earl and Tina (Jensen) Gray of Leedale. Alma was born on October 18, 1938, in what was then the "new" Rocky Mountain House Hospital.

When Earl and Alma got married they bought a house trailer and lived in several different places in Alberta. Then in 1961, they moved west of Rocky Mountain House to Alma's sister, Nellie and Harry Heringer's acreage.

Earl and Alma have three children, Beverley, Bonnie and Dwight. Beverley was born in Eckville, August 10, 1958. She married Maice Heimbeckner of Rocky, and they have a daughter, Trina. Bev and Maice bought an acreage northwest of Rocky and built a house on it. Bev and Maice's daughter, Trina, married Clayton Zelasek in 2002; they have a daughter, Jayden Lee, born September 20, 2001 and live in a mobile home on Earl and Alma's property.

Bonnie was born December 13, 1959, in Rimbey. She married Dwight Brochu, and they have four children: Beau of Edson; Shylynne of Rocky; Chase of Edson, and Teisha of Rocky. Bonnie later divorced and now lives in Rocky.

Dwight was born November 26, 1961, in Rocky. He married Elana McMullen, and they have three children, Jesse, Sasha and Megan, all at home. Dwight and Elana bought an acreage in the McNutt subdivision, east of Rocky.

In 1966 Earl and Alma bought an acreage, three and a half miles west of town, from Alma's aunt and uncle (Bon and Clarence Gray).

Earl bought his first truck in 1960 and, for the next twenty-three years, owned and operated a trucking business, hauling in the western provinces and in parts of the States. Earl and Alma sold that business in 1983 and purchased a restaurant, "Papa John's Pizza" which

was located in the Walking Eagle Mall. This was quite a challenge, and they sold the restaurant in '89. After that, Earl worked as truck foreman for Pidherney for several years until he retired.

Both Alma and Earl have done a lot of golfing over the years. They used to travel to British Columbia, once or twice a year, to golf there. They also golfed in the States and have belonged to Pine Hills Golf Club for years. Earl still golfs on every available occasion, and in 1985 he went to Scotland to golf there. Alma started oil painting in the '80s and has sold paintings all over Canada, the U.S.A. and overseas.

Earl has recently taken up welding and is now learning woodworking, which he finds very challenging. The Hollingsworths still reside on their acreage, west of town, and spend a lot of time in the yard—enjoying retirement.

HOLLINGSWORTH, Gilbert and Lorraine
As told to A. Gray

Gilbert Hollingsworth family, 1989.

Gilbert comes from a well known rodeo family. His grandfather, Dick Hollingsworth, held several rodeos in the 1940s on his property, the "Moosehorn Ranch," west of Leedale, Alberta, and his uncle, Artie, launched the Silver Springs Rodeo from chutes, corrals and grandstands he built single-handedly on his ranch northeast of Rocky. Gilbert helped organize these family events and became a regular participant in the Rocky Rodeo, racing chariots and chuck wagons. Gilbert was also a pick-up man at many local rodeos—and a good one, too.

Gilbert's parents were Stanley and Adeline (Babe) Hollingsworth. He was born in April 1934, and had two younger brothers, Earl and Lee Hollingsworth, and a young sister, Fay, who died in February 1952, at age thirteen. Lee passed away in 1996.

Gilbert and Lorraine (Oliver) were married in the fall of 1954 and began their married life on the Hollingsworth family farm west of Leedale, before buying their own property (NE 3-42-5-W5) and building a new house. Later they moved to the old Belt farm near Leedale (next door to where Gladys Cole grew up). From Leedale, the Hollingsworths moved to the Grande Prairie area, before buying an acreage near Rocky where they live today.

Most of Gilbert's working years were spent in the trucking industry. He started out working for his father, Stanley, in 1948. "He and I were pretty much partners, until Dad passed away in '66," Gilbert said. "And Mom died of cancer three years later, in 1969."

Around this time, Gilbert and Lorraine went into the trucking business for themselves, and in 1979 registered their company as Laura-lea Contracting Limited. The Hollingsworths hauled a variety of freight, such as oilfield equipment, cattle and horses to clients in Western Canada and the States. Among their longest hauls were trips to Springfield, Missouri, with cattle, "pretty near all show cattle," and horses and Brahma cattle to and from Hungerford, Texas. The Hollingsworth boys trucked right alongside their father—especially son, Merlin, who worked with the company for seventeen years. Even the girls helped out when needed. Lorraine and her parents, Alvin and Edith Oliver, accompanied Gilbert on many of his trips to the States, with Lorraine truck-driving on many occasions.

Besides having as many as six trucks at one time, the Hollingsworths had several button-top loaders and backhoes, and operated the company from 1979 to '92 when they sold out.

Lorraine's special talents lie in sewing and oil painting. Gilbert says he has only ever had one real hobby—that was pony chuck-wagons—something he misses, but doesn't watch for fear he'd be drawn back into racing. He raced chariots for about six years before racing pony chuck wagons, and he trained all his own

horses. The ponies had to be right size, no larger than 48 inches tall. Some he bought from Griffins of Cochane and some ran wild in the west country. They were hard to find, exciting to race and left some wonderful memories.

Gilbert and Lorraine have five children: Maurice, born July 7, 1955; Marlene, born May 6, 1957; Merlin, born March 17, 1959; Maureen, born November 27, 1962, and Merletta, born December 2, 1963. They also have ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Maurice and Debbie have a son, Christopher. Maurice became a teacher and computer technician and is employed by the Lethbridge School Division. At the present time (2003) he is working in Dominique, a small island in the Caribbean.

Marlene married Richard Rumsey (deceased) and has two children, Valerie and Kyle. Valerie and husband, Cameron Hainsworth, have a son, Seth (4), and daughter, Alexis (2).

Merlin married Joanne Bott and now lives near Withrow; they have two boys, Stanley and Danny. Maureen has three children: Dakota, Colin and Lynn. Merletta has a daughter, Chanda, and a son, Tyler.

The new generation of Hollingsworths are very special to Gilbert and Lorraine. Gilbert has given each of the grandchildren a pet nickname, such as Princess, Gopher and Mouse, and he's hard pressed to tell you their "real" names without consulting Lorraine. All the same, both are justifiably proud of their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren—and love them all.

HOLMAN, Harley and Violet
submitted by Violet Holman

Harley Holman and I (Violet Courtright) were married June 1950. We had six children: Dennis, born in Rocky, June 1951; Leanne, born in Nordegg, Sept. 1953; Norman (Skip), born April 1955, died Oct. 1972 of cancer; Laureen, born in Rocky, August 1957; Lorna, born in Rocky, 1964 and Jackson, born in Vernon, British Columbia, 1965.

Our son, Dennis, and his wife, Wanda (Salter), had two boys, Jed and Dereck, and a daughter, Shona who, with husband, Jon Armstrong, has three sons, Keenan, Kelsey and Zackery.

Leanne and Erin Nelson have two daughters, Courtney (Trevor Hudema), and Tracy (Curtis Best) who have a son, Tavyn.

2000, 50th Anniversary. Harley, Violet and Family with Mom, Pearl Courtright.

Standing: Harley, Violet, Jackson, Laureen and Dennis. Front: Leanne, Pearl and Lorna, August 2000.

Laureen and Brian Guenther have two daughters, Raechel and Lindsay. Lindsay and Roman Hurt have two girls, Raelyn and Dasha and one boy, Kristopher.

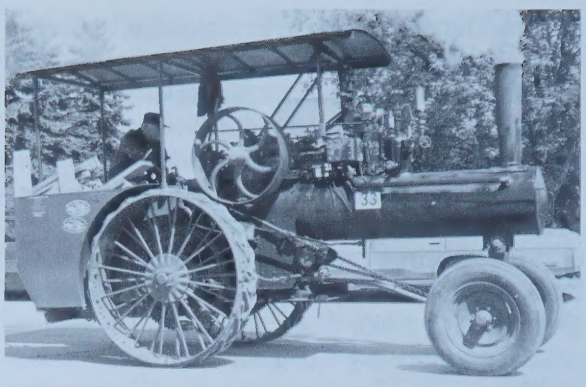
Lorna and Leonard Beanblossom have two sons, Joel and Rey.

Jackson and Denise Varty have two daughters, Kimberly and Kassidy.

We have spent most of our life in the Rocky and Caroline area, other than the six years we lived in Vernon and Cherryville, BC. We returned to Rocky and bought the Cow Lake Grandview Store from my parents, Pearl and Jack Courtright, in 1973. We sold it when Harley developed diabetes and other health problems. We bought a small motor home and went south for awhile each winter, until health concerns made that impossible. We celebrated our Golden Anniversary in 2000 with my sister, Irene and Clarry Klatt, who were married the same year that we were married.

HOLROYD, Elbert

Elbert Holroyd was born in Iowa, USA, in 1910 and moved with his family in 1912 to a homestead near Medicine Hat, Alberta. His dad traded land in Minnesota for a 25-75 Case steam engine and a 36-58 separator. He had a big Case steamer that was used for breaking land with an eight-bottom John Deere plow which was also used for threshing in the fall.



Elbert and steam engine.

As a child, Elbert climbed all over the steamer and separator when he could. Whenever the Boiler Inspector arrived for the annual inspection of the engine, Elbert would be right beside him ready to assist. Over the years, Elbert Holroyd retained his love of mechanics. In 1924 the family relocated to Raven, Alberta. By the summer of 1929, Elbert was well on his way to the world of mechanics. For the next five years he worked at a variety of jobs, usually associated with sawmills or threshing. When he built his first sawmill in 1935, he chose a steam engine to power the saw and planer. In 1941 Elbert received a Final Traction Certificate for operating steam engines.

In 1941 he and his wife, Nellie, settled near Rocky Mountain House. At this time he acquired a huge Minneapolis 110 steam engine, powerful enough to run both the saw and planer in his sawmill. The Holroyd sawmill remained in operation until 1965 when Elbert retired. For the next 18 years he operated a respected machine shop on his own property.

In 1977 Elbert decided he wanted to build his own steam engine. With help from John Kvill (from the Reynolds-Alberta Museum at Wetaskawin), who helped with design, and Fred Frechette, a welder from Red Deer, Elbert was successful in building his own steamer. All materials used in the boiler met the special requirements of the Alberta Boiler Act. In the following years, the tractor engine traveled some 22,000 miles to be shown across Western Canada at a variety of shows.

Elbert Holroyd and his engine have been active participants in local activities such as parades and the Central Alberta Antique and Model Club annual show at Leslieville. Elbert

was a founding member of this club. For many years he served as vice-president and, until his death, was an active member.

HOOEY, Margaret (Speight)
submitted by Tara Hooey

Hooey Family in 1997. Brent, Marg, Tara, and Kelly Hooey.

Margaret Patricia Speight was born to Neal and Loretta Speight on December 3, 1947 at Rocky Mountain House. She had two older brothers, William(Bill) and Dale Speigh,t and two younger sisters, Shannon Williams and Darlene McMillan. She was raised on a farm in the Hardindell District where Speight Construction is located today. She attended the Hardindell Country School from Grade 1 to 5, and recalls times in the winter after walking to school, that the teacher, Mrs. Lena Andre, would meet them at the door with a basin of cold water, so they could thaw out their hands. Margaret went to Rocky School from Grade 6 to 12. She always enjoyed sports and participated in everything that she could. After graduating, she attended a summer recreation program at Camrose College and worked a short time for the Rocky Recreation Department. In 1965 Margaret started work for the Hudson's Bay Company in the hardware department for a couple of months, then in the office for about three years.

In 1968, Margaret married Howard Grant Hooey and started a family. They both went to work for Speight Construction Co. Ltd. where Howard operated heavy equipment and Margaret cooked in the camp. They worked in northern Alberta, Grande Prairie, Hinton, Edson and Nordegg areas. One of the jobs took them to the back woods of Grande Prairie, towing a cook shack with one cat and a fuel tank with another. With one other operator and two surveyors, they did seismic jobs as they moved and had no means of contacting anyone outside the camp.

Margaret cooked in the camps until 1973, at which time she set up the Speight Construction office. This was about the time that Speight Construction built the grade for the Aquitaine Railroad. She became a partner in the company in 1977 and continued working there until 2000. Margaret lived on a farm in the Hardindell District for 26 years, after which she moved into town. She raised cows and calves and sent the children to school. Margaret also has residential rental units that she takes care of in Calgary and Rocky.

Margaret always enjoyed sports and she played ladies fastball for years as well as ladies basketball.

Margaret has been the Treasurer for the Hardindell Community Club for 25 years. Hardindell had good old country picnics for many years with races, ball games, peanut scrambles and horseshoe tournaments. They would play ball and run races most of the day then go home tired and sun burnt. It was great fun.

Margaret has three children (Brent, Kelly and Tara-Lee), and two grandchildren

Brent Howard Hooey was born in Rocky Mountain House on December 8, 1968. He attended school in Rocky and enjoyed all types of sports especially football. He went on to University for one year at the University of Alberta and the remaining years at the University of Calgary. He received his Bachelor of Commerce Degree and his Law Degree. During his time at university, Brent played football for the Calgary Colts and they won the Nationals. Brent married Lisa Burgis on November 11, 1999, in Playa del Carmen and they live in Calgary where they both practice law. Brent is a corporate lawyer, and Lisa is a criminal lawyer. They gave Margaret a granddaughter, Payton Burgis Hooey, born on October 25, 2001. Brent still keeps very involved in sports.

Kelly Neal Hooey was born on October 15, 1971, in Red Deer and attended school in Rocky.

He also enjoyed sports especially football. After graduating, he attended the University of Calgary and received his Bachelor of Science Degree in Ecology. During his time at university, he tried his hand at riding bulls. He won the CAARA Bullriding Finals in 1994 And FCA Finals in 1996. He is employed by Sunpine Forest Products and has had the opportunity to do work for them in Alabama and New Zealand. He married Angela Gillard on September 30, 2000, on the family farm in the Hardindell district which is where they now live. Angela received her Bachelor of Science Degree in Environment at Camrose. Kelly and Angie have a daughter, Ashley Neal Hooey, born March 16, 2002. They are farming, raising cattle and bucking bulls. Kelly is an avid outdoors man who enjoys hunting and fishing.

Tara-Lee Loretta Hooey was born in Red Deer on May 1, 1975. She attended Rocky schools and also liked sports, especially volleyball and fastball. After graduating, she worked for CIBC and then the Treasury Branch. She went on to get her diploma in Computerized Accounting at the Red Deer Academy of Learning and received honors in the program. She then worked for Bunch Welding. She lives in the Hardindell District with Jim Martin. Jim owns a slasher and works in Northern Ontario. She also owns and takes care of a residential rental property in Rocky.

The children enjoyed being brought up in the Hardindell District and were very fortunate to be able to experience old time country picnics and old time Christmas Concerts.

HOOKER, Stanley G.
written by Cameron Kirby

Stan, as he was known to his friends, succeeded P.C.F. Rutledge as manager of the local branch of the Imperial Bank of Canada. His wife, Janet, came from Regina, Saskatchewan, I believe. They did not have any children. The Hookers were known in the community for their sociability. Having a wide circle of friends, they entertained frequently and were noted for their warm hospitality.

Stan joined the Trail Blazers, after their initial exploratory trip to Saskatchewan River Crossing, and was a regular participant in the ensuing annual trips to the Banff-Jasper highway. These trips developed into the annual David Thompson Cavalcade promoted by the Rocky Mountain House Historical Society.

He was an enthusiastic golfer, and played an active role in the organization of a golf club, the acquisition of a site for a golf course on the Crimson Lake highway and its development into a modern, first class course.

Stan and Janet both died in Rocky Mountain House and were buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

HORBURG

Horburg R.R. Station.

HORNE, Jim and family
submitted by Roger B. Horne on behalf of the Horne Family

James (Jim) Horne was born in Braithwaite, Keswick, Cumberland, England, on October 20, 1886, a rural community in the Lake Country of Northern England. His parents, Tom Horne and Jane (Farughet), had three sons and two daughters. Jim was the middle of the three sons. When Tom Horne senior passed away, the eldest son, Tom, as was the custom of the time,

James Horne.

Roger, Jean and Tom Horne.

inherited the family butcher business and family home. The mother with her two sons and two daughters immigrated to Canada in 1912. Mrs. Horne and the frail daughter, Helen, stayed in the Wetaskiwin area, while Jim took employment on a farm in the Red Deer area. The older sister, Mona, and her husband, Charlie Stewart, took up farming in the Carstairs area. The younger brother, Archie, later bought a farm also near Carstairs.

In 1914 Jim joined the 31st Battalion of the Canadian Expedition Force which took him back to England and later to France. It was in France in 1917 that he was disabled and sent back to Wetaskiwin where he remained in hospital for the next two years. This left him with a weakened heart which eventually failed him many years later. It was during his stay in the hospital that he met and later married Mildred Elaine Chandler, in May 19, 1920.

The Chandlers were an English family who emigrated to Vermont and later moved to Kansas. In Kansas they met the Kolb family who had left Germany to escape religious persecution and landed in New England to set up their home. They later moved to Breslau, Ontario, and then on to Kansas.

Eugene Chandler and Lydia Kolb, with their parents, moved again, this time to Colorado where they married. They had not yet found Utopia, and the lure of the great land masses in Alberta captured their imagination. The couple first settled in Duhamel where Mildred, the second of nine children was born. After that they moved to Wetaskiwin where Mr. Chandler, for some years, took a position on the Erminskin Reserve near Hobbema. My Mother told many stories of Chief Erminskin, who would come to visit their cabin in all of his finery of skins and feathers. When the expanded Chandler family moved to Wetasiwin, Mr. Chandler held several positions, and ended his career as the Magistrate for the Wetaskiwin community.

After working on a farm in the Red Deer area, James and Mildred Horne moved to Rocky Mountain House. There, with financing from the Soldier Settlement Board, they purchased a farm on the east boundary of Rocky Mountain House from Henry Bertrand. It was on this farm that Jim and Mildred raised their five children. Emily Jean was born on January 17, 1923. As a young girl, Jean had health problems, but grew up to be a very healthy and vigorous lady. She married Ted Kemp who was the son of Reverend and Mrs. Kemp. The Rev. Kemp was the Presbyterian Minister at Nordegg for some years. They had a family of four girls and one son. Jean and three of the girls still live in the Edmonton area. The fourth girl lives in the U.S.A. The son, Gordon, was killed in an industrial accident in Edmonton.

James (Jim) Chandler was born March 3, 1924. A very athletic boy he joined the R.C.A.F. in April 1942. He flew operational flights over Germany as a navigator on a Lancaster bomber. On April 27, 1944, his plane did not return from a bombing run to Magdeburg, Germany. He is buried in a common grave with the crews of two Lancaster bombers in a beautiful cemetery

James and Mildred Horne.

at Durnbach, Germany, which is near the Austrian border.

Lila Helen was born on March 30, 1925. As a young girl, Lila helped with the outside work with her father and, after Jim joined the service, took over many chores previously done by Jim. I recall as she, my father and Lila milking cows. My job was to strip out a drying up cow. When I completed my job early, I made the mistake of remarking that I had finished before they did. My reward was having to milk the one remaining cow, leaving my father with one less cow to milk. Lila also joined the services as a member of the R.C.A.F. After the war she married an ex-bomber pilot, Carl Smith, from British Columbia. They lived at Vancouver and Sidney, B.C., where Carl worked in the control tower at their respective airports. They raised two daughters. Lila and her younger daughter both succumbed to the ravages of cancer.

After the Hornes had a few years of rest from baby raising, Roger Braithwaite was born on October 26, 1930. When Uncle Archie heard I was named after the village in England where he and my father were born, Archie asked Dad if he was going to name the next one after Rocky Mountain House. With my older siblings away from home and my father's health deteriorating, I became the farm hand of the family. With my father's death on February 14, 1948, it soon became obvious that the end of the family farm was in sight. I worked in and around Rocky until the fall of 1950 when I had saved money to take a course in surveying at Calgary. As a surveyor, I travelled Alberta and Saskatchewan for several years. In 1952 I married Ruth Thompson, daughter of Henry and Kathleen Thompson of the Oras district. Ruth and I have a daughter, Teresa Ruth, born on October 8, 1954, and a son, Dennis, born on May 13, 1960. Terry is married and lives in Calgary and Dennis lives in Lloydminster. Neither have any children.

In 1955 I joined British American Oil Company in Calgary. I was transferred to Port Moody, B.C., in 1958 and again transferred to Rimbey Gas Plant in 1960. The Company changed its name to Gulf Oil Canada during this time. In the summer of 1970, I accepted a transfer to Rocky to complete the circle. From 1970 to 1988 I worked at the Strachan Gas Plant. The last 12 years as the Superintendent of the Gas Plant. After a two year assignment as an Advisor to the Development Dept. in Calgary, I accepted a retirement package after a 35 year career with the company.

Early retirement allowed me time to return to farming. I purchased a quarter section of land in the Frisco area where Ruth and I carved a farm out of the bush in a much more modern way than our parents did, but with enough hard labour to appreciate the efforts needed to be a pioneer in this country. Old age and reality has finally set in, and we will be letting go of our agricultural heritage in the near future.

Enough about me, the best is yet to come. After the shock of Roger, it took until June 14, 1934, before Thomas Eugene was born. Being the baby of the family only lasted for a few years. Soon he became the "gopher" for Roger and took over many of the routine chores, like milking cows, feeding pigs and chickens and all of the clean up required for these animals. In 1949 Tom went with his mother to Edmonton to take his high school education. Until Mother got a house of her own, Tom took board and room in a separate residence. Despite his blond hair and air of innocence, Tom was a tenacious worker. After finishing school, he went up to Northern Alberta where he worked for a land clearing company and to Penny, B.C., at a lumber camp where he spent little, and saved

Jim Horne.

Lila Horne.

enough money to get started in University. My mother's fondest dream was attained when Tom became the only one of her children who had a university education. Her other dream took another generation to come to fruition when Tom's oldest son, who was musicaly inclined, became an accomplished pianist. He also is the conductor for the Microsoft Symphony Orchestra as well as a guest conductor for the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

Back to Tom. After graduation he married Dina MacDonald, the oldest daughter of Jock and Daisy MacDonald formerly of Cow Lake area and Rocky Mountain House. Tom took his new bride to Arvida, Quebec, where he worked for Alcan Aluminum Corp. His son, Jim, was born at Arvida. In 1959 Tom packed up his wife and son and their worldly goods in the car and returned to Edmonton and took a position with the Highway Department of the Province of Alberta. Tom worked for them until his retirement in 1988. During his time in Edmonton, his daughter, Heather, was born and became a nurse and a mother of one girl and two boys. The second son, Kenneth Victor, was born and later married another nurse called Karen. Both Heather and Ken live and work in Edmonton.

Returning to my father's arrival to Rocky Mountain House: Part of his arrangement to move to Rocky and to the particular farm, was to form a working relationship with Bert Chalmers. They arranged that Mr. Chalmers would start up a butcher business in town and Jim Horne would build slaughtering facilities on his farm. Animals could be purchased from local farmers as well as being raised on the farm. Bert would assist at the "slaughter house" dressing animals. Jim would assist with meat cutting at the retail outlet. It was during this time, when he was "looking after the shop," the infamous tornado struck Rocky Mountain House. After watching the destructive force of mother nature tearing apart the community, Jim and a female customer escaped the danger by retreating to the meat cooler to wait out the storm He was teased for many years about taking a female into the seclusion of a room full of cold meat. When he returned home to the farm, he found severe damage to trees in the front yard and around the buildings. The house had a veranda on one side only, whereas when he left that morning it had had a veranda on three sides. One small granary was missing and was later found a half mile away in quite good condition. Another building lost its roof which was probably the pile of rubble spread around a nearby field. The family was unhurt and no farm animals were lost, but there were several nervous cattle and horses to calm down.

At one time Jim operated a dairy business and delivered milk to customers in town. I remember our barn had many more stalls than we had milk cows, but it was not until I found some milk tokens (as well as a few milk and cream bottles with Horne Dairies printed on them) that I realized my father had previously operated a dairy. I now wish I had saved those souvenirs of the history of our family.

The 1930s were very hard on all farm families in the area. The Soldier Settlement Board allowed us to keep the farm if we were able to pay only the interest on the loan. I remember family conversations revolving around ways to cut expenses and get more income to pay bills. The grocery stores were very tolerant of late credit accounts, and Doctor Greenaway let you pay his medical bills with whatever you had. I am sure the doctor received more chickens, vegetables and other farm produce, than he ever got in cash. To pay off our Municipal taxes we were allowed to build and install culverts on designated rural roads. My father loaded up the wagon with lumber, nails and tools, along with food for the horses as well as ourselves. We took along two extra horses, a slipe and a

fresnow for earth moving. My brother, Jim, with help from the girls, Jean and Lila, remained home to do the farm work. I was Dad's helper on the trip. We worked from dawn to dusk, digging out broken down culverts and replacing them with new ones, then rebuilding the road. At night we strung a tarp from trees over the wagon. We slept under the wagon, with the rest of our goods under the tarp. These trips lasted up to a week at a time. We would return home to restock, then go out again until our taxes were paid off.

During the 1930s and 1940s many farmers raised pigs. Jim Horne was a purchasing agent for Burns Meats in Edmonton and bought animals on their behalf every Tuesday at the stock Yards, located at the bottom of main street on the rail line to the Atlas Lumber planing mill. The ideal weight for a live animal was 210 lbs, and overweight or underweight hogs were docked. Most producers hauled their animals to market with horse drawn wagons or sleds, while others hired a truck. We did neither; we chased the animals to market through the southeast part of town (across the lower end of main street). For people who have never chased up to 20 pigs, half of a mile through a town, let me say it is not a preferred profession. My father also bought pigs from farmers who chose not to take their underweight hogs home. This allowed the Horne family the privilege of herding more hogs of dubious temperament through town. Well meaning locals often attempted to assist us, which often resulted in scattering the animals through gardens and yards. I do not recall permanently losing any of the porkers, but some trips took hours.

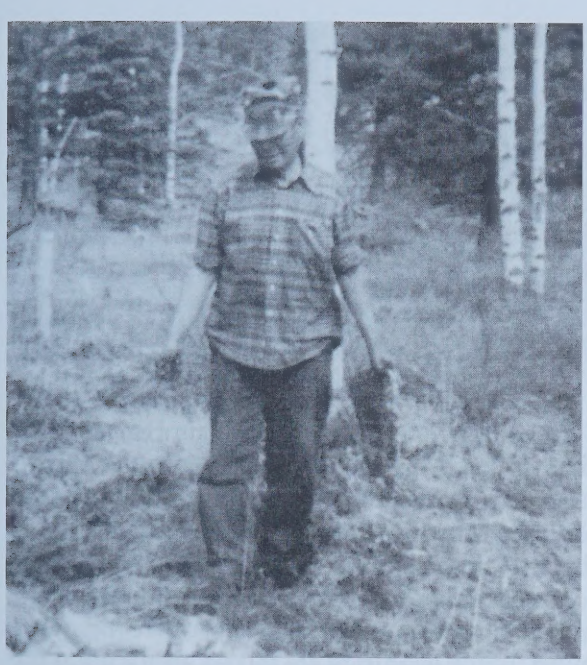
Both Jim and Mildred supported community organizations. Mildred was an active member of the Order of the Eastern Star, Women's Institute, I.O.D.E. and the Women's Auxiliary of her church. In 1927 Jim helped form Lochearn Lodge #151 under the register of the Grand Lodge of Alberta. In 1930 he was installed as Worshipful Master and later served as secretary for 13 years. With other WWI veterans he helped form a branch of the British Empire Service League (later named Royal Canadian Legion) and, in 1935 he was the president of the local branch. He served on the School Board, on the Board of Trade and was an officer in the Air Cadet League in the 1940s.

Although Jim was not an active athlete himself, he was always involved in the sports activities of his children. This included virtually every sport in Rocky. Once, as a teenager playing the blue line in the offensive zone in a seniors' hockey game, a puck came toward me from in front of the net. A very large opponent was bearing down on me. Amid stars and other moving objects, I found myself on my back on the ice. As I fell I heard a very loud cheer above the sound of the crowd, which I recognized to be my father's. Later that evening, he asked with a glint in his eye, "Were you really shooting on goal, or were you just trying to get rid of the puck?" After a moment, I replied, "A little bit of both, I think."

The skating rink was busy with hockey games and public skating in the late 1930s and 1940s. Hockey games were well attended with people standing in the snow banks to watch and cheer. Evening skating always had music on the loud speaker where children and adults alike skated in alternating circles to waltz tunes. It was always with some pride that the high school boys skated with one of the young attractive teachers on their arm. Every Friday night during the winter, there was at least one barn dance and a community dance in the surrounding "school houses." Saturday night was the Jitney dance at the Legion Hall and, later on, in the Odd Fellows Hall. These simple pleasures may sound strange in today's world, but they have sustained many of us over the years, and helped to cement many lasting friendships. Every era has its pleasant memories. These are some from my time here in Rocky.

House Family
HOUSE, John
as told to Annette Gray

John House (descendant of Moses House), and Esther Dixon (daughter of Mary Louise Dixon), raised a large family. Both were members of the first families to take up permanent residence at Big Horn. John died on March 12, 1956 and Esther died in November of 1991.



Jacob House.

Susan House.

Susan House's Mother, Cassie Big Stoney with Sarah Beaver (Isaac Beaver Sr.'s wife).

HOWARD, Dick and Irene
submitted by Dick and Irene

Howard family.

I, Dick Howard, was born September 17, 1918, in North Vancouver to C. W. Harold Howard and Margaret Islay (Currie) Howard. In early 1920 our family was caught up in the great influenza epidemic. A young wartime

First mill Dick worked for (1937) John Fitzpatrick, Uncle Bill Dezal, Claude Simms, Curly Wren, Dick Howard, Mat Ramage, Ken Dezall. Mat Ramage farm at Frisco.

nurse was assigned to our case. My mother passed away on February 15, 1920. Later on, my father married our nurse.

We moved to Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, in 1921 and then to a farm north of Beverly where I started school. At the Simco School our term was from March to December. After the tumble weeds, drought and grasshoppers ran us out of town, we moved to a dairy farm, northwest of Swift Current, where my sister and I attended Ruskin School. In 1929 we moved into Swift Current and attended Oman School and Collegiate Institute.

In August 1936 I, along with my friend, John Fitzpatrick, decided to do some traveling. We hitchhiked to Great Falls, Montana, then west to Missoula, then north into B.C. Kingsgate. We then went to Calgary and north on the C & E Trail to Red Deer, working on threshing rigs on the way. Walking north of Red Deer, past Molly's Café and the Convent, we noticed a well-traveled road going west. We wondered why it was so well traveled. There was a large lake and further down the road was a strange and interesting name, Rocky Mountain House.

"Let's go check it out" was our decision, and on September 16, 1936, we arrived in Rocky. My first act here was to purchase a pair of jeans at Cony's Mutual. We then went exploring for work. We went north on the Frisco Road, out by the McLeod place. We met a fellow with a team and wagon and a load of mine props. He was Frank Williams Sr. and after talking to him for a while, he suggested that we come back with him to his house, just west of the hospital.

Hauling lumber in 1947-48.

That night Art Fisher visited him to see if he knew of a threshing hand. I went with Art to the Johnson place at Ferrier. Lorne Schenk was on the ramrod. After a couple of days, I was back at Frank's house. I then spent a couple of days helping Tom Stelfox haul slough-hay from north of the Brockman place up to Browns' road. In the evenings we talked about what we should do. Frank suggested (and we agreed) that we should go out to a homestead that Frank and Ally Brown had out at Frisco, the SW 23-40-7-W5. There we, Saskatchewan stubble bums who didn't know a Swede saw from a broad axe, would learn how to fell trees, cut logs or props, and skid and haul them. It was mostly an interesting, easy-going life. Our neighbors were the Riggins family, McKerveys, Freholts, Bidingers, and Bill and Graham Downs who had a sawmill on the river flat. We lived in a tent while we built a chicken house into a hillside. We moved into the chicken coop January 1, 1937. What a blessing that was, no more blankets frozen to the wall of the tent.

John had found a job with Claude Sims. About the middle of January, I got a job with Matt Ramage who lived a mile north of Frisco School where Gary and Marg Devlieger now live. I would drive up to what was known as the ¼ camp, skid logs all day and bring a load of logs home at night on the sleigh. Pay was $7.50 per month; the government paid $5.00, the farmer $2.50. The logs were sawed by Ken Dezall and his crew. Working for Jim Hall, Claude Sims, Hugh Cooke, and Emery Demas clearing and breaking land for three years was very enlightening. I particularly enjoyed their cattle drives from five miles east of Sylvan Lake to Frisco in the spring and back again in the fall. We had great times; we had many picnics

and sports days between Buster Creek, Frisco, Taimi, and Bingley. They were hard but good times.

In April 1941, I tried to enlist in the army, but was rejected. I then drove truck for Art Hunley, Matt Bradshaw, and Carl Sorenson, pulling sleigh trailers. I drove for Ray Anderson of Calgary, hauling freight from Calgary, Edmonton and Peace River to Fort Providence for Canadian Freightways and the Canol Oil Project at Norman Wells. At the end of March 1943, I returned to Rocky. I enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and was stationed in Calgary, Edmonton, Brandon, St. Thomas, Lachine, Dorval, Sea Island, Boundary Bay, and Abbotsford.

In 1944 while on leave in Rocky, Dick met a young grocery clerk working in the Killico Store. She was Irene Cliff, born August 11, 1924, at Ricinus to George and Ruth Cliff. She was raised on their homestead, NW-9-36-7-W5. When he returned to Rocky after discharge in 1946, they began to date and were married August 3, 1947, in Calgary. This union produced five girls and one boy: Pat, who married John Fletcher; Beverley; Connie, who married Allan Gates; Glenda; Rick, who married Karla Klam and Georgia. These children produced ten grandchildren, who in turn have produced nine great-grandchildren at last count. The latest arrived January 22, 2002. No wonder the world and Rocky's population keeps expanding as our family has gone from one Howard in 1946 to thirty-four in 2002.

During these years, Irene worked for Killico Stores, the Fabric Centre, Walking Eagle Restaurant and Impact Industries. She volunteered with the Royal Canadian Legion Ladies Auxiliary, with the Brownies and Girl Guides Association, with the Memorial Presbyterian Church Guild, with the Rocky & District Museum, and taught Sunday School as well.

Dick drove truck for Art Hunley and Slim Garnett. He then purchased his first truck in December 1947 and started R.C. Howard Trucking, hauling for Charlie Bruce, George Wriggles-worth, Carl Sorenson, Cliff Brierley and many other operators in the Rocky area. In 1954, he started working in the office of E. D. (Dave) Edwards' Lumber Mill and worked there for nine years. In 1964 he began working with A.A. Fisher Lumber, working there until the business was sold in 1974. He worked for the Rocky Wood Preservers until 1979. The next four years, until he retired, he worked different, interesting jobs at Westside Welding, Currie Sand and Gravel, and Impact Industries. His volunteer work over the years includes: Rocky's Volunteer Fire Department, 1948 to 1980; the 1% Club from 1958 until it became the Recreation Board in 1961. He was on that board for nine years; Rocky's Cub and Scout Group Committee from 1960 to 1972; the Presbyterian Church Board for 3 years in the 1960s; Secretary-treasurer of the Rocky Rams' Hockey Club for eight years; the Royal Canadian Legion Branch #8 from 1946 to 2002, serving on the executive from 1968 to 1991; and the Rocky Mountain House Museum from 1992 to 2002 as Treasurer and as a Director.

Irene (Cliff) Howard's history as told by Irene:

My father and his oldest sister and her husband immigrated to Medicine Hat, Alberta, prior to World War I. My father went back to England as a Canadian soldier during the war. At the end of the war he brought his mother and younger sisters to Canada by boat. On the same boat they met my mother. My mother was on her way to meet the family of her late husband who had been a Canadian soldier from Medicine Hat and had died at the end of the war. My parents became friends and were married in 1919. My sister, Ellen (Madge), and brother, Jerry, were born in Medicine Hat. Dad's brother-in-law, Jim Dean, was from the Ricinus area and told Dad about homestead land available there. The first few years my parents stayed at the homestead (later the site of the Ricinus Post Office) for summer only. In the summer of 1924, I was born at the Baxter Bean farm because Grandma Bean acted as the area midwife. Our family moved out to the homestead in 1925. Four years later my sister, Nellie, was born and my brother, Art, was born three years after that.

Homestead life was not easy, and during my childhood we had very little. We used our imagination to make things to play with, and there was always lots of work to be done. We children helped with weeding the garden, picking roots and rocks, getting firewood for the stove, feeding the chickens and pigs, and milking the cows. I learned to knit and sew at quite a young age as my Mom did a lot of knitting of raw wool

into sweaters and made socks for moccasin rubbers. Mom also made socks and mitts for the Red Cross in Calgary. As a fund-raiser, she made a wool quilt and raffled it off. Each square of the quilt had a sunflower on it, and for 10 cents you could have your name put on a petal with the proceeds going to the war effort. Helen Sawyer (Forester) won the quilt. I also learned to fashion flour bags into clothes for our family.

When I was about three, I wandered out through the oat field, looking for my mom who was bringing in the cows. I was missing overnight and they found me the next day sitting beside the creek.

My brother, Jerry, took the shotgun out to shoot an owl, but the gun was too big for him, and it kicked back and gave him a black and blue face. Since he wasn't supposed to handle the gun, he said he was pulling on the bull's tail to get him out of the hay and got kicked in the face.

Once my sister, Nellie, got up on the roof to practice casting for fish with Jerry's fishing pole. The hook and line were swinging over the doorway where I was sitting with baby Art who was about two months old. I put my hand up to protect us, and my hand was caught on the hook. It was in so deep Dad used a razor blade to cut it out. Homestead first aid left the scar.

Another time the garden needed weeding, and the sheep needed to be herded. Nellie offered to get the sheep, but whoever looked after the sheep looked after little brother, Art, about four years old at the time. We had a mean old ram, and he chased Nellie and Art behind a tree where he kept them for a while. Nellie managed to catch the ram, and put Art on its back (an early form of muttin' bustin'). She then called the dog to herd the sheep home. The sheep all ran under the fence leaving Art on the other side. Actually, situations with busy children could get interesting even in those days.

I wasn't able to attend school until I was twelve. My first year, I attended Ricinus school, and we went from early spring to late fall. My first teacher, Ester Anderson, pushed me ahead as much as possible as I had to miss a lot of school while looking after my mother and little brother, Art, as well as doing the cooking for our family. When Mom was taken to the nursing home in Rocky (there was no hospital), Miss Anderson told me to bring Art to school so I wouldn't have to miss anymore time at school. That made for three of us on one horse for the five and a half mile trip. It must have made an impression on some of the other students, one in particular, John Melon. When our youngest daughter was taking a first aid course in Sylvan Lake, John Melon was the instructor, and he asked her if I was one of the family who rode three on one horse. Another teacher who greatly influenced my schooling was Bill Mewha who was always very encouraging. He married Grace Waldruff, who taught at Wollar School, and he went on to become principal at Spruce View School.

After I finished school, I went to work in Calgary as a housekeeper for a dollar a day and room and board. I scrubbed the large house on hands and knees and pushed a heavy manual floor polisher. I came back to the farm and helped my father at the post office, since it paid better than housekeeping. I also cooked at bush camps for Hart and Dezall, LeCerf and Jimmy Spence camps, to name a few. In September 1944, I came into Rocky Mountain House to work for Dr. and Mrs. Greenaway as a housekeeper/babysitter. Still working for the Greenaways, I started working at Killicks' Store.

I met Dick Howard through the Slaymaker family in 1944. We dated when he came back to Rocky after the war in 1946, and we were married August 3, 1947, in Calgary.

Editor's note: Dick Howard passed away on September 10, 2002, following a courageous battle with cancer, at the age of eighty-three years. Dick is survived by, Irene, his loving wife of fifty-five years, six children and many grandchildren. Dick was loved and admired by all, and he and his wife, were awarded the Community Builder of the Year Award in 2001. Dick continued to volunteer at the Museum as a Director, until the week before his passing. It was a place he dearly loved to be. He is missed!

HUHTALA, Tauno and Sylvia and family
submitted by Lawrence Mazza

Tauno was born in Oakley, Wyoming, on May 22, 1906. His parents, Kusti and Sanna, left Finland near the turn of the century to build a

Tauno and Sylvia Huhtala on their 50th Wedding Anniversary with their daughters, Mildred (Mazza), Mavis (Hilbert) and Aileen Pearson. February 8, 1985.

new life in the U.S. They settled in the Kemmerer area in Wyoming where the coal mines provided work for many newcomers. In 1910 Kusti, among a group of early pioneers, came to Alberta to buy 160 acres of land for ten dollars, and built a small shack, then returned to Wyoming to bring back his family.

Thus, in 1911, Kusti and Sanna and their three children, Mamie, Tauno and John, travelled by train to Red Deer, Alberta, bringing with them a few possessions and three horses. Upon their arrival in Red Deer, the family purchased a wagon and began their fifty mile journey to the homestead. Although he was only five years old, Tauno could recall the three-day trip—remembering how they crawled under the doors of an abandoned barn with their blankets to spend a night. They arrived on their homestead on May 11, 1911, and after spending their first night in a log shack measuring 14x20 feet, they woke up to a heavy blanket of snow. The Taimi district, where they homesteaded, was one of several neighbouring rural districts which were settled mainly by the Finns. A brother, Walter, was born in 1912.

At the age of fourteen, Tauno worked at a lumber mill as well as working on his parents' farm. He worked for a time for Canadian National Railway for a few cents an hour. He received very little schooling as some years there was only three months of school. Recreation included playing in John Plathan's brass band for several years in the 1920s. Tauno lived on his parents' farm until his marriage.

Sylvia Ethel Alanen was born at Bingley, Alberta, on Dec. 20, 1912, to Samuel and Sofia who immigrated to U.S.A. from Finland in the early 1900s. Samuel too was attracted to Alberta to "homestead" a quarter of land. He vowed he would not return to his coal mining job in Wyoming after his brother was killed by a falling rock while working alongside Samuel in the mine.

Sylvia's brother Oiva was born in 1915.

The children attended Taimi school, whenever it was open. Later, Sylvia attended school in Rocky Mountain House, attaining grade nine. Her father taught her to read and write Finnish. Tauno and Sylvia were married in 1935. They purchased a quarter of land on the north side of the Last Hill Creek coulee (NW21-40-6-W5) at a cost of $700. When they first started farming, much of the clearing of land was done by hand, and farm implements were pulled by horses. Tauno purchased his first tractor in 1938. They expanded the farm in later years, purchasing two more quarters of land. The farm was a mixed farming operation. Tauno, along with his brothers, purchased a saw mill and produced lumber for their own buildings. As well as doing their own threshing they did custom work for others.

Tauno and Sylvia raised three daughters: Mildred (Mazza), born in 1935, Aileen (Pearson), born in 1936 and Mavis (Hilbert) born in 1946. Finnish was mainly the language spoken in the home until Mildred and Aileen learned English at school. Mavis, being ten years younger, learned English at an earlier age when English was spoken more at home. The girls attended elementary school at Taimi and Bingley schools and later attended high school in Rocky Mountain House. All three continued their education by taking courses at secretarial colleges in Calgary, Alberta.

Tauno and Sylvia semi-retired, retaining one quarter of land in 1972. In 1976, they sold their remaining land and retired to Rocky Mountain House. In 1985 they sold their house and moved to Westview Lodge as Sylvia's health began to fail. They spent their final years in Extended Care, Rocky Mountain House. Sylvia passed away on April 4, 1990, and Tauno passed away on April 12, 1994.

HUMPHREY, Alva and Evy
submitted by Patty Fedirchuck -niece

Elvie and Evie Humphrey.

Alva Oren Humphrey was born at Fisher's Home (near Warburg, Alberta) on May 10, 1911. He was the eldest son of Thomas Jefferson and Beatrice Ann (Jones) Humphrey. He had three younger siblings, Harvey, Audrey and Ellis. The family moved from Blackie, Alberta, to the Aurora district, northeast of Rocky Mountain House, in 1935. Alva was a handyman and could fix anything. As a young man he worked at farming, in lumber mills and driving truck, and later became a good barber and a proficient conversationalist in his shop.

Evelyn Sylvia (Hollingsworth)was born at Rochon Sands, near Stettler, Alberta, on February 11, 1919, to Richard and Annina (Quilici) Hollingsworth. She was the second youngest of her family and had six siblings: True, Ellis, Stanley, Artie, Violet and Anne (Babe). Their family (after several moves in the area) settled on the Moosehorn Ranch at Aurora in 1934.

Being neighbors with the Hollingsworth family for five years, Alva and Evy were good friends from an early age, and on February 21, 1940, they were married at Gimlet. On December 11, 1945, they were blessed with a baby girl, Marilyn Ann, who was born in Eckville. After their marriage, Alva and Evy lived in Bluffton, Gimlet and Ricinus, before moving to Rocky Mountain House in 1946. Alva worked for (Ralph) Hart & (Ken) Dezall hauling lumber and at (Ralph) Hart's Garage (the present location of A & W). Evy found employment at Schiers Bros. Bakery, the Modern and the Mountview restaurants—all on main street. In 1951 Humphreys moved to Edmonton. Then, in 1953, they moved back to Aurora to milk cows for Artie Hollingsworth, before returning to Edmonton in 1955, where Alva took a barber course, and Evy took a hairdressing course.

On their return to Rocky Mountain House in 1959, Alva worked at McCarrol's barbershop and Evy (after hairdressing in the city), went to work at Brownlie's Rexall Drugstore. In 1961, or thereabouts, Alva bought the barber shop on main street and operated it until he passed away in December 1985 at the age of 74 years.

Brownlie Drugs, while owned by Bob and Ruby Stronach and Don Maconochie, was I.D.A. Drugs until taken over by Norman Quan and the Guardian Franchise. Evy worked at this drugstore until 1997—a total of 38 years. Evy was extremely pleasant, knowledgeable and a pleasure to visit with at work as well as at home. Since retiring in 1977, she leads a very active life in the retirement community and is greeted with respect in the business community.

Marilyn married (Joe) George Bernard Leavitt. They raised four sons: Rick, Shane, Cody and Bernie, and have eight grandchildren. The Leavitt family own and operate Rig Boss Rentals in Rocky Mountain House.

HUNLEY, Helen - RENAISSANCE WOMAN
written by Pat McDonald

Helen Hunley is a true "Renaissance Woman." Born of pioneer stock, Helen Hunley recalls early days, when she walked across the railroad trestle with her mom to sell the poultry they raised. Down to earth and homespun, she is clearly fond of people and the history of the surrounding area. She remembers vividly growing up in the Crimson Lake area, her schooling, most of which was done at home. She remembers that the first book she ever read was "Mrs Wiggs in the Cabbage Patch."

Helen, at first, wanted to become a nurse, but pneumonia postponed nurses training, and she accepted a position with the telephone company, working three-week stretches with only one night off. To save money to send home, she slept in the telephone office. Helen has a tremendous memory and can still recall the phone numbers used in those days.

When Marian McEwan arrived several years ago, to begin work as a nurse in rough-hewn Rocky Mountain House, she remembers a conversation with Helen Hunley. This was in the days before Helen would achieve great political success. Her well known wit, however, was very much present. When Ms. McEwan asked Helen where she could find a house with three rooms and a bath, Helen replied, "Around here, dear, the best we can do is three rooms and a path!"

When the Second World War broke out, Helen enlisted in the Canadian Women's Army Corps and served in London. After the war she became an International Harvester dealer and insurance agent. This eventually led to her owning her own insurance agency. Helen also served on the Board of Directors of the Implement Dealers of Alberta, a largely male bastion. However, she is quick to point out she was always treated fairly and equally.

Another thing Helen recalls is being paid partly in scrip, the funny money, of the Social Credit government. She could never readily convert the scrip to "good money," and remembers arranging for her mom to use it, where it was honoured—at Killick's store in Rocky Mountain House. It was the difficulties during these times that helped mold the political opinions which led her to the Progressive Conservative Party. Her political career after the war was meteoric. In a few short years, Helen Hunley would serve as town councilor and Mayor of Rocky Mountain House. Eventually she became a member of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, becoming the first woman to hold a cabinet portfolio, serving as Solicitor General, Minister of Health and Welfare and Minister of Social Services. In 1986 Helen was further honored by becoming Alberta's first woman Lieutenant Governor.

Today, Helen is still unpretentious and interested in people. One would not readily suspect the accomplishments of this remarkable woman. What does come through, however, is her compassion and love of people and the history unfolding in the west country. Helen Hunley has not been a mere bystander to that history.

HUNT, Hudson
written by Annette Gray

Descendants of Hudson Hunt.

When Ira Gray came to Rocky Mountain House in 1907, Hudson Hunt, his wife and child, and John Webster and his wife were the only non-aboriginal people living west of the North Saskatchewan River. These two small families had settled in the vicinity of the fort site, no doubt believing that a new town would spring up over the remains of the old trading post.

The Hunts were comfortably housed in a cave in the riverbank. A few years later, the Hunt family had grown, and it was said Hudson dismantled some of the remaining chimneys of the fort, so they would not topple on his children who often played among the ruins. For a description of Hudson Hunt we go to Fred Schutz's April 15, 1964, column in the Rimbey Record.

Fred says: "During the days of settlement in the area north and west of Rimbey, there were a good many self-styled cowboys about, fellows who could ride a horse, twirl a rope, and who wore leather chaps and ten gallon hats. But it is my conclusion, from talking to old-timers over a number of years, that there were but four who could qualify as cowboys of the old school. These were, not necessary in order, Tom Tuttle, Fred Hayes, Hudson Hunt and Mark Lampman.

"All four were said to be experts with a rope, at home in the saddle, proficient at handling

cattle and good with a gun, although it may have proved difficult to keep up their reputation with the later in twentieth century Alberta. There may be others like them, but these four men seem to stand out.

"Hudson Hunt has been described as a big, husky man with enormous shoulders. He is reported to have been a first class roper and none too sparing of horse flesh. He lived in the Willeston Green district, and his children, six or seven of them, went to school there. Though four of the family were girls, someone has said that not only Hudson, but the whole family were cowboys."

For Rocky residents who enjoy camping at in the Open Creek area, the following Fred Schutz's description of Mark Lampman maybe of interest.

"...Mark Lampman lived west of Rimbey and west of Medicine Valley (or Wittenburg, or Leedale, as the district was progressively named). Today his name is known for miles around because a dam has been built on Open Creek, at the foot of what was once known as Lampman's Valley. Here, I have been told, Mark Lampman had a horse ranch in the early days, and here he lived part-time for a number of years, putting up hay in the early summer and tending to his herd of horses in the winter. Like others, he had come here with the peak of his cowboy career behind him."

HUNT, J.H. (Jack) and Marilyn Hunt

We came to the Rocky Mountain School Division to begin the school term in 1965, three days after we were married in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. We lived in a two-bedroom teacherage on the schoolyard and rented furniture for the duplex for $5.00 a month. Our first visitor, after we were settled, was Ted von Hollen who came to welcome us. We really appreciated that. I had a grade seven homeroom and taught junior high physical education, health, guidance, and English through to grade eleven. Jack and I both coached D.T.H.S. volleyball and basketball so we travelled with the teams. We both skied in winter and travelled with the ski club. I taught for three years and then had our first son, Brian, in 1969. Jack was the only Industrial Arts (shop) teacher in the School Division at that time, so Caroline and Rocky had to bus their students out to the David Thompson High School.

I got to know the community and joined the Condor W.I. (Glenda Wacher, Magda Anderson, Verna Bradshaw, Mrs. Ellis, Elsie Spencer, Anna Nelson, Leona Jans, Edna Blair, Mary Meek, Nellie Tubbs, June Diebert, Liz Cote, Ellen Parker, Faye Jennings) We canvassed for the cancer society, made quilts for the needy, worked in the Next to New shop in R.M.H., contributed to charity bake-sales at Cole's Auction Mart, and I did substitute teaching. Our neighbours were the Verral Tinks, Boyd Osbornes, Doug Halls, Dwayne Duffs, Encio Schroderuses, Ralph Qureschis, Rick Peppers, James Hagen, Don Lockwood, Wally Pruden, John Emersons, Tony Burtons, and the Roy Wirtanens. Jack played hockey and baseball with John Mowat, Dennis Wolney, Jack Leslie, Gary Aubuchon, Richard McGregor and others, so I got to know the wives. In 1970 Rocky Mountain House opened a new Industrial Arts lab and Jack was offered a position.

We moved to the old Presbyterian Church manse about a mile and a half down the Dovercourt road. Our landlord was Luke Brouwer. His brother, John, was trying to get some land subdivided for acreages northwest of Rocky. In the spring we got word there was a forest fire in the area of the proposed subdivision and we were to come and help if we could. Jack was at work, so I packed Brian in the car, loaded up pails of water and a shovel and went to see what could be done. Jack came over after work. The fire grew and an aircraft was called in to help. Fortunately our future acreage was not touched.

The Dovercourt road was not paved in those years and I recall how, in the summer of 1971, we came back home for a wedding (from Edmonton where Jack was pursuing a Master's degree). We were able to drive as far as the Russell Cole farm and then got bogged down. The Coles lent us rubber boots and a flashlight to slog the rest of the way. We must have made quite a sight with Jack carrying little Brian on one arm, a suitcase in the other hand and me, seven months pregnant with Carla, carrying another suitcase and trying to keep my footing in borrowed boots.

The following summer, we bought a Cedar Log house from Charlie Bott and built in the Brouwer subdivision northwest of town. We have remained here ever since. Our son, David, completed the family in 1973.

Travel to and from Rocky Mountain House was via the old gravel Crimson Lake road that paralleled the North Saskatchewan River. We watched the new highway #11 being built just a few acres south of our property. The cement for our house had to be trucked west past the post plant, up the highway toward Crimson Lake, then south down the old road to our acreage, all because of road building. This added more to the trucking costs, but it couldn't be helped. It was a terribly rainy summer, and we were living in our tent trailer, feeding the people who came to help put up our house a hot meal at noon and hauling our water. We had a garden down at John Brouwer's farm and I did all the canning of produce while in the tent trailer. With two little ones it makes us wonder how we managed.

The children rode the school bus and took all of their schooling in town, with Brian and Carla both enrolling in Lochearn School until the town grew and they were transferred to Rocky Elementary. The town experienced more growing pains and Carla's grade four class attended the Will Sinclair High School. I was the high school librarian for three years for Mrs. Doreen Fisher who was on sick leave. I finished that assignment just as Brian entered high school.

After graduation, Brian earned a Bachelor of Commerce at the U. of A.,worked for a few years, then recently earned a Masters of Business Administration from McGill University in Montreal. He currently resides in Edmonton. Carla earned a Bachelor of Education degree at Trinity Western University in Langley, B.C., and the University of Alberta. She married Randy Kadatz who she met when they were both on Outdoor Ed. Staff at Pioneer Ranch Camps. Carla and her family reside in Hinton at this writing. David worked for a year after high school then apprenticed with Pidherney Trucking as a heavy-duty mechanic. He purchased the former Roy Wirtanen place and continues at Pidherney's.

We look back over our years in Rocky and remember shopping in Joe Cony's store, Allied Hardware, the Bay on main street, Stronach's Drugstore, eating at the Ritz and borrowing books from the library when it was downstairs on main street. We saw the elevator at the bottom of main street burn to the ground. I was on the board when the Co-op moved over to Highway 11 south and again when the new renovations were being planned. Jack canvassed to see if people wanted to bring natural gas to the Crimson Lake area and was in the Fish and Game Association for many years. I was able to get Rural Route #2 extended across the river so our subdivision could have daily mail delivery. We have seen the population of the town grow from 2300 in 1965 to over 6100 in 2001.

Jack retired from teaching, but continues to enjoy woodworking in the shop he built and being in the West Country. I retired in 2000 after working as the Adult Literacy Coordinator for fifteen years. I continue to tutor, sit on the regional and provincial literacy council, and am involved with family histories. We are both very active with the First Christian Reformed Church and Pioneer Ranch Camps. We both agree that Rocky Mountain House has been a wonderful place to raise our family and retire. We intend to stay in the area and finish out our years for as long as the Lord gives us.

IRONBOW, Slim
submitted by Carrie Mason,
as told by Fabian Beaverbones

Two well respected names on the O'Chiese Reserve are the Ironbow and Beaverbones families who have been contributing to the development of the O'Chiese infrastructure for decades. Fabian Beaverbones, the youngest son of Slim Ironbow, was born May 13, 1967. He and his wife, Pearl Frencheater, have four children: Laura-Lynn, Maria and Starla and Myron Frencheater.

Fabian has served as a community representative, in terms of culture, for several years. He serves on the Band Council and has acquired several trades certificates, i.e., truck driving, heavy equipment operator and carpentry. These skills have likely qualified him for the position he now fills as Manager of Housing and Public Works. He has done some rodeoing. However, he says the politics and red tape has discouraged him from following in his father's footsteps as a professional rider. He also dabbles in

art and produced an array of cultural paintings. However, they are not for sale. He prefers to pass this gift on to his children, teaching them how to draw and paint. Fabian speaks fluent Cree, Saulteaux and English.

Slim Ironbow originated from Cochin, Saskatchewan, and was born March 15, 1923. He married Mary Beaverbones (who is now deceased). Their children are: Martin Ironbow, Alice Beaverbones, Lorraine Beaverbones, Irene Beaverbones/Littlejohn, Winston Beaverbones and Fabian Beaverbones.

Like many young men of his era, Slim's education consisted of reading and writing English. In order to feed his growing family, Slim worked in bush camps, lumber mills and on slashing crews. His work took him all over the province. At the same time he also traveled the rodeo circuit during the summer. Fabian also recalls him working for farmers where he picked rocks and roots, piled brush, stooked and did some fencing. Slim picked up his horsemanship skills from his father, Pat Ironbow, who also passed on to him the skill of playing the fiddle.

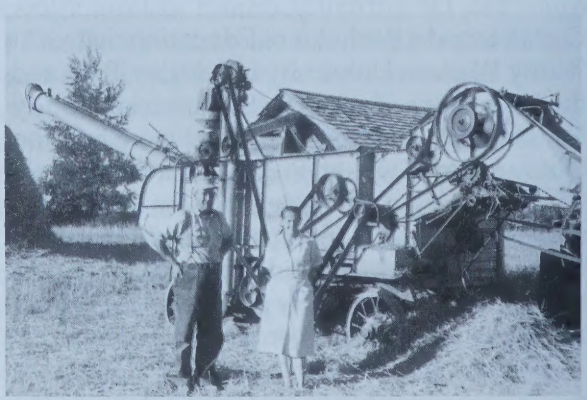
Pat Ironbow originated from Browning, Montana, and was born in the late 1800s. He married a lady from an Eastern tribe who had no English name; she was known by an Algonquin name which was very hard to pronounce, but was understood to mean "miniature girl." Pat became well-respected for his knowledge in Cultural Traditions, a lot of which has been passed down through the generations and shared throughout Saskatchewan and parts of the United States. In his early years Pat was known for playing the fiddle and was often called on to play for jigs and square dances. Horses were his passion and he was known as an expert in horsemanship often providing the bucking stock for rodeos.

Another gift that was passed down to the next generations was the art of hunting and fishing. Nothing was wasted; the animals provided food, clothing, shelter, bridles, halters, etc., and bone implements were made for household use and scraping hides. A traditional offering was made to the Creator from the grease that came from boiling the marrow out of the bones. Prayer was offered before and after the hunt. From the hides many gifts were made by the women for giveaways at round dances and pow-wows. Meticulous beadwork was done on moccasins mittens, vests, pieces of dance regalia, i.e. leggings, cufflings, etc. These items were valuable for trading purposes and could be traded for horses, etc. Fine pieces of work were given as gifts to Royalty, the Chief and his family.

IRWIN, Christopher (Pat) and Rosamond (Rose)
written by Florence Lennie

Pat, Rose, Flo, Bill and Roy. Late 1945.

Christopher (Pat) was born on January 30, 1901, in Stratford, Ontario, to William and Mary Ida Irwin. After completing his education in Stratford he worked in Toronto and later several cities in the United States. He then decided he would settle on a farm and rented a wheat and flax farm in the Brownlee, Saskatchewan area.



Pat and Rose at harvest time.

Flower garden around home.

There he soon met Rosamond (Rose) who lived a few miles away on a farm with her parents. Rose was born in Brownlee on July 26, 1916, to Abraham and Margaret Buckmaster. Rose took all her schooling in the Brownlee School and had full intentions of a career in nursing—but the love bug struck, and Pat and

Pat, Bill, Roy, Flo and Rose in the summer of 1959.

Lorraine, Karen, Bill and Sandra.

Rose were married on September 21, 1935. Two sons were born: William Christopher (Bill) was born on June 21, 1936, and Roy Lloyd was born October 26, 1937.

They continued to farm in Brownlee during the very hard times of the thirties. Times got easier as the economy of the country was slowly improving. However, Pat's health began to deteriorate. After a slow recovery from surgery in Regina, his doctor informed him that he would have to reduce his work load. Farming was far too hard on him. So, in the fall of 1943, he came to Alberta to look for opportunities. He had discussions regarding opening a resort in the west part of Alberta and becoming partners with his younger brother, Doug. Unfortunately, his brother, who was in the Royal Air Force, was killed in the course of duty.

Pat continued to travel across Alberta until he found a quarter section he liked in the Bingley area, 12 miles northeast of Rocky Mountain House. He picked this quarter because the school and the community hall were one mile east, the post office was one mile west, and there were several water springs and a small creek on the land. After purchasing this land, Pat returned to his family in Brownlee, Saskatchewan.

April 1944 found Pat, Rose, Bill and Roy saying goodbye to their family and friends on the prairie and loading their belongings (a two ton truck, a "D" John Deere tractor with steel lugs, and household belongings) onto a railway flat

Monica, Roy, Richard, and Shauna.

car. The trip was long and each member of the family struggled with their own thoughts and emotions. The further they traveled, the more trees there seemed to be.

When they arrived at the Oras railway station, Rose, who was used to the wide open spaces on Southern Saskatchewan ranches, was convinced she would never be able to find her way around in all the trees and the two boys enjoyed trying to lose their mom on walks on the new farm. Originally there was only 25 acres cleared on their farm, but gradually the family cleared more land and bought horses, cattle, and another quarter of land. Eventually they all settled into their new life.

Pat hauled cattle to the Calgary stock yards for neighbors until he sold the truck. He often rode his favorite horse, Peanuts, to Rocky Mountain House for groceries and other requirements. Rose adjusted to the country and was soon out picking the many wild berries in the coulee and filling the cellar with canned fruit, jams and jellies. She brought perennials, roses and other flowering plants as well as seeds from Saskatchewan. Soon she had a beautiful flower garden and of course a big vegetable garden which she was well known for. During the fifties, Pat owned a threshing machine and spent most of the autumn season threshing around the neighborhood. Bill and Roy attended

Florence, Dennis, Tara and Brenda.

school at Bingley and Taimi until grade nine when they took the school bus to Rocky Mountain House. The first while, the boys walked two and a half miles to catch the school bus because the roads were in such poor condition the bus couldn't come closer to the farm.

Florence Katherine was born in Eckville, June 20, 1945. Rose had to go to the hospital early to wait for the birth because of the poor roads. Florence attended Bingley School through grade six and then started grade seven in Rocky Mountain House. By this time, roads had improved considerably and the school bus picked her up at the gate.

Bill graduated Grade 12 in 1955, then worked for his uncle in Brownlee, Saskatchewan. Bill took instruction from his uncle who had an airplane and crop dusted over a large portion of Saskatchewan, thus obtaining his pilot's licence. He then moved to Swift Current and worked in accounting. Since he did not enjoy accounting, he changed careers and began working in the public health field in various towns in Saskatchewan. One of these towns was Leader where he met Lorraine Botschatzke. After Bill and Lorraine were married on June 27, 1964, they transferred to Regina where their daughter, Sandra, was born in May 1966. In1966 they moved to Edmonton where Karen was born September 1967. Bill continued working in Public Health in Edmonton until his retirement in 1992. Bill and Lorraine enjoy their retirement. During summer they live in the Edmonton area and spend their winters in Arizona.

Sandra married Chris Boehnke in May 1990, and they have two sons: Ryan, born February 1995 and Brendan, born August 1997. They live in Sherwood Park, Alberta. Karen married Steve Probert in July 1990. They have two daughters: Jennifer, born March 1995, and Amanda, born June 1997. They also live on an acreage outside Sherwood Park.

Roy graduated from Grade 12 in 1956. That summer, he worked building roads around the Rocky area before going to work on a dairy farm in the Penhold area. In 1958 he joined the Air Force and moved to Eastern Canada, where he took training in radar technology. He stayed in the Air Force for five years, being stationed in various locations in Canada and overseas. In 1963 he moved to Churchill, Manitoba, to work at the Research Station and while there met Monica Taylor. Roy and Monica were married in Flin Flon, Manitoba, and their son, Richard, was born on October 1964 while they were in Churchill. They moved to Saskatoon where their daughter, Shauna, was born on May 1969. Later they moved to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, where Roy supervised construction of a satellite station. Roy then took a job with the Canadian government, managing satellite tracking stations. This new position took him travelling to various locations around the world and, with his home base in Prince Albert, he continued working in this field until his retirement in late 1997. Roy and Monica moved to Salmon Arm, B.C., in October 1998 with plans to travel and enjoy retirement. However, these plans changed when Monica was diagnosed with brain cancer in December 1998 and died in April 2000.

Shauna married Darren Lichty in Jasper, Alberta, in February 1999, and they reside in Quesnel, B.C.

Richard and Jill Rumson were married in Banff, Alberta, in October 2000 and live in Spruce Grove, Alberta.

Florence graduated from Grade 12 in 1962 and took her training as a laboratory and x-ray technician in Edmonton, before moving back to Rocky Mountain House to work as a technician in the hospital. She married Dennis Niedermoser in October 1964. They moved to Olds in 1966 and Brenda was born in September 1967. In 1968 they moved to Calgary where

Stu, Rod, Tammy and daughter, Jaylene; Stacey, Trevor, Trent, Tara, Florence, Jairad, and Brenda.

Tara was born in November 1971. Florence and Dennis moved back to Rocky in 1974 and lived in the Bingley area until 1978 when their marriage ended. Florence, Brenda and Tara continued to live in Bingley and, after taking courses in night school in accounting, Florence was employed at an oil and gas plant just outside of Rocky where she worked until 2000. In 1985 she met Rodney Lennie and they were married in April 1992. Her family now includes four stepchildren: Tammy, born in Edmonton in February 1964; Stacey, born in Hinton in April 1966; Trent and Trevor, born in Hinton, Alberta, in January 1971. Florence and Rodney reside in the Bingley area, and Florence retired in April 2000. Rodney continues to work as supervisor of Husky Oil's field. Tammy married Stuart Burke in Rocky in October 1983 and lives in Rocky. They have a son, Jairad, born November 1984 and a daughter, Jaylene, born September 1987. Brenda married Duncan Peters in June 1991. They live on a farm in Huxley, Alberta, with their three daughters: Tanis, born January 1993; Kailyn, born June 1995 and Courtney, born December 1997. Tara married Jon Johnson in July 1993, and they live on an acreage north of Leslieville with their son, Cameron, born May 1994 and their daughter, Megan, born March 2000. Stacey married Jennifer Davies in November 1996, and they have two daughters: Storrm, born May 1997 and Shayde, born

September 1997. Trent and Maria have two sons: Chappen, born February 1992; Marcus born February 1993 and one daughter, Tawni, born July 1994. They live in Rocky. Trevor and Christina live in Alder Flats with their daughter, Kaiden, born December 1999.

Pat and Rose lived and farmed in the Bingley area for several years. They enjoyed trips to Saskatchewan, Vancouver and around Alberta, and loved to work in their lovely flower and vegetable gardens until Pat's health deteriorated in the late seventies. Pat passed away in a nursing home in Camrose, Alberta, on September 27, 1982. Rose lived on the farm for a couple of years, but later moved to Medicine Hat before returning to Rocky Mountain House in 1995. Rose still owns the original quarter of land which she rents out. She enjoys good health and lives in Acton House in Rocky Mountain House.

JACKSON, Joshua J.
submitted by Joan Smith

Joshua J. Jackson.

Joshua came to the Strachan area about 1911. Previously he had been a shipbuilder in London, England, where he had a wife and son. He intended to bring them to Canada after he was settled. However his wife refused to come and remained in England while Joshua made his home in the "wild west."

"Uncle Jack," as he was known, did odd jobs around the neighborhood, living with his sister, Mrs. William Strong, until she moved to Rocky.

After this, he lived with a bachelor friend, Charlie Apperson. Uncle Jack did the cooking and household chores, which meant occasionally sweeping the ashes and chips off the floor. Occasionally the two men dined on wild meat or fish from Prairie Creek, but the usual fare was pancakes in the morning and bannock for supper. Uncle Jack had a pot of sourdough hanging beside the stove pipe to keep it warm. Each time he used some of the sourdough he added more flour and water to the starter to keep it going. The dough used to drip down the stovepipe and onto the stove where the coffee pot always sat. Uncle Jack and Charlie each had their own chair where they sat, smoking pipes, with Charlie spinning yarns by the hour. They seemed to get along very well together.

Some years later, Uncle Jack's stepdaughter came from England and married Charlie, so Uncle Jack had to move out. My mother, Papsie Osborne, was Uncle Jack's niece. He came to live with her and was most helpful, cutting and carrying wood for the stoves. He started to build a cabin on his own homestead (N.E. 5-38-8 W), but never finished it. He lived with mother until 1940 when he passed away.

Uncle Jack was secretary for Pleasant Vale School until 1935. His hobby was writing poetry. Following is an excerpt from one of his poems, written as a tribute to the local boys who went overseas to fight in World War II.

From east and west and south and north
The sons of the empire come pouring forth.
Ready and eager to take their stand
And fight for their dear old mother land.
From every corner of the earth
They flocked to the country which gave them birth.
From this small corner of the land
We too have sent our little band:
Joe Chambers, Pat Boylan, Norman Scott and others
The Major boys, Rowley, Don, Lewis, Dave—four brothers.
The Findlaters too, both Sam and John
Frank Miell, Frank Corbell, Tom Millbank have gone
Will Craker, Fred Parsons, Frank Hayworth, too,
And Bert Barkham whose smile should carry him through

Dobbs and Cross also have gone out to fight
For the cause they believe to be just and right.
There is one name, I mention last of all
Among the first to go out, he was the first to fall

He died as a soldier would wish to die,
Fighting the foe, with his face to the sky,
We shall not meet him at the picnic or dance
For they laid him to rest there, somewhere in France.
But we'll not forget him, and when all is done

And the fighting is over, and the boys all
come home
In our house or the field when men meet together
To talk of the crops, or it may be the weather,
If a stranger be there, we will tell it with pride
How bravely our neighbour, Dave Strachan,
died.

JACOBSON, Jacob and Mary
submitted by Mary Jacobson

Helen and Martin Borstad, on their 50th Anniversary.

Jakob (Jacob) was the eldest of ten children born to John and Berntine Jakobsen in Ankeness, a small town across the fjord from Norvik, in Norway. (Note the changes in spelling of names from Norwegian (k's) to our (c's).)

The lure of the $10 homesteads in Canada brought many Scandanavians to Canada in the 1920s; Jacob and his friend were two of them.

After landing in Canada, they soon arrived in Winnipeg. By this time they had to look for work. Jacob worked on a farm for a short while, then worked as a section man on the railroad. He also worked on grain elevator construction.

It was in the late 1920s when a lumbering company, namely Western Tie & Timber, was looking for loggers. Jacob hired on and found himself in Phoenix, Alberta (a siding on the railroad about thirty miles west of Rocky). While working in the bush, he cut logs and hewed railroad ties mainly in the winter. When spring came there was a need for "tie loaders." These men hoisted railroad ties to their shoulders and

Jacobson family. Jack and Mary. Berny, Arny, Jerry, Gordon and Marianne, 1954.

carried them into railroad cars. These cars were moved to other places wherever they were needed to repair railroad beds. Through several years he worked for different local contractors doing bush work in the winter. When summer came, he went to work on elevator construction again, until World War II started. After that, he worked on government housing for the armed forces. He continued to work with timber and construction industries for many years.

I met Jacob (Jack as he was known, or Jake) in the 1930s, and we were married in 1937. We bought my grandfather's house and lots (Mr. John Henry Bertrand's). The house and lots were in the northwest corner of his section of land which had become the town-site in 1912. I still live on the corner, but in a new house.

We have a family of five. Arnold who is retired from the Armed Forces, now lives in Rocky. Arnold and Norma have two children and four grandchildren. A son, Gordon, lives in a trailer in the country here; he has a daughter in B.C. We have two daughters. Berny, who lives in the country out of Beaverlodge, is married and has one daughter and five stepchildren. Daughter Marianne lives in central Southern Alberta and has two boys. Our second son, Jerry, lives with me and has two adopted children.

My father, D. M. Borstad, and a friend arrived in Rocky Mountain House in 1910, traveling from North Dakota, U.S.A. They drew straws to decide who would get which quarter of land. Then they built their log houses, side by side, on either side of their common line. This land was located three miles directly north of Rocky Mountain House.

My mother's family, the J. Bertrands, came in 1907 to homestead land which is now the town site of Rocky. My mother arrived shortly after this period as she was teaching in Minnesota, U.S.A. I was born in 1915 at my parents' house in town. Two years later, they moved to the country, at which time John Killick purchased the town house.

I lived with my grandparents when it was time to go to school, as it was too far to walk from the farm in the country. However, after my grandparents died, my sisters and I walked about four miles every day, both ways. Winter days could be bitterly cold, 40 to 50 degrees below zero, and in the "real early days" the temperature dropped to 60 below.

We children used to sleigh ride down main street—clear to the railway tracks. Another hill in front of the hospital took us down to what is now the old highway and, if the snow was packed just right, we could go as far as the river.

In later years, we were able to purchase farmland northwest of the original family farm which was then in town, and I lived in my grandparents' log house for about 21 years. At that point in time a new home was constructed, and it remains my present residence.

JANIGO, John and Lilly (Jahelka)
submitted by Anne Belliveau

John Janigo Sr. came from Czechoslovakia when he was a young man. He first went to Beaver Mines, west of Pincher Creek. They moved to Creston, B.C., but did not stay long before moving to Nordegg. He walked from Rocky Mountain House with a bunch of other fellows in 1912. It took them three days to get to Nordegg. He worked there until the mines closed in 1955. He also worked in Alexo, when the mine was shut down due to strikes, and in 1950 when the tipple burned down and had to be rebuilt. He stayed in Nordegg until the mines closed.

Lilly (Jahelka) Janigo came to Canada, from Czechoslovakia, when she was only three years old. Charles Jahelka and his family first went to Bankhead, east of Banff, then moved to a homestead south of Condor. In Nordegg, just after the first World War, Charles along with his wife and seven children, moved into the pumphouse.

Lilly (Jahelka) and John Janigo Sr., 1921.

Lilly worked in the boarding house. She met and married John Janigo. Their first son, John, was born November 1921, and three other sons followed. Mike died at the age of six months. The next son was still born, and the last son was Kenneth who married Nita Facco and lived and worked in Nordegg for many years.

JANIGO, John and Olga
submitted by Anne Belliveau

John and Olga were both born in Nordegg, John in 1921 and Olga in 1924. They were married there in 1943. Daughter Sandra was born in 1944 and daughter Lorraine in 1948. They lived there until the mines closed in 1955. From there the family moved around in Alberta, living in Edmonton for a short time, then ending up in Calgary. John was in the seismograph business where he had the opportunity to travel to many places, the Arctic, off the coast of Newfoundland, to the southern tip of Indonesia, and all over the U.S.A. He retired in 1986. They have a trailer in Nordegg, so they can go back "home" through the summer months. Olga and John have five grandchildren.

JANIGO, Ken and Nita
submitted by Nita Janigo

Olga (Kizan) and Johnny Janigo Jr., 1942.

Ken was born in Nordegg in November of 1931, to John and Lilly Janigo. He grew up in Nordegg and was very sports minded, taking part in many sports such as baseball, hockey, swimming, curling, hiking up Coliseum Mountain, horseback riding and fly-fishing.

Nita was born at Saunders Creek in November 1934, to Ernie and Pearl Facco. The family moved to Nordegg in the summer of 1941. She attended school at Nordegg, her interests being skating, curling, hiking, bike riding, reading, sewing, dancing and fishing.

In 1951 Ken met Nita on a fishing trip at Goldeye Lake. She had gone with her brother, Fred, and his girlfriend, Johanna. Ken happened to be there with his brother's (John's) canoe. Well you could say, "It was love at first sight." They were an "item" for three years before Ken popped the question. In April of 1954, Ken and Nita were united in marriage in St. Theresa's Catholic Church at Nordegg. They

Ken and Nita Janigo married at St. Theresa's Catholic Church at Nordegg,1954.

took up residence in Nordegg. Their first home was a three room "Vancouver House" which has been moved to the mine site and is now restored as a historical building. In the fall of 1954, Ken was hired as an Assistant Ranger with the Alberta Forest Service.

Ken and Nita were blessed with two children: Linda, born in 1955 and Rick, born in 1957; both were born at the Rocky Mountain House General Hospital.

On the long weekend in September of 1957, the "Forestry Boys" put on the last rodeo held in Nordegg. The day started with a parade commencing from the Ranger Station and proceeded to the Nordegg Recreation grounds which was situated northwest of the Museum (Old School). The bucking corals, racetrack and grandstand were still there. Many Nordegg people returned with their families for this special event and reunion. All had a good time.

In 1958 Ken became a District Ranger and we moved from Nordegg to Sundre, Alberta. A new Ranger Station house was built for us, with the forestry office on the north side of the building. We lived in Sundre for three years before moving back to Rocky Mountain House. In the spring of 1961, the Janigo family transferred to Rocky Mountain House. We took up residence at the Rocky Ranger Station, on the old Crimson Lake Road along the Saskatchewan River.

We lived at this Ranger Station until 1967 when Ken was promoted to Assistant Fire Control Officer for the Rocky Clearwater Forest. Our children, Linda and Rick, always remember the "good times" and fun they had swinging on the fire hose drilling racks after a fire, and growing up at a Ranger Station.

Ken and I were involved in various community activities, namely minor hockey, figure skating, Brownies, curling, bowling and served on the Town Board of Recreation. Ken played hockey with the Rocky Rams and in later years was a referee for minor and senior hockey teams. He retired from the Alberta Forest Service in 1987 after 33 years of service.

We have made Rocky our permanent home these past 41 years. In the summer we return to Nordegg and spend time in the town we grew up in, visiting former Nordeggers who also return to reminisce about the "good old times." We were blessed in our later years with three grandchildren, Heather Tee, Colin Tee and Daniel Janigo. We love them dearly and they are the sparkle in Papa and Nana's eyes.

JENSEN, Albert and Margie and Family

I, Margie (Bean) Jensen, was the oldest of William and Thelma Bean's five children. I grew up on my grandfather's homestead, in the Ricinus district, just north of the Clearwater bridge and store. I attended school at the Ricinus school, Grades 1 to 9. After that my sister, Grace, and I went to Dickson High School where we boarded until graduating in the spring of 1948. That September I went to the Glacier School to teach correspondence lessons to the children of the district. There were thirteen or fourteen children to start with, and three more came from Christmas until the end of the school year.

The first of May, a university student (a teacher) came to replace me. His name was Milton McInnis. Among the neighbors, living near the school, were the Jensen family, and both Milton and I found our future spouses in the Jensen family. I married Albert Jensen, and Milton married Albert's sister, Botilda (Tilly).

Albert and I were married on August 15, 1949. That year Albert helped his father, Lorenz, with the haying and harvesting. We then moved to Rocky Mountain House where we rented a small house in what is now known as Old Town. In the middle of October, we went to the old Phoenix siding to plane lumber for Charlie Edwards. The work was done by Albert, Elmer Adrian and Elmer Teskey. They had two trucks to haul the lumber to town. Later that winter, Albert worked at Charlie Edwards's mill which was managed by John Gillis. When breakup came in the spring, we moved back to the Edwards' farm to help his father, Lorenz, with the farming. When Mr. Edwards passed away that spring, Albert and Lorenz agreed to stay until the harvesting was done in the fall. Then, in November 1950, Albert and I moved back to Rocky and bought a house on 54 Street. In those days there was no running water in town, so my neighbor and I carried water, for household use and washing, about a block.

On November 11, 1950, Albert went to work for Charlie Chow at the Smart Shop. Albert learned the trade from Charlie. Later, when Charlie and his wife Brenda moved their family to Vancouver, B.C., in 1963, Albert took over as store manager for both the Smart Shop and the Belle Shoppe. Albert was always willing to open the store (after hours or on holidays) for anyone who needed something from the store. He also worked after hours, making up orders for the different camp managers and seismic crews working in the area. Albert was also a banker, of sorts, for bush crews, as the bank did not stay open late in those days.

In the spring of 1964, I went to work at the Belle Shoppe due to an emergency. The lady who usually worked in the store was called to the Cancer Clinic in Edmonton on very short notice. So, when Charlie returned in June, he offered me the job at the Belle Shoppe. As we had three children in school, I said I would have to have the summers off to spend with the kids. It all worked out; I worked at the Belle Shoppe, and later the Smart Shop, for 23 years. Albert worked for Charlie and Brenda Chow for 35 years, and we both retired in 1986. Our family gave us a retirement party at the Everdell Hall, which was very well attended.

Albert was a very active member of the community. One of his accomplishments occurred in 1960 when he and Lou Soppit campaigned to get main street dressed up for Christmas—

with lights. They also started the annual Children's Christmas Shows at the Lux Theatre. Albert served on the Rocky Hospital Board for 28 years. Fifteen of these years he was chairman. It was in this time period that a new hospital was built, and later a major extension completed. During his time on the hospital board, Albert was instrumental in the purchase of land for a nursing home. The land was purchased, then the government put the project on hold. Now, the nursing home is being built on the same site. Albert also worked as a funeral director for 16 years until October 1995 for the Flinn Family, owners of The Rocky Funeral Home.

Albert was an avid golfer and long time member of the Pine Hills Golf Club. He served as both chairman and treasurer of the club. Both Albert and I are longtime members of the Pioneer Centre and volunteers at the hospital gift shop and the tourist information booth. In 1991 the Chamber of Commerce recognized Albert and me for our many years of service to the town, giving us the Community Builders of the Year Award.

In the past we enjoyed camping and travelling, playing cards with family and friends. Dancing was a great pleasure for both of us. Albert and I enjoy spending time with our grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We had four children: Thelma, born Oct. 1950; Irene, born March 1953; Dean, born July 1956, and Kenneth, born September 1959. Kenneth passed away the same day he was born and is laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery. Thelma married Allan Bowhay. They had two sons, but lost the older son, Tim, at the age of 13. Their second son, Jordon, has two sons. Irene married Donald Bruce. They had two sons, Blain and Luke, and Blain has a son. Our son, Dean, is single. Due to ill health, Albert now lives in a nursing home in Red Deer. I am healthy and still active in Rocky.

JENSEN, Lorenz and Anna Christina and family

submitted by Margie Jensen

The Lorenz Jensen family immigrated to Canada from Germany in the fall of 1937. They were some of the last people who were allowed to leave Germany before the start of the Second World War. The family consisted of seven

On the boat coming from Germany. Albert, Tom holding Katherina, Tilly and Carsten, October 1937.

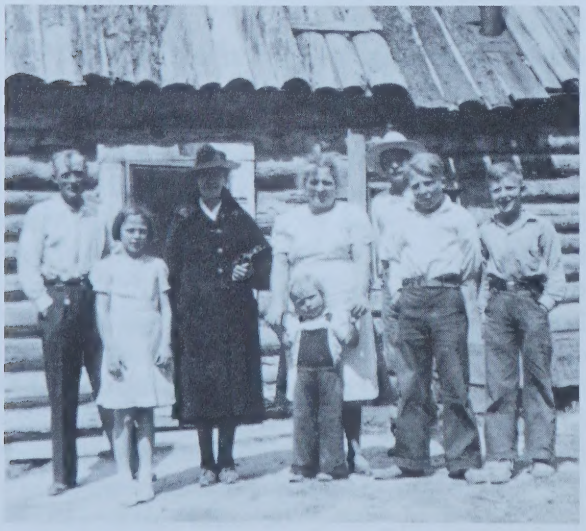
people: the parents, three sons and two daughters. The children were Thomas Albert Jensen (1924-1984), Albert Carsten (1926 to the present), Carsten (1928 -1997), Botilda Katherina (1929 to the present), and Katherina (1936-1943).

Lorenz spent two years in the army during the First World War, returning to Germany after the war. He and Anna were married in 1920. They spent a number of years on their farm at Kullon. In 1929 Lorenz came to Canada to work. He worked on farms around Lethbridge for a few years before returning to Germany in 1935. After many long talks and much planning, the family decided to move to Canada. The family left Germany, travelling first to England. After a short stay in England they sailed from the port of Grimsby aboard the Duchess of Athlon, and after two weeks at sea they arrived in Canada.

In Quebec the Jensen family boarded a train bound for Lethbridge, arriving after a week-long journey. When the family reached Lethbridge, they tried to locate the man Lorenz had worked for, but he had passed away while Lorenz was in Germany. So, there was no job and no place to live. The family stayed in Lethbridge that winter, before moving to Calgary where Lorenz found work. A year later Lorenz heard that the C.P.R. owned a quarter section of land, at Strubel Lake near Rocky Mountain House, which he could buy for $1000. In 1939 an agent for the railroad brought the Jensens out to the quarter. The quarter was supposed to have a good house, barn and water

The Jensen family on deck (Dutchess of Athlone) coming from Germany. Anna holding Katherina, Tom, Albert, Carsten, Lorenz behind and Tilly.

on the place, but instead there was an old cabin, a partial barn and lots of water in the lake. There were a lot of trees to cut, so the family went to work. Some of the neighbors came to welcome the family and helped fix up the cabin and barn. The older children started school at Glacier School. It was difficult for them to learn English and study at the same time. Tom left school when he was fifteen to help Lorenz hunt squirrels and wild chickens and rabbits for food. Both



1941 or 1942 at Struble Lake. Lorenz, Tilly, Neighbor lady, Anna with Katherina in front. Tom behind Albert and Carsten.

Lorenz and Tom worked cutting timbers for different mills in the area. When Albert and Carsten were old enough, they joined Tom and their father, working in the bush. The boys also worked for a number of farmers in the area.

There was a lot of flu and pneumonia going around in the spring of 1943, and Katherina, the youngest of the children, passed away from pneumonia, and was laid to rest in the Prairie Creek Cemetery. As work was quite a distance from Strubel Lake, the family moved several times, to be closer to where Lorenz could find work. Anna always raised a large garden and picked berries when there were berries to pick. Lorenz and the boys cut timbers and mine props for a few years, then the boys decided to look for work elsewhere. Sometime in the 1940s, they went to work for Charlie Edwards, on the old Edwards farm, known today as Terratima. In the summer of 1951, Lorenz and Anna moved to Rocky Mountain House. Lorenz worked at Ross's Garage. Anna worked for four or five years, baby-sitting for Phyllis Bertagnolli. Mrs. Bertagnolli laughed when the children told her that Mrs. Jensen fed them turnips three meals a day, but she knew they were joking because she gave them breakfast herself before going to work.

In the fall of 1955, Lorenz and Anna decided to sell the farm and return to Germany for a visit. While in Germany, Anna was struck by a car and sustained a broken leg. They returned to Canada in the spring of 1957, living in Edmonton for a short time before returning to Rocky Mountain House. Lorenz worked in garages and Anna did baby-sitting. They bought a little house on an acreage and lived there until Anna passed away in April 1969. Lorenz continued to live on the acreage until the fall of 1972 when he moved to Westview Lodge. He passed away in October 1974. Both Lorenz and Anna were laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery at Rocky Mountain House.

Tom Jensen went to Ontario to work, and while there he met Helen Kilbourne. They were married in 1951. Their first child, Linda, was born in April 1953, in Ontario. In 1954 Tom and Helen moved to Edmonton, and Tom worked construction around Alberta. Their second child, Larry, was born in October 1955; Anne was born in November 1957, and Mary was

born in December 1958. Tom was a good cat-skinner, working on some of the larger projects around Alberta, like the Brazeau Dam and the Bighorn Dam. Tom and Helen lived in Rocky Mountain House during this time period. Later, the family moved back to Ontario where Helen and the three girls still live. Linda has two children; Anne has two children and two grandchildren. Mary is single. Larry lives in Red Deer and has three children and one grandchild. Tom returned to Rocky to work and passed away in July 1984. He was laid to rest in Prairie Creek Cemetery near his sister, Katherina.

As there was a shortage of teachers in 1948, Albert's future wife, Margie, came to Glacier School as a correspondence supervisor. In April of that year, a student-teacher, Milton McInnis, replaced Margie. Both Milton and Margie married into the Jensen family. Milton married Botilda (Tilly) Jensen, on Sept 10, 1949, before returning to university in the fall to get his teaching degree. The next year they moved to Consort, Alberta, where Milton taught school, and the couple's first child, John, was born in October 1950. The following year the family moved to Compeer, Alberta, where their second child, Douglas, was born in November 1951. That fall Milton got a teaching job in Edmonton where he continued to teach for the next thirty years. Milton and Tilly's third child, a girl, Lianne, was born in November 1961.

John lives in Victoria, B.C. and has three children. Douglas lives in Prince George B.C. and has two children and Lianne lives in Edmonton and has two children.

Carsten Jensen worked in British Columbia and Calgary before joining the Canadian Army. He served overseas during the Korean War. On his return in June 1954, Carsten visited with family and friends in Rocky Mountain House before returning to B.C. He worked in the lumber mills at Blue River, then moved to Vancouver where he worked at Essendale Fire Hall as a janitor. Carsten returned to Rocky Mountain House in 1980, working with his brother, Albert, at the Smart Shop. Carsten had a small house on an acreage where he raised chickens and rabbits as a hobby. Health problems forced Carsten to move in with his brother, Albert, and sister-in-law, Margie, for a few years. Next he moved to a nursing home in Edmonton, then to Red Deer Nursing Home where he passed away in October 1997. Carsten was laid to rest in the Prairie Creek Cemetery.

Jenson, Paul

Popular lawyer, Paul Jensen (on left) with his brothers and parents.

JESSOP, George and Elsie
written by Doreen Jessop

George Sydney Jessop came from Frog's Island, Kent, England, when he was 20 years old. He heard about the farm help program of the United Grain Growers encouraging people to come to Canada. There was a sponsorship plan where people could have someone in Canada sponsor a person to work for them for one year. He was assigned to a farm family in Manitoba. His passage on the boat was paid for by working as a crew hand.

After a taste of working on the farm he traveled to Alberta and looked for work. Eventually he came to Innisfail. There he met and married Elsie Grace Malcolm.

Elsie was born and raised in the Aberdeen area east of Innisfail. Her parents came from Ontario. Four generations had lived in Ontario, descendants of Scottish origin.

They rented land at Huxley. After a bumper crop of grain they bought a car and filed on a homestead in the Sleepy Valley district. Later they bought a farm and moved to Leslieville

where they lived until George died in 1959. Elsie sold the farm and moved to Red Deer where she lived until her death. She was born in 1895 and died in 1995. She said the hardest part of living so long was that there wasn't anyone to reminisce with.

JESSOP, William Edward
written by Doreen Jessop

Bill was born at Eckville, Alberta, third son of George and Elsie Jessop. He grew up on a farm two miles west of Leslieville along with his brothers, Sydney and Malcolm.

They walked to the Campbell School which was situated at the south side of the butte. There Bill took grades one to eight. He remembered those winter days when the kids would pour water on the road so they could slide down at a great speed. However their sport was called to a halt when neighbors' horses were falling down for lack of footing. Bill walked to Leslieville for grades nine and ten. Further education required attendance in Red Deer at the Composite High School. So, off Bill went to stay at the dormitory for grades eleven and twelve. To finance his venture he worked after school and weekends at the Alpha Dairy Plant.

After graduation Bill went to Edmonton to find work and began at a sheet metal shop. He soon moved to Calgary where he worked for Cheetham's sheet metal shop. He attained his certificate from SAIT. In Calgary Bill met his future wife. What a surprise to find she had grown up at Alhambra! Not quite the girl next door—just the next community. Doreen Peterson was that girl (me). I grew up on a farm in the Alhambra district, daughter of Oscar and Maggie Peterson. I was blessed with the world's best brother, Marvin, and the best husband, Bill. Thank you Lord!

We were married in the Lutheran Church at Alhambra and lived in Calgary. When June, our first born, was a year old, we moved to Rocky. Bill's dad was not well and needed help on the farm and Bill worked at Boyden's Sheet Metal and Plumbing shop along with Marvin Peterson (his brother in-law) and Carl Haupt. In 1961 Bill, Marvin and Carl began their own company—Westview Plumbing and Heating Ltd. Bill worked there until 1981 when his leukemia came out of remission.

Bill and I were blessed with two more children, our son, Hal, and daughter, Lori. With a son and two daughters life was not dull. How proud I am of the world's best children and their families.

We were active members of Immanuel Lutheran Church where our faith grew and we found many friends. Bill was active in community affairs. He was on town council and was a director of the community development board. He was on the stampede board, the Co-op board, the president of minor hockey, and he coached both hockey and little league softball.

After Bill's death, town council changed the name of the Neighborhood Park to William Jessop Memorial Park. My thanks goes to those who initiated this memorial.

Bill enjoyed time in the yard and garden, especially growing roses. We encouraged our children to work with us to broaden their interests. All three now have their own families and beautiful yards and gardens. We loved family picnics (summer and winter) and often explored new roads in order to get to know our area better.

Holidays were a treat for me travelling with my own personal tour guide. Bill was knowledgeable about so many places and enjoyed learning more. Holidays took us to Vancouver Island, Yukon, Yellowknife, Thunder Bay, Iowa, Texas, Englan, Ireland, and Scotland. The Maritimes wasn't to be. Bill's earthly life was shortened by what was first diagnosed as a heart attack, then as leukemia. He lived ten months (part of which he felt better than he had for years). He often commented on feeling tired, but the schedule he kept would have tired a healthy person. Bill died May 24, 1981, at the age of 49. God blessed me with 29 years with Bill and I cherish the memories of him, as well as the times spent with our children and their families.

June, Mike and their son, John Hancock, live in St. Albert, Alberta. June works for Molsons; Mike is a Forest Ranger and John has completed three years of geology.

Hal, Darlene and daughters, Sabrina and Hannah, live here (at Ferrier) where they operate Efficiency Servicing. Sabrina and Hannah attend Rocky Elementary School.

Lori, Bob and son, Ben Letendre, live in St. Bruno, P.Q., where Bob is a member of the RCMP. Lori has chosen homemaking and Ben is taking a course in graphic arts.

I still live in Rocky in the house that Bill built. My life has been truly blessed.

JOHNSON, Mr. and Mrs. O.G.
by Irene Salmon (Allen)

Ole and Francis with Irene holding baby. Unnamed man next to Francis.

Mr. Johnson (Oley or Olaf) was born in Norway about 1871. He trained as a chef and came to the United States in search of work.

In Park Falls, Wisconsin, he met and married Francis Schmidt. Together they worked their way north into Manitoba then Saskatchewan, cooking in logging camps or for threshing crews on the prairies. In Alberta he found a job cooking for the C.N.R. when they were building the railway line from Rocky to Nordegg in 1911.

Mr. Johnson and Irene, 1930. Irene's playhouse is on the left.

Johnson's barn, built by Big Ben and Big Bill Chabalo, 1930.

He liked the country so much that when the job was finished in 1912, he bought land one mile east of Ferrier on the south side of the railway. (NE 15-39-8-W5.)

There was a log building on the place which they repaired and made into a comfortable home, their very first. Next they cleared more land with an axe, a grub hoe and two good horses. It was backbreaking work for a man who was used to handling pots and pans. Together they worked very hard to build up their farm and always made time to help their neighbors.

In 1927 a neighbor's house burned to the ground, leaving the Allens and their six children homeless. Although Johnsons had no children, they offered to take one little girl until other arrangements could be made; they became very attached to her and she to them, so she remained with them for several years.

Ole Johnson's barn in 2002.

Melissa, Terry and Irene—Playhouse built by Big Bill Chabola in early 1930. Four generations of girls have played in the house.

During the dirty thirties there were many jobless men riding in the boxcars in search of work. Some of them stopped at the farm grateful for a meal or a place to sleep, even in the hay loft. Some stayed on if there was harvest work; others moved on. I can only remember the names of a few of them: Warren Gordon, Oscar Douglas, Fraser Jordan, Lorne Schenk, Bill Chabalo and his partner, Ben.

Big Bill and Ben were two of the biggest men I ever saw. They were from Eastern Europe and at first they had trouble with our language, but they were really hard workers. They cut the trees, hewed the logs and built the barn that is still in use today—some seventy years later. Bill also built a play house for me which has been enjoyed by myself, my children, my grandchildren and now my great grandchildren.

The years of hard work began to affect Mr. Johnson's health and the doctor advised him to move to a lower altitude and take life easy for awhile. So, in the fall of 1935, after the harvesting was done, he hired Lorne Schenk to take care of the farm. They moved to Vancouver for the winter, but it was too late; in October he suffered a heart attack and died. He was 64 years old. He is buried in Mountain View Cemetery in Vancouver.

Mrs. Johnson returned to the farm the following spring, but it was too lonely without her husband, so she rented the farm to Lorne Schenk and returned to the coast. She made several trips back, but finally in 1942 she sold the farm to A.P. Fisher and moved to the coast and bought a rooming house. She wanted to be buried beside her husband.

In January 1945 she also had a heart attack and died. She was 62 years old. She is buried in Ocean View Cemetery in Burnaby. How sad that she was not buried beside him!

The farm has changed owners many times. First A.P. Fisher owned it, then Russell Brierley, Gordon Leavitt. I don't know the present owners in 2002, but when I drive by, I'll always think of it as Johnson's place and my second home.

JOHNSON, Robert and Lily

Mr. Johnson, holding a special pelt, taken in 1937.

Robert and Lily Johnson and their four children came to Nordegg from Dumfernline, Scotland, in the early years of Nordegg's existence. For some time they lived in a log home built southwest of Number 3 Mine Portal. This structure was located along the ancient Native routes which extended south to the North Saskatchewan River and west via the overland branch which went through Black Canyon and Bighorn

Mrs. Lily Johnson.

area. A good deal of Native traffic passed by their door, to and from Nordegg. Jim apprenticed to the blacksmith for a time, but before long he moved to Calgary, where later he married Betty Doubek. Jim died in 1976. His surviving children are Mary Johnson of Calgary, Alberta, Bob Johnson of Kelowna, B.C., and Jim Johnson of Gordon, Australia.

Margaret Johnson married Jack Constable, who came to Nordegg with Stuart Kidd in 1911. At that time, there were temporary log buildings constructed for Brazeau Collieries staff, and Jack worked in the cookhouse. Later he became "Barn Boss".

Bert and Lily Johnson.

Robert Johnson and David Constable, circa 1929.

The Constables lived in the first house east of the mine site. They had four children.

Robert and Lily Johnson later moved to the mine site duplex, next to the Constable family, and Robert set up a fox farm north of the houses. His main focus was raising silver-tipped foxes. These pelts were sold for coats, and for women's shawls. In later years, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson lived for awhile with their son, Bert, who farmed in the Rocky Mountain House area. When war broke out, Bert joined up. He was killed in Italy. The Johnson's daughter, Lily, was married in Calgary and settled there, thus relocating to the same city as her older brother, Jim. The Constable family moved to New Westminster, British Columbia, during the early years of World War II. All four children live in British Columbia. Robert lives on Saturna Island; David is in Burnaby; Helen (Valair) is in Vernon, and Jane (Sibbald) is in Qualicum Beach.

JOHNSONS and HOLGERSONS

submitted by Gladys (Holgerson) Gibson

Charles Pinkney Johnson and his wife, Olga Lena (nee Meyer), lived in the "Old Town" near the train trestle in Rocky Mountain. House.

They had eight children over a period of seven years. Alice, the eldest, was born in 1925. She was followed by Oscar (John), Fred, Herbert and Alfred (who were twins), Jack, Delburt and Gladys (who was born in 1932).

The family endured severe poverty as well as Olga's death from cancer in 1933. Charles was unable to meet the needs of eight youngsters. This made it necessary for foster services and local families to intervene. The children became separated, so they would not see one another again for many years.

Prior to her death, Olga Johnson asked her trusted friend, Agnes Holgerson, to take "Baby Gladys." Agnes had recently arrived from Norway to marry her childhood sweetheart, John Holgerson. They were married in Drumheller in 1927, moving to Morin where they lived on a farm with John's brother, David Holgerson. John and David's sister, Gurnelia, and Gurnelia's new husband, Clarence Engen, joined them for a short while. Then all came to Rocky and eventually settled in the Hardindell District in the early thirties.

At the time of Olga Johnson's death, Agnes was recuperating from a severe bout of appendicitis which had resulted in surgery. She was left in a weakened state which prevented her from attending the funeral. When her condition improved, she and John adopted "Baby Gladys."

A son, Kenneth, was born to Agnes and John in 1943. He was killed in an automobile accident in 1973 leaving behind his widow, Donna (now residing in Victoria), and his baby daughter, Natalie, who lives in Vancouver.

1973 was a year of "lost and found." Joy and sorrow blended as the Holgerson family mourned the loss of their beloved Kenneth. At the same time, a Johnson reunion was to be held in Redwater, Alberta, whereby all eight brothers and sisters would be together as adults for the first time. Tears and laughter marked this occasion as they shared their pasts with eager siblings. The most remarkable stories surfaced, telling of the fierce determination of youngsters who existed alone in the world and their constant search to find their shattered family.

Charles Johnson died in Grassland, Alberta, in 1950. He made no effort to contact his children over the years. Alice, Jack and Alfred are now deceased.

John Holgerson's sister, Gurnelia, died in 1945. Her husband, Clarence Engen, died in 1979. They had two daughters, Gladys Cermak of Rocky Mountain House, and Violet Ensley of Strathmore. David Holgerson died in 1998.

John Holgerson and his family left Rocky Mountain House in 1950, moving to Ladner (Delta), B.C. where he resided until his death in 1985. His daughter, Gladys, lives in Ladner with her husband, Douglas Gibson. They have three children: Debora, Bill and Laurie.

Caring for Agnes Holgerson who is now 95 years old, is "Baby Gladys."

JOHNSTON, Albert Austin, Jessie and family

submitted by Jessie T. Johnston

In August 1949, Austin and I came to the Bingley District so our children, Robert, Sylvia and Albert could go to Sleepy Valley School. We bought the Milton Dahlmer farm, N. ½ of 9-41-6 W, nine miles north of Oras, five miles to Bingley P.O. and 1¾ miles to school.

Mrs. Tom Bowhay ran the post office and a small store. On our first trip to Rocky Mountain House each of our three prairie children picked out at least six trees, saying "I'm going to have that Christmas tree." By Christmas they had become more choosy in their selection.

We were pleased when Mr. Joe Cony offered a two per cent dividend on all our groceries, which we could cash in any time we asked for it. We saved up until fall when shopping for winter. Margaret Cochrane and Sophie Hussin were charming and efficient clerks.

In February. 1950 the coyotes were making a fuss across the road. The children thought they were picking on Benny, the neighbor's dog, and were going to the rescue. They were quite disappointed when I said "No." Soon I saw what I thought was a large police dog on the little hill in our swamp. Then she howled. It was the first time I had heard a wolf howl. It certainly sent chills down my spine and fear for our six cows and calves. The next morning Basil Luyckfassell shot what he thought was a coyote; it turned out to be a 150 lb. mangy wolf looking for her mate.

One year Elma Hella said she sent for chicks to come to Codner (Oras). Lauri Hella made a very laborious trip through the muskeg with horses and wagon on the Oras road to be told,

"The chicks would come tomorrow." The horses were worn out when they got home. The next day Elma rode another horse to Codner, put another box on the horse to get her chicks home eight miles.

The CPR and CNR both used the same station and the same crew. One train came on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. (Both Railroads and Nordegg coal mines closed in 1955, so did the station.) The other came on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. In 1950 we sent for baby chicks. The hatchery notified us they would arrive at Rocky Mountain House at a certain time. When we arrived the station agent said, "No! You will have to come back tomorrow. They will come on the other train."

While the men were talking, I saw a pile of boxes at the other end of the room being prepared to go east. A box of baby chicks were cheeping loudly; they were cold and hungry. I said, "Well, somebody's chicks came today."

"They are being sent back," someone said. Upon examination they were addressed to A. Johnston.

In 1950 Jim Hallas had a crop of timothy and clover hay that was three to four feet tall. It was so thick the horse drawn mower could not cut it. Austin had a Ford-Ferguson tractor and mower, new in 1947, which was put in low gear to cut Jim's hay. They attached a windrower, to eliminate the need to rake it. Mrs. Hallas (Jim's mother) took the children and me blueberry picking. We had never seen such a variety of berries before. When the haying was done, Jim Hallas combined some timothy seed for us in exchange, so we could plant tame grass on our muskeg flat and eliminate the saw grass that killed one of our heifers.

March 15, 1951, there was a big snowstorm, which made traveling the roads impossible and, when the snow melted, the creeks flooded over their banks. A couple of trappers came and live-trapped surplus beavers, taking them to areas which no longer had beaver. They hired my husband to haul their equipment out with the tractor and hayrack.

There was no pavement west of the Calgary-Edmonton (#2) Highway and not too much gravel in most places. Therefore, we had to be careful which roads we took and watch the weather; otherwise someone might have to walk home to get the tractor, to pull the Ford coupe through the mud holes. The trail through the school section was so crooked you had to be careful you did not honk your horn at your own tail light. There were times in 1952, when the Oras road was so bad tractors could not get through. About a dozen men (who all lived north of #12) held a "Bee." They cut trees and hauled them with tractors and laid them crossways on the road. Then they hauled dirt to fill the cracks in the three or four layers of rotted "corduroy."

In 1953 a cement bridge was built over the West Lobstick Creek. Some gravel was spread on the Oras road and it was graded. Further south, a six-foot metal culvert was put in to accommodate the Last Hill Creek and the grade raised. It promptly washed out and they found that creek needed two culverts, the grade was straightened and we finally had a reliable crossing in the "canyon."

Some oil workers parked their holiday trailers in our yard for a time, and before they left one of the rigs drilled a deeper well for us. Austin moved an old log shack from the back quarter for a well house and found the squirrels had stashed mushrooms in the cracks between the logs to dry for winter.

Entertainment was dances, Christmas concerts, picnics, ball games and a school fair. The entire family would go. There were no babysitters in those days. The women brought sandwiches or cakes and a collection was taken to pay the orchestra. People came from miles around. Austin was invited to play the violin in Willy Hansinger's "Mountaineers," which he did for 1955-1956. A dance was held almost every week and in December it was much busier. The children and I usually went along on weekends when there was no school the next day.

One year one of the neighbors had some goats and not enough pasture of his own. The goats went to the nearest neighbor's oat field and got very fat. When the number two neighbor objected, the goats had to be shut up. Austin bought a 3-year-old goat that was shrinking so bad I could not cook it tender even in a pressure cooker. We got electricity on the farm in February 1958.

In 1958 Sleepy Valley School was closed and the students were bused into Rocky Mountain

House. Our son, Bob, went to work in 1959 and later was invited to come back to school. So, he and Bert took Grade 11 together, while Jim, our youngest son, started grade one.

The Red Deer Scouts wanted Christmas trees and we had some about 29 years old which were just right for harvest. Austin and the boys cut and hauled them home where they were loaded on the truck for Bob and Bert to haul to Red Deer.

In 1964 the school board was arranging to bring the Grade 6 to 12 students to Rocky and needed a bus driver. Mr. George Lynn invited Bob to drive his school bus for a short time on a trial basis. He passed the test and was offered the job of driving the Nordegg to Rocky school bus. He boarded with Mrs. Eve Chambers, who was teaching the grades one to five, while taking Grade 12 and working at the filling station after supper.

By 1970, the cattle had increased to eat the full production of feed the farm would produce. Austin's health was failing. Art Johnson took ten cows on shares. He kept the heifers and Austin sold the steers, for three years. Austin kept registered Polled Herefords he had built up from a registered heifer which he got in trade for a light plant. In 1972 I got my first driver's licence so was able to drive the car.

In 1973 Bill Wright decided to retire after driving school bus for 18 years. For his retirement party, Kay Stewart Scott and Edith Stewart Shaw decorated the cake. Ernie Shaw, who had ridden all 12 years with Bill, presented him with an autograph album, containing the signatures of all his passengers, and a camera. Bill was succeeded by Kenn Rudd, one of his former passengers.

In 1973 Austin sold the cows Art Johnson had been feeding and in 1974 we went buying calves. In December 1975, Austin had heart failure and passed away.

Our eldest son, Bob, married Barbara Verhaeghe in 1966. They honeymooned at Banff while Bob took a Fine Arts course and then bought a mobile home in Nordegg. Bob drove the bus one more year. Their daughter, Sherry Ann, was born in Rocky in 1967. They moved to Fort McMurray in the summer of 1967, where a second daughter, Donna Maureen, was born in 1968.

Our daughter, Sylvia, moved to Wainwright, where she married Paul Sayer in August 1963. While in Wainwright, they had two sons: Kurt Adam, born in 1964 and Brian Andrew, born in 1966. In 1970, their family moved to Edmonton. In 1978 Sylvia moved to B.C. and married Charles (Bob) Shannon in 1982 and they live in Surrey. She does accounting from her home office. Bob Shannon is a purchaser for West Bay Sonships who manufacture luxury yachts. Bob and Sylvia also restore and show classic Ford cars.

Our second son, Albert Laurence (Bert at school, now called Al), was born at Hanna in 1947, and schooled at Sleepy Valley and Rocky. He married Joan Lindsay in 1970 at Rocky Mountain House. He drove truck and road grader, started Bert's Grader Service and bought a video store. Later he moved to Calgary and bought a chocolate factory before driving grader again. They have one daughter, Kerrie Lynn, and one son, Brett Ashley, who lives in Burnaby. Al (Bert) married Patricia Nolan at Lake Louise in 1994, and in 2000, married Melanie. He built a new house on the north side of Brisbane, Australia. He is still driving grader and she is a research psychologist at a senior's home.

Our youngest son, James Edward (Jim), was born in Rocky Mountain House, July 1957. In 1981 he married Barbara Jean Titford at Rocky. They have one daughter, Keely Lynn, and one son, Tyler Austin. Jim has worked on a cattle ranch, driven truck, road grader and now drives a track-hoe, building pipelines in the oil patch. Barbara is managing Smitty's restaurant. Jim has gotten into computers, and he and Tyler fly model airplanes.

In 1976 I kept two acres, and bought a Datsun truck. I had a house and garage built and landscaped the acreage. I joined the Leslieville Antique and Model Club 1980-1995. In 1982, I bought a Pop-up camper and a Toyota truck. I took a tour of Alberta each summer with the camper, which I enjoyed very much. I joined the Pioneer Center in Rocky in 1981.

Failing health forced me to move to town, to Day Manor, in November 1982. I joined Helen Brockman's Kitchenaires (a Kazoo band) 1983-1994. In 1987, I started volunteering at the Extended Care in the Rocky Hospital on

weekends. In 1992, I took a bus-cruise along the Alaska Highway, and in the summer of 1992, I had cataracts removed. In November 1999, I moved to Columbus Place, a senior citizens' home, where I live today.

JUUTI, Robert and Jill
by Jill Juuti

Shane (Alissa) and Heather (Sara) Craigie, Marie (seated) and Chad Juuti (floor), Robert and Jill Juuti seated, Greg (Natalie), Lori (standing), Ben (behind), Matt (floor) Lamer,1999.

Robert Juuti – born April 22, 1941, in Rimbey, Alberta. Jill Quartly – born December 11, 1945, in Innisfail, Alberta. Here's a brief outline of our ancestral background.

The Juuti family came from Finland to Minnesota to Eckville, Alberta, with 10 children. The Skjonsberg family came from Norway to South Dakota to Bentley, Alberta, with 13 children. The Quartly family came from England to Innisfail, Alberta, with seven children. The Fishers came from Manitoulin Island, Ontario to Innisfail, Alberta with 10 children.

Carl Juuti married Martha Skjonsberg, March 3, 1936, and had six children: Richard, Robert, Ralph, William, Rita and Leroy. They lived and worked at Bentley, Alberta, and in logging camps in Rocky, Nordegg, Sylvan Lake and for the County of Lacombe.

Syd Quartly married Myrtle Fisher July 24, 1941, and had three children, Darrold, Jill and Heather. They purchased and farmed Syd's grandparent's (Songhurst) homestead, east of Innisfail. This farm was owned by the family for one hundred years. Also, the farm (Fisher) where Myrtle grew up was purchased from the Biswangers, when they left Innisfail for Rocky Mountain House.

I was married to Don Craigie (1962) of Bowden, Alberta. Don and I had one daughter, Lori, born July 15, 1962, and one son, Shane, born November 17, 1964. Lori chose teaching for a career. She taught at Pearless Lake, Alberta, for several years, met a fellow teacher, Greg Launer of Edmonton and they were married in Rocky on July 16, 1988. They have three children, Matthew, Benjamin and Natalie and live near Morinville. Both are teaching there.

Our son, Shane, born November 17, 1964, worked for oil companies. He did an agricultural exchange in Australia and New Zealand for eighteen months and then worked in farm related jobs. While working for Sun Ranchers (Suntjen family) of Coronation, he met and married a local girl, Heather Lowis. They were married on June 13, 1992. They have two daughters, Alissa and Sara, and farm their own property at Brownfield, Alberta.

Don and I lived in several locations: Bowden, Edmonton and Red Deer. His two main employers were Alberta Wheat Pool and Federal Government Meat Inspection. Don passed away in 1971.

Robert Juuti and I were married February 18, 1972, and lived in Bentley and then on a farm in the Lincoln District west of Lacombe. We raised purebred Herefords, brown Swiss, Cocker Spaniels, horses, poultry and hogs. Robert worked off the farm full time also. His working career, prior to inspection, was as a butcher, having worked in Bentley, Uranium City, Saskatchewan and Red Deer, Alberta. We have one son, Chad, born September 5, 1972. Chad married Marie Murphy on November 12, 1997. She is from the Rocky area. They live in the Taimi district, and he drives truck for a living. He has also been employed at Ram River Sports and worked as a guide for an outfitter at Atlin, B.C.

Robert, Chad and I have lived in the Rocky area since 1985. Robert was transferred to Rocky by Agriculture Branch of the Provincial Government (meat inspection) from Lacombe. (He had commuted from Lacombe to Rocky since 1982.) He hired on with the Provincial Government in 1978, coming from the meat inspection

branch of the Federal Government, having worked in Edmonton and Red Deer. He worked mainly for Rocky and Rimbey abattoirs. He took early retirement in 2001.

Our first place of residence at Rocky was an acreage in the Brouwer subdivision, which we sold to Jim and Doreen Guilloux in 1991. Our next place (present home) we purchased from Hugh and Darlene Halladay, the SE 36-41-6-W5, located in the Lone Deer district. It's twenty-two miles northeast of Rocky on the Beaver Flats Road. We have beef cows (Short Horn), one Brown Swiss milk cow, horses, poultry and hogs.

I belong to the Rural Crime Watch, Community Advisory Committee and Leedale Ladies' Club. Robert and I call Rocky "our town" and really enjoy the people and area. The businesses are all so friendly and helpful. Our neighbors are the true meaning of the word. This is a great place to live!

KEMPO, Martha
written by her daughter, Olga Kempo

The story goes something like this: There were twenty-two young men who wanted to marry my mother, but she just wanted to marry Vasil Kempo. Of the twenty-two, Vasil Kempo was the only one who came to Canada. Good Choice!

Martha was born Martha Lakotosh in 1904, in Deskovitsa, Czechoslavakia (now the Ukraine) and Vasil (William) Kempo was born in 1903.

Vasil first thought of going to Argentina, then to the United States. A friend told my dad that it was easier to get into Canada, so the passports were changed and the family headed for Canada. The S/S Kosciuszko sailed from Dresden, Germany, and arrived at Halifax, at what is now known as Pier 21, on August 30, 1930. Although my parents had paid their passage, they were taken somewhere in the Province of Quebec to clear land (location unknown) for several months before continuing on to Nordegg. Once again a friend wrote to my family and told them there was work at Nordegg. My dad left for Nordegg first, leaving his wife and children in Quebec. Martha Kempo made it across Canada to Nordegg on her own, with two children and no knowledge of the English language. When she got to Red Deer, she stayed in the station all night because the train for Nordegg didn't arrive until the next day.

The family reached Nordegg during the Great Depression. My father worked for a few days a week, building roads, before finally getting a job in the mine. He never did like working in the mine.

My mother learned the language of her new country. She tells the wonderful story of going to the Big Horn Trading Company, showing her index finger to Mr. Stuart and learning the word "thimble." She still has that thimble.

Our first house was on Elizabeth Street, next-door to Morris's. In 1938 Martha Kempo and the family went to a farm, just outside of Caroline, in hopes of improving the family's economic situation. She and the children proceeded to farm, while my father continued to work in the mine. Within three years she had seven cows, forty pigs and lots and lots of chickens and turkeys and a big wheat field. The farm lease in Caroline was nearly up, so Martha and the children were in the process of moving back to Nordegg, when disaster struck. Vasil Kempo was one of the twenty-nine miners killed in Nordegg in the mine explosion on October 31, 1941.

Half the family possessions were back in Nordegg when fire destroyed the house and all the contents. Widows lives have never been easy, but the management of the Nordegg mine was especially unpleasant. Since her husband was no longer working in the mine, Mr. Shanks actually asked my mother to leave Nordegg. After several months, Mother went to ask Mr. Shanks to replace the house that had burned down. He threw her out of the mine office. My mother told Mrs. Moon, and Mrs. Moon told her to go back and demand a house. Mr. Shanks finally relented, and the house was built; this was the house on lower Martha Street.

Life would finally start to get better. Widows receive a pension and a stipend for each child. To supplement the small pension, my mother became a "Jane of all trades." She brought meat and produce from the farm and sold it in Nordegg. Mr. Mitchell, the butcher, didn't like the competition and undersold her. She raised chickens and sold eggs; she grew a garden and one year sold ninety head of lettuce

to the Big Horn Trading Co, Eventually she obtained work, cleaning the mine office and the bank.

Martha Kempo stayed in Nordegg until the final closure of the mine. In June of 1954, she moved to Edmonton because her three children were there. She continues to work, putting in a big garden every spring, takes care of a big house and was given an honorary Ph. D in gardening by a writer-poet friend. If you visit her, you'll see it hanging in her kitchen. Martha had three children: Margaret (Margit Kempo) Szabo; Ivan (John) Kempo and Olga Kempo.

Margit, was born in Kolodne, Czechoslovakia. After leaving Nordegg, she worked as a legal secretary in Edmonton. She married Janos Szabo and moved to West Vancouver, British Columbia.

John was born in Hunodika, Mocholo, Hungary, and died in Edmonton on May 31, 1999. He went to the University of Alberta where he received a Bachelor of Education and Law Degree. He practiced law in Edmonton and married Wallis Porayko. They had two children, Bradley and Roma. Roma has a daughter, Page.

Olga Kempo was born in Nordegg. She received a BA from the University of Alberta, and an M.A. and Ph.D from the University of British Columbia. She taught at Capilano College in North Vancouver, B.C., and resides in West Vancouver, British Columbia.

KENNEDY, Clayton, Luella, and family
written by Luella Kennedy

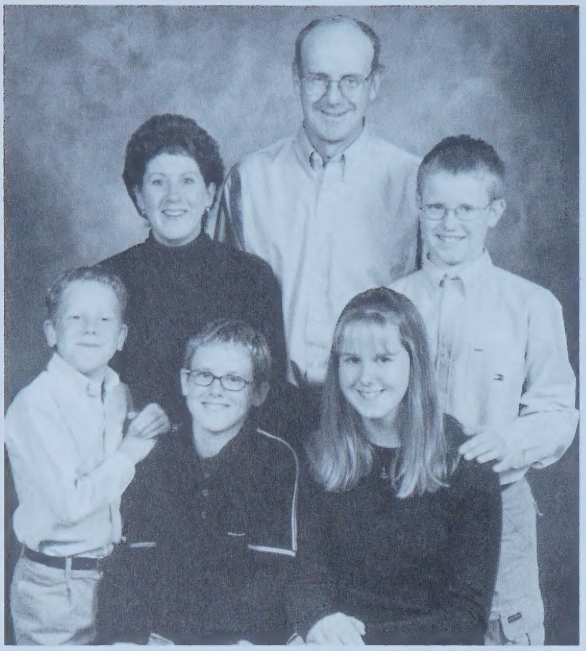
Myrtle Edwards with Chris Killian, a good friend of the family.

Clayton and Larry Kennedy at the open house, November 15, 1997.

Clayton was born and raised in Rocky Mountain House. Luella was born in Saskatchewan and, at a young age, moved with her parents (Victor and Ida Ahlstrom) and brothers to the Arbutus district where the Ahlstrom families still farm. Clayton and Luella were married on September 7th, 1959, in Rocky Mountain House. Prior to marriage and continuing after, Luella worked for Dr. Joe Semple as a dental assistant.

Clayton started working after school and on holidays at Edwards Garage, a family owned

Standing: Clayton, Brent, Blake and Luella.



Stephen, Mary, Brent and Peter (sitting) Zachery and Ashley.

business (with mother, Myrtle Edwards). After completing his schooling, he worked with Mel Reed in management of the General Motors Automobile Dealership and became manager of the company in 1954. Clayton continued to manage the company until he was joined by their son, Brent.

Clayton and Luella had two sons, Brent and Blake. Both boys attended school in Rocky Mountain House.

Brent enrolled at Northwood College in Midland, Michigan, a college specializing in automotive marketing and business management. While attending college, he met Mary Peterson, and they were married in Rocky Mountain

Edwards Garage three phases.

Edwards Garage three phases.

House on February 27th, 1982. Brent and Mary have four children, Ashley, Zachery, Peter, and Stephen. Blake passed away December 26th, 1985, as a result of a medical condition created by an accident when he was young.

Clayton and Luella take an active interest in business and community affairs. They own and are active in a number of other business as well as the automobile dealership. Clayton was a director of the Alberta Motor Association for a number of years and is a past president of the Motor Dealer Association of Alberta. He was selected by the Dealer Association as Time Magazine Quality Dealer of the Year 1988, for the province of Alberta. In 1989 the Rocky Chamber of Commerce named him Business Person of the Year.

Clayton and Luella have taken an active part in community organizations. They are past Presidents of the Kinsmen and Kinette Clubs respectively. Clayton was presented with a life membership in the Kinsmen Club. Luella was presented with a plaque in Edmonton by Environment Canada, as chairperson of the first Canada Day Canoe Pageant. She is an avid supporter of "Meals on Wheels" and has been a monthly driver for over twenty-five years.

Edwards Garage three phases.

Clayton is a past president of Pine Hills Golf Club, a past chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and served one term on Town Council. Clayton and Luella received the Community Builders Award from the Rocky Mountain House Chamber of Commerce in 1987.

Brent and Mary are active in the community as well. Brent is currently president of Minor Hockey, past president of the Rocky Curling Club and active in other organizations. Mary is chairman of West Country Family Services, a director of Catholic Woman's League, and very active in the Catholic Church activities.

KENNEDY, Robert and family

Robert Kennedy came from Manitoba and bought the SW 14-40-6-W5 in the Bingley district from Alf Chenery. His wife was a McKenny and they had three children, Alvin, Elsie and Eldred. They left the district in the 1920s.

KEY, Dr. (Nordegg)
submitted by Gladys (key) Craig

Standing, Dr. Key, Harold and Gladys Key, and friends, Nordegg.

James Albert (Ab) Key (1881-1960) was born in Hobart, Ontario, and raised on a farm there. Ab became a teacher in Ontario where he married Effie Watson. In 1917 they decided to go out west to homestead. He also taught in several prairie schools, but after frost killed his crop in 1912, he went back to Ontario to study medicine at Queen's University in Kingston. His wife, Effie, kept boarders (mostly university students) to earn enough money to put Ab through medical training.

Remembering how badly doctors were needed in the "west," the doctor and his family came back to Alberta, and a few years later the family came to Nordegg where, from 1929 to 1933, Dr. Key was the mine doctor at the Nordegg Hospital. Their fourth child, Gladys, went to high school in Nordegg, and there she met Robert Craig. Gladys went on to Calgary Normal School and became a teacher before her marriage to Bob Craig.

(for more information see CRAIG family history)

KIDD, Stuart (1883-1957)
written Dec. 30, 1992, by Fred Kidd
(deceased)

My father was born in 1883 on a farm about 25 miles southeast of Ottawa, near the hamlet of Ashton. His parents were James Kidd and Catherine Stewart (Kidd). The Kidds (John Kidd, James' father) settled on this farm in 1818, having come from the south of Ireland—a little town of Coon, near Banglestown. The Stewarts (Dad's mother's family) came from Perthshire, Scotland, at much the same time, or earlier than the Kidds, and settled nearby. My second cousin, John Kidd, still lives on the original farm (as of 1992).

Dad finished grade nine, then left to assist his father on the farm. He spent at least one winter in a lumber camp in the Ottawa Valley. When a smallpox epidemic struck the camp, he and the foreman spent a lot of time tending the ill; they did not contract the disease themselves.

In 1902 Dad came west to Saskatchewan on a harvest excursion; workers were given free passage west to help in the harvest. He liked the west, and came to Alberta (then the North West Territories) in 1903, homesteading the NW 12-26-W5, about four miles north in Simons Valley from the present Calgary city limits (1992 limits), and on the west branch of Nose Creek. A cousin, George Simpson, was located just across the creek from Dad. Simpson had been in the country before 1885 and, as was the custom in early days, he lived on one deeded quarter section, and ranged his cows on the miles and miles of open prairie around him. When all the homesteaders started to come in to the country, Simpson decided it was time to leave, and he went back to Ontario.

Dad's shack was in Nose Creek valley, but from the height of land on the east side of the valley he could see the Rocky Mountains. He told me he could not resist their attraction, and he moved to Morley in 1907. In Morley, he became the storekeeper and ranch manager for Leeson and Scott, replacing his brother, Fred (John Alfred), who had run the store from 1902 -1907. Fred Kidd became great friends with Donald Bogart Dowling, the Dominion of Canada geologist who was exploring and mapping this area for the federal government. Dowling named a mountain on the south side of Ribbon Creek "Mount Kidd" after Uncle Fred, and the mountain across the creek and north, he named "Mount Bogart" (his own middle name).

Stuart Kidd and family.

Stuart made Honorary Chief, 1927.

Dad learned to speak the Stoney Indian language at Morley, and he took lots of horses in trade with the Indians, putting them on the Leeson and Scott ranch at Jumping Pound. Dad rode a big brown gelding which had the Indian name of "Chunday-see-jay" meaning wicked heart.

Martin Nordegg, a German developer with money to invest, used Morley from 1907 as a starting point for coal exploration. He hired pack horses and packers, bought food and other supplies at Morley. Dad and Mr. Nordegg became good friends and, in 1910, Dad took a job as purchasing agent for Mr. Nordegg. Mr. Nordegg had staked coal on the Bighorn River, about 15 miles west of the present town of Nordegg, and also in the South Brazeau, and at Kananaskis in 1907.

In 1910, riding east from Bighorn coal basin, on the way back from South Brazeau field

Stuart Kidd.

where Brazeau Collieries was prepared to start a mine, Martin Nordegg noticed that the rocks in the vicinity of the present day town of Nordegg were similar to the coal-bearing strata in the Bighorn area. He proved to be right. This coal strata had been noticed by Dowling previously, but Dowling had ignored it because he thought it would not be good coal, being so far east within the mountains. The Nordegg coal basin had been found. It was 1910. Mining began late in 1911, before the railroad was built into Nordegg.

Dad was hired as the first employee of the new mining company, the Brazeau Collieries, and he moved to Nordegg in 1911 as purchasing agent. He was made Manager of the store "The Big Horn Trading Company" when it was built in 1914.

Martin Nordegg promised he would have 100,000 tons of coal on the ground when the railway was built. His promise was good and when the railway was officially opened in March 1914, the coal was there.

My father married Robina McKelvie, a Scottish girl, on June 2, 1915, in Red Deer. Her brother, James McKelvie, sister, Margaret McKelvie, and Dad's brother, Herbert Kidd, were witnesses. Those early days were good ones for my father. He traded with his friends, the Indians, for horses and furs, as well as run his big store business for Nordegg residents. The store carried everything from needles to men's suits, from hardware to ladies dresses, from rifles to mattresses. He was always busy being Postmaster and Justice of the Peace, and also was involved, as Undertaker, in laying away the dead. His word was his bond and his word was the truth—to my knowledge, he never maliciously hurt anyone by word or deed. He was generous and kind, but he had a hair-trigger temper, which he kept under control most of the time.

Stuart James (Jim), my brother, was born April 25, 1916; Catherine Elizabeth (Betty) was born on December, 29 1917; Frederick Alexander on July 29, 1921; and George Thomas on August 9, 1931.

In 1921 Dad bought 20 good type mares, branded L7 on the left shoulder, from Dick Brown who was located near Sundre. (An English remittance man, I think). Dad put the horses out on the Kootenay Plains, west of Nordegg on the Saskatchewan River, (now mostly covered by Abraham Lake). Silas Abraham and, later, Sampson Beaver agreed to look after the horses in return for one half the colts. The first winter was tough, but enough survived so that, when I was big enough to ride, about 1931, the bush was full of our horses. Our brand was "S" over "T" on the left shoulder.

We outfitted a lot of tourists and oil company exploration parties. Uncle George took a New York group out hunting each fall for a number of years. Many men from Nordegg area worked for Dad in the outfitting business over the years, such as Harry Ennis, Bob Logan, Frank Phillips, Herb Clark. Successful sheep hunting parties always had a good Indian guide, often Norman Abraham.

Dad was made honorary Indian Chief in 1927 (to my knowledge the first to be so honoured by the Stoneys). Lazarus Wesley told me that Dad was "feathered" by Mark Wesley, brother of Chief Peter Wesley (Ta-Otha, Moose Killer, or One Who Provides). Time went on in Nordegg; the road to Rocky Mountain House was built during the Great Depression of the Thirties. It was an "improved earth" road—dirt and mud—constructed by horses and manual labour. The miners were working about one day a week, so many of the miners worked on the road; they hated working in the sun.

With the beginning of the Depression, times were bad for my father's store business. He was dealt a terrible blow in 1933 when my mother died at the age of 45. She had a brain tumour, diagnosed by a brilliant young doctor named Sidney Gelfand. She died during the operation; the sophisticated present-day equipment and knowledge did not exist at the time. Mother had a wonderful singing voice and a warm happy personality. A great gap was left in my father's life.

In 1939 he left Nordegg and moved to Edmonton, where Jim and I were attending the University of Alberta; Betty kept house and George attended school. Dad built a house and grew a big garden, something he had missed doing while living in Nordegg. Dad made friends quickly and was well liked.

Unfortunately his health failed in the 1940s, due to Parkinson's disease, probably contracted

about 1937. Although he was not too mobile, he enjoyed reading and visits with friends for many years. He had a great memory, and was interested in many subjects. Don Brown, my brother-in-law, tells me Dad helped him with his history studies when he attended the University.

Dad died in 1957 at the age of 73, and was buried in Edmonton. Betty died in 1973, Jim in 1983, and George died in 1984, at the age of 52 years of a heart attack. There are ten grandchildren.

KILLICK FAMILY (Summary)
written by Jack Killick

Jack Killick emigrated from England in 1902 as a young man and came to the Rocky Mountain House area in 1912. He married Ada Belle Brown who came from Nova Scotia. He was a merchant and she a school teacher. Together they spent most of their lives raising five children, three of whom served Canada in the Second World War.

Their children married; some spent their lives in the Rocky district. Of those who left, some returned. Today the Killick family still has a presence in Rocky and continues to contribute to the community. The most active of the Killick descendants (in the Rocky area) is Harold Killick's son, Ron, who with his family, own and operate the David Thompson Resort. They also share the ownership of the farm at Hardindell with Brother Jack and family.

Bernard Killick's son, Jim, and daughter, Maureen, together with their respective families continue to enjoy their farm at Alhambra and their cottage at Crimson Lake.

Gordon Killick's son, Bruce, and his wife, Marlene, spend their leisure time at the Matt Bradshaw farm at Dovercourt where they plan to retire, someday.

The Killick family played a significant part in Rocky's history and are very proud of being descendants of the early pioneers. The family currently has members living in Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, Nova Scotia and Montana, all of whom enjoy visiting Rocky whenever possible.

KILLICK, Bernard and Irene

James Bernard Killick, born January 29, 1910, in Evarts, Alberta, was the second son in the Killick family. He began his formative education in Rocky Mountain House. He graduated from the University of Alberta with a degree in Commerce in 1936. After graduation, Bernard returned to Rocky to work in the family business.

Bernard married Irene McRae in February 1941, at Rocky Mountain House. Rene graduated from Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, as a Registered Nurse (RN). Arriving in Rocky in 1938, she opened the new hospital and became its first Matron.

Shortly after their marriage, Bernard enlisted in the Royal Canadian Army in Calgary. They moved to Winnipeg where Bernard took officer training at Fort Gary, followed by basic training at Shilo, Manitoba. He left shortly thereafter for England and active duty in World War II.

Bernard went overseas in 1941 and saw service in Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. At the end of the war, Bernard had attained the rank of Major and held a Staff Appointment of DAGG (Deputy Ass't Adjutant General). Bernard received his honorable discharge from the army in January 1946.

After the war, Bernard and Rene returned to Rocky where Bernard returned to work in the family owned Killico Store. Rene became involved in numerous charitable causes including the Red Cross where she canvassed and volunteered for their blood clinics. She was a member and President of the Kinette Club and used her nursing skills by "sitting" with people at the hospital or visiting them at home when they were incapacitated due to illness or accident.

Bernard was also involved in the community; he was President of the Legion, Kinsmen and the Chamber of Commerce. He also served on the Town Council. During his time with the Rocky Chamber of Commerce he was instrumental in working with the provincial government to obtain improvements in the rural roads leading to Rocky. This was beneficial to farmers and good for Rocky's business. For his work with the Chamber of Commerce he was honored with a life membership in 1975. Bernard was an avid sportsman, who liked to fish, play baseball and coach baseball. Both Bernard and Rene were members of the Rocky Curling Club, curling in the men's and ladies' league and the town and country league.

Bernard and Rene purchased the Sloan Service Station on the Alhambra corner as well as the adjoining quarter section in 1963. They retired on this same quarter section. Bernard passed away in 1987 and Rene passed away in 2001.

THE NEXT GENERATION: Jim married Linda in Edmonton where their son, Tim, was born and where they continue to reside. Jim is retired and enjoys returning to Rocky to enjoy both the cottage at Crimson Lake and the farm at Alhambra. Maureen married Keith Wallace in Rocky. Both Keith and Maureen have had long careers with Air Canada and both enjoy sharing the Crimson Lake cottage and the Alhambra farm with Jim, Linda and Tim.

KILLICK, Gordon and Elsie

Henry Gordon Killick, the third child of Ada and Jack, was born in Evarts on March 25, 1912. Gordon completed his formative education in Rocky Mountain House. He later enrolled at the University of Alberta and graduated with a degree in geology.

Gordon married Elsie Bradshaw in 1943 in Rocky Mountain House. Elsie was the second child of Matt and Alisimon Bradshaw. Matt was the International Harvester Agent in Rocky.

Gordon enlisted in the Canadian army and served with distinction during the Second World War. After the war Gordon and Elsie settled in Calgary. Gordon enjoyed an outstanding career working with several Oil and Gas companies.

Gordon passed away in July 2000. Elsie enjoyed her grandchildren and great-grandchildren in retirement in Calgary. She passed away in November 2002.

Gordon and Elsie had four children: John (Sonja), Bruce (Marlene), Margaret and Doreen (Larry) and eight grandchildren: Matthew, (Necole), Andrew, Analisa (Grady), Daniel, Janet, Alisemon, Marliana and Jason. They also have two great-grandsons: Malakai and Aiden.

THE NEXT GENERATION: Gordon and Elsie's children were born and raised in Calgary, where they continue to live, with the exception of John and Sonja's son, Matthew, his wife Necole and their sons Malakai and Aidan, who live in Chester, Montana. Bruce and Marlene enjoy his grandfather's (Matt Bradshaw) farm located in the Dovercourt district. The Gordon Killick family visit Rocky regularly and enjoy Rocky's history of which their predecessors, the Killick and Bradshaw families were a part.

KILLICK, Harold and Rakel

Harold Killick.

William Harold Killick, the eldest son of Jack and Ada Killick, was born in Red Deer on April 29, 1908. Harold began his formative education in Rocky Mountain House. A man dedicated to educational and athletic pursuits, he participated actively in both during his life. He obtained a degree in Pharmacy from the University of Alberta in 1931. His achievements during his university years in Edmonton weren't limited to academics. Harold played as a guard on the U. of A. Golden Bears basketball team.

After graduation, in 1932, he returned to Rocky Mountain House where he established a pharmacy in his father's store. In 1938, Harold married Rakel Edin in Calgary. Their marriage was blessed by the arrival of two sons, John and Ronald.

Rakel and Harold were tremendously active in the development of Rocky Mountain House. Harold was involved in commerce organizations:

Seated, Hazel Gillis and Josephine Gray congratulating Harold Killick on his 80th birthday.

the Kinsmen Club, 1% Club Board of Trade, Town Council. Committed to sports pursuits he will be remembered for his outstanding coaching ability. Rakel was active in the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire as well as numerous other charitable organizations in the community.

The family moved to Stettler in 1960, where they bought the Rexall Drug Store. Harold became involved in the Rotary Club and the local curling club. In 1969 they traveled overseas to enjoy a whirlwind tour of Europe including Rakel's native Norway. The couple retired after selling their store in Stettler in 1971. They returned to their beautiful farm ten miles southwest of Rocky Mountain House in the Hardindell district. Rakel passed away in 1976 and Harold in 2000.

THE NEXT GENERATION: Their two sons, Jack and Ron, continue to own the farm at Hardindell.

Jack and his wife, Dolores, live in Calgary where they are active in the oil and gas industry. Daughter Joan married George Bagni. Both are teachers and they have a son, Carlos. Daughter Carmen is a Public Relations Director.

Ron and Wendy with their children, Kelly and Doyle, own and operate the David Thompson Resort west of Nordegg.

Both families enjoy spending time at their farm in the Hardindell district and value greatly their Rocky Mountain House roots.

KILLICK, John Harold

Jack Killick (Sr.) family.

John Harold Killick settled in the Pine Lake district of Canada when he first arrived from England. Due to Evarts being the center of business and transportation in the area, Mr. Killick started a store in Evarts in 1902.

In 1903 Ada Belle Brown, age 23, arrived in the Evarts district from Nova Scotia. She was the first teacher at both Centerville and Evarts. She later taught at Bluebell and Melita Schools, teaching all grades in one very small classroom.

In 1906 Jack Killick and Ada Brown were married. Their honeymoon was a horseback trip to Prairie Grange Post Office, 45 miles west of Evarts.

They moved to Eckville in 1906 and operated the hotel and post office, before moving back to Evarts in 1908. Then in 1912 they moved to the Rocky Mountain House area where they operated a store on the Hudson's Bay flats just west of the old Hudson's Bay Trading Post and established a contract with the railroad which was being built to access coal from Nordegg. In 1913, Jack and Ada moved across the river to the new town site of Rocky Mountain House where they built their store on Main Street.

Their children were: Harold, born April 29, 1908; Bernard, born Jan. 29, 1910; Gordon, born Mar. 25, 1912; Vera, born August 15, 1913, and Marjorie born Dec. 14, 1915.

Jack and Ada both worked tirelessly on their business and in raising the next generation of Killicks: Harold (1908-2000), Bernard (1910-1987), Gordon (1912-2000), Vera (1913-) and Marjorie (1915-1979).

Affectionately know as "Jack," Mr. Killick became a legend in Rocky Mountain House because of his generous heart, business sense and commitment to the development of this beautiful area of Canada. Many of the new settlers to the area sought him out for credit and advice as they started their new business ventures.

In 1959, after fifty-six years of serving the people of this area, the Killicks sold their five Killico stores to the Hudson's Bay Company and Ada and Jack retired in Rocky.

After enjoying 63 years of married life, Ada passed away on October 28, 1969 and Jack, at age 95, died on May 26, 1973.

It was through their generosity and compassion that many settlers in this area survived and went on to prosper.

KILLICK, Marjorie

Elsa Marjorie Killick was born on December 14, 1915, in Rocky Mountain House. Marjorie attended school in Victoria, B.C. and then in Edmonton, Alberta. She was an athlete who excelled in most sports. In Edmonton she played for the Edmonton Gradettes Basketball Team, the junior team to the Edmonton Grads organization, coached by J. Percy Page. She worked at the family store in Rocky Mountain House until enlisting in the Canadian Women's Army corps in 1940. After serving as a wartime teletype operator in the United States, England and Holland, she returned to the Killico Stores where she continued working until the business was sold to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1959.

She had a tremendous love for the outdoors and could often be found wilderness camping, horseback trekking, or enjoying her cottages at Crimson Lake and Sylvan Lake. She, like her brothers, was a regular participant on the David Thompson Cavalcade, the annual event which eventually led to the opening of the David Thompson Highway.

She left Rocky in the 1960s and after an extensive trip around Pacific Asia, she returned to open a gift shop in Jasper, Alberta, which she operated until her retirement.

Marjorie loved and greatly respected the beautiful Canadian environment and, in 1972, newly retired, she moved to Gabriola Island, B.C. There she took up volunteer work for global and environmental causes such as Save the Whales, the SPCA and (along with Anastasia, the wife of Grey Owl) the Ban the Leg Hold Trap Society. She also worked for the library and the new community center in Gabriola. Marj died at Gabriola, at home, in 1979.

KILLICK, Vera (Killick) Elliot and Donald Elliot

Edith Vera was the fourth child born to Jack and Ada Killick on August 15, 1913, in Rocky Mountain House.

Vera's schooling began in Rocky Mountain House, continued in Torbrook, Nova Scotia, Victoria and finished in Edmonton, Alberta.

In April 1941 Vera married Don Elliott, who was a CPR ticket agent in Banff. They enjoyed subsequent postings throughout Canada in Moose Jaw, Victoria, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Edmonton and Calgary. The family was blessed with arrival of their three daughters; Marjorie (Jim), Patricia (Dale), and Dianne (Doug).

In 1969 Don and Vera retired to Kelowna, B.C. where they both became active members within the community through golf and other involvements.

Don passed away in February 1975. Vera lives in Ontario enjoying her grandchildren Ryan, Jenna, Rodney, Greg, Brian and great-grandchild Zoe.

THE NEXT GENERATION

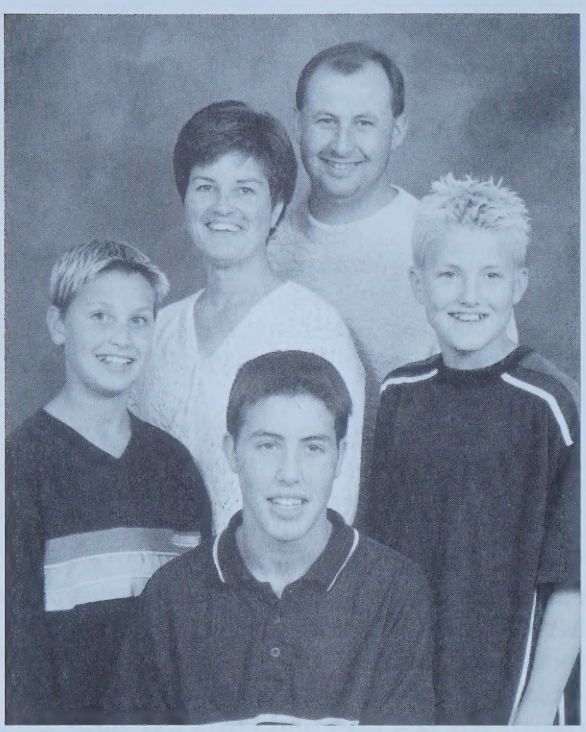
Marjorie married Jim Gillick in Ottawa, where they are now retired. They have a son Ryan and a daughter Jenna.

Jenna is now a practicing engineer in Calgary.

Pat and Dale have three boys, Rodney, Greg and Brian and are now proud grandparents of granddaughter Zoe. For the last number of years Pat has been senior coordinating secretary for the Premiers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Dianne lives in Toronto where she and Doug enjoy travel and family. Dianne's school teaching career included assignments in Africa and Borneo.

KING, Alan
submitted by Alan King



The Alan King Family. Graham, Terry, Allan, Morgan and Dallas, October 2001.

I was born in 1960 at Rocky Mountain House, the third child of Lloyd and Florence King, and have lived all my life in Rocky. We used to live in a little house, just out of town, across the old bridge. I learned to skate on a homemade rink that my dad made on the North Saskatchewan River. In 1966 we moved to 47th Street, beside the Norman Swainger Park. I have fond memories of playing street hockey in front of our house. We also played football, baseball and field hockey with all the neighborhood boys in Flemings' field, which was located a block over on 46th Street.

All of my minor hockey years were played in Rocky from Little Rams to Midget. I started playing goal at an early age when I lost a shin pad and was forced into wearing the goalie pads. I also played for four years with the Rocky Rams, winning three consecutive championships in 1978, 1979 and 1980. I started coaching Minor Hockey in 1981 and have coached for 17 of the last 20 years with the Rocky Minor Hockey Association.

I married Terry Hornshaw in 1982, and we have three sons: Dallas born in 1985, Morgan born in 1988 and Graham born in1990. My wife Terry works at the Medical Clinic, and I have been employed with TransCanada (formerly Nova) since 1981. Rocky Mountain House is a great place to raise a family, and we are proud to call Rocky our home.

KING, Austin and Bessie

Joel Austin King.

Bessie Emily King (Bergquist).

1929 was one of the driest years in Alberta history and most crops were a total loss. Austin and Bessie King were living near Hardisty, Alberta, where the soil was generally poor. With the dry conditions, farming was proving impossible. Austin King decided to move his family to Rocky Mountain House, to the Cow Lake area, where they took up a homestead on SE 16-38-8 W5.

Austin Joel King was born in 1879 in Waterloo, Iowa, and was married to Bessie Emily Bergquist who was born in 1884 in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Bessie and Austin were married in 1906 in Bawlf, Alberta. When they moved from the Hardisty area, they had seven children: Homer Charles, George F.E., Clyde Edward, Norman Scoby (known as Pat), Doris May, Gordon Verle, and Lois Beatrice. Another son, Lloyd William King, was born at Rocky in 1931. The move to the Rocky area proved to be a good choice for the King family. Austin worked hard at hewing railroad ties and mine props with an axe, and then hauling them to town to sell to

Descendants of Austin and Bessie King. Standing: Homer, George, Doris, Clyde, Lois, Gordon. Kneeling: Pat and Lloyd, June 1965.

the local mills. Bessie also had her hands full with eight children. She did the milking of the cows, until one cow decided to literally kick her right out of the barn, and after that they sold the cows.

Austin drove one of the first school buses in the area. It was a Model T Ford converted to a bus by Austin and Charlie Rodtka. They cut the back out and added sides and benches. There is a picture of this bus, hand drawn by Lawrence Stewart, in the Rocky Museum. Of course in the winter the Model T would not start, so Austin converted a wagon or sleigh into a school bus, and this was drawn by horses. In the early '40s, Austin King purchased a more modern 1929 Chevrolet car which had a six cylinder motor, one of the first made. This car, plush seats and all, was also converted into a school bus. The children were bused to Hardindell School which was in the same location as the Hardindell Hall is now. The Hardindell Hall was actually built up around the old school. Austin was paid $60 per month by the government for driving the children to school and, because gas was rationed during the war, he also received gas coupons to run the bus. Lloyd, being too young to fight in the war, remembers pumping gas for his father into the glass bubble at the gas pump, so it could run down into the car.

Austin Joel King died on February 28, 1945, age 66 years, and Bessie King remained on the family homestead for many more years. She died on June 1, 1965, at age 81.

Homer King married Fern Mills on October 15, 1940. They had no children and lived in Seattle, Washington, until his passing in July 1999.

George King married Ethel Pewtress on October 17, 1934. They lived at Hardisty, Alberta, and had 3 sons, Verne, Wayne and Merle, and two daughters, Wendy and Connie. George passed away August 17, 1992. Ethel still resides in Hardisty.

Clyde King, a bachelor, remained on the family homestead for many years, until he moved into town. He died on June 8, 1994.

Norman (Pat) King married Irene Clemont on September 22, 1946, and they had one daughter, Donna. Pat died March 31, 1967, and Irene married Archie Philips of Arbutus. Archie passed away June 18, 1994, and Irene passed away on July 25, 1999. Donna still resides in the Arbutus area and is married to Paul Philips.

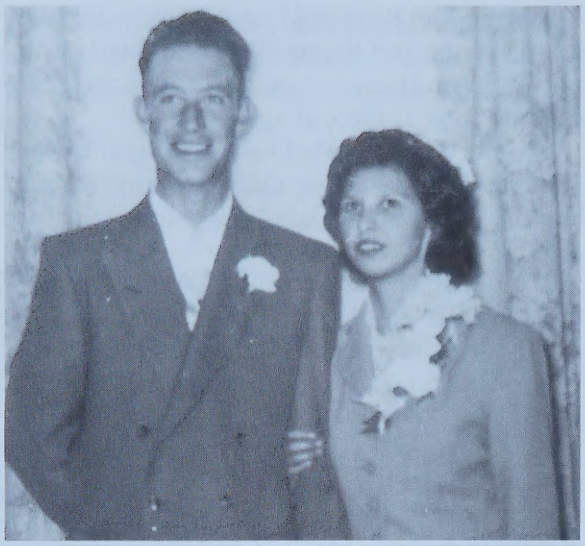
Doris King married Karl Rodtka on December 12, 1943. They had three children: Dwight, Duane and Denise. Doris passed away on October 19, 2001, at the age of 77. Karl, Duane, Dwight (Glenda) and Denise (Ed Ritchie), along with their families, live in the Strachan area, southwest of Rocky.

Lois King married Arnold McCrea on March 29, 1946, and they had three children Gail, Charlie and Sandra. Lois and Arnold spent many years in the Camrose and Edberg area. Arnold passed away on August 13, 1996. Lois still resides in Edberg, Alberta.

Lloyd King married Florence Clemont (sister of Pat's wife, Irene) on October 9, 1954. They have 2 sons, Alan and Darren, and three daughters, Karen, Barbara and Patty. Lloyd and Florence live in Rocky.

KING, Lloyd and Florence
submitted by Karen Paquette

Lloyd William King was born in 1931,on the SE 16-38-8 W5, a homestead quarter, southwest of Rocky Mountain House. He was the youngest son of Austin and Bessie King. Lloyd began school by walking the three and a half miles each way to the Pleasant Vale School. He did

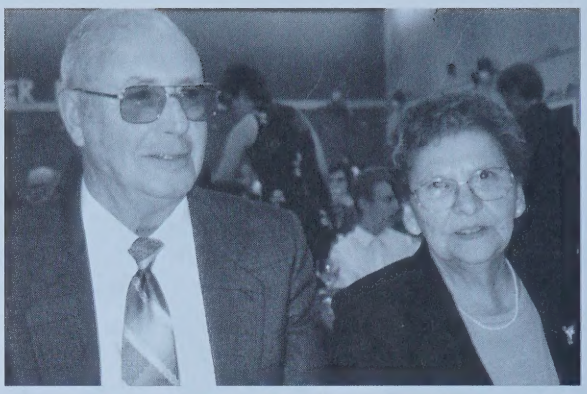


Lloyd and Florence King, October 1954.

this for three months until his father started driving a school bus to Hardindell School. Lloyd finished his school years at Hardindell and then worked on road construction during the summer months and sawmill work in the winter.

Florence Wilma Clemont was born in 1935 on a homestead east of Rocky. She was the daughter of Calvin and Catherine Clemont. When Florence was only two years old her mother died. Her father had to go to work, so the children were cared for by neighbours. Florence remembers a long walk to school on a muddy trail, hiding her boots in the ditch when she got to the main road, then wearing her shoes the rest of the way. After her schooling, Florence spent some time in Kamloops with her father and step-mother, Eva. She returned to Rocky to visit her sister, Irene, who was married to Pat (Norman) King, and it was here she met Lloyd, Pat's younger brother.

Lloyd and Florence were married in 1954 at Kamloops, B.C., by the Reverend P.A. Gaglardi, who was the Minister of Highways for the B.C. Government at the time. While in Kamloops, Lloyd worked for Ben Ginter Construction. Lloyd and Florence moved back to Rocky Mountain House and spent the next few winters in Karl Rodtka's sawmill camp and the summers in road construction camps. Lloyd worked for 32 years for the Department of Highways (now known as Alberta Transportation), from 1955 to his retirement in 1987.



Lloyd and Florence King, June 2000.

In his spare time Lloyd, along with Orval Hansen, built a water well drilling rig from scratch, using an air cooled 18 horse power Wisconsin gas motor to power it, and an old seismograph drill bits screwed onto the drill stem. Over the years, they drilled several water wells around the district.

Lloyd and Florence still live in Rocky, in the same house Lloyd built in 1966. They have seen many changes to the town over the years. When Lloyd was a boy, main street only went as far as the CIBC with a few houses near the top of the hill. Florence has a nickel, dated 1928, that she found in front of Cony's Store when they were replacing the wooden sidewalks. It was no doubt one of many dropped between the boards along main street. Rocky Mountain House has been a good place to raise their family. They have five children: Karen (Phil Paquette), Barb (Barry Ahearn), Alan (Terry Hornshaw), Patty (Colin Laiss), Darren (Wende). They also have 12 grandchildren and 1 great granddaughter. They celebrated their 47th Wedding Anniversary in October of 2001.

KIZAN, William and Peggy (Osada)
submitted by Anne Belliveau

William (Bill) came to Canada from the Ukraine when he was 17 years old. He spent some time north of Edmonton and tried homesteading, before going to Nordegg in 1915. Peggy was born in a small town east of Edmonton. They married in 1923, and their daughter, Olga, was born in Nordegg in 1924. Later, they moved to Edmonton where their son, William, was born in 1928. Bill worked in Mountain Park until 1930, then moved to the Beverly Mines

Peggy and Bill Kizan.

in 1942 and stayed until the mines closed in 1955. After the closure of the mines the family returned to Edmonton.

KLEIN, Andy and family
written by Philip Klein

Minna (Klein) Ethier, Alice (Klien) Gieck holding Donna Gieck, Andrew Klein, Betty Gieck, Julia (Klein) Burris and Philip Klein.

Our family was one of the first settlers to arrive at Rocky Mountain House. Our dad came to the district in 1907. He built our log house and established himself before our mother came out in 1909. They were married in Calgary in 1909.

In 1874 Andreas Klein or "Andy" as he was known, was born in the German village of

Katherine Klein with baby Julia in cart.

Remlingen which is located near Wurtzburg in Bavaria. As a young man he left Germany to go first to France to apprentice as a chef and then to England where he worked in a big hotel, and it is there that he met our mother. In 1905 he immigrated to America and worked at the New Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York. He had a bronchial condition and was advised that he needed to work outside in the fresh air, so he came to Canada.

Growing up in Rocky, was similar to growing up most small towns; there were advantages and disadvantages. Not many parents had money for skates or bicycles in those days as any spare money was needed for absolute necessities. But I do remember the good times we had swimming with my friends in the creeks and in the Saskatchewan River. Sometimes we would coax Mr. Thompson (the ferry man) to take us across the river on the ferry. Of course he would only take us if someone else needed to go.

There was a place called "big rock." We would climb that rock and to us it felt as if we were climbing a mountain. In the summer Rocky had wonderful "Sports Days" with ball games and many other sporting activities. As I recall, it was my big achievement of the day if I could beat Dan Brockman in the foot races.

Three generations: Florence and Philip Klein (parents) Andrew Klein (grandparent) holding Ralph Klein (now our premier).

In the summer we were obliged to pick berries, look after the gardens and there was always wood to cut. We also had to milk the cows in both winter and summer. We didn't have a lot of extra milk, but we did have enough for a few customers and it was my job to deliver the milk and look after it.

Our mother died when I was six years old. I had three sisters: Julia was 12, Minna was 10 and Alice was 8 years old. It was a very hard time for all of us. Our father said, as soon as he could pay our mother's hospital and funeral expenses, we were all going back to England. There was no free medicare in those days and $300 was a small fortune to pay back. It took a long time to pay off the debt and in the meantime England was forgotten.

No history of our family would be complete without mentioning our chief means of making a living. Andy was a familiar figure around town cutting firewood or at the railroad tracks sawing firewood, which would then be shipped to the prairies for firewood. They often loaded the wood directly into the box cars as it was cut. The men were paid 25 cents an hour in those days. The circular buzz saw was an old one-lung gasoline engine and no one ever operated it except for Andy. He knew every nut and bolt on that engine and as near as I know, nobody ever serviced it but him.

I left Rocky at an early age when the whole county was in midst of a depression. Although I have been back several times for a visit, I never returned to Rocky to live.

Mrs. Katherine (Andrew) Klein, holding Minna Klein. Julia Klein on chair, 1914.

Of Andy's four children, Julia married Fred Burris and had one son. She passed away in 1994 at the age of 82. Minna married George Ethier and has two children. She is currently living in Edmonton. Alice married Rudolph Gieck and lived on a farm near Airdrie. She had five children and passed away in 2000 at the age of 84. Philip married and has four children and lives in Edmonton.

KOHTALA, John and Hilda

John Kohtala was born in Teuva, Vaasanlaani, Finland on October 23, 1885. Hilda Komsi was born on November 21, 1884, also in Teuva. They were married on November 5, 1905. Their only son, Wenni, was born on November 2, 1906.

John immigrated to the United States in 1909 and worked in the mines in Wyoming and Colorado. The lure of Canada brought him to the Bingley district and a homestead at SE 10-40-6-W5, where Hilda and Wenni joined him in 1913. After their journey from Finland by ship and train to Red Deer, then by horses and wagon to Eckville, they were met by John who drove them (as well as a newly purchased cow and six hens), by ox team to their homestead. John

Hilda and John Kohtala at their home in Old Town, 1958.

Wenni, John and Hilda Kohtala at home in Bingley district, 1918.

farmed with oxen for two years, then sold the two oxen, three calves and a cow to get money for the purchase of horses.

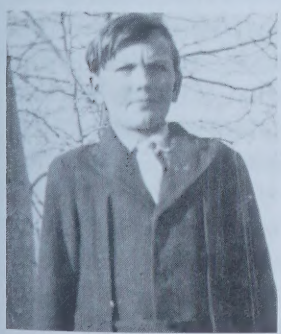
The railway to Rocky Mountain House and Nordegg was under construction and provided employment for John, who also worked at lumber camps felling trees and hewing railway ties. Their son, Wenni, attended Bingley School, and when low enrollment caused a temporary closure, he continued on at Beaver Flats School for a year, then back to the reopened Bingley School which had an enrollment increase. A neighbor's son, Jesse Nielson, living on NW 10-40-6-W5, attended Bingley school with Wenni for one year. In the late twenties and early thirties, Wenni was a member of John Plathan's brass band.

Wenni purchased NW 2-40-6-W5 and farmed with his father until he moved to British Columbia in May 1937. There he worked in the lumbering industry for Cherryville Lumber Company. In 1941, on December 25th, he died in Vernon.

John and Hilda continued to farm until 1945, when they sold the farm to Walter and Lea Jackson. They moved either to Codner or Condor (this is unknown), where John worked for Canadian National Railways. After a year or so they moved to Old Town in Rocky Mountain House where they purchased a home.

On May 30, 1964, John died, but Hilda continued living in her home in the Old Town until 1971, when she moved into Westview Lodge. At the Lodge, she lived many happy years in a friendly caring atmosphere. She celebrated her 100th and 105th birthdays there, receiving congratulatory messages from Queen Elizabeth, government leaders and dignitaries of Alberta and of Canada, as well as from the community, relatives and friends.

Hilda continued to live at Westview Lodge until December 1989 when, after a severe fall,



Wenni Kohtala.

Wenni Kohtala, 1935.

John, Hilda and Wenni going visiting about 1918.

she moved to live with her nephew, Viljo, and Anja Kohtala. In June 1990, after another fall at the Kohtala home, she became a patient in Rocky Mountain House Hospital where she died April 3, 1991.

Hilda met each challenge with great determination and never surrendered to self-pity, even when bedridden. She did her part in the opening of this new land.

KOHTALA, Nick and Hilda
submitted by Viljo Kohtala

Nick and Hilda Kohtala, circa 1938.

John Nikolai (Nick) Kohtala was born on April 11, 1881, in the old Kohtala house built in the 1830s, in Iisuva, Vaasanlaani, Finland. The house, which is still standing, is on land that has been in the family since 1573. As a young man, Nick left home to go to the United States. He worked there for some time, returned home for a visit, then went back to America to work at the copper mines in Calumet, Michigan. Night school improved his English speaking and reading abilities. Later, the reader he used became an important part of his son's, Viljo's, early education.

His brother, Richard, was already homesteading in the Bingley district (NE 16-40-8-W5), in 1911. So, in 1913 Nick came to Alberta to join his brother and took up a homestead on N.W. 9-40-8-W5th. Some buildings and fences were erected. Then, to earn money for living and equipment, Nick worked on the railroad and bridge construction at Rocky Mountain House and also cut mine props at Nordegg. Occasionally, he packed a hundred pound bag of flour home on his back, nine or ten miles from Rocky Mountain House.

Nick and Hilda Kohtala, marriage in Red Deer, October 2, 1918.

A robbery occurred in the autumn of 1913 (dishonesty was rare in those years.) Nick and other neighbors who had been working away, returned to find their homes had been entered and goods, mostly articles of clothing, had been stolen. When police were summoned, they apprehended the suspects who lived near a swamp to the south. The culprits had buried the stolen articles in the muskeg, but Nick and his neighbors were able to dig most of their belongings out of the mire. This incident is described in a letter, dated November 9, 1913, from Nick to his sister in Finland. The letter enumerates the articles stolen as all of the blankets and shoes, all of the socks and woolen mitts, winter shirts, umbrella, overcoat and numerous smaller items. What happened to the culprits is unknown. The family in Finland kept the letter until Viljo and Anja visited them in Finland in 1981.

Nick's wife, Hilda (Puranen), was born in Pieksamaki, Savonlaani, Finland, on May 28, 1883. After employment at the Mikkeli Hospital, she immigrated to the United States in 1907 and worked in New York City until she came

Nick, Hilda, and Viljo Kohtala in 1945.

to Alberta and married Nick on October 2, 1918. The Kohtala's first child was born on July 15, 1919. Ahti Verner was ill for several months. Much to Hilda and Nick's great sorrow, he died on August 1, 1920. He is buried in Green Valley Cemetery, one-half mile west of Oras corner. In 1918 the opportunity to purchase better and higher land came when NW 10-40-6-W5th, was offered for sale. Nick and Hilda purchased it for $1,400.00 from Wm. J. Morrison who was moving to Macklin, Saskatchewan. Previous owners or occupants of the quarter were James P. Nielsen and M. Lund. Marcus Lund was the original homesteader.

There was a large Finnish community in the Taimi and Oras School Districts and many were the plays, entertainments and picnics that the people put on at the old Finnish halls at Taimi and Oras.

On July 8, 1927, the day of the great tornado in Rocky Mountain House, a severe hailstorm came from the south to the neighborhood. The hailstones were as large as hen's eggs and did much damage to the roofs of buildings. The hired man put on his big cowboy hat to protect his head from the hailstones and rushed out to let the cattle in amongst the trees for shelter. A continuing chore was clearing land. This was done by men hired for the month or for the season. The smaller trees were cut down by axe. The larger trees had their roots grub-hoed bare and axe cut until the tree fell. Among the men who helped Nick to clear the home quarter were Laurie Hongisto, Andrew Randala, Matt Laukkanen and Leonard Brierley. Later Lloyd Cole and Bill Ross did some clearing on the old homestead with a gasoline 60 cat and brush cutter. During the 1930s, unemployed men would wander in occasionally. A group came at harvest time and stayed to have several meals and overnight sleeping quarters in the hayloft. They stooked some grain in return, before hitting the road again. Nick hired one of the group, an unemployed seaman from British Columbia, to finish the stooking as the grain cutting progressed.

The Bingley road was on the south side of the Kohtala farm until 1929. The muskeg between sections 11 and 14-40-6-W5 was corduroyed in the winter of 1928-29, and that road to the north of the Kohtala farm (built in the summer of 1930), became the main road to Bingley. Tom Ogden hauled the mail from Leslieville to Bingley Post Office on Saturdays. His wife, Elizabeth Ogden, operated the post office and a small grocery store. Originally, Bingley Post Office had been opened two miles east on November 15, 1910, by J.W. Christian. Thomas Ogden reopened it at the new site on August 31, 1918, and after Tom's death his widow, Elizabeth, operated it. Thomas and Dorothea Bowhay continued the operation until April 6, 1965, when the new Rural Route #1, out of Rocky Mountain House, commenced. Construction of the road south across the muskeg to Oras and Codner began about 1935 or 1936. The Alberta Wheat Pool built a grain elevator at the railway siding at Codner, which was a convenience for Nick or Viljo to deliver their grain. Mrs. Lee Auyers opened a post office April 1, 1937, at Oras and George A. Meston opened his general store.

Hilda and Nick Kohtala lived the rest of their lives on the farm which their son continued farming. After a brief illness, Hilda died in the Rocky Mountain House Hospital on June 26, 1958. Nick lived an active life until a severe stroke confined him to the Red Deer Nursing Home until his death August 31, 1968.

KOHTALA, Viljo and Anja and family

Viljo Eugen Kohtala was born on January 19, 1922, on the Kohtala farm in the Bingley district to Hilda and Nick Kohtala, who had come to the area in 1918 and 1913 respectively. A

night-school primer, used by his father in Calumet, Michigan, years earlier, proved to be the starting point of his early education.

His formal schooling started at Bingley School in March 1929, with Marie Lund teaching. Betty Baldwin, Mr. Holditch, William Morris, Bruce Simpson, Douglas Holeton and Howard Carrico were the teachers who followed. The long walk of almost four miles to school was a pleasant experience, except when the cold winter blizzards blew, or when heavy cold rain soaked one through and through.

Viljo Kohtala, 1925.

After Viljo concluded his grade ten in Bingley in 1937, he began farming with his father, and has continued residing on the original farmstead NW 10-40-6-W5. By 1950 the cattle herd had increased, so he purchased the George Meston quarter SE 9-40-6-W5, and in 1953, the Ray Atwater farm NE 4-40-6-W5, from Herb Hallgren.

Viljo and Anja Kohtala with Father Nick (wedding day, June 11, 1965, Red Deer).

Viljo's 70th Birthday, January 19, 1992.

Membership in the Oras Community Club in the 1940s, and later in Taimi and Bingley, involved him actively, as did the Bingley ball team in the Lochearn Fastball League. In 1947 he joined the Rocky Mountain House Co-operative Association and was elected to the board that same year, serving as secretary from 1949 to 1953, and chairman from 1957 to 1963, and secretary from 1968 to 1981 when he retired from the board.

Viljo married Anja Reinert on June 11, 1965. She was born Anja Virta in Tuusula, Uudenmaan Laani, Finland, on May 3, 1934, to Lyydia and Eino Virta. Anja lived in Sweden for three years, in alternating years, as part of her wartime childhood, and has fond memories of her Swedish foster family and friends. She received her education in Finland and Sweden. Of her family, four of her six brothers are still living; her father died in 1952, and her mother in 1983.

The Elanto co-operative store in Helsinki was her first employer. Later she worked at the Boras Hospital in Sweden, and in 1956 in England where, by coincidence, she lived in the town of Bingley in Yorkshire.

In 1958 Anja came to Alberta and that year married Ulrich Reinert of Berlin, Germany, who had moved to Edmonton in 1953. Their first daughter Christel, was born May 3, 1959, second daughter, Annika, September 29, 1960, in Edmonton, and having moved to Red Deer in 1961, their third daughter, Linda, was born there on June 19, 1962. Ulrich died September 17, 1963.

Cindy's graduation from U of A with B.F.A degree. June 10, 1991. Viljo, Cindy and Anja.

Annual School Trustees Meeting, Calgary, 1985. Clyde Lynn, Mildred Nanninga, Clifford Friesen, Viljo Kohtala, and Adolph Hoven.

After the marriage of Anja and Viljo, the children started school in Rocky Mountain House. On August 25, 1968, a daughter Cindy was born to Anja and Viljo. Christel graduated from Rocky Junior-Senior High School, married Dale Williams in 1977, and they have one son, Elton, in Calgary, two daughters, Janine in Pincher Creek, and Vanessa at home on the farm in the Taimi area. Annika married Lance Fisher in 1975. Their son Thor, born 1977, was killed in an automobile accident in British Columbia in 1997.

After their separation, Annika married Daniel Schultz in 1992, now of Sylvan Lake, who has two sons in British Columbia.

Linda lives in Rocky Mountain House and has two sons, Josh and Corey.

Cindy graduated from Will Sinclair High School in 1986, from University of Alberta in 1991, and from University of Art and Design, Helsinki, Finland, with a Master's degree in 1999.

Operating a school bus was a challenge that Anja desired, and she drove a school bus for about ten years and the Westview Lodge bus for about eighteen years. Enjoying working with others for community betterment, Viljo held positions in the Credit Union Supervisory Committee, the Farmers' Union of Alberta, and the Rocky Rural Electrification Association, when the possibility of it being sold to the electric utility company arose. With urging from his wife, Viljo campaigned in the election for a school board position in 1980, was successful, and served three terms. When he accepted a position on the Rocky Public Library Board in 1979, his efforts were rewarded when the town built a handsome library and fire hall complex, as well he met and worked with an excellent group of people who were all striving to obtain a permanent home for the library.

Trips to Sweden and Finland in 1981 to the families of Anja and the relatives of Viljo, were an enriching experience to them and their daughter, Cindy. The cross-Canada drive in 1987 to Charlottetown to attend a fellowship and exchange of information left and indelible impression.

During their Sweden, Finland, and Estonia trip in 1995, in their Kemi, Finland stay, Anja, Viljo and Cindy were notified of the forthcoming dedication of a statue to the memory of the kind Swedish people who offered temporary homes to Finnish children during the wartime. Services at the Kemi Cathedral were followed by a march to the dedication site and unveiling of the statue. To Anja it brought back powerful memories of her childhood in Sweden.

Anja and Viljo continue to live their retirement years on the old Kohtala farm, enjoying their hobbies, visits to the Co-op coffee shop, and viewing old and new scenes of beautiful Alberta.

KRABBEN, Ben and Riki
submitted by Riki

Ben and Riki Krabben and five sons on the farm,1966.

Ben and Riki Krabben were born and raised in Holland in a little town called Zieuwent in the province of Gelderland. They got married on April 26, 1958, and three weeks later were off to Canada. They flew from Amsterdam to Montreal, then traveled by train to Vancouver, by ferry to Nanaimo and by bus to Port Alberni to Ben's sister and brother-in-law, Lynn and John Vos.

Ben's first job was at Shannon's dairy farm. Later he worked as a meat cutter at a supermarket. Three boys were born in Port Alberni: Peter, Walter and Ben. In the spring of '63, they moved with the three boys to Rocky Mountain House and in the spring of '64, they bought their home quarter (on the old Dovercourt Road) from Hendrik Veldkamp. The four younger boys: Stan, Roy, Jack and Don were born in the old Rocky Hospital.

Ben Krabben.

They started with a small dairy operation and over the next 20 years they purchased more land and changed from dairy to a cow-calf operation. Ben was very active in the cattle business in Central Alberta as a licensed livestock dealer. He also had a great love for horses. Every year he had a team of Belgians in the parade, hauling the dignitaries in his wagon.

Ben loved to sing he was a member of St. Matthews Church Choir and he used to sing in a barbershop quartet. He also was one of the founding members of the Knights of Columbus Council in Rocky. Ben passed away on May 4, 2002. In 2003 Riki will have made her home in Rocky Mountain House for 40 years.

KRAMER, Curtis and Debbie (Valstar)

Curtis was born February 25, 1962 in Medicine Hat to Delores (Schneider) and Sebastian Kramer. He lived in Redcliff, then Red Deer for a short time before moving to Rocky with his dad in 1975. He attended school at the Rocky Junior-Senior High, and enjoyed playing hockey and baseball. Curt's first job was pumping gas at the Pacific 66 service station in Rocky while he was also working for Carnwood Wireline, later transferring to Fort St. John. Then back to Rocky where Curt worked for Cantex Drilling and then at Fischer's sawmill. And again back to work for Carnwood in Grande Prairie and Wembley for four and half years. In 1984 they moved back to Rocky and Curt was employed as an operator at the Amerada Hess Plant. It is now known as the Petro Canada - Ferrier plant and he has been there for almost eighteen years.

Curt coached baseball and hockey for numerous years in Rocky and received the 3-M coach award. He is also very good with this modern technology called a computer. Curt married Debbie Dianne Valstar, daughter of Ruth (Clary) and Gus Valstar, on December 27, 1978, in Rocky. They were both sixteen.

Debbie started school at Rocky Elementary, transferred to Lochearn in grade four, and then went to the Rocky Junior-Senior High School. She was a member of the Rocky North 4-H Beef Club. The kids purchased a calf in the fall, fed it, tamed it, groomed it and hoped for a nice finished grandchampion calf at sale day later the next summer. Debbie was a stay-at-home-mom,

having four little boys born within seven years. The kids were involved with baseball, soccer, navy league, karate, and hockey, plus played together on their musical instruments. After all the boys were in school, Debbie went to work at the Saan store and Flickers Video. Later she worked part time at the family fashions at the Co-op and hauled the Calgary Herald, Edmonton Journal and National Post from Red Deer to Rocky, leaving home at three in the morning, rain or shine. Now she is an assistant instructor and has her black belt with Arashi-Do Karate.

They owned a house in Rocky for a time, but now have a double wide on a quarter that belongs to Debbie's dad in the Buster Creek flats.

Debbie and Curtis have four boys: Matthew Lee, born October 6, 1978, in Rocky and he is now working at the Co-op Home Center. Owen Christopher was born September 24, 1980, in Grande Prairie and he is apprenticing for a carpenter in Rocky. Aaron Jay was born April 20, 1982, in Grande Prairie. He has his black belt and teaches karate in Caroline and Sylvan Lake, and would like to work in the stunting or music business. Kelly Ray was born March 22, 1985, in Rocky and is still going to school at St. Matthew's Catholic school. He is quite involved with hockey, playing at the "AAA" level first in Red Deer and now in Leduc. The boys enjoy getting together and jamming with their instruments.

KYNCL, Reg and Sherrie

In 1960, shortly after we were married, Reg got a job with Alberta Forest Service in Rocky Mountain House. We moved to Rocky and he worked for a time in the Radio Communication Office, then we spent one summer on the lookout tower on O'Chiese Reserve. The next year we moved to Olds, Alberta. Then we came back to Rocky Mountain House from Red Deer.

In 1980 we bought the home we live in now in Everdell Subdivision. At that time, there were only four families in the subdivision. They were Carmen and Lorraine Cooper, Ken and Jane Woods, Colleen and Dave Moeller and ourselves, Reg and Sherrie Kyncl. There are twenty-four families living here now.

Reg and Sherrie Kyncl family. Top row: Jana, Duane and Carol Hord, Reg and Sherrie Kyncl, Bonnie Kyncl, Heather Young. Middle Row: Jesse Hord, Morgan Kyncl, Rhonda Kyncl, Don Kyncl, Jim Young. Front: Scott Kyncl.

Reg and his business partner, Pat Zavisha, started Rocky Brake and Alignment in a building in the industrial area, in July of 1980. Reg and Pat built their own building and moved into the new place in 1984. They ran Rocky Brake up until 1988 when they sold the business and building to Roger and Sherry Chickeness.

I worked at Henry's Western Wear in Rocky Mountain House. In 1980 our two youngest children were still with us; Carol had graduated from Red Deer Composite High and Danny was ten years old. Our oldest daughter, Bonnie, was married and living in Penhold, Alberta, where she still lives. She has two children, Jim and Heather Young. Carol is now Mrs. Duane Hord and has two children, Jana and Jesse Hord. Danny attended Rocky Elementary and Pioneer School and graduated from Will Sinclair in 1988. He is married to Rhonda Mottus and they have two children, Morgan and Scott.

Rocky Mountain House has been our home for twenty-two years and we love it. I presently work in home support with West Country Family Service. We are Legion members as well as members of our local Everdell community. We love our good neighbors, the birds and wildlife often seen in our back yard, and hope to be fortunate enough to grow old, right here.

LACOUNT, Don and Irene
submitted by Susan LaCount

Robert Graham family, before leaving Scotland. Robert Graham and Jock Graham, Dick Graham, Great-grandma Graham, Nettie Graham, Betty Bradshaw and Bill Bradshaw.

Don LaCount was born in Sandusky, Ohio, in April of 1931, where he lived with his mother for a short time. He then lived in Harrow and Leamington, Ontario. Don joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in Trenton, Ontario, when he was sixteen and left the Air Force when he was twenty-two years old.

Don met his future wife, Irene Bradshaw, on a blind date in Edmonton, when she was in her second year of training to be a registered nurse. (Betty) Irene Bradshaw, second daughter of Frank and Betty Bradshaw of Rocky Mountain House, was born in Red Deer, in September of 1939. Her father, Frank, was with the forestry so they moved frequently. Irene spent much of her childhood in Saunders, Alhambra, Rocky Mountain House and the Strachan area. Her teens and early adulthood were spent in Camrose and Bonnyville.

Don and Irene LaCount Family.

Robert Findlater Family - Back row: Aunt Maggie, Robert Findlater, John. Front row: Bob, Grace, Grandma Findlater holding baby Billy, Jim, Nettie. Dick and Sam.

Don and Irene were married in August of 1961 and lived in Edmonton and Sherwood Park. They moved to Rocky Mountain House in August of 1974. Don worked at Globelight Batteries in Edmonton, Pacific 66, Woolco Department Stores and Fiberglass Canada.

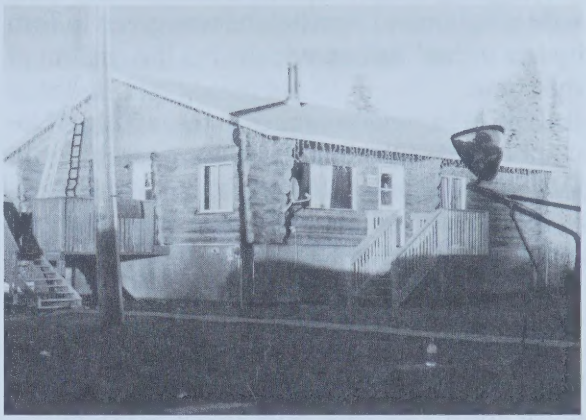
Irene worked at KHP Hospital in Bonnyville and Edmonton General Hospital and, when they moved to Rocky Mountain House, Irene worked at the Rocky Mountain House General Hospital from 1975 to 1997.

Don first worked in the logging business after coming to Rocky, then Gray's Turbo and the Swap Shop. He retired in 1997 and passed away in February 2002 at the age of seventy-one.

Irene's mother, Betty Bradshaw, has lived with the LaCount family for the last few of years. Don and Irene had three children. Susan has worked and lived in Rocky Mountain House since she was sixteen, first at the Rocky Public library for nineteen years, then for Robin Stewart Enterprises/Aspen Hydraulics for a couple of years. She now works at the Grandview Stage General Store in the Cow Lake area.

Susan and her son, Dylan, live in Strachan on her (maternal) great-grandparents' homestead. David and his wife, Charlotte, live with their two sons, Travis and Justin, in Grande Prairie, Alberta. David worked in Rocky and Fort McMurray before moving to Grande Prairie where he works as a manager in the Canadian Tire Store. James and his wife, Lori, live in Calgary with their two daughters, Kennedy and Kalisa. Both Jamie and Lori have worked in the Canadian Tire Stores in Calgary and Jamie has worked for Canadian Tire in Fort McMurray and Grand Prairie, Alberta. Jamie now owns his own Canadian Tire Service Station in Calgary, Alberta.

LAGRELLE, Louise/BIGCHILD, Tom
as told by Sheila Lagrelle to Carrie Mason



Home of Elders Tom and Louise, built by Tom Lagrelle and his sons.

Sheila was a delight to interview even though, at the time, she was suffering from leg spasms from golfing 18 holes the day before, without a cart. That is one good example of the discipline and tenacity that is exhibited by all the children of the highly respected Tom Bigchild and Louise Lagrelle.

Sheila was born October 25, 196,4 in the Rocky Hospital. She is a single Mom with one child, Joelle Kathy ("Duffy"), who was born May 29, 1988. Sheila has a "revolving" door with a stream of young people and foster children enjoying her hospitality on a daily basis.

She attended school on the Sunchild Reserve and later went on to receive her Class 2 Driver's License. She has driven a school bus since 1982, during which time she also transported workers back and forth to work at the Revelstoke Sawmill near Nordegg for five years. She says she does it out of love and respect for her mom and dad and their commitment to education and social development.

Tom Bigchild was born July 15, 1929; he was born in the Rimbey area where the family was camped while they had been clearing for farmers since the early part of the century. Tom was a self-educated man and, although he was

known to be a man of few words, he served, in his quiet wisdom, as Chief of Sunchild Reserve for two terms during the '90s. Tom's parents were Paul Bigchild and Suzanne Alexander. It is believed that Paul came from the Mistawasis Reserve in Saskatchewan. Tom's first wife died during childbirth in the delivery of his son, Kenneth. Tom was then given a young teenage wife to help him raise his children. The young wife was Louise Lagrelle; she was given to Tom by her older brother, which was the custom at that time.

Louise Lagrelle was born in the month of November in 1942 at Sunchild, two years prior to the Treaty signing, (Notes by Henry Stelfox, 1969). She and Tom raised a fine family and were together for 40 years when he passed away from a heart attack at the age of 72 in January of 2000.

Sheila was unable to provide birth dates for her grandparents; however, Louise's parents were John Lagrelle and Mary Strawberry. Strawberries lived around the Leslieville area where their families followed the farm work. They cleared land, brushed, picked roots and rocks for the farmers in the surrounding area.

Sheila's brothers and sisters are Dale, Paul, Ruby, Kenneth, Kathryn (deceased), Floyd, Bruce, Beverly, Eugene (deceased), Celina, Norman and Noel. All Tom and Louise's children speak Saulteaux, Cree and English fluently.

Dale Bigchild has been the disciplinarian of the family insuring that the expectations of his parents are being met by all the children. Sheila recalls that her parents taught the children to respect their older siblings, and to this day Dale is respected by all the children. He has served as maintenance man for the Sunchild School for thirty-three years, "...since back when it was still Stelfox School," says Sheila.

Paul Bigchild has been in the trucking business for several years and has been the owner/operator in both Timber and Public Works projects on the Sunchild Reserve.

Ruby Bigchild has worked in Community Health for nearly thirty years and is currently a CHR (Community Health Representative) at the Sunchild Health Centre, which is a very impressive facility.

Kenneth Bigchild has served two year terms, off and on, for the past ten years on Sunchild Band Council. He is currently employed as a mechanic doing maintenance on both domestic vehicles and heavy equipment.

The family and community were deeply saddened by the loss of Kathryn Lagrelle who passed away from cancer. She was married to Jack Goodrunning and served as Addictions Counselor at the Sunchild Tx Centre for ten years prior to her passing.

Floyd Lagrelle is also employed as a maintenance man at the Sunchild School and is Fire Chief of the local Fire Department.

Bruce Lagrelle was also a mechanic and worked at Revelstoke Lumber until it shut down; sadly, Bruce passed away in 1992.

Beverly Lagrelle is married to Arnold Gerry who, at the time of their marriage, was employed at Sunchild as Recreation Director. Since then they have moved to the Siksika Reserve near Calgary where Beverly achieved her Bachelor degree in General Studies at the University of Calgary. She now owns and operates her own school bus.

Another blow to the family was the passing of Eugene Lagrelle who died of kidney failure. Sheila says, "Like the rest of the family he was good in all sports." He was also a good hunter.

Celina Lagrelle achieved her Teacher's Assistant Certificate twelve years ago and taught at Sunchild School until she moved to Mameo Beach 3 years ago.

Norman Lagrelle has driven a school bus for 7 years, he has also received his Teacher's Assistant Certificate and teaches at the Sunchild School. He loves all kinds of Sports and tries to participate in as many golf tournaments as possible. He also loves to attend Pow-wows and is an accomplished Traditional Singer and Drummer.

Noel Lagrelle is married to Little Dove Smallboy, and they have a little boy a year and a half old; his name is Ekas, and he is a joy to the family.

Tom and Louise built their first home in the mid-fifties. In the mid-seventies the family had outgrown their home. Tom's entire family worked on the construction of their new log home which included the brushing and clearing of the land. Around the same time the family cleared a big hayfield on the O'Chiese Reserve. It is now harvested annually to provide hay for their horses. Today many young people

come to the Bigchild home to ride horses. "Floyd tells them they have to earn their rides...", says Sheila, (by putting the tack away properly and taking good care of the horses), "...this way they learn respect and good horsemanship."

Tom and Louise purchased their first school bus in 1964; since that time they have devoted their lives to helping the young people on the reserve get an education. They now have four school buses. Today Louise still serves as volunteer chairperson of the Education Committee, where she has served for thirty-seven years. She also taught as a teacher's assistant at the Sunchild/O'Chiese Stelfox School for fifteen years.

Over the years, Tom and Louise have raised several foster children, and Louise still serves on the Child Welfare Committee. They also found time, in the mid-seventies, to serve on the founding Board of Directors of the Rocky Native Friendship Centre until it was stable and receiving funding.

In 1980 Tom purchased a sawmill where he sawed lumber during the hours that he and Louise were not driving school buses. Sheila recalls that she piled lumber and worked on the sawmill while the other girls cleaned and did the cooking in the house. "Everyone had a job to do and Grandma Susan Strawberry saw to it that everyone obeyed and did their work properly before they could go and play," says Sheila. The trees were cut down on the other side of Coyote Creek and hauled in a wagon, pulled by the same tractor that ran the sawmill.

Sheila is a wonderful story-teller; however, she ran out of time, the day of the interview, as she was due at a hockey meeting. Hockey is a major priority on the Sunchild and O'Chiese Reserves today. Every winter the Big Horn, Sunchild, O'Chiese and urban Native young people from Rocky practice diligently as they look forward to the big Annual Provincial Hockey Tournament. Fundraising for this event carries on throughout the year as they need to raise in the neighborhood of $80,000.00 for this great tournament. Sheila beams as she recalls her daughter, Joelle, receiving the Native Provincial Hockey Tournament MVP in Edmonton where she played goalie on the team that took the Gold Medal for the year 2000.

Another venture supported by the Bigchild/Lagrelle family that provides healthy recreation for the young people is baseball. Many volunteer hours are contributed annually to organizing practices and tournaments. Sheila says that they are getting older now and it is time for the next generation to start taking over. One of Sheila's recruits in baseball is Kim Littlejohn who was scouted at the World Indigenous Games in August 2002 where several girls from Sunchild and O'Chiese were chosen to attend in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Today Sheila and her brothers and sisters are into golfing, and most of their leisure time is spent attending golf tournaments and carrying on the legacy of healthy living that has been handed down by their parents, Tom Bigchild and Louise Lagrelle.

LAISS, Patty (King)
submitted by Patty Laiss

Laiss Family. Clockwise, from left: Patty, Colin, Stephanie, Brandon, Caitlin, circa 1993.

I was fortunate to grow up next door to the Norman Swainger Playground on 47 Street. The summers were the best because the recreation department used to hire summer students to do playground supervision. I remember how

exciting it was when they showed up with a large trunk containing sports equipment, craft supplies and of course, a first-aid kit.

The very best summer was when Elsie Collicut and Betty Opdendries were our supervisors. The teenage boys gave them a really rough time, but they soon organized baseball games, track and field events and lots of crafts. It was a very wet summer and they spent a lot of time in our house, waiting for the rain to stop. There were many kids on the block around the same age, and we all showed up everyday, rain or shine.

We would also gather at the playground in the evenings and we'd play some games that I know the supervisors wouldn't have allowed, such as swinging as high as we could and kicking our shoes onto the roof of our house. We used to see how fast we could get the merry-go-round to go. I remember hanging on as tight as I could with my feet flying straight out behind me. Of course this equipment has since been removed from playgrounds for safety reasons. Another favorite was putting sand on the slide which made it very slippery. I went down on my stomach, but couldn't get my hands out fast enough and broke the fall with my face. Good thing I didn't have too far to run, with blood pouring out of my nose. I'm not sure Mom and Dad felt as fortunate as we did to live next door to the playground.

I was born in Rocky Mountain House in 1964, and I am the youngest daughter of Lloyd and Florence King. I have been married to Colin Bert Laiss for 20 years. We have three children. Stephanie is 19, and is presently attending Red Deer College. Brandon is 17, and Caitlin is 13; both attend St. Matthew Catholic School.

LAMBERTUS, George and Doreen
submitted by Doreen Lambertus

George was born August 6, 1953, in Rimbey, Alberta. He was the youngest son of Raymond Lambertus and Sarah Adams. Raymond was born on February 11, 1909, in Olympia, Washington. George was 16 when his dad died suddenly after a heart attack on August 28, 1969. George had an older brother, Henry, who died tragically in 1970, at the young age of 30. Sarah was born on May 13, 1916, in Rimbey, Alberta. She died after a serious stroke on December 10, 1980.

George and Doreen and Lambertus, wedding day, July 27th, 1985.

George grew up on the family farm near Rimbey and attended Rimbey School. After leaving school, he had various jobs from construction work to setting up machinery. From 1974 to 1977, George was constable for Rimbey town police. In the fall of 1977, he moved to Rocky Mountain House and went to work for Rimbey Wireline Service. In 1985 he purchased the Rocky division of Rimbey Wireline (Lambertus Enterprises Ltd.), where he still works to date. In 1980, he met Doreen Frisky (nee Martens). They were married July 27, 1985.

George is actively involved with Rocky Volunteer Search and Rescue and has been since it was started in 1991. To date he has been involved in approximately 60 searches. He also joined CASARA (Civil Air Search and Rescue Association) in 1986. George is a pilot and half owner of a Cessna 172 plane and a member of the Rocky Flying Club.

I, Doreen Lambertus, was born August 2, 1951, in Waldheim, Saskatchewan. I was the youngest child born to Cornelius Martens and Stella Heppner. My dad died in 1953 from complications after a mishap which occurred when he and his brother were cutting down large trees. I never knew my dad, as I wasn't quite two when he died.

When Mom married Hugh Cooke in 1955, we moved to his farm, 12 miles north of Rocky

July 28, 2001. Brent Frisky, George Lambertus, Amber Lambertus, and Doreen Lambertus.

on the Frisco Road (now known as Cooke's corner). At this time it was pretty well the end of the road. We had no electricity, plumbing or running water. This is where my sister, Shirley, and I were raised. Everyone thought Shirley and I were twins. We were only 11 months apart and inseparable. Our mother tongue was German, so Mom had to teach my sister and me English before we started school. We attended Frisco school from grades one to three, in a one room schoolhouse. Our teacher was Mrs. E. Van Kleek.

Many summer days were spent picking berries west and north of home, and many miles were spent in search of the perfect berry patch. My sister and I helped Mom and my stepfather saw truckloads of firewood, which we sold to customers in town for $10.00 a load. On Saturdays Mom would accompany my sister and me to a matinee, which was playing either at the Rainbow or Lux theatre. I remember pre-show Batman and Robin features and listening to pre-show music, such as "Magic Moments" and "Catch a Falling Star." The spruce trees which Mom planted along side the road are growing tall. I think of Mom every time we drive by them.

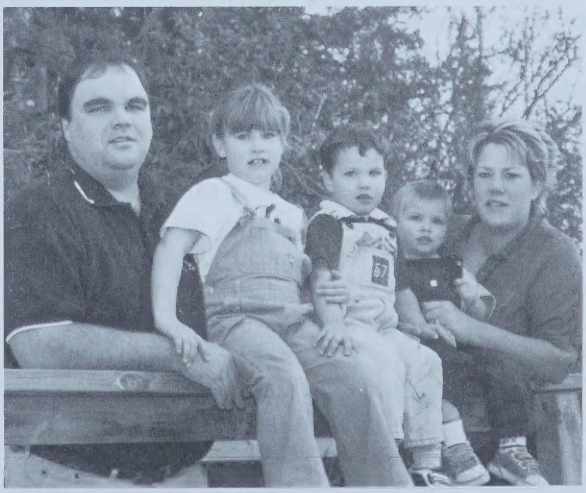
In July 1965 we moved into town where I finished my schooling. I fondly remember Mrs. Joyce Orava as my grade four teacher. She was so friendly and jolly. Other teachers were Miss Pallo, Miss DeJong, Mr. Tymen Hofman, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Katheleen Terry. Some of my friends were Thaylia Taylor, Lyn Evans and Verna Voshal. It seemed like every Saturday night there was a country dance, usually at Leslieville (known as Hooterville).

In 1969 I married Gerald Frisky. On December 25, 1969, my first son, Brent, was born. This marriage ended in a divorce. I worked as a receptionist at the Rocky Mountain House Hospital from 1978-1986.

In 1980 I met George. We liked each other from the day we met. It seemed as if we were destined to meet each other and were surprised by all the things we had in common. To my surprise George was living in a house I had always admired. We were married in 1985. Our daughter, Amber, was born April 29, 1987, and our son, Timothy, was born April 21, 1989. Timothy died shortly after birth.

To date we are still self-employed, and I am the secretary for our business. Our son, Brent, works for us and lives in Rocky. Our daughter, Amber, is still in school and is just finishing grade nine. We enjoy family get-togethers, camping, quadding and the great outdoors. The Lord has truly blessed us with much love and happiness.

LAUT, Robert and family
submitted by Joyce Laut



Doug, Brooklyn, Isaac, Brady, and Nikki Laut, Summer 2000.

Robert Laut was born August 25, 1912, in Calgary to James and Katie Laut. He was the fourth of five children. In 1921 the family moved from Calgary to a homestead west of

40th Wedding Anniversary of Robert and Effie Laut, June 12, 1956. Back row: Thelma, Doug (Joyce's son), John, and Joyce.

Crossfield, Alberta. At that time Robert was nine years old. Robert, his two sisters and two brothers had a very short distance to walk to school. In Calgary the family lived only two or three blocks from school. The school was built on the corner of Lauts' homestead, when the Laut family lived at Crossfield.

During World War II Robert served in the army, mostly in England. For medical reasons he was granted early discharge. So, he returned to Crossfield before the war was over. About this time he met Effie Laura Adams who was a friend of his sister, Jeanette Smith. Effie was visiting Jeanette and helping to feed a threshing crew at harvest time.

Effie was from the Arbutus district, southeast of Rocky Mountain House. She was born in Red Deer on July 27, 1915, to Sherwood and Emma Adams. She lived on the farm in Arbutus until she married Robert on June 12, 1946 in a lovely outdoor wedding on her parents' farm. After their honeymoon to Creston, BC, where they visited Robert's parents, they took up residence on their farm at Crossfield. The farm was located seven miles southwest of Crossfield in an area which was (and still is) a bad area for hail. In the next ten years, they were hailed out seven times. So, they moved to Rocky Mountain House in September of 1956.

While in Crossfield they had three children, all born in Calgary. Joyce Irene was born November 18,1947. Thelma Marie was born on May 14,1951, and John Robert was born September 25,1955. Thus Joyce was eight years old, Thelma was five years old and John was one year old when we moved to Rocky Mountain House.

Robert had various general labor jobs in the years he spent in Rocky. Some of the places he worked were Atlas Lumber Mill, Edward's Lumber Mill and Hunchak's Pool Hall. His last job was at Cole's Auction Mart. He worked there for seven or eight years, until 1980.

Effie spent several years being a housewife and mother. In 1962 she got a job in the Rocky Hospital kitchen. She eventually became one of the cooks and retired in 1980, after 18 years at the hospital. She worked at both the old and the new hospital. All three of Robert and Effie's children continue to live in the Rocky area.

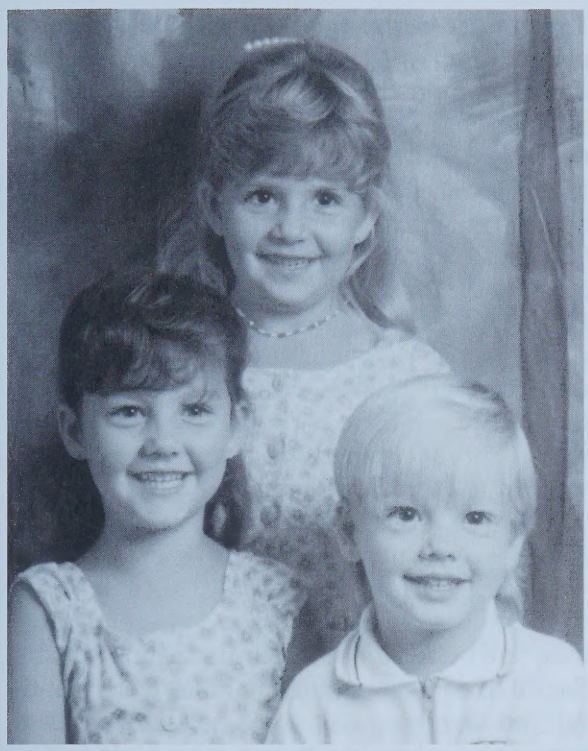
Joyce had a son, Douglas, and is a single parent. She has had various jobs in her lifetime, but at the present time is a dishwasher at the Petro-Can Restaurant.

Thelma worked for 18 years at the local Greyhound Bus Depot. Now she is night cashier at

Wedding of John Laut and Donna Soppit, June 22, 1991. Bridesmaids: Joy Hunt, Gayle Mason, Toni Austad. Groomsmen: Garth and Garry Titford, Ray Swallow. Ring bearer: Kyle Austad. Flowergirl: Charmine Umscheid.

the local Petro-Can Truck Stop & Restaurant.

In his younger years John had several jobs, but mainly worked for the Town of Rocky Mountain House. For many years now he has worked for Umscheid Construction in various places in Alberta. On June 22, 1992, he married Donna Mae Soppit. She worked for Helen Hunley Agency before their marriage. John and Donna have three children: Sydney Lee, born on August 6, 1992; Raye Lynn, born in Rocky Mountain House on August 10, 1993, and Jacob



Children of John and Donna Laut: Sydney, Raye, Jacob. Christmas 2000.

Robert, born in Red Deer on March 20, 1995. Donna is a stay-at-home mother and, with a friend, runs a quilting business from her home in Rocky.

Joyce's son, Douglas Mark Laut, was born in Rocky Mountain House on June 23, 1972. He has had a several different jobs. At present he is working for Finning as a safety instructor. On July 23, 1994, he married Nicole Ranae Landin. She was born on January 31, 1975, in Red Deer. They also live in Rocky Mountain House. They have been blessed with three children, all born in Red Deer. Brooklyn Mackenzie was born on August 12, 1993. Isaac Douglas Robert was born on May 23, 1997. Brady Clinton was born on September 24, 1998. Nikki has worked at various jobs. Currently she is a housewife and mother with a small daycare service in her home.

Other members of the family were Florence and Murray Adams. They were Effie's brother and sister. Florence was born on the homestead in Arbutus on November 4, 1913. She worked for 34 years as a ward-aide in the Rocky Hospital. She passed away December 21, 1984. Murray was born December 21, 1930, and adopted by Sherwood and Emma Adams at the age of 18 months. He worked as a cat-skinner in various places in Alberta. He passed away December 8, 1993.

On August 29, 1989, Effie passed away. Robert joined her seven weeks and one day later on October 18, 1989. Robert, Effie, Florence and Murray have all been laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery, east of Rocky Mountain House. Several other family members of their generation and two generations before were also laid to rest there.

During the depression years, Robert talked of only spending twenty-five cents to take a lady to the dance and then to town for a soda. He also mentioned earning $5.00 a month as a farm hand. He was making payments of $10.00 per month on a car. He made up the difference by selling his woodwork projects. In 1956 I can remember taking a quarter to the Rainbow Theater. It cost fifteen cents for admission and 10 cents for popcorn.

In my parents' day children attended a one-room school. The average student only received a grade eight education. Effie told us that when she first attended school, she went for only five months of the year—from April to September—until the school year was extended to the ten-month term most schools use today.

LAYDEN, Lyle and Eileen

Lyle and Eileen Layden moved to Rocky Mountain House from Lacombe in 1956. Lyle was born and raised in Innisfail and moved to

Lyle, Eileen and Terry.

the family farm in Lacombe in 1939-40. As the Layden family of six gradually left the farm, Lyle continued to operate the farm until 1955. Farming was no better then than now, and when the final hailstorm raised havoc it was time to move on. Lyle found work with Calgary Power in 1955. Power line construction involved working throughout Central Alberta and resulted in Laydens' permanent residence in Rocky in 1956.

Eileen was born in Hanna, the second youngest of twelve children. Coming from such a large family, being independent was an asset (a matter of survival); so Eileen left home after high school to work at the Royal Bank in Lacombe. It was there, when the handsome Lyle was banking, he caught Eileen's eye (or perhaps it was the other way around). First came love, then came marriage in 1951, and then came Terry in1952 and the move to Rocky in 1956.

For Lyle, the early years with Calgary Power were both challenging and interesting. The work involved everything from meter reading, power line construction, and all night trouble shooting calls in rain and snow. Summer electric storms were always interesting and were spent watching lightning strikes in the west country, while waiting for the first phone call, reporting power outage. Life was not all work for Lyle, and in his spare time he would be found coaching and playing hockey and pitching a mean fastball in the men's league. Lyle was always active, coaching and training with Minor Hockey and followed his son, Terry, through his minor hockey years. The "62 Chevy" became the team bus and was usually filled to the brim with coaches and players on their way to hockey games throughout Alberta. Sadly, there was seldom room for hockey mom, Eileen, to accompany them. Lyle remembers coaching kids in the, then "new," Voyageur Arena (early 1960s) when the dressing rooms had pit run gravel floors and were heated with potbelly stoves. Over the years Lyle served his time as Minor Hockey president and served on many volunteer boards.

Eileen felt her place was at home while Terry was growing up and was always there being a great mom. Never a school day passed, that a warm snack wasn't ready and waiting when Terry burst in the door after school. Eileen's green thumb was always hard at work, and the Laydens' monstrous yard was a showcase in town. To this day, her flowers and garden are the envy of the neighbors. Eileen was involved in the Boy Scout organization for over ten years and was their fearless leader for about seven. She became a role model and mother to her brood of cubs. Camp-outs would find the Layden trailer packed with cub scouts, wall to wall—Terry somewhere in the pack. As Terry was entering high school, Eileen felt she could enter the work force and was employed at the Treasury Branch, Fred Fisher Fuels, and eventually at Quinn Contracting. She spent fifteen years there and was Quinns' only secretary for much of that time.

Summer time weekends, rain or shine, would routinely find the Laydens camped in their tent beside a West Country fishing stream. Back in the 60s, great fishing holes were plentiful and few groceries were needed for these trips: fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper!

Lyle and Eileen were involved in developing the original Pine Hills Golf Course in the early 1960s. Lyle recalls borrowing a front-end loader from the Department of Highways to build the first sand green at what is now Hole #2. Eldon Alexander provided oil for the sand. Many hours of picking roots were required while Terry played with his toys in the sand! This, a community effort, was shared by many others, and the game of golf was born in Rocky. Needless to say, golf has been an important part of the Laydens' life, with Lyle still holding his own in the Men's League, and both he and Eileen are active in the Seniors' League. Pine Hills expanded to eighteen holes in the early 1990s, with lots of help again from the Laydens.

Now in retirement, busier than ever, Lyle and Eileen are involved in bowling, curling, golfing, and are reliable volunteers at the Legion. They consistently try to win money on Legion crib night, but usually end up being generous donors instead. Lyle and Eileen are proud grandparents of four grandchildren and have spent many hours following them around the country to various sporting events.

LAYDEN, Terry, Heather (Hay), Chelsea, Jenna, Ryley and Mitchell

Ryley, Chelsea, Mitchell, Jenna, Terry and Heather.

Terry was born in Lacombe, the only child of Lyle and Eileen Layden. The family moved across Alberta, until more permanent residence was taken in Rocky in 1956 (see Lyle Layden Family history). Terry began Grade 1 at Rocky Elementary School (Grades 1-3). He still fondly remembers his Grade 1 year with Miss Lees (now Mrs. Annette Gray) being his very first teacher. He was a student at Lochearn School when it opened (Grades 4-6) and finished Junior and Senior High in what is now Will Sinclair High.

Terry is a sports enthusiast, playing minor hockey at the age of five and finally retiring from hockey in his late 40s. Football was a passion in high school, and he was a player in the Rocky Rebel's first season. Terry showed an unusual patience to small details and in early school years began piecing together balsa wood model airplanes. This evolved into the hobby of remote control airplane modeling that is still actively pursued today. Terry credits his skills as a dentist in part to the hours he spent building model airplanes.

Terry graduated from high school in the early 1970s and went on to attend the University of Calgary for two years before entering the Dental School at the University of Alberta, Edmonton, for four years in 1972. Hard work provided him with an honors degree as a Doctor of Dental Surgery in 1976. In his final year of dental school, he remodeled Dr. Hay's medical office into his first dental office on Main Street, Rocky. Ten years later, he purchased, from his father, the house and property he grew up in, and erected a modern dental facility named Aspen Dental Clinic.

Terry and Heather Hay were married in Rocky Mountain House in 1974 while attending university. Upon graduation, they returned to their hometown to begin the next phase of their lives. Heather enjoyed teaching high school Home Economics, while Terry was establishing his dental practice. Heather has always been involved in his practice and, over the years, left teaching to be at home with their children.

Terry and Heather have four children all of whom attended the Athol Murray College of Notre Dame in Wilcox, Saskatchewan. Chelsea, the eldest, is an academic and has received numerous scholastic awards and scholarships throughout high school and university. After two years of study at the University of Regina, Chelsea was accepted to Palmer West College of Chiropractic, San Jose, California, graduating March 2003. Jenna, the second eldest, was an exceptional athlete in high school, playing soccer, hockey, rugby, and track. She is attending the University of Saskatchewan, completing a degree in nursing as well as training as an elite athlete, competing in World competition in Triathlon. Ryley, the eldest son, is an accomplished athlete and hockey player. He is in his fifth year of the Western Hockey league (WHL), playing with the Tri-City Americans, Lethbridge Hurricanes, and the Red Deer Rebels. Mitchell, the youngest, is also a successful athlete, graduating a four year Notre Dame Hound and playing hockey in the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League. With four active children located through Western Canada and the USA, Terry and Heather spend most of their weekends "on the road" with never a dull moment!

LEA, Bert
THE MAN WHO CAME FROM THE WEST
by son, Gordon Lea

My dad, Bert Lea, came to Canada from England in 1899, at the age of seventeen. He worked in Montreal, Quebec, for about two years

January 1917, homestead cabin built by Bert Lea.

building railway cars. But he wanted to see the west, so he joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Dad trained in Regina and served in various places in Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta.

He had always wanted to be a cowboy. So, after six years in the police force, he went to Montana and worked on the Judith range. He said some of the best cowboys were the Afro-Americans. Having done this, he came back to Alberta and worked around Lundbreck and Pincher Creek where he met two men who had heard of the free land around Peace River. So, Dad and his new companions decided to go and have a look. They made up an outfit of seven horses (three pack, three saddle and a spare) and started out. They traveled up through Banff and followed the mountains north. After several weeks of hard riding, they found out that getting to the Peace River was not a Sunday afternoon ride. The other two men decided to give up; they turned east and settled near Olds.

My dad ventured on alone, with three horses and his share of the packs. He got on a trail (now the Forestry Trunk Road) and travelled as far as the North Ram River. The Peace River country still seemed a million miles away. He was out of food and living on partridge and blueberries, so he also turned east. He followed the Ram (which he called the "Sheep") until it ran into the Saskatchewan, but he did not want to cross it, so he continued east until he came on to the North Fork of Prairie Creek. He followed this until he came onto Carson McDonald's homestead. Carson was the first person he had seen for close to a month.

He liked Prairie Creek valley and located a homestead down the creek close to Gablers who were the first settlers in Strachan (Vitchland, it

Bert Lea, Victoria Day, May 24th in the 1920s.

was called then). Carson McDonald said Dad was the first man to settle at Strachan, who came to the area from the west.

When World War I broke out, Dad joined the Canadian Army and went overseas. There he met my mother, Mary Ellen Harrison, and brought her back with him after the war. On his return to Alberta, he rejoined the R.C.M.P. and served in Rocky Mountain House. My sister, Mary, was born in the Police Barracks. Dad closed the detachment when the Alberta Provincial Police took over. Following his police service, he moved to Edmonton to live out the hard times of the depression, but he always wanted to come back to Rocky.

My brother, Dave, and I joined the Army in World War II, but promised that on our return we would come back to the homestead. So, in 1946, we came back to Strachan where our father lived until he passed away in 1954. Dad is buried with my mother in Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky.

LEA, Gordon
written by Wesley Bott
(compliments of the Western Star)

The Mules and Music Show at Gimlet was honoured to have Gordon Lea as Parade Marshall and honorary muleman. Gordon was born at Rocky Mountain House in 1924 and spent his early years in Edmonton. He signed up to join the Canadian Armed forces in 1943 and was sent to Borden, Ontario, for basic

training. Gordon had hoped to join his brother and brother-in-law in the Calgary Highlanders Regiment, but that was not to be. He was sent to England and, after volunteering for duty in Italy, was assigned to the 5th Division – 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

Gordon Lea and his troop soon found themselves on the front lines. The German army had taken control of much of Italy by the time Gordon arrived at his first posting. They had taken much of the eastern part of Italy from the Adriatic coast through to Ortona. One of Italy's biggest battles had been fought up the east coast of Ortona—probably the worst killing ground in all of Italy.

Gordon and most of his troop mates were high in the hills in Italy. They arrived at their posting with only the basic supplies which were carried in, on their backs. After a short time they found themselves running short of supplies. With roads and bridges blown out, the troops was provided with supplies, ammunition, food and (most importantly) water by mountain men (mule skinners) from Morocco, who had to work their way through the Lari Valley, under cover of darkness to ensure the Allied troops were supplied. The mountain men are described by Gordon as being very soft spoken, private men who "got things done." He recalls that the Morocco Mule Men wore sandals over wool socks. When their feet got wet, they simply wrung out the socks and went barefooted in the sandals. One of Gordon's most unpleasant memories was having extremely sore feet in wet army boots.

Germany had built the "Gothic Line," which was a heavily fortified line across Italy and had control of Monte Casino, the highest mountain in Italy. From this mountain the German army were able to observe most of the country. Initially, allied troops did not want to bomb this area, given that it was home for a major monastery. Several attempts by both ground and air troops to gain the mountain had failed. Then a solitary surprise attack from the backside of the mountain took back the strategic pinnacle. All of the supplies, including the guns and ammunition were taken to the mountain top by mules. Gordon Lea is very thankful for the mules and the mule men for saving his life and the lives of many allied troops in Italy. He believes that if it were not for mules, World War II history might have been different.

In his own words Gordon states, *"When roads were blown up by retreating Germans they brought us rations at night on the backs of mules. These men they called "Goumiers" came from Morocco. They were as sure-footed as the mules, and moved through the rocks without a sound. It was these same men and their mules that broke the Gustav Line behind Monte Casino and opened the road to the Lire Valley and the road to Rome. The mules were often used in Burma by the Australian and British forces. So, you can see they were used very much, but I didn't hear of any mule getting a medal, did you?"*

After the war Gordon, along with his father and brother, settled in the Strachan area. He farmed and was in the lumber industry for many years before retiring to Rocky Mountain House.

LEAVITT, George and family
submitted by Roy J. Leavitt

In 1905 my father, George, my paternal grandparents, Mazzine and Mary, and my uncle, Ray, boarded a train in Featherstone, Minnesota, which carried them and their belongings to Red Deer, Alberta. They settled in a rented dwelling until 1907. Dad drove logs on the Red Deer River, and Ray was employed in a brickyard nearby. They would have preferred buying land in this area, but decided prices were out of their reach. Homestead land was available in various parts of the province, so they chose two quarters in the Stauffer area on the south side of the North Raven River, about 55 miles west of Red Deer.

They purchased a green team (unbroken) of oxen, hooked them to a wagon loaded with their chattels and again headed west to the Stauffer country. The trip seemed long and tedious but high expectations prevailed. They were confined to a tent for the first summer. Hoards of mosquitoes and flies posed a problem in the clear weather. Rain was the usual, quite often causing wet conditions in the tent. Building a new house was paramount, so work started on this project shortly after their arrival. The logs for the framework were cut close by and skidded to the building site with the new team. Slabs were purchased at a nearby mill for flooring and roof material. The floor was all

hand planed and fitted precisely. Cash flow was slow in those days, but food was there for the taking. Partridge flew around the house every evening to be snared on the end of a pole. Fish were in abundance in the nearby creek. Large trout could be taken at will.

Dad and Uncle Roy broke a small parcel of land for a garden and produced vegetables that first year. Berries of various kinds were available for preserving which was an annual event. Scything hay in sloughs and open areas was consistent with winter survival of livestock. In 1909 my uncle Roy was stricken with appendicitis and had to be transported to the Red Deer Hospital in a sleigh box. The road was partly bare with some snow. He had to drive four horses to maintain a regular speed. Roy was put in the hospital immediately upon arrival. Dr. Richard Parsons performed surgery but to no avail. Uncle Roy passed away two days later and was laid to rest in the original Red Deer Cemetery.

In 1909, my maternal grandparents, Sydney and Josephine Jordan, and their two girls, Kathryn May and Irene Marjory, emigrated from the state of Washington to the Caroline district. They homesteaded NW 2-37-6-W5, and proceeded to build a house and barn. The house was built of lumber and a portion of the building still stands today. My grandfather also erected a barn and corrals which were used for a time. He worked for several individuals and also for a survey party, Stuart and Farmcomb (I believe was their name). My Gramma Josephine was a practical nurse and was called on many occasion to help sick people in need. In 1910 the Leavitts gave up the homestead and moved to the north side of the Raven River, to operate the Stauffer Store and Post Office.

In July 25, 1912, my dad and Kathryn Jordan were married in Calgary. After a short honeymoon they returned to their new position as store keeper and post mistress. Dad freighted from Innisfail to their newly acquired business, and made other stops along the way. In 1912, Dad purchased four head of young horses, and was able to get work for them, building grade for the railroad coming to Rocky the same year. He was able to pay for them in the time he worked, so regarded this as a wise investment. On August 31, 1913, their first son was born. Frederick Vernon was a welcome addition to the family, being the first and only grandchild for both Leavitts and Jordans.

Some time elapsed, and 1915 brought about another move to NW 16-37-5-W5. There was a house and barn on this property, built by the previous owner, so little was required to proceed with the farming operation. My second oldest brother, Bernard George, was born at this residence on January 28, 1916, a welcome playmate for Vernon. In 1919 Clinton Merle was born in Innisfail on April 23rd, the same day as Mom's birthday, so rejoicing prevailed, I'm sure. The same year my parents purchased a C.P.R quarter, the SW 19-37-5-W5. This was raw land and had to have buildings erected before they could move. Grandpa and Dad built a house overlooking the head waters of the North Raven River. A very picturesque view of springs and a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains, made this a most desirable spot for a house. A barn was also placed well back into the hillside. In 1921 they sold this property to the east, and moved to the new location on the Raven River.

During the intervening years my Grandpa Jordan became seriously ill and required surgery. This was performed by Dr. Richard Parsons in the Red Deer Hospital. After this ordeal, he was unable to do hard work or endure the long, cold winters, so decided to go back to Washington State. In 1917 the Jordan family returned and purchased property in Port Angeles where they both resided until their deaths.

Irene Jordan married Thomas Wilson, March 14, 1918, shortly after his return from the first war. They farmed at Butte till he passed away. Irene lived there a short time then moved to Rocky, where she later died at age 94, and was laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery, beside her husband, Thomas.

In 1922, I, Roy Jordan Leavitt, was born at Rocky Mountain House. My birth took place in the original Henry Bertrand house, the first house built on the new town site in 1907.

This building was occupied at this time by the Martin and Helen Borstad family; Helen, incidentally was Henry Bertrand's sister. A short time ago, I discussed the event with Mary (Borstad) Jacobson. She remembered my mother being there, and me being born at that

time. A few days after my birth, we returned to the Raven property where we lived four years.

My grandparents were considered a great asset to the community and were always ready to help their family and friends. They both were hard workers and always ready to help other people in distress. Grandpa was a "jack of all trades" and Gramma was an excellent cook. Her cooking was always scrumptious. Mother learned from her, and she too, was a very good cook. In 1924, Grandpa's heart simply played out. He was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery.

In 1926 we moved to the NW 13-37-6-W5 which had been acquired from two, eighty-acre title holders. All my brothers and I started our education in the original Clear Creek School built on the corner of the Budden property, one mile north of the Butte. I remember walking to school with my brothers one time, and the temperature reading of 60 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The new Clear Creek School was built in 1929 on the SE 19-37-5-W5. At the Christmas concert my grandmother suffered a heart attack and had to be rushed to the doctor. During the ensuing years, she did not completely regain her health. In 1931 Dad moved the family to Rocky to be close to a doctor. Grandma's condition slowly deteriorated until the spring of 1932. When she passed away and was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery beside her loving husband Mazzine.

During our years here in Rocky, Mother clerked for Killick's Stores and Dad did custom work from time to time, ploughing and threshing in harvest time. The family moved back to the farm in 1934, after deciding a rural way of life was better for all concerned.

In 1937 my folks embarked on a new venture to establish a country store at Butte. The need for a post office was discussed among neighbors of the district, a petition for a contract, was forwarded to the Federal Government and the request was duly granted.

Mother was appointed Post Mistress. The unanimous decision of the family was to name the post office, "Butte," due to the proximity of the Butte hill just three quarters of a mile south on the Caroline-Arbutus road. There are many memories of these times, the gathering of patrons on mail days, shelling and eating peanuts around the heater, when timely gossip was exchanged.

Dad was suddenly overcome by a heart attack in 1943 which took his life. He was laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery. Mother, with the help of the families, carried on as best she could, but an aggravating heart condition was weakening her steadily until her death in the Red Deer hospital in 1949. She too, was laid to rest in Pine Grove Cemetery beside her beloved husband, George.

During the lean years in the thirties, the economy pressured the sale of our property on the Raven River. The May family, from a dried-out area of Saskatchewan, purchased the land and moved to their Alberta home shortly after the transaction. They farmed the land from 1931 till the spring of 1947. Their land became available to us, so Rena and I moved back to my original home. We were married July 8, 1944. Our first child, Maxine Ileen, was born May 9, 1945, the first Leavitt girl born for fifty-four years. Patricia Marie born October 5, 1947, was our second child. Keith Jordan, born August 23, 1950, was the first boy, followed by Brian Russell on January 10, 1952. Our last child, Rena Joanne, was welcomed to our family January 8, 1957. We farmed and lived at this location until the spring of 2000. We held an auction sale at this time, but did not dispense of the property until the spring of 2001. We moved to Rocky Mountain House, June 15, 2001, and have since enjoyed a very happy and healthy retirement in the Sand Kastle Kort Condominiums.

LEAVITT, Joe and Marilyn
submitted by Patty Fedirchuck

(Joe) George Bernard Leavitt was born April 12, 1945, in Red Deer, to Bernard George and Rosa Lee (McKenzie) Leavitt. Joe had three siblings, Gordon, Pete, and Ken. The family lived at Sylvan Lake, Stauffer and Butte before moving to Rocky Mountain House in 1949.

Joe took his schooling in Rocky Mountain House and worked seismic, oil rigs and drove truck for Garnett Transport before venturing into entrepreneurship on his own. Marilyn Ann, born December 11,1945, in Eckville, was the only child of Alva and Evelyn Humphrey. She received her schooling in Edmonton, Gimlet, Rocky Mountain House and Red Deer.

Joe and Marilyn were married on November 28, 1964, in Rocky Mountain House and

have resided in and around Rocky since that time. They have operated a slashing company, G.B.(Joe) Leavitt Construction, and Wild Rose Trucking Ltd. and J and M Consulting Ltd. At present the family own and operate two companies, "Rig Boss Rentals" and "Rig Boss Bridges." Marilyn always played an integral part in their business ventures, even while raising four sons: Richard, Shane, Cody and Bernard.

Richard William (1964) married Kathleen Elizabeth Leskosek (1964) and they live near Hardindell. They have two children: Rylee Richard William, born November 4, 1987, and Chanelle Elizabeth Ann born May 16, 1990.

Shane Allen (1966) married Maureen Judith Morin (1970). They live north of Rocky and have two girls: Shyanna Mary, born October 16,1987 and Christina Jade Dorothy, born October 18, 1989.

Cody Blain (1969) married Pamela Gayle Peterson (1969). They live in Echo Canyon, north of Rocky and have two girls: Tamara Dawn, born August 1, 1989, and Kayla Mae, born May 12, 1994.

Bernard George Oren (1972) and Sharra Dawn Nicoll (1980) live in Edmonton and have two girls: Keanna Lee, born October 9, 1997, and Kyra Lashell, born June 30, 2001.

LEAVITT, Rosa

I am the oldest of Tom and Lura McKenzies' children. I was born on September 29th, 1920. I married Bernard Leavitt on July 28, 1937. We first lived in the Stauffer area before moving to the Butte area in 1945. Bernard, in those years, helped his brothers to farm their father's land. In 1949 we moved to Sylvan Lake where Bernard got a job helping a man remodel his house. This was short lived because Bernard soon got an offer to buy a share in the Massey Harris business in Rocky Mountain House and he and Harold McCabe, a friend of ours from Butte, were in business together from the fall of 1949 to October 1970.

For about five years, Bernard, Bob Barber, Jim Heron and Harold and Tina McCabe played in an orchestra for dances in the Rocky area. Previously, Bernard, his mother, his brothers, Pat and Roy, and Harold McCabe had an orchestra (when we lived in the country) and they played for dances around Stauffer and Butte.

Our sons, Gordon and Pete, worked for different construction outfits around Rocky before starting their own businesses. Gordon worked for oil companies, building leases as well as other construction jobs. Pete worked for the government, building roads and highways in Central Alberta. The boys were all married before 1970. In November of 1984, we lost Gordon in a truck accident in the Drayton Valley area. He was 47 years old. On July 5, 1992, we lost Pete to liver cancer at the age of 53 years. Losing one's children is something I never thought would ever happen to me. Gordon was living on his farm west of Rocky at the time of his death. Pete was living back in Rocky at the time of his death.

Our son, Joe, has a thriving business here in Rocky, called "Rig Boss Rentals," which goes hand-in-hand with the oil business. Our youngest son, Ken, is a consulting engineer and has worked on oil rigs since he was 15 years old. He worked in Peru, South America, when the oil business took a slump here, in 1979 and 1980. He worked for an American company down there for 13 months. He's been consulting for some years now, working for Shell Canada and is now consulting for Suncor. I am proud of my sons; you can count on that!

Bernard had a stroke and was in a coma for nearly a week before he passed away. At the time I was working in the Belle Shoppe where I worked for 11 1/2 years, until it closed its doors. I lived for nearly 31 years by myself, looked after my house and yard, before I had to give it up for health reasons. I sold my home of 49 years in the fall of 1999 and bought an apartment in Sand Kastle Kort, a condo built for seniors here in Rocky. I moved into my new home May 24, 2000, and, with no yard work to be done, I am enjoying it very much. I have a fairly large family now—children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Most of them live around Rocky, with some living in B.C. and other places in Alberta.

LECERF, Blanche, an autobiography

I, Blanche Debergh, was born at Lille, France. My parents, Marie and Gustave Debergh, my sister, Reine, and I lived there. My parents were business people, each owning and managing a

The Pete LeCerf family in 1992. Back Row: Theresa, Albert, George, Henri, Charles, and Yvonne. Front: Gen, Alice, Jeanne, Louise, and Marguerita.

grocery store, until the immigration fever hit my dad. He came to Manitoba in 1906 and, liking what he saw, came back to France to get the rest of us. In the mean time, my mother met a lady whose mother lived in Edmonton and a correspondence started.

So in 1908 we sailed on the boat, Pomeranian, to Montreal. The crossing took thirteen days. What I remember best was the rats, big, fat, ugly things. How scared I was of them!

We traveled on an immigrant train to Edmonton. That was fun! I remember how hopeful and happy everyone was, what singsongs we had. In Edmonton we were met by Mrs. Fontaine who became our hostess for a while. This lady had a son who wanted to rent his farm. So, after negotiations, Dad rented this farm which was situated three miles southeast of Mannville. Since Dad bought the standing wheat crop, we immediately became farmers. What with four good milk cows, oxen and farm implements, we had a good start. Our home on the farm was a sod house, very comfortable, cool in the summer, warm in the winter. Two years later Dad took a homestead northeast of Manning and, after putting up some buildings, we moved to Manning where Dad went in for mixed farming and milking. Not having enough land, Dad bought a half section of real good land thirteen miles north of Vermilion, in the Ottawa district in 1915. Dad sold his proven homestead, and we moved on the other land where Dad went in for good horses and cattle.

There was no school in the country where we were. So, my sister and I received our education at the convent at Vegreville. We were there when the new Catholic School was built. I sure loved it there, as I loved school.

What a different life for my parents—to come from a lovely home to a sod house—but the freedom compensated for the difference in living conditions. We all worked so hard here. In France my sister and I had a governess and were not even allowed on the street alone. I'll never regret the move my parents made and I thank them for it.

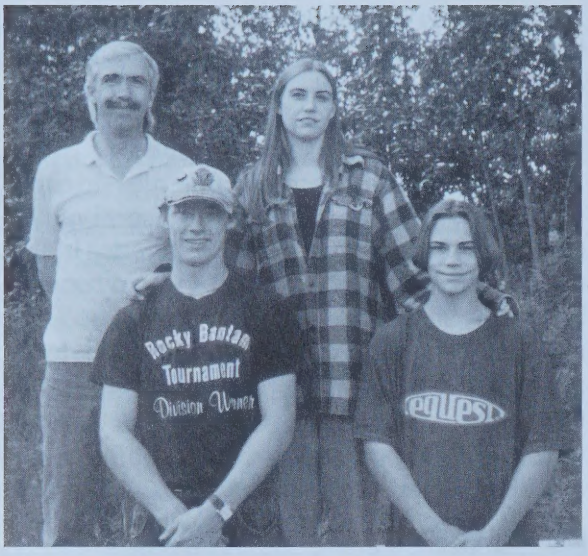
LECERF, Gen

Gen LeCerf, 2000.

Cathy (Weaver) Watson in Red Deer, AB.

I was born in Innisfail in 1933 and lived on my parents' farm in the New Hill district until we moved to the lumber camp my dad owned and operated. It was Christmas of 1940 when we moved, and what an exciting time that was for myself and my younger siblings. I was the eighth of eleven children born to Pierre and Blanche LeCerf. My brothers and sisters are Henri, now living in Grande Prairie; Marguarite, living in Eckville; Louise, near Caroline; Jeanne, in Innisfail; Charles, in Surrey, B.C.; George, at Golden, B.C.; Alice, in Barriere, B.C.; myself (Gen) here in Rocky; Yvonne, near Rocky, and the twins, Albert and Theresa. Albert lives at East Barriere Lake in B.C. and Theresa [Terry], at Stony Plain, Alberta.

We were a happy bunch, as is usual in a large family. We all had our chores to do. Even though we probably complained a lot, we still enjoyed life to the fullest. At first there were no schools close to where we lived, but there were quite a few children of school age. So, my folks managed



Dave Weaver family. Dave, Tanya, Mike and Wesley.

to convince the government to supply books and a teacher, if Dad could supply a building. That's where I got my first schooling. In grade four, I stayed with my eldest sister on the farm where she was living at that time. The following year my sister, Alice, and myself, attended school and boarded at the Convent in Red Deer. I liked it and stayed there till Christmas holidays in '47. Just before that time my folks bought the old Stewart Nursing Home (in Rocky) and moved in just prior to the Christmas holiday. Our arrival at the bus stop was quite an event. We had brought everything with us, so we wouldn't have to go back to Red Deer. There we were with all of our bags and luggage and only our sister to meet us, so we stacked our stuff in our arms and trundled off

Dave and Mary (Campbell) Weaver.

to our new place. It seemed to take forever to get to the house. It was only four or five blocks, but with our arms piled high it seemed much further.

After the holidays we started school in town. I was in grade eight. Yvonne was in Grade 4 and the twins were in Grade 2 (I think). It was very difficult for me to go to school in a public school after the confines of a convent. The children seemed so wild and undisciplined. However, it was still exciting to be there. I have tried to remember the kids in my class that first year, and I think I remember most of them. There was Pauline S., Nancy G., Lourane C., Larry B., Don B., Lois C., Ellen S., Edna F., Jim P., Dorothy O., Muriel D., Billy C., Joyce H. etc. Miss Mavis Gainer (Becker) was our teacher. She was a good teacher and a good disciplinarian. I also had

Gen LeCerf and children. Back row: Rodney Weaver, LaVerne Rea, Perry Weaver, Dave Weaver. Front row: Cathy Watson, Gen LeCerf, Phyllis Young.

Phyllis (Weaver) Young's family. Albert, Phyllis, Don, Jessy and Knela (front).

Perry Weaver family: Kyle, Bev, Kaelene and Perry.

Mrs. Lewis that year. I received quite a shock one day, when one of the boys decided to initiate me by dumping shavings down the back of my shirt. Of course the shavings went in my hair as well. However, I smiled and thanked him for his thoughtfulness, so there was no more of that.

The following school term, I stayed with my oldest sister on the farm until Christmas, then returned to Rocky where I finished grades nine and ten. After that I went back to the Convent before going to Edmonton to take a business course at McTavish College. When I returned to Red Deer I worked at Traders Finance. The following year I married Withrow Weaver, and we returned to Rocky to work for my dad. We have six children: Laverne, Dave, Cathy, Rodney, Perry, Phyllis.

LaVerne married Clifford Rea and lives at Gwynne. They have one child. Dave is married to Mary Campbell and has three children, and Mary has four children. Cathy married Vern Watson and has one child and lives in Red Deer. Rodney married Kerry Doyle and lives in London, Ont. They have one child. Perry married Bev Buzikevich. They have two children and live in Rocky. Phyllis married Don Young. They have five children and live in Sicamoos, B.C.

In 1977 we bought the trucking company from my dad and we went into business for ourselves. I drove the pilot car for 13 years, before Withrow and I separated in 1987. After that, I worked in Nordegg, the first two summers at the tourist booth which I really enjoyed. In the winter I helped Al Cadrain at the arena. I then moved to Manville where my mother was

Rod and Kerry Weaver.

brought up, and got to know the other side of my family. I was in Manville six months before moving to Spruce Grove and then Stoney Plain where I lived for a little over a year. I always wanted to go north to see what the Peace country was like, so I went there in April of '94, and liked it. However, it was just too far away from my family and everyone I knew. So, after five and a half years, I came home to stay. This is home and I'm glad I decided to come back. We have a lot of good people here, and there's no place like it.

My mother passed away in Rocky in 1980 (on Christmas Eve) at the age of 81. My father passed away, also in Rocky, on August 27, 1982, at the age of 85.

Organizations I belonged to are the Co-op Guild, the C.W.L., the Little Theatre and the Oil Wives. Also I was on the Recreation Board for a period of two years and was on the church board for two years. While belonging to the Oil Wives, I served in four different positions: secretary, program-chairman, vice-president and reservations-chairman.

LECERF, Peter
written by Pete LeCerf in 1982

Pierre Victor LeCerf was born in Arras, France April 27, 1897. On or about September 10, 1902, our family sailed for Canada from France. A company from the city of Lille, France had opened a coal mine which also was called Lille. This mining village was situated about

Pete Lecerf.

four miles from the town of Frank of the famous mountain slide of 1903. My father was employed as an accountant for the new venture.

Our family was comprised of father, mother and six children—three boys and three girls—the oldest was eleven years, the youngest nine months. We sailed from Boulogne to Folkstone, England, on the steamship La Maguerite. We entrained to London where we had to change trains for Liverpool, then sailed on the Allen Liner Lake Erie to Canada. We encountered a very severe storm as it was the equinox, the ship's rudder was broken and apparently the ship just drifted aimlessly in mid ocean for about 48 hours till the rudder was repaired. We were 14 days before disembarking at Quebec. I remember seeing several herds of whales off Newfoundland. We were, I believe, 7 days from Quebec to Frank in the district of Alberta, not yet a province.

The company had built a log house for us, quite large, in which my father had his office.

I quite well remember the Frank slide, the vibrating of the earth and sound of distant thunder.

Before we had been there a year the company went bankrupt, so my father was out of a job. He did not speak enough English to carry on for the company that took over. My father then had a house built in Blairmore, and while this was being built we lived in Frank. In the meantime my father had filed on a homestead near McLeod, but the country was so dry he did not see fit to go onto it. After living in Blairmore for about a year my parents decided to return to France, so we embarked at New York on the French Liner La Touraine for La Harve, France, and by train to Arras where I was born.

Times were very difficult in Europe at this time and, although my father got various auditing and other short appointments, no permanent employment seemed obtainable. The decision was made to come back to Canada and homestead. So, in June of 1906 we sailed again from La Harve on the British ship, Allen Liner Pomeranian, to Quebec and entrained to Calgary. We were housed there at the immigration hall while father was looking for a location. He came to Innisfail and filed on the S.W. ¼ of Section 24, Township 36, Range 4, West of the 5th. Meridian. This was about one mile northeast of the Raven Post Office and store which was operated by a man named G.B. Johns. I believe he was a bachelor. We moved out in two wagons, one owned by Mr. Thomas Berry (Sr.) who had a team of mules; the other was owned by a Mr. Blokob, a son-in-law of Mr. Berry.

It was a long drive. There had been a big thunderstorm and the Medicine River was too high to ford, so we had to go by Markerville where there was a bridge. We lived in a tent while my father and my oldest brother, Paul who was then 16, cut logs for a house. When these were ready Mr. Berry organized a bee, and the walls were put up in one day. The floors were of rough spruce boards and the peak type roof was constructed of boards, placed upright and covered with tarpaper and slabs. A bedroom downstairs was curtained off for my parents. The upstairs was divided into two rooms for the boys and girls.

On December 1st my younger sister, Agnes, and myself were sent to St. Albert convent to school as there was no local school. We did not come home till July 1, 1908. We went back again in October; I do not remember the date, and finally came home July, 1909. In the autumn of 1909, Mother got a job as housekeeper and took the two youngest, Agnes and Jacques, with her so they could go to school. From November 1909 to the spring of 1911 my father, my oldest brother, Paul, my sister, Marie, and myself carried on. We had a few cattle and milked some cows and shipped cream to the Markerville creamery. In the spring of 1911 my father found

employment in Edmonton, so the livestock were sold.

Some time in 1909, my brother, Paul, filed on the N.E. 1/4, Section 9, Township 36, Range 4, West of the 5th. Meridian. About this time mother began working in the Vegreville Hospital as a practical nurse and placed Agnes and Jacques in the convent there. Incidentally, mother's salary was $25.00 per month with living expenses.

After father left, Marie went to join mother in Vegreville and I was left alone as my brother, Paul, was away working. I then went to work for Herrold Bros. for $1.00 a week and of course board, but they were very good to me. My brother, Paul, came back onto his homestead in the summer, and I went with him. We boarded with some neighbors by the name of Threkel, but we soon dissolved the partnership because we couldn't get along.

Later in the fall I went to work for Chat Keeler who ran a stopping house. This was a period of heavy freighting to Rocky Mountain House. The traffic was very heavy; I even saw rails hauled on wagons. The saying was, "they hauled everything except boxcars." My day on the job was from 4:30 in the morning till all hours at night. Sometimes I even got out of bed to look after late arrivals and my pay was 50 cents per day and room and board. I then made my home with the Threkel family before going to Andy Bower for the 1912 harvest. By that time my parents had established a home in Edmonton and wanted me to come there and go to night-school, but I disliked the city. I only spent about two months there before returning to Bowers where I made my home till 1915. From there I went haying around Innisfail and harvesting near Okotoks.

I spent the winter at Bowers, again. In the spring of 1916, I went to Champion and worked all summer for Arthur Warner in the Reed Hill district. After Warners were threshed, I went threshing for Guy Walker on a brand new G.T. Case outfit. We had a run of about 45 days straight, and I made $3.50 a day driving a bundle team. We finished in December.

Again I spent the winter at Bowers. In the spring of 1917, I returned to the Reed Hill district and worked for Owen Hickman. This farm is situated due east of Vulcan. In mid July, I came back to Raven and filed on a homestead on the S.E.1/4 of Section 3, Township 37, Range 4, West of the 5th. Meridian. As it had been quite dry in the south country I did not go back for harvest but instead worked around Innisfail, first for Berkmeyrs and then Banner Brothers. In the autumn of 1917, a number of us farm boys were called up for the army, but then were exempted. However, in April 1918 we were called up again. This time I went for basic training at Sarcee Camp near Calgary. In the meantime I started hauling cream to Innisfail, so my younger brother, who was in St. Johns College in Edmonton, came home to carry on. We had moved into a house belonging to Andy Bowers and my mother was also with us.

In August, I was given compassionate leave, and the next February or March I received my discharge. During the winter, after harvesting and threshing for Banner Bros., we moved into a house adjoining my homestead. It belonged to Armour Orth and I had the use of the place for taxes.

I then came to Rocky and hired to W. (Bill) Allen as "road monkey," but soon got hold of a broad axe and began hewing ties. Others in that camp were O.P. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gray and Mrs. Gray's younger sister, Tom Gray, Ira Gray, Jack McNutt and his son, Gerald, Dan Burns, Ned Allen, Bill's brothers, and others I can't remember.

In the spring of 1919 I bought six, two-year-old heifers from Banners and settled down to farm. Again I went to harvest and thresh for Banner Bros. and worked till December17th. when a big chinook struck and put a finish to further threshing. Winter had begun on the fourth day of October when a bad blizzard hit. Over half the potatoes were frozen in the ground as well as other garden vegetables. My parents and my brother were with me by then.

At Christmas my sister, Agnes, and her friend, Blanche DeBergh, came for the holidays. They were both working in Edmonton. Blanche and I began corresponding and soon became engaged.

In January 1920, I purchased the adjoining quarter, S.W. Section 2, Township 37, Range 4, West of the 5th Meridian. Then I went out to work getting tamarack phone poles and posts with Ed Clay and Kid McCoy and later with

Rathbone Small. At breakup I worked a few days on the section here, then left May 4th to see my fiance in Edmonton. After that I hired on at a tie camp just north of where the village of Valemont, B.C., is now. I left there August 1st and went to Vermilion, "Blanche's home," and helped hay and harvest.

Blanche and I were married on October 30, 1920, by Rev. Father Goutier. I came home with my bride on November 10th. and settled down to farm. We had eight cows to freshen in the spring of 1921 and until we could sell a little cream we were pretty hard up. I had a team of horses and bought a light wagon and hauled our cream to Markerville Creamery and bought groceries at Benediktson's and Stephansson's Store.

We spent most of our efforts in clearing land, and in 1922 I traded a cow for 10 acres of breaking. I also started hauling cream to Eckville for the whole community. The trip was about 40 miles gathering cream and 20 miles back. I had ice packed around the cans to keep the cream from souring. I made two trips a week during the summer and one in winter. I did this for about two years.

In the fall of 1923 we threshed our first crop by Ernest Lipka from Evergreen. Our cultivated land was gradually increasing. In 1927 a terrible hailstorm, north of us, took a swath about 7 miles wide and just reached our north line. As our crop was of very good quality I sold, what I could spare, for seed. We also had a few pigs by that time and thought we were doing quite well. In 1929 I had 2700 bushels of wheat and received 82.5 cents per bushel advance at the Pool Elevator which had just been built at Hespero. This was real prosperity. That fall I bought a 15-30 McCormick Deering tractor and triple bottom plow and, of course, another quarter of land. (N.E. Section 1, Township 37, Range 4, West of the 5th. Meridian.)

Then came the 1929 debacle! In the spring of 1930, I purchased a big brush-breaker plow and broke 100 acres on this new quarter. I also broke about 200 acres more (custom breaking) which was mostly patches of all shapes and sizes that were too tough for breaking with horses. Again we had a good crop of wheat (3500 bushels), and received an advance of 22 ½ cents per bushel for No.2 Northern Tough.

In 1932 we had a very heavy crop of wheat on the new breaking, but frost hit us hard. We harvested 2600 bushels, half #6, half just feed, and about 15 acres not fit to thresh. That year the Federal Government paid a bonus of 5 cents per bushel which gave me approximately 45 cents per bushel. This was full price as the pools had been liquidated.

Our family was getting quite large—by then we had 7 children. It was hard to get by, but nobody went hungry. We had fair crops in 1932 and 1933, but of course no price. On June 14, 1934, the crop was already in shot blade, when we had a devastating hail storm which turned everything black. Growth returned only to be hit by another storm on July 11. Once again the crop was pounded into the ground. Yet, I still harvested seven bushel per acre. From 1934 we suffered hail damage every year and had only enough feed for a few hogs.

In 1929 I was a candidate for the Raven Div.1 M.D. Council in a two-way contest, but was defeated. I ran again in 1931 and won by a majority in a three-way battle and was also elected to the Innisfail Hospital Board. In 1933, I was returned by acclamation to both offices, but in 1935 I was defeated by G.O. Savage.

On December 6, 1939, our twins, Albert and Theresa, were born. Our living quarters were getting pretty cramped. Thus in the fall of 1940 I had the opportunity to work out, intending to take lumber as pay, so we could enlarge our house, but it turned out I had to take the outfit over.

Our oldest son, Henri, was 19 years old and quite capable of looking after things on the farm. So on December 7, Blanche and I and the three babies went to camp southwest of Ricinus. Three neighbors had helped me build a cookhouse, living quarters and bunkhouse. Soon after we began operations, Mr. Aires and Mr. M. Theson of Atlas Lumber Co. came to buy our lumber. The going price was $15.00 per thousand, but as our lumber was of exceptional quality they would give us an extra 50 cents. Later Doug Stewart and Dave Kleen bought a planer. Then we sold a good deal of lumber to Mitten & Mullen of Caroline. As the price of lumber was gradually rising we managed to pay our farm debts.

We finished operating near Ricinus in the spring of 1945 and prepared to move Harlick

on a large timber berth belonging to W.T. Nance Company. We had to wait till fall to get a road opened to the site. We managed to commence building in October and about February 1 began operating. We operated there until 1957 and processed about one and half million feet of lumber per year.

In 1947 we purchased a house from nurse Stewart. This was situated on lots 34-36-101 AT and had been used as a hospital. A number of people who were born in that house are still living.

In 1954 oil drilling commenced in earnest and we undertook the Baroid Drilling mud agency and delivery. This entailed much hard work, but the pay was good and service was required around the clock. I was also elected to town council in Rocky Mountain House in 1954, and then appointed by council as first delegate to the Red Deer Planning Commission, but I was defeated in the election of 1956.

In 1953 we purchased property (lots 21 to 25 from Mrs. Darby) and built a house on it. We moved into it about February 20, 1954. This was a large house and, as our family were all married and gone, we decided to get a smaller house and purchased the Harold Killick house.

October 30, 1970, was our Golden Wedding Anniversary which saw a gathering of 123 people, comprised of four generations. The whole family came, with the exception of a grandson who was in college in New Brunswick. After that we settled down to a quiet life. We raised a large garden for exercise, played darts at the Legion and became members of the drop-in Club.

Editor's note: Blanche LeCerf passed away in Rocky on December 24,1980 (age 81), and Pete LeCerf passed away on August 27, 1982 (age 85).

LECERF, Ron

Ron Lecerf was born at Condor, Alberta, to Jacques and Elizabeth Lecerf (Jimmy and Lizzie) in 1932. He was raised on a farm near Newhill/Evergreen district. The first memory of Rocky Mountain House was on a Sunday when he was young and he accompanied his Uncle Adie and Aunt Dorothy Hoven to the National Historic Site for a picnic lunch. To get to the site they had to cross the North Saskatchewan River by ferry, Ron's first ferry ride.

Back: Shawn, Michael, and Robert.
Front: Ron Lecerf.

Ron started working oil rigs at a young age and traveled much of Alberta's north country. In 1953 Ron married Connie Shepherd of Erskine, Alberta. Ron and Connie had three sons: Robert, Paul (Mike) and Shawn.

While Ron was working for Regent Drilling, his young family traveled with him. Their home was a trailer and they lived on oil leases and in small towns, wherever the work took them. Many of the rig workers had their families along, so it was like a small town, working and moving together. When the boys came of school age, the Lecerf family settled in Rocky Mountain House so the boys could go to school.

Ron worked on rigs for a few more years, then left so he could spend more time with his family. Being well acquainted with moving and setting up trailers, he started a business and moved mobile homes for a short time. In the early 1960s he started Ron's Taxi and also bought a single axle gravel truck. The taxi was sold and operated as Star Taxi for many years afterwards. In the mid 1960s Ron purchased an old rubber-tired backhoe and operated as Ron Lecerf & Sons Trucking & Excavating. He took over the Baroid Drilling Mud distributorship and the business grew through the early 1970's, accumulating several trucks, a fleet of machinery and oilfield rental equipment.

In the late 1970s stress and circumstances made downsizing an appealing option. The company continued to operate on an owner/operator basis by him and his son Robert until 1986 when Robert left to pursue other interests. Ron continued to operate as an owner/operator. Ron described his work as "digging holes and filling them in again." Ron put in septic tanks, did work for Alberta Transportation, Alberta Forestry, oil leases and any other job that needed a backhoe. Much of the backhoe work was in the Nordegg area. A standing joke about Ron is "he will never get lost in a forest, but give him an open piece of road and he will get lost."

Ron bought an acreage west of Rocky Mountain House from which he operated the business and lived the life of a bachelor until 1991, when he and Carol were married. Ron enjoyed snowmobiling and the snowmobile competitions his boys entered. Ron and Carol rode in several of the poker rallies at Nordegg. Horseback riding became an important part of Ron's and Carol's recreation when they bought their first two horses, Duke and Lady, in 1993 from Russ Barrow. The herd continued to grow when going to Cole's Auction and seeing another colt they thought needed TLC. Lecerfs, along with some friends, made their first trip to the mountains in June 1993. Ron, Carol and the group, "the Howdy Gang," continued riding and enjoying the beautiful country and mountains. Ron also made some very enjoyable back-country pack trips: going to Wapiabi Gap with brother Lou, and going to Pinto Lake with Ted Loblaw. Ron took his mule, Amos, along to carry his pack.

1996 brought a monumental change to Ron and Carol's life when they purchased a stationery store in Rocky, calling it Stationery & Copy Den, and Ron retired from the construction industry completely. The idea of a copy store originated when Ron and Carol drove to Red Deer to have personalized calendars made for Christmas one year, and decided, "Rocky needs a color copier." Ron and Carol continue to live on the acreage west of Rocky Mountain House. Ron's son, Robert, lives at Rocky; Paul (Mike) lives in Kelowna, BC., and Shawn passed away December 24, 2002, in Red Deer.

LEE, Joe
written by Esme James

Lee Joe was a kindly man, a tiny man—much too tiny for the work he did. Lee Joe was the laundry man at Rocky Mountain House; I remember him from the depression days, but I don't know when he came to our little village. I never did see Lee Joe on the street without a huge white canvas bag full of laundry. Under the size and weight of the bag, he seemed to be bent nearly parallel with the sidewalk. If the shape of the bag revealed neatly ironed contents, I knew he was delivering clean supplies to one of the three restaurants or perhaps the barbershop on the other side of Main Street. On his return trip the helter-skelter bulges of his bag proclaimed used towels, cloths, jackets and aprons headed for the washtub.

What kind of tub? Perhaps he started his business with the same round tub and scrubbing board the town ladies used. And probably he progressed to one of those wonderful machines—a machine which turned his muscle power into washing power as he used the handle on the lid of the tub to whirl the tub back and forth, again and again and again. The action moved the tub and its contents around stationary paddles, forcing the water through the clothes. Having been the muscle power for such a machine myself, I'm not sure that it was much of a labour saver.

By the mid 30s, if not earlier, Lee Joe may have had a more modern machine driven by a gas motor! The paddles would swish hot soapy water through the clothes, leaving him free to hang other clothes to dry. And, oh, the clotheslines Joe Lee had! The yard behind the shop was full of them, about two feet apart, stretching from the end of the shop to the back alley fence. They were for summer use, and on a breezy, sunny day the clothes would dry as quickly as they could be washed and hung. For winter use Lee Joe had a long roomful of lines which were full of clothes and surely took forever to dry. What a steam bath that room must have been!

While the restaurants were his biggest customers, some of the town's private citizens depended on Lee Joe to keep them presentable. My father was one of them. Barely a teenager, I was intrigued by the fact that Lee Joe marked

Dad's initials in some inconspicuous spot on every piece of laundry. I thought that, because he was Chinese, he wouldn't be able to print English letters!

A couple of years later, when I was also one of his customers, I began to wonder about Lee Joe. "Why does he live alone here in Canada?" I asked. "Has he no family? No friends?"

Someone answered, "Yes, he has a wife and son in China. He's trying to earn enough money to bring his family out here."

That answer saddened me as I thought, "But he's been here so long. Will he even know them when he does see them? Doesn't he want to go home sometimes? Will he ever have enough money to send for them?" Those questions were never answered for me because I left Rocky after finishing school and Lee Joe settled into my bank of memories. But I've never forgotten the little man whose kindness touched my life one day.

I was about ten. On an errand for my grandmother, I dropped a dime on the board sidewalk in front of Lee Joe's little shop. Of course, it rolled through one of the cracks between the boards, and of course I couldn't reach it. And of course, I couldn't go home; losing a dime was almost a mortal sin in times when dimes were so hard to come by. I went to Lee Joe and asked him for a gooseneck or crowbar to pry the board loose, so I could get my dime. Lee Joe didn't understand what I wanted, except that it was something about a dime. So he gave me a dime and sent me happily on my way.

Such was the kindness of a tiny Chinese laundry man named Lee Joe. I still wonder if he was ever reunited with his family.

LEES, William and Gertrude (Morris)
submitted by Annette Gray

Although William and Gertrude lived in the town of Rocky Mountain House for less than two years, the town served as a family center for church, entertainment and health care for over thirty-three years. William Lees was born in Southport, Lancashire, England, August 31, 1893, and came to Canada at the age of eighteen with a sister and a younger brother. He took out a homestead in 1915 in the Carlos district, northeast of Rocky. A portion of this land remains in the family today.

William and Gertrude Lees.

William served in the Canadian army from 1916 to 1919, a good deal of this time being spent in front-line trenches in France. First assigned to the infantry, he later transferred to a machine detachment which had an extremely dangerous assignment—during a retreat, machine-gunners had to hold their position until death or capture.

On one occasion during the war, William heard his only brother, John, was stationed nearby at Villers-au-Bois, in France. Intending to visit him, William walked several kilometers, only to find John had been killed in action the week before.

At war's end, William marched through France, Belgium and Germany with other machine gunners as part of the allied guard. Later he returned to Canada, kept his homestead land, and became an insurance broker in Calgary.

Gertrude, William's wife, a small woman, five foot two, with copper-brown hair and hazel eyes, was no stranger of hardship. Born in Melling, Lancashire, England, December 7, 1905, her early life was plagued by war and death. When she was eight her brother died of pneumonia, making her the eldest of the five remaining children. Ten year-old Walter had been her idol, and his death was followed by the trauma of the First Great War.

Daughters: Doreen (Thomsen), Annette (Gray) and Evelyne (Heringer).

Bombs aimed at the munitions works in nearby Manchester often exploded in the Southport area where Gertie's family made their home. At the sound of sirens, lights were doused and Gertie and her siblings were hustled to the safest place in the house, under the oak table in the dining room. Wreckage from ships regularly washed up on Southport's beach and, because adults could be jailed for salvaging, little Gertie was sent to the beach to pick up canned goods which washed ashore. With her father being stationed away from home and food rationed, she knew salvaging was important for survival and quickly learned how to select the best cans of food. If a can was bloated with sea water, she left it, and ran home with as many smooth-sided cans as her small arms could carry, before the beach patrols caught her. Later, Canadian soldiers, billeted at their house, brought extra food for a few small mouths.

At nineteen Gertie married a handsome mechanic, only to be left a widow the following year when her husband died of appendicitis. Pregnant at the time of his death, Gertie's first daughter was still born, and later that year she lost her best friend to tuberculosis.

At twenty-three, she married William Lees and came to live in Calgary. Their first daughter, Dorothy, born in 1931, died at ten days old, and soon the depression struck. William had been a top salesman for Sun Life, but no one bought insurance in the depression years, so he found himself on relief. He was digging ditches and eating in soup kitchens, when Gertie suggested they move to the homestead.

Living on a backwoods farm was a rude awaking for a city girl. The house she came to was little more that a shack, two-rooms and a lean-to kitchen. The roof had obviously leaked and, instead of repairing it, former renters had cut a hole in the floor to let the water escape. The renters had also used the house as a granary and a pile of loose oats lay on the bedroom floor. Yet, Gertie never complained. She cheerfully set about turning this crude little building into a home with bright curtains and freshly painted apple box cupboards. In it, she raised three daughters, Evelyne (Heringer) Annette (Gray) and Doreen (Thomsen). The two youngest were born on the homestead, their birth assisted by a neighbor lady. There was no money for doctors and hospitals, and often not enough to buy stamps for letters to the family in England. In those early years, Gertie dreamt of going "Home" to live in England, but that never happened; the family couldn't afford passage.

Gertie loved to dance and had a beautiful singing voice. She organized many community socials, helped campaign for Social Credit, and when her children were ready for school she took an active part in school events. She walked miles to attend the monthly meeting of the "Aurora Ladies' Sewing Circle" which she helped organize.

As the years flew by, conditions improved on the farm. William became the postmaster and mail courier of Carlos, a small country post office which was located in their home for twenty-nine years. The extra income was welcome and both William and Gertrude enjoyed sorting mail and inviting mail patrons in for tea.

Being asthmatic, Gertrude was unable to help with outdoor chores, but she learned to bake wonderful bread, cakes and cookies in the oven of their finicky old wood-burning stove. She was also a great seamstress, designing her own patterns and making new dresses for her daughters from hand-me-downs received from England. Christmas concerts were big events, and she sewed costumes by the light of a coal oil lamp for her own, plus the neighbors' children.

Small as she was in stature, on occasion Gertrude could present a formidable force; she had strong moral values and never wavered from them. Insisting her daughters receive more than a grade nine education, she single-handedly petitioned the School Division for a school bus to transport students to Leslieville High School—and got it.

When William became ill with Parkinson's disease, Gertrude was determined to get the best care possible for him. To be close to a doctor, they moved to Rocky Mountain House, living there before retiring to Red Deer where they continued to be active in community events. Together they enjoyed bus tours, while Gertrude joined a choir, a library club and with Mrs. Taylor (for whom Taylor Drive is named) organized "Pensioners' Concerned." She served as president and had a life membership in this society which still continues its advocacy for improving conditions for seniors. William passed away in 1984 and Gertrude in 1993.

LEGGETT, Bill
written by Bill Leggett, Master At-Arms, Retired

Back row: Charley, George, Harry and Art. Center , Mr. and Mrs. Leggett. Front: Bob Leggett.

I was born in Regina, Saskatchewan, on February 7, 1920. We moved to Rocky in July 1920. My father was the city policeman for many years, worked on the railroad, was a bank messenger for the Imperial Bank of Commerce, and a caretaker for the Forestry Department which was close at hand.

We had a family of eight children, so times were tough. I had a paper route, the Edmonton Journal, and sold the extra ones on the street. I also did chores for Bill Kirby, the Postmaster, and Charley Fay, who worked at Driscoll's store.

I went to the Confluence School until grade ten. Alf Hook was our teacher and principal. On 1st March 1937, I joined the RCN (at the age of seventeen) as a boy seaman at 50¢ a day at H.M.C.S. Naden. The C.O. was Wimpy Oland and Alf Wurtell was our D.O., Leading Seaman Bert Barker was our instructor. When we finished our training at the end of September, we were drafted to H.M.C.S. Skeena.

In the fall of 1938, I was commissioned to H.M.C.S. Comox, a minesweeper. We patrolled off the West Coast of the Island and around Bamfield. In June 1939, along with many others, I went across Canada by train, picked up the S.S. Montcalm in Montreal, and sailed for London. I was in the RCN's First Class of LR3's. In the old days, the Seaman Gunner did all the duties on the gun. We did six months in the H.M.S. I was there when the war started, and brought back H.M.C.S. Assiniboine in November 1939. Capt. R. Minguy was our C.O. We did a few convoys from Halifax to Newfie, but the ship didn't have any steam heat, so we were sent to Kingston, Jamaica, to relieve the Frazer. Our duty was to patrol the Winward and Leaward Islands, looking for ships that were trying to run the blockade.

We worked with the RN and Aussies. We did a week in harbour and five weeks on patrol. We captured a German freighter that made a run for it. I was on the boarding party, very interesting. I came back to Halifax in May 1940, did a refit, and ended up on convoy duty from Halifax to Newfie, and then from Newfie to Plymouth, Londonderry, Grinock, Gorick, etc., etc. I commissioned the H.M.C.S. Niagara in 1941, which was one of the four Stacker Destroyers that we got from the Yankies.

In 1942, I went back to the "Bones" as L S CR2, the eyes of the fleet in those days before radar. The C.O. was Lt. J.H. Stubbs; 1st Lt. R.L. Hennessey. I was wounded in action in Aug 1942 when we rammed a submarine to sink it.

I ended up in Camphill Hospital in Halifax for six months and was stopped Sea Draft. Lt. At-Arms Wilf Pember asked me to work with the regulating branch as they needed people like me who had been through the mill.

Those working with this branch knew why sailors got drunk, and overstayed their leave, etc., etc. In 1944 I turned over to the Regulating Branch and retired as a Master-At-Arms on March 1, 1958, in Victoria, B.C., and have lived there ever since, in the same house.

LICHAK, Joan Mary (nee Pascoe/ Blasetti)

I was born in Winnipeg in 1921. I have two younger brothers, Jack (John) and Tom (Thomas) Pascoe. In my pre-school years Mom, (Amy Pascoe), Jack and I spent a couple of years in England. Upon our return we moved to Calgary where Tom was born in 1927.

In 1930 my dad, Reginald Pascoe, got a job in Nordegg where I spent the remainder of my growing and schooling years. I was married to Frank Blassetti in 1942. He was in the Air Force and that same year went overseas. Upon his return he was stationed in Lethbridge where we lived for one year, and our daughter, Marilynne, was born there in 1944. When Frank was discharged from the service, we moved back to Nordegg and Frank died in a mining accident in 1947.

In 1951 I married Joe Lichak, and we moved to Mannville where we owned and operated a service station. Our daughter, Rhonda, was born in 1956 in Mannville. Joe joined the Forest Services as an automotive mechanic, and in 1959 we moved to Grande Prairie. In 1966 we were transferred to Rocky Mountain House and lived in town for two years. We then bought an acreage and moved about two miles out of town. In 1986 our land was annexed into town limits and the development of new subdivisions began on it. Joe passed away in 1996. I still live in the same house in the subdivision known as "The Lichak Subdivision."

LITTLE, Fred and Marchia

I was born in Calgary, the youngest of ten children of Thomas and Tena Little; my parents had eight boys and two girls. We lived on a farm near Grainger, Alberta. (Three elevators, a post office, general store combined).

My dad died in 1941, when I was 4 years old. In 1949 we sold the farm and moved to Calgary. There were only four boys and mother left at home; the rest of my brothers and sisters were married and on their own, by then. My eldest brother, Gordon, was not married, so he was head of the house.

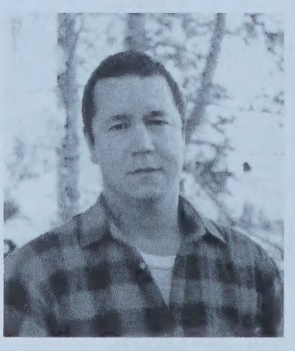
I went to Mount Royal School for grade six, seven and eight and King Edward for grade nine and Western Canada High for grades ten, eleven and twelve. In 1957 I joined the R.C.N., and married my wife, Marchia, in June 9, 1962. I left the navy in December 1962 and moved back to Calgary. I worked for Riley's Reproductions from '62 to '66 and then got a job with B.A. Oil as a graphics arts technician. (B.A. got changed to Gulf in 1969). In 1975 we moved to Rocky Mountain House and I became an operator at the Strachan Gas Plant.

Marchia was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba (the only child of Nelson and Ruth Grapentine). She went to school from grades one to five in California and took the rest of her schooling in Oakbank, Manitoba, before moving to Victoria where we met and were married.

My wife and I have three children: Shelley, who lives in Vancouver; Lisa Long, who lives in Veteran; and Nelson who lives in Rocky Mountain House.

At the present we have three grandchildren, with one more on the way. This is the longest time my wife and I have lived in one place, and we are retired and happy in this community.

LLOYD, Carson and family



Carson Lloyd.

Carson Lloyd, descendant of our famous David Thompson, grew up in Ontario and came to Alberta in 1978. Although his move to the Rocky area was work related, Carson describes it as if it were a visit "home." From 1990 to 2002, he and his family lived east of town in the Alhambra district and took full advantage of exploring the land once surveyed by his great-great-great grandfather,

David Thompson. "We made a tradition of camping on the Kootenay Plains each summer. Listening to the elk bugle and knowing my ancestors, David and his Cree wife, Charlotte Small, camped there so many years before made it a very spiritual experience."

"My mother, Emma (Thompson) Lloyd and her brother, Thomas, were very interested in tracing our family history. I remember going with my parents to the archives in Ottawa and waiting in the wings while they studied microfiche."

Emma Thompson, the great-great-granddaughter of David, was born in Vermont, and at the age of nine moved to Ontario with her parents. She and her family made their home on land surveyed by David Thompson—land David had encouraged his son, Wilson, to select as a homestead. From Wilson, the land was passed down to his son, Manly. The next tenants were Manly's daughter, Emma, and her son, Carson. Thus, an unbroken chain, five generations in length, worked the same Ontario soil.

Carson's father, Ward Lloyd, can trace his Canadian roots back to Elias Lloyd of Welsh descent, a United Empire Loyalist who settled in Kaladar Township, Lenixan Addington County, in Ontario in 1824. His son, Jim, married Rosina Wood (an Ojibwa). So, as Carson proudly remarks, "I have native ancestry on both sides of my family tree."

Carson, his wife and children have recently moved to Rimbey, but his work with PetroCanada often brings him back to Rocky Mountain House. He says he is happy he made the move to this area—the David Thompson Country.

LOCKE, Bill, Carrol and family
submitted by Carrol Locke

We were married in Vulcan, Alberta, my home town, on October 28,1950 and arrived in Rocky Mountain House on October 29th, 1950. There was no money for honeymoons in those days, so Bill was back to work right away for Foothills Construction, operating a Cat, as they were building a road from the old North Saskatchewan River bridge to Condor. Rocky at this time had mostly board sidewalks and graveled streets. The Mountview Hotel and the David Thompson Hotel were both here and a theatre. It was a very small town and very friendly. Both Bill and I liked it from the first.

In 1951, until the fall of 1952, we worked on the road. Bill plowed snow all the way to Sylvan Lake after the big snowfall of March 1951. We also worked in a lumber camp for Bill Brierley the winter of 1951. We left Rocky in 1952 and worked in many places for the next eight years: Cardston Dam, Travers Dam, the cloverleaf by the Crossroads Hotel in Calgary, two years on the Trans-Canada Highway from Banff townsite and also the Bow Summit. Then in 1957 we were building runways for the Edmonton International Airport. In '57 our son, Kendall was born, and in '59, when we were building pipelines, our son, Darren, was born. We arrived back in Rocky Mountain House in October of 1960 with Majestic Pipelines, and we were happy to be back in Rocky. In September of 1961, Bill took a permanent job with Alberta Pipe Line (later Nova), so our children, Kendall, Darren and Kelly, were lucky enough to be raised here in Rocky and had all of their schooling here. Our children live out of town.

Kendall is an accountant for Canadian Natural Resources in Calgary. He married Jeannette Sehn and they have three children: Michael, 20 years; Brianne, 18 years and Kendra, 14 years.

Darren moved to Red Deer and has worked for the City Shop as a mechanic for a long time. He is now in the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary taking Mechanical Engineering. He is married to Carol Rauch of Rocky and they have two boys, Adam who is 19 and Aric, 16.

Kelly works for Enerflex Compressors in Calgary where she is a Senior Designer. She married Rob Sehn who is a Network Technician, and they have three girls: Chelsey, 17 years: Camille, 15 years and Courtney who is 13 years.

Our son, Ken, says that he can't believe they had such a carefree childhood growing up in Rocky Mountain House on 53rd. Street! We spent a large share of our time back then at the hockey rinks, with the boys both playing in Minor Hockey Leagues. We were also involved in Cubs, Scouts and Brownies for a lot of years. In later years, we have continued our large garden and Bill's greenhouse full of tomatoes. Since retirement, Bill has also done a lot of woodworking. I have been involved in the Legion, Hospital Auxiliary and belong to the Order of Eastern Star. We have seen many changes

in Rocky and, hopefully, we have helped to bring about some of them. It's a great place to live, and the people still have the friendly pioneer spirit.

LOUGHEED, Mel and Judy

Melvin R. Lougheed was born April 11, 1953, to Lloyd and Mary (nee May) Lougheed at Rocky Mountain House. He was one of nine children: Ronald, Duane, John, Richard, Melvin, Beverly, Norman, Alfred and Barbara. Mel's family lived on a farm in the Dovercourt area. He attended the Dovercourt School. In 1963 the family moved to Rocky Mountain House; Mel then attended school at Lochearn and Rocky Jr.-Sr. High. After high school Mel worked in the oil and gas industry (Gulf Gas Plant, Visotto Well Servicing and Texaco Canada Ltd. In 1972 he married Judy Salmon.

Judith E. Salmon was born August 23, 1954, to Harry and Irene (nee Allen) Salmon at Rocky Mountain House. She is one of seven children: Anetha (Glover), Arthur, Kenneth, Lloyd, Judy (Lougheed), Teresa (Gray) and Tina (Wasik). Judy attended the Rocky schools.

Mel and Judy lived in the Rocky area and had three children: Jody Elaine (b. July 3, 1973, d. July 18,1973), Kyle Robert (b. April 25, 1975) and Jade Erin (b. April 25, 1977, d. January 3, 1979). Jody and Jade are buried at the Pine Grove Cemetery, Rocky Mountain House.

In 1978 Mel joined the RCMP. Judy, Kyle and Jade joined him in Regina. Jade died in Regina. After Mel's graduation from training his first posting was Kelowna, B.C. While living in Kelowna, Judy attended college obtaining a degree in Business Administration. From 1979 to 1996 the family lived in Kelowna, Lytton, Salmon Arm and Ashcroft, B. C. During this time Judy worked in the banking industry and as a bookkeeper. In 1996, after Mel retired from the RCMP, Judy and Mel moved to a farm in the Stauffer area. They took a year to build a new house and develop the farm, raising Red Angus cattle. Central Alberta Hay now employs Mel, and Judy works for Parks Canada. They still find time to farm.

Kyle stayed in Ashcroft to finish his schooling before moving to Rocky. During the time that Kyle lived in Ashcroft, he met Lisa Wong. Lisa joined Kyle when he moved back to Rocky. Kyle and Lisa have a son, Michael Robert, and are expecting their second child in the summer of 2002. Kyle is owner-operator of Paladin Welding.

LUOMA, Veikko (Vic), Ilma and family

Veikko (Vic) Luoma.

Veikko (Vic) Luoma was born in Finland in 1906 and moved to Canada in 1928 with his two friends, Eino Passi and Laurie Hella. Their plan was to stay in Canada for 5 years and return to Finland—rich. However it took 50 years to get back to the "old country" as he called it. In the meantime he got married and raised a family. He first worked on a farm north of Eckville and spent the winters working in the bush for Jack Allen. Later he hauled lumber and props in the winter and grain or whatever in the summer. In the late 30s he acquired a mechanic's license and began working for various garages until 1949. Then he went on his own repairing automobiles, trucks or whatever. He was a handyman with tools who repaired almost anything. Veikko Luoma married Ilma Mansikka in 1931 and resided in Rocky Mountain House.

Ilma, the youngest daughter of Matt and Anna Mansikka of Rocky Mountain House, was born in Eckville and educated in Oras and Rocky Mountain House. She was a homemaker until 1963 when she began working at Westview Lodge, first as a maid, then as a cook and finally as the Matron. She retired from the lodge in 1976.

Veikko and Ilma (Mansikka) Luoma.

Veikko and Ilma Luoma raised a family of three boys: Walter, William and Jackie; and two girls: Marlene and Ellen. Walter was born in 1931 with limited vision. When he was 8 years old he went to the Ontario School For The Blind, coming home only for the summer holidays until he graduated. He then worked for the CNIB as a field secretary in Calgary. He decided to take computer programming at the University of Manitoba. After receiving his diploma, he accepted a job at the University of Alberta as a computer programmer. He retired in 1994 after 20 years of service. Walter died on October 19, 2001.

William "Bill" Luoma was born in Rocky Mountain House in 1936. After finishing grade 12 (in Rocky Mountain House), he worked a few years in the oil patch at various locations within Alberta. Then he apprenticed as an automotive mechanic and practiced this trade until 1967. In '67 he began his employment with Rocky Wood Preservers Ltd., where he has stayed until the present time. Bill married Pat Fisher in 1958 and they raised a daughter, Barb, and two sons, Robert and Timothy.

Frank Woodward presenting gift to Ilma Luoma on her retirement from Westview Lodge.

Veikko and Ilma Luoma.

Barb married Richard Reimer of Calgary where they reside with their two children, Kathy and David. Robert married Sandra (Martin). They have two sons and a daughter, Ryan, Brianne and Jeremy. Timothy married Leeann (Calvert). They have three daughters: Tanya, Samantha and Christy.

Marlene Luoma was born in 1940 and took her schooling in Rocky Mountain House. She worked for Mr. Potter at the Treasury Branch after she graduated from high school. She married Trevor Ferguson, and they have three sons, Travis, Trent and Troy. They moved to several Alberta towns as Trev continued to advance in his role in the R.C.M.P. Trev recently retired as the Staff Sergeant in Spruce Grove, Alberta. They plan to travel and enjoy their grandchildren. Travis and Dianne have two children, Eric and Alex. They live in Stony Plain. Trent lives in Fox Creek. Troy lives in Edmonton.

Ellen Luoma was born in 1945 and went to school in Rocky Mountain House. After finishing lab and X-ray school, she married Don Maconochie. After Don graduated from the University of Alberta with his B.S.C. in Pharmacy, they moved back to Rocky Mountain House where he worked for Robert Stronach at Brownlie Drugs. Ellen worked at the Rocky Hospital for 8 years, then worked for Dr. Kasper and Associates at the medical clinic for 15 years. Don is now the Associate at Shoppers Drug Mart in Rocky Mountain House.

Don and Ellen own the farm which was homesteaded by Don's grandfather in the Bingley area. It is Don's plan to raise bison there. They had two children, Leslie and Blaine.

Leslie married Kevin Kruger in 1981. They have four children: Chantelle, Krystal, Stephanie and Justin. They live in the Bingley District. Chantelle married Corey Velichka in 1999. They have two children, Ryley and Kaylee. Blaine lives in Airdrie.

Jackie Luoma was born in 1946; he moved to Red Deer in 1959. Veikko passed away December 13, 1981, and Ilma passed away July 2, 1996.

LYSTER, Pat, Rilla and family

Pat was born in Cabri, Saskatchewan, and moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1952 with the C.P.R. as a telegraph operator. The railway station in Rocky was owned and staffed by the C.P.R., but was a joint station where the staff handled C.N.R. operations as well.

Rilla was born on her dad and mom's farm located south of Jackfish Lake, along the North Saskatchewan River. Her dad was a guide and outfitter and raised hay for the horses at the mines in Nordegg. Rilla's mom ran a boarding house known as McGhees' Boarding House where Pat boarded when first coming to Rocky. He met Rilla when she came home as a registered nurse from training at the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary.

Pat and Rilla Lyster.

Lyster Children: Timothy, Michelle, Wesley, and Debra.

Pat and Rilla were married in 1953, after Rilla had graduated from training. Rilla had gone to work at the Rocky hospital only to find she had to quit because married women were not allowed to work at the hospital in those days (hard to believe eh!).

A new doctor moved to town by the name of Doctor Hein, and Rilla found work in Doctor Hein's office for four years, leaving to start raising a family. In 1963, after policies changed, Rilla starting working at the hospital on weekends, so she could buy a new washing machine. Twenty-six years later she retired from working full time at the hospital.

Pat's career saw him leave the C.P .R. in 1959 to commence employment with the Alberta Forest service as a radio operator before moving on to office manager. Then in 1972 he left the forestry to take up the position of secretary-treasurer with the town of Rocky Mountain House. Later he was called the "Town Manager" and spent the next 19 years in that position.

Pat and Rilla have raised four children: Timothy, born in1958; Michelle, born in 1959; Debra, born in1961 and Wesley, born in 1962. Pat and Rilla can also brag of eight grandchildren.

The couple have been involved in all those activities that go with raising four children and being part of the community. They are now retired, living in and enjoying the area which they love and call home—Rocky Mountain House.

MACHAN, Bob, Elise and family

Tom Machan.

Bob came to Rocky from Fort St. John in 1950, accompanied by his wife, Elise (Toots), and three children, Tennis, Tom and Leigh. Bob (Jr.) was born two years later. Bob (Sr.) purchased the meat market from Mr. Martz. He developed it from a small meat market into a fair sized grocery store. During the '50s and '60s, he supplied oil companies with their groceries and meats.

Bob and Elise were active in the community and were avid curlers. They enjoyed all aspects of the sport for many years. Bob transferred to the Rocky Masons and Toots to the Eastern Star. Elise received her fifty-year pin in the '70s.

One of our fondest memories of Bob was formed during his favorite time of year, Halloween. He would find the most ugly face mask, put on a long coat, tuck the collar around his neck and crash house parties. He would walk around, greet all the guests and then leave the party, and go on to the next. Trick-or-treaters coming to our house had to walk across the living room to the table where Bob, in costume, was waiting with all the goodies. A dance or song was needed before the trickster got a treat. For some it was a rather traumatic experience, but the treats were usually worth it.

The children remember how their grandparents liked to play cards, and they had many good evenings playing snap and 7-up. Elise had a concession—TV business at the hospital, and she stored the candies in the basement. That was a great source of pleasure when she allowed the children to go and make one selection from the "stash," as they called it. Elise was a great cook, and they remember her shortbread, white chocolate and fudge. She always had the coffee pot on.

Tom worked in Edmonton as well as played Junior football for the Huskies and professional football with the Eskimos. He went to work for Safeway and did some coaching of football before returning to Rocky to take over the family business. He married Marlene Benaschar from Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan. They have two boys, Blayne and Blake.

Tennis left Rocky to pursue a teaching career, eventually settling in Edmonton. She married George Bennett from Mannville, Alberta. They have two children, Brooke and Geoffrey.

Leigh worked for Calgary Power when he finished school. He now lives and works in Calgary. He married Barbara Zwack from Daysland, Alberta, and has three daughters, Tanya, Joja and Anita.

Bob (Jr.) took up the meat business. He lives in Edmonton and married Beverly McGee from Rimbey. They have three children, Warren, Aaron and Brandi.

Bob died in 1975 and Elise in1991; they are both buried in the Rocky Cemetery.

MACONOCHIE, Ewart, Doris and family

Ewart, Dale and Bobbi Maconochie, Shannon Grant, Doris and Lena Kobzinsky, Robin Maconochie (little one).

Lena Courtright (Doris Maconochie's mother) met and later married John Kobzinsky on September 2, 1920. Two children were born to them: Donald on September 6, 1921, and Doris on September 3, 1923. They left Nordegg and went their separate ways. Following the separation, Lena worked at housework to raise her children. She returned to the Courtright farm in 1937, where she, Donald and Doris raised one thousand laying hens. In 1942, Donald was recruited into the Air force and served until the end of the war in 1945.

In March 1943 Doris Kobzinsky married (Robert) Ewart Maconochie and together they helped in the raising of the poultry. They had

Five Generation Photo: Great-great-grandmother, Lena (Courtright) Kobzinksky; Great-grandmother, Doris (Kobzinsky) Maconochie;, Grandfather, Don Maconochie; Mother, Leslie (Machonochie) Kruger and Chantelle Kruger.

two sons: Donald born November 23, 1943, and Dale was born on August 31, 1945. Due to a disease the entire flock of hens had to be destroyed.

After Charlie and Lucy Courtright moved to Rocky, Ewart and Doris were married and moved into the farmhouse. It was a large frame house which wasn't insulated. They along with Doris's mother, Lena Kobzinsky, remodeled it. In order to make everything warmer, they ran the kitchen stovepipe through into the one bedroom. They cleaned the brooder stove (which had been used to keep the baby chicks warm) and put it in the second bedroom. To make the living room warmer, they placed the heater on the west side of the large room and ran the stovepipe all the way across the room. This almost had dire results, when they stoked the stove with the coal from Alexo, which, instead of burning gradually, burned quickly. The big Quebec heater turned red right to the floor as did the stovepipe. The Christmas tree, some distance away, turned brown as did the wallpaper. A lesson well learned!

Doris and Ewart moved to Rocky Mountain House in May 1944, building a house that fall, on 47th Street. Doris's mother moved with them.

Ewart worked on construction with Henry Courtright, in a bush camp for Karl Rodtka, before going to work in McDermott Hardware. He had a draying business with Dan Brockman, sold this and worked in Cony's Store, and in 1951 he went to work at Edwards Garage where he stayed until his retirement in 1990.

Doris worked at Killick's store from 1950 until 1955, then went to work at Atlas Lumber in 1952, working there until 1966. In July of 1966, Doris went to work for the Forestry. In 1968 Ewart and Doris decided to go to Vancouver and invest in a company with Doris's brother, Donald. They returned to Rocky in 1969 and held interest in the company until Doris's brother Donald passed away in 1990. Ewart returned to work for Edwards Garage and Doris went to work at Art Fisher Lumber Company who sold out to I.T.T. Doris worked there until 1975. Following this, Doris spent two or three months a year in Vancouver doing accounting for their company, Wm. P. Somerville Ltd. When her brother died, she retired, and she and Ewart bought property in Mesa, Arizona, with their son Dale and his wife, Bobbi. They enjoyed many winter vacations, until Ewart passed away suddenly on May 3, 2001.

Standing: Donald Maconochie, Leslie Maconochie (Kruger), Blaine Maconochie, and Ellen Maconochie (seated).

Their oldest son, Donald Maconochie, took all of his schooling in Rocky and worked as a paperboy, before going to work for Charlie Chow in the Smart Shop. Later he worked for Bob Stronach at Brownlie Drugs. Following this, Donald attended university and became a pharmacist. When Bob Stronach passed away in 1967, he became a partner in the business with Ruby Stronach. They sold the business on main street and built a new one across from the Medical Clinic on 49th Street. Donald and his wife, Ellen, bought out Ruby's interest and again sold the business to Shoppers Drug Mart. At the present time Donald is still managing Shoppers.

Donald and Ellen (Luoma) were married on September 5, 1963, and have two children, Leslie and Blaine. Donald and Ellen bought his parents' farm and are raising buffalo in partnership with Dale. Leslie married Kevin Kruger in 1974, and they have four children: Chantelle, Krystal, Stephanie and Justin. Chantelle Kruger married Corey Velichka and they have two children: Ryley who is three and Kaylee who is two. Donald and Ellen's son Blaine, after receiving many achievement awards in high school, went to university in Edmonton to take Business Management. From there he went to Vancouver to take Kinesiology or sports medicine at U.B.C. He moved to Airdrie, Alberta, in 2001 and is presently helping his dad and mother in the Drug Store and with the buffalo farm.

Dale Maconochie, our youngest son, took his schooling in Rocky Mountain House. He worked as a paper boy, in the Smart Shop and then worked for Revelstoke Lumber Co. Later he helped set up the large power towers, before going on to the oil patch at the young age of 18. He worked in the oil industry for several years and returned to Rocky and worked at the Liquor Vendors. Dale married Beverly Rettalack in July 1966. They had three children: Grant, born in Rocky, and Shannon and Robyn born in Drayton Valley, Alberta. Dale and Bobbi (as Beverly is known), and family moved to Eckville from Cynthia to take over Forhan Pharmacy. However, the deal fell through and Dale again went to work in the oil industry, traveling back and forth to Drayton before deciding to move there. Dale worked for Gillis Construction for several years, until he branched out on his own and formed Bob Dale Oilfield and Maintenance Co. Dale and Bobbi still reside in Drayton Valley. Grant lives in Edmonton and is unable to work due to health problems. Shannon works for a realty company, and Robyn lives in Lethbridge and is a dietitian. None of Dale's children are married.

Lena Kobzinsky lived with her daughter, Doris, and son-in-law, Ewart, helping to babysit. Lena was a beautiful self-taught seamstress and did sewing and dressmaking for almost everyone in Rocky at that time. After retiring she went to Vancouver to live with her son, Donald, before returning to Rocky to live once again with Doris and Ewart. Some time later, she moved into Acton House and then into Westview Lodge. She later was moved to the Rocky Hospital Extended Care unit where she resided until her death, at the age of 90, on November 9, 1989.

MACONOCHIE, Robert and Anne and family

submitted by Doris Maconochie

Robert (Bob) Maconochie came to the Beaver Flats district in 1909 from London, England. He enlisted in the first World War in 1915 and was wounded. After recovering, he returned to the battlefield, remaining in the army until the end of the war in 1918.

Bob married Anne Johnstone in 1917, and they returned to the farm after the war. They had two sons: James, born May 4, 1920, and Ewart, born November 23, 1921. They suffered many hardships, with Bob having to walk to Red

Jim and Ewart Maconochie on Beaver Flat Farm, 1940.

Robert Maconochie and wife, Anne (Johnstone), parents of Ewart Maconochie.

Deer for supplies. Eventually the family travelled by horse and wagon to Rocky.

Anne Maconochie died in 1932, and the Maconochie house burned in 1933. After rebuilding, Bob lived with his sons, Jim and Ewart, until being gored to death by their bull.

Jim and Ewart continued to farm together until Ewart married Doris Kobzinsky in 1943 and he moved to the Courtright farm to help Doris and her mother with their poultry flock.

Jim stayed on the farm until 1947 when he decided to go into the ministry. After renting the farm to Elmer Greenwood, Jim went to Didsbury Bible College, graduated and preached in Alsask, Saskatchewan and Sundre, Alberta.

He married his first wife, Jean, in 1953. They were posted to the Aurora district. While there, Jim also preached in Condor. From Aurora, Jim went to Calgary, then to Cremona for eleven years. After that Jim retired and they moved back to Calgary where they purchased a retirement home.

Jim and Jean had four children, Beverly, James, Berwyn and one son who passed away at four months (with SIDS). Their eldest, Beverly, married Don Montgomery who has an auctioneer business in Blackfalds. Beverly and Don have two daughters, Kathy and Carlene; both are attending university.

James and his wife first farmed near Oyen, before moving to Medicine Hat where James is trucking.

Berwyn and his wife, Cathy, live in Rimbey. Berwyn is a carpenter and Cathy is a nurse. They have three small children.

Jean Maconochie passed away in May 1992, and Jim remarried in August 1993. He and Ruth still live in Calgary where Ruth owns a Bible Book Shop.

MacQUARRIE family
The MacQuarrie Clan of Nordegg
written by Ian MacQuarrie

Hector MacQuarrie, one of three children, a brother Donald and a sister Chrissie, was born on the Isle of Eigg, Scotland, the eldest son of crofters John MacQuarrie and Katherine MacQuarrie (nee MacDonald) on January 28, 1905. At age 19, along with his family, Hector moved to Clandonald, Alberta region in 1924. The family later moved to Edmonton, Alberta, in 1929, where John MacQuarrie lived until his death in 1939.

Katherine MacQuarrie lived in Edmonton and in 1941 moved to Nordegg to live with Hector and his family. In 1946 Katherine moved to St. Joseph's Hospital in Edmonton where she remained until her death in 1951.

During the depression, taking work whenever and wherever you could get it, was a key to survival. Hector and a cousin, Angus MacDonald, got summer employment with the C.P Railway in the Rocky Mountains, cutting timber for tunnels, bridges and railway ties. Once the summer work concluded, Hector headed back to Edmonton. However, he learned at a train stop in Drinnan, Alberta (a hamlet about five miles east and a little south of Hinton, no longer on the map), that there was winter work in the coal mine in Drinnan, so he unloaded his limited possessions and stayed. His first job at the mines was that of a rope rider, but digging coal was a better paying job and likely prompted him to switch.

Martha Law was one of four children. Her brothers were Adam and Bernard Law, and her sister was Mary Brown (nee Law). Martha was born in Hamilton, Lanarkshire, Scotland, the eldest daughter of Robert Law and Helen Law, (nee McPake) on April 11, 1902. She arrived in Canada on her own, in 1926, and worked a year as a domestic in Thetford Mines, Quebec. In 1927, Martha and another Scotch lassie—a young woman she met on the ship—moved to Edmonton, Alberta. She took work as a waitress in the dining room of the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton, until her marriage to Hector.

Hector MacQuarrie married Martha Law, on October 8, 1931, in Edmonton and they took up residence in a two-bedroom log house in Drinnan, Alberta, on land about a mile from the mine, school, store, railway station and the few other homes that comprised the hamlet. On September 4, 1932, in Edson, (the nearest hospital) their first child was born, a son, Ian MacQuarrie. Their second child, a son, Robert Hector MacQuarrie, was born on January 10, 1935, also in Edson.

The family moved to Hinton in 1939 where once again Hector worked as a coal miner. However, the seams were so low the miners had to work on their knees, wearing a form of protective pad. Generally, the demand for coal during the summer months was low, often leaving miners without any work or income. During those periods, Hector would work for the Federal Government in Jasper Park on road maintenance, campsite care, or garbage detail. Most of their food supplies were purchased in bulk from "The Alberta Trading Company" in Edmonton, and clothing was ordered about twice a year by mail from the catalogues of either Eaton's in Winnipeg, or Simpson's in Regina,

On February 19, 1940, Hector and Martha's first daughter was born, Helen Catherine MacQuarrie. Again the birth took place in Edson.

In the late spring of 1941, Hector left the summer work program in Jasper and drove his 1935 Chevrolet, accompanied by Karl Milobar, to Nordegg where work conditions appeared to be much better and since steam coal was in great demand to fire up railway locomotives ships, armament and munitions plants for the war effort, there was plenty of work. Our family traveled by train to Nordegg in late summer to be united with Hector. We boys had seen the Rocky Mountains on trips to Jasper, but the excitement of having them right in our own back yard really caused our imaginations to run wild. We lived on the north side of town at 55 Martha Street, which provided a clear view of the Coliseum and Baldy mountains from our back yard. Despite the nearness, we soon realized that running up and down a mountainside, playing cowboys or soldiers, was not practical or possible.

Since cars were not being built for public use during the war years, ours was sold for a good price. Gasoline rationing, lack of auto parts, and the road into Nordegg made the decision much easier.

Hector was down in the mine at the time of the October 31, 1941, explosion where twenty-nine miners lost their lives. Possibly because he knew the mine well as a member of the mine rescue team, he was among the fortunate to escape with their lives.

During those years in Nordegg, Hector obtained his Fire Boss papers. Nevertheless, he continued to work as a digger. He had also been elected president of the local United Mine Workers Union, a duty he considered an honor and worked hard to assure the confidence his peers had placed in him. Hector died on June 23, 1947, as a result of injuries sustained in a mining accident earlier that day. He is buried in the Holy Cross Cemetery in Edmonton.

Martha MacQuarrie, with daughters Helen and Mary moved to Red Deer in 1954. Eventually a crippling bone disease made it difficult for her to get around. When the girls graduated from high school and went on their way, Ian moved into the suite with her.

In early 1961 Ian bought a two-story townhouse where his mother resided with him and his wife, Emma, until 1975. Being restricted to a wheelchair eventually forced Martha to move to the Valley Park Manor, a nursing home in Red Deer. As it turned out, the move made it possible for her to get out and about much easier and more often. Martha died in 1978 and is buried in the Red Deer Cemetery.

The only MacQuarrie born in Nordegg was Hector and Martha's fourth and last child, a girl, Mary Flora, born the day following an extremely heavy snowfall, February 24, 1943.

As a young child, Mary developed Bright's Disease, damaging both kidneys. She moved to Red Deer with her mother and sister and graduated from high school in Red Deer. She trained in Red Deer and Litchfield, Conn., to become a nun with the Daughters of Wisdom. Her condition prompted her to leave prior to final vows.

Mary later trained at the General Hospital in Edmonton, to become a nurse. However she worked only briefly after her graduation as she was on dialysis two or three times a week. She died in 1971 following a failed kidney transplant, one of the first performed at the University Hospital in Edmonton. She was buried next to her father in the Holy Cross Cemetery in Edmonton, Alberta.

In June the year following Hector's death, Ian (Mac) took a barber's course in Edmonton and in March 1949 began barbering in Peace River. He worked as a barber until August 1951, when he hired on as a drill helper with Western Geophysical, a seismic company. Since he was not mechanically inclined, necessary on the drills, he transferred to the dynamite crew and worked as a "Shooter's Helper." He soon became a "Shooter" and within 18 months took over as "Junior Observer" in the recording unit. Additional crews assembled for winter surveys provided Ian the opportunity to be in charge of his own unit and crew as the Observer.

Ian left the seismic business in November of 1954 and moved to Red Deer where he completed his senior matric. While going to school he worked part-time in a job printing shop and, following graduation, took the ITU apprenticeship (International Typographical Union), working all the while at the Waskasoo Press. Ian spent eighteen years in their employ as pressman, compositor and shop foreman.

In Bonnyville, Alberta, on August 10, 1963, Ian married Emma Rondeau of Bonnyville, who had been teaching in Red Deer. Emma was the eldest child of fourteen, five boys and nine girls in the Jules and Irene Rondeau (nee Dargais) family.

Ian's marriage to Emma resulted in a small army of relatives. Emma's father came from a family of twelve and her mother from a family of fourteen. The majority of them reared their own good-sized families.

In 1976 Ian went into real estate sales and enjoyed a successful career until a heart condition and badly damaged knees forced his retirement in 1997. Ian had a quadruple bypass in March 1998 and both knees replaced in September 1998. Golf, acting, writing (which includes publishing a book of poems), emceeing, church involvement as an RCIA catechist and grandchildren help make Ian's retirement exciting and enjoyable.

Throughout these forty-five years in Red Deer, Ian was very active as a player and coach in local fastball and hockey. He played football for the Red Deer Regals of the Alberta Intermediate Football League and successfully coached the Mountview Midget minor football team to six city championships in nine years. As a member of the Red Deer Golf and Country Club, he managed to get his handicap down to a respectable seven, collecting a number of trophies enroute. Ian has also won Provincial honours for his acting and was honoured in 2000, with the Mayor's Recognition Award for outstanding continuous volunteer service, and in celebration of his contributions to the community.

Ian and Emma are blessed with four children and nine grandchildren. Their son, Francis, and Joanne (nee Antoniuk) live in Oyen, Alberta, with their three daughters, Cassidy, Brittany, and Abigayle. Their eldest child, a son, Bryce, died in early childhood. Daughter Arlette and her husband, Don Pack, live in Calgary. Son, Leonard, and wife, Lisa, (nee Madole) have daughters: Felicia and Emily; and sons Nicholas, Nathan and Matthew, all residing in Red Deer. Ian and Emma's youngest daughter, Monique Martha MacQuarrie, and her daughter Erica also live in Red Deer.

Following high school, Robert (Bob or Wee Mac) attended the University of Alberta where he obtained a degree in education. In order to finance his education, Bob worked as a company weigh-man at the Nordegg mine, on a provincial highways survey crew as a rod and chainman, clerked and stocked shelves for Safeway and attended patients at the Ponoka Mental hospital.

In 1959 Bob married Jo Solway, who was a nurse at that same Ponoka hospital. They have four children and two grandchildren. Cathy, their only daughter and first-born, married Clive

Tesar and with their son Alexander, live in Ottawa. Bob and Jo's second child, a son Don, lives in Yellowknife, NWT. Their third child, Ken, married Yoshie Nozaki of Tokyo, Japan, and they make Red Deer their home. Doug is the youngest, and he is married to Stephanie Carbert. They have a daughter, Julia, and live in Toronto, Ontario.

Bob began his teaching career in Chauvin, Alberta, in 1955 and moved in 1958 to St. Edmunds in Edmonton. In 1966 the family moved to Baker Lake, NWT, where he continued his work as a teacher. They next moved to Churchill, Manitoba, in 1969, where they stayed just the one year. In the summer of 1970 the family moved to Yellowknife, NWT where Bob continued his teaching career. In 1979, Bob was required to abandon his teaching career in order to seek election to the Territorial Council. His gamble was successful, and he became the Assembly Representative from Yellowknife Centre, a post he served until retiring in 1987. During his time on Council, Bob had also served as Speaker of the House in 1979-80.

Bob has also worked as a negotiator and has written a couple of educational texts. His first text dealt with the study of newspapers and was published by the Edmonton Journal. His most recent, "The Northern Circumpolar World" is a delightful and informative Social Studies textbook that explores, in a unique story form, many aspects of the arctic and sub-arctic regions of countries that touch the Arctic Circle. It was developed in association with the Government of the Northwest Territories Education, Culture and Employment and was published by Reidmore Books of Edmonton, copyright now held by Nelson Canada.

Bob is a member of a folk singing group known as "The Gumboots." They are very popular and well known throughout the north as well as in Folk Singing Circles. They have a number of tapes and CDs on the market with over 80 songs. Bob has written the majority of lyrics for their songs and another member of the group has written and arranged most of their music.

Bob has also done a fair bit of acting. He performed in the first play ever presented in the Jubilee Auditorium North, in Edmonton. He has also enjoyed singing with various choirs and choruses. His treasured endeavor would seem to be a philosophy book that he is obviously perfecting, if the years of writing, assembling and rewriting are any indication. Bob and Jo were divorced in 1978. Jo resides in Ottawa and does a great deal of consulting, contracting with the Federal Government.

At the end of October 2001, after over 30 years in Yellowknife, Bob, with his partner of 14 years, Irene Johnson, a lassie from Yellowknife, and prior to that Lanarkshire, Scotland, moved into a neat retirement village in Spruce Grove, Alberta. Irene is the mother of three grown children: two daughters, Karen in Yellowknife, and Katie in Edmonton. Her son, Kirk, is studying in Calgary.

Helen MacQuarrie, after completing high school in Red Deer, studied and worked at nursing in the General Hospital in Edmonton. After graduation she continued working at the General until she took a job in Carmangay in southern Alberta for a year. The following year she worked at St. Michael's Hospital in Lethbridge, Alberta. After working there for a year, she took four months off to holiday and visit in continental Europe, England, Ireland and particularly Scotland, to build ties and acquaint herself with relatives on our mother's side. Following her extended holiday she went back to nursing at the General Hospital in Edmonton.

Helen married Edward Sanche in 1966. Ed was a former builder, and it was while he was studying for a degree in education he met Helen. They have three daughters. Linda Sanche/Major, the eldest, lives in Vancouver with her husband Rob. The second daughter is Lori, who with her husband, Dave Senger, also lives in Vancouver. Cathy, their youngest daughter, was adopted in infancy and lives with her husband, Tim Taylor, in Leduc. They have two children, Byron and Alicia.

Helen and Ed moved to Calgary in 1967 where Ed worked as a teacher. In 1980 they moved to Wetaskiwin, Alberta. By this time Helen had gotten away from nursing and decided to take a refresher course to perhaps do a little part-time nursing. Part-time soon became full-time, and rather than continually having to say "no," she resigned. She was lured to work in customer relations for a friend and owner of the McDonald's in Wetaskiwin. She worked and enjoyed the position for nearly 5 years, but it ended when she and Ed made a move to Leduc, Alberta.

Over the past few years Helen and Ed have moved between Wetaskiwin and Leduc as Ed built and sold a few of their homes. Presently in retirement, they have settled in Leduc where they assist Cathy and Tim by assuming the role of almost full-time sitters for their grandchildren.

MARASCO, the family

Frank - worked in the mine, volunteered in 1941 for the army, returning to Nordegg marrying Mafalda Blassetti in 1946. They resided in Red Deer after Nordegg closed and have two sons.

Mario - worked in the mine, married Mickie Gejdos in 1943. They resided in Calgary after Nordegg closed and have six children.

Rosina - worked in the Big Horn Trading Co. for five years before going into training at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton, graduating in 1951. She married Bill Skulsky in 1951, is now living in Calgary and has three children.

Mary - worked in the mine office for a short time before leaving for Edmonton to train at the Misericordia Hospital, graduating in 1950 with a gold medal in theory. She married Scottie Jones in 1950; they live in Calgary and have seven children.

MARSHALL, Alan and Nanette

The grey clouds hung low and the rain poured into puddles as the S.S. Sylvania sailed out of Southampton Dock, August 10,1960. Emigrating to Canada were Alan and Nanette Marshall, newly married and bound for Rocky Mountain House to take up teaching positions. They had one year contracts and were to join with Alan's old friend, Bryn Thomas, to become the team of Physical Education teachers who would serve the whole of the Rocky Mountain School Division for the next four years.

After seven days at sea, the Sylvania arrived in Montreal to be met by angry striking seaman and a police cordon to see everyone safely ashore. The Sylvania had broken out of England during a Merchant Seamans' strike and had only sailed because the passengers volunteered to work their passage. So the Marshalls arrived in Canada under police protection and with their first paycheck of $19.00 for their week's work at sea!

Nanette, holding Madeline; Alan; Gillian holding dog, Val; Lisa holding Olivia and dogs, Mitzu and Kenai.

Taking the train across Canada they made stops in Ottawa, Toronto and Niagara Falls. They had been told in their letter of employment from School Board Secretary Treasurer, Bob Crawford, that as honeymooners they had to go to Niagara Falls.

They left the train at Red Deer before boarding the Greyhound bus to Rocky. Only then did they get their first view of the fabled Rocky Mountains, disappointingly far off in the distance. Not quite what the town's name had conjured up for them when they had first seen the advertisement in the newspaper!

At that time the town housed less than 3000 people. Accommodations were hard to find as there were no apartment blocks yet. The Marshalls first stayed with High School teacher, Edith Russell, at 4612- 50th Ave. Then in November 1960 they moved to Phil Jarvin's two bedroom house just across the tracks in Old Town. Rocky still had some wooden sidewalks and the only paved street in town was the lower half of Main Street below the Mountview Hotel. But there was a choice of four grocery stores: Cony's, the Co-op, the Bay, and Machans. Thank goodness you could charge your groceries as there was to be no paycheck until the end of September.

Living in a two room suite, laundry facilities were limited, and by necessity most washing was taken to Mrs. Ricalton's laundry, a small house situated were the Sahara Restaurant stands today. Billows of steam greeted you in winter as soon as the door was opened, and rows of freshly ironed shirts and blouses hung in a row just inside.

After four years travelling throughout the School Division as physical education teachers, where they visited Rocky High, Lochearn, David Thompson, Condor and Leslieville on successive days, the Marshalls moved to Condor. Alan became the principal and full time grade six teacher, while Nanette taught grade four teacher in the village school. Condor school housed 160 students in those days, but there was no school secretary. Since Alan was no typist he would take the grade one teacher's noon hour supervision in exchange for typing of important letters.

While at Condor the Marshalls became a family with Lisa arriving July 1965, and Gillian July 1967. After four happy years at Condor the family moved back to Rocky in 1968 when Alan was appointed principal at Rocky Elementary School. He taught there until his retirement in 1994. Nanette worked part time at Lochearn School in the library, teaching a grade three-four class, until taking over the full time position from Mildred Weatherill at Rocky Elementary Library in 1973. Nanette taught many subjects at all grade levels including physical education and core-French, until her retirement in 1993.

Lisa and Gillian both completed their high school in W.S.H.S. Lisa went on to the Uof A, majoring in English, and to post graduate work in Journalism at Langera. She worked for the Whitecourt Star in 1989-90, before moving to Calgary. She married Alex Harden in 1998 and they have two daughters, Hannah Olivia, born March 9, 2000, and Madeline Rose, born July 12, 2002.

Gillian attended Lethbridge University and obtained a B.Ed in 1989 and a Master of Education from Portland in 2000. She taught at Pioneer School from 1989- 2001 and is presently vice-principal at Eckville Elementary School.

And so the one year contract turned into a lifetime commitment! Rocky Mountain House and its inhabitants have been kind to the Marshalls and they hope they may have made a useful contribution to its development over the years.

MARTIN, Doug and Margaret
written by Margaret

Doug and Margaret Martin, August 5, 1989.

Where does one begin a family story? After thinking about it a bit, I decided, Oh, of course, at the beginning—our beginning anyway. Doug is a dyed in the wool Albertan, and proud of it. He was born in Edmonton, the third of six sons of William G. B. Martin and Dolly Lee (Reynolds) Martin. He grew up in Bowden where his father owned a hardware store.

When the second World War came, his father, who had flown small fighter planes in the first World War, joined up again as captain in the Calgary Highlanders. He was sent overseas and eventually was made Town Major in The Hague in Holland. One by one, the four older Martin brothers joined up: first, Bill, (Army); then Stan, (Air Force), reported missing in 1943, his plane and crew never found; then Doug, (Air Force, 1940, Army 1942); finally Jack, only 16 (he lied about his age) (Army.) Thus his mother had her husband and four older sons overseas.

And where was I all this time? Well, I was born in Cobourg, Ontario, and grew up in Colborne (about eighty miles east of Toronto). My father, Austin Davis Hall, had a law practice

there. My mother, Gertrude Belle (Hughes) Hall (she preferred G. Belle Hall), taught me piano (which I gave up too soon) and singing. When I was about eighteen a friend introduced me to a young airman named Doug Martin who was visiting relatives there. I met him again at a skating party that winter. That's how it all began—our story, that is. We got engaged when Doug traveled east, from the west coast, to see me in 1943. By that time I was teaching in the one-room school north of Cobourg. And so in May 1944, we were married, my soldier-boy and I, on his last leave before he went overseas. I continued teaching as the war raged on. At last it was over on May 1, 1945—the war in Europe at least. Doug returned in July, having signed up for the Pacific War, which of course ended before he had to go, thank God. Meanwhile, I had resigned my teaching post, and we came west.

That winter, owing to post-war housing shortages, we lived with Doug's mother, father and four brothers while Doug finished getting his matriculation at Veterans' Pre-Matric School. Next April, our sweet baby girl, Margaret Anne, arrived to the delight of all concerned. In the fall it was on to Edmonton where we lived for fourteen years. During that time Doug attended U. of A., attaining his B.Comm., articled, and worked as office manager for a few fairly large firms. In between having three more children, I substituted in schools and sang with the Edmonton Civic Opera in several productions.

We moved to Rocky in 1959 to the "Aud Leavitt" house. (The streets and houses were not numbered in those days). It was a cold fall and our only source of heat for the first few weeks was the sun shining through the windows.

Virginia, our fifth child, three months old when we moved to Rocky, had to have skimpy, quick "sponge" baths. At last, some time later on in October, I believe, we acquired a space heater from Jim and Betty Bond, kind neighbors who lived in the next block. Our house, the only one available at the time, had four rooms—kitchen, living room and two small bedrooms—for seven of us. Although there was hot (very hot) water in the kitchen sink, there was no bathroom. We got our baths in a square laundry tub in the kitchen, and the "convenience" was down at the end of the yard.

Martin Children: Susan, Dolly, Stan, Ann, Bonnie, and Virginia.

There was only one school in Rocky at that time. Smaller than any we have today; it was located where Rocky Elementary is now. It accommodated all grades from one to twelve, with the old "Confluence School" still serving adjacent to it. Anne, 13, went into grade eight with Mrs. Eve Chambers as her teacher. Dolly, 10, went into grade six with Mrs. Anne Switzer, and Stan, 8, was in grade four with Mrs. Joyce Orava. Susan Joy, 4, and Baby Virginia remained at home.

Doug's first office, as a private accountant, was in the Rainbow Theatre building on Main Street, which was owned by Jack Williams who had lived in Rocky several years previously. Doug also managed the theatre for as long as it was in existence–that is, till the building was sold. Lucky he had that to do, as the clients didn't exactly come running to his door. We were new. Could we be trusted? The people of Rocky were not too sure about that.

Somehow we got through the first winter. One thing that helped us a great deal was the friendship of the people in Memorial Presbyterian Church. Great people then and now. Slowly clients began coming to Doug, and that summer, Superintendent Mr. Harold Hall offered me a job at the brand-new Lochearn School, due to open in the fall of 1960. There I taught Grade 1 for twenty years, then Grade 5, and finally music. I especially liked training the children and planning programs for the Mother's Day Tea (now May time Tea).

Our children are, of course, our pride and joy. Anne (Margaret Anne) our eldest worked at

a variety of jobs and went to the University of Alberta and Calgary as well as Red Deer College. She really enjoyed her studies and did well in them. She graduated with a B.Sc. in Sociology and did some post-grad work as well. Unfortunately it was discovered that she had multiple sclerosis in 1987, and she has not been able to make as much use of her education as she would have liked. She is at present living in Red Deer and cheerfully endures her "bad days" and "good days."

Dolly (Elizabeth Dolly), graduated from Lethbridge University with a B. Ed., taught at Canal Flats, B.C., the Sunchild Reserve, and at Rocky Jr. Sr. High School, mainly in Special Education. She was heavily involved with the Provincial Jr. Sr. High Debating, serving as president and was also into politics, running as N.D.P. candidate several times in this jurisdiction. Her first marriage to Bruce Beck of Red Deer (also a teacher) ended in divorce. Her second husband, Charlie Brown, principal of Bluffton School, died suddenly of a heart attack. She has one son, Brendan Fraser Brown, (since changed to Wanderer) who has been in Youth Ministry in Calgary. She gave up teaching and is at present working at an energy company in Calgary.

Stan (Stanley Douglas) is proficient in many areas, including carpentry, plumbing, music and electronics. He is also an inventor and has both U.S. and Canadian patents for a remote control device for cameras and other things. In his time he worked at: the Old Fort, now Rocky Mountain House Historical Park; unearthing long-buried artifacts at Big Horn Dam; up north for a blasting company (he still hates cold weather); and later as a stockbroker in Calgary and Hawaii. At present he lives in Tacoma, Washington, enjoying his house and recovering from a very rare blood disorder. Treatments with a new drug at Bethesda, Maryland, have produced a "miracle" for him, for which we are all so grateful.

Susan Joy went to Calgary to work at Hampton Securities after high school graduation. A few years later, she married Duane Lougheed, the son of Mary and the late Lloyd Lougheed. They have three boys: Nickolas Martin, and the twins, Joseph Ronald Hugh (Joey) and James Richard William (Jamey). With her marriage, Susan became stepmother to Christina, Cari and Brad Lougheed. Unfortunately, Susan and Duane divorced about five years later. Susan eventually got her degree in computer programming and works for a firm in Calgary .

Virginia Belle, a baby when we moved to Rocky, attended Lochearn, Rocky Jr. Sr. High School and David Thompson High School. After leaving school, Virginia moved to Calgary where she too, worked for Hampton Securities, and where she met the love of her life, Brad Denis. She became Brad's June bride in 1982, and together they became the parents of Michael Douglas, Jordan Lee, and Danielle Maria. Virginia kept active playing soccer, golf, bowling, running, skiing, volunteering at school libraries, being a taxi driver for her children, taking singing lessons, and acting, dancing and singing in musical comedy. In March 2001, we were all devastated to learn that she had bowel cancer which had spread into the liver, and we spent the first year of the twenty-first century learning how to say good-bye to our darling Virginia. Our lovely Virginia Belle left us to be with her heavenly Father on January 5, 2002. She will always be in our hearts.

Our youngest was Bonnie (Bonnie Jean Irene Davis.) As she grew up, she worked at a variety of jobs, including on a pipeline and at a service station. She went to Red Deer College where she met her true love and future husband, Rex Matthiss. In the course of the next few years, while Bonnie got her Education Degree and Rex his Petroleum Engineering and Master's Degree at the University of Alberta, they brought their three children into our world: Curtis Alexander Rex, Ami Margaret Dolly and Stephanie Anne Marie. Bonnie taught high school math and science in Spruce View, while Rex worked at Swan Hills. They now live in Calgary. Bonnie, no longer teaching with all the stress, enjoys working as revenue accountant with an oil company. As a family they love skiing, snowboarding, hiking in the mountains, camping and sailing.

As our children were growing up in Rocky they made many friends, some with whom they still keep in touch. In 1962 we moved into the "Dr. Greenaway" house, much bigger than the other. It has been the scene of numerous get-togethers where Stan played guitar and piano, or I played piano and we all sang lots of old

songs, some contemporary numbers and enjoyed good fellowship. Anne, Susan and Bonnie all studied piano for several years. Virginia, Susan and Bonnie took dancing lessons. Dolly excelled at drama for which she got awards at Red Deer College. Our family has expanded. We now have ten grandchildren, three step-grandchildren, one great-grandchild, Taysia and five step-great-grandchildren.

Of course Doug and I became friends with many fine people in Rocky through the school, the church, the Legion, the flying club (in Doug's flying days), the Town Council (of which Doug enjoyed being a member for fifteen years), and Northern Crossing, with which I have sung and acted for many years.

It's been many years since we moved to Rocky. Have we been sorry that we moved here? No, not by a long shot! Life has not always been a bed of roses, but what life is? And even if it were, there would be those thorns to contend with. We're not millionaires, but we're not paupers, either. And when our children and grandchildren are happy to come home to Grandma and Granddad's place in Rocky we feel rich indeed!

MARTIN, James A. and family
by Del (Martin) Morrish

Back row: Jim Martin, Ralph Cave (Del's dad). Front row: Merrilyn, Del, Marg, and Kathy, 1970.

James (Jim) Martin was born in Englehart, Ontario, on August 14, 1915, to Joseph and Ann Martin. He was the eldest of five children. At the age of two years he moved with his parents to Alberta and settled in the Innisfail area. Jim took his schooling at Penhold. Later they moved to Condor where Jim did odd jobs before moving to Calgary to work for Imperial Oil as a pipefitter.

On Jan 27th, 1941, Jim enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy as a Stoker II, and went into active service on April 30, 1941. During this time he married Helen Galen. He was sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and served on the high seas. He advanced down the line and finally ended up with a rank of A/LIP (Acting Leading Patrolman). As an M.P. (Military Police) he patrolled trains between Halifax and Vancouver. On April 16, 1946, Jim was discharged as medically unfit from H.M.C.S. Discovery, at Vancouver, B.C. On his return to Calgary, Jim purchased a floor finishing business which he operated for several years. After Jim's divorce, Jim and I, Delphine (Cave) Raudebaugh, married on April 25, 1953. I had a son, Eldon, from my first marriage. Over the next few years we had four more children.

Jim was employed by Model Dairies in Calgary for ten years. He was beginning to feel the effects of constantly walking on cement and decided it was time for a change. We decided to explore the possibility of buying land in the Sundre and Dovercourt areas, and in 1962 we bought a quarter section from Karl Soderburg in the Chedderville area. We moved out from Calgary in the fall of that year. We spent every weekend and holiday at the farm until Jim got the right-of-way cleared for the power line. Many hours were spent with the axe and saw, and Jim even managed to lose a few pounds.

We had no power or water for some time, so my automatic washer and dryer had to sit. Instead, we purchased a wringer washer which worked fine until the clothes got wound around the wringer. The telephone didn't appear for quite awhile after that. With the help of good neighbors and lots of advice and help from Jim's dad and mom and my mom and step-dad at Condor, we were able to start our small farming operation. Jim's dad found a cow for us before we moved out (it lived with the Greniers over at Stauffer for awhile) and was fresh when we got her home.

We were able to get some laying chickens from my sister at Ricinus. Jim's war pension paid for the groceries, so we were all set. A neighbor, Jim Henrie, let us have some pigs and didn't want

to be paid until they were sold. These acts of kindness were very much appreciated. We lived there about three years until Art Soderburg offered to sell us his half section. This was a chance to get more land and a larger home. Jim, being a veteran, was able to purchase it through the Veteran's Land Act. But first I had to convince them I would make a good farmer's wife. I wasn't quite sure how I was going to accomplish this, but I didn't have to wonder very long. Jim was away in Calgary overnight when I had a surprise visit from two men from the V.L.A. We had two sows with piglets and I was in the barn putting fresh bedding in for them. They must have decided I would do, as we didn't hear any more about that and the deal went through. I have never wanted to move back to the city regardless of all this.

As well as mixed farming, we started a dairy operation, sold cream and fed pigs. With the two older children attending school in Caroline and Merrilyn able to stay home with her dad, I went to work to supplement our income. First I worked for Doug Martin during income tax time. Then, after Merrilyn was in school, I worked for Helen Hunley Agencies Ltd. and worked there for seven years before quitting for health reasons. Later I worked in the office of Crimson Lake Provincial Park for seven years, until September of 1988.

We sold the farm in 1977 and bought Lockie Helmer's acreage just west of Rocky Mountain House on Highway 11A. We lived there and Jim kept himself busy raising chickens and selling eggs until his passing in March 1987. I sold the acreage that fall and bought a home in town.

My children are as follows: Eldon, Douglas, Kathleen, Marg and Merrilyn. Eldon, was born on Jan. 12, 1947, and has been employed by Terroco Industries Ltd. for 23 years working in many different capacities, including District Manager and more recently as Operations Manager. He is married to Dorothy Jacobson and they live outside of Blackfalds on an acreage. They have five children: Wendy, from Eldon's first marriage, Kevin, Ryan, Dallas, and Janelle. Wendy is a hairdresser. She is married to Todd Esakin and lives in Edmonton. Kevin, born Dec. 30, 1975, earned his Bachelor of Commerce at Lethbridge University. He is District Manager for Terroco Industries Ltd. and lives on an acreage outside Sylvan Lake. Ryan, born July 25, 1979, is currently in Taiwan with Y.W.A.M. (Youth with a Mission), taking discipleship training. Dallas, born November 27,1981, goes to the University of Alberta and is a member of the U of A Golden Bears. He is rated as one of the top cross-country runners in Canada. Jannelle, born Nov. 18, 1985, lives at home, enjoys music and attends Lacombe Composite High School.

Douglas, was born January 26, 1954 and lived all of his short life in Calgary. At the age of three and one half years, he was killed by a truck at the Condor corner on June 15th, 1957 (Fathers' Day). He is buried in Queen's Park Cemetery in Calgary.

Our first daughter, Kathleen, born February 13, 1957, is married to Brian May and lives in the Aurora district. Brian worked as an operator for Petro-Can and took early retirement for health reasons. Kathy has a keen interest in music and has made several country gospel recordings. She and Brian have two sons, Kyle and Isaac. Kyle, born February 28, 1981, is married to Niki Lacheur and they live in Rocky. They have one daughter, Jayna, born January 19, 2002. Kyle is interested in music and teaches drums in his spare time. Isaac, born November 30,1987, lives at home and attends David Thompson High School.

Our second daughter, Marg, born September 18, 1959, married Kevin Harper on April 22, 1978. They live on an acreage in the Taimi district and Marg works part time on the front desk at the Tamarack Motor Inn. Kevin is self employed (K & M Oilfield Service Ltd.) as an oilfield consultant. They have four children: Amanda, Meighan (Dannielle), Michael and Deryk. Amanda, born June 22, 1981, is living in Red Deer, working full time and attending college part-time. Meighan (Dannielle), born May 22, 1986, attends Will Sinclair High School, sings, plays the violin and works part time at Georgio's Restaurant and Alpine Value Drug Mart. Michael, born May 11, 1987, attends Will Sinclair High School and works part time for Challand Excavating Ltd. Deryk, their youngest son, born March 7, 1989, attends Pioneer School, plays the fiddle and enjoys basketball.

Our youngest daughter, Merrilyn, born June 26, 1962, married Constable Allen La Fontaine in 1984. They have two children: Justin, born

February 12, 1985 and Sabrina, born February 6, 1986. They both attend school in Calmar and both work part time at Wendy's in Leduc. Merrilyn and Al are divorced. Merrilyn earned her nursing certificate and worked in Vegreville and Red Deer for a time. In 1995 she married Cleve Graham and became a stepmother to Cleve's son, Misone. Both Cleve and Misone work in the oilfield. Merrilyn and Cleve have one daughter, Kayla, born November 23, 1997. A second child, a baby boy, Colton, born July 25, 1999, died at birth. Merrilyn and Cleve live in Rocky Mountain House.

I married Alf Morrish October 1, 1988, and my home in town sold in November of that year. We live on the Morrish home place just west of Rocky in the Ferrier district. We are both retired and are enjoying life.

MASON, Guy and Jean-Marie

Doris Burchill, Elizabeth Mason, Len Burchill, Jean-Marie Mason, Guy Mason, Justin Mason, September 2000, Calgary.

We moved to Rocky Mountain House on October 18, 2000. We came from Calgary, where we had lived for almost twenty years. Transcanada Pipelines told the Nova mechanics at the Airdrie Service Centre they had a choice: move out to the compressor stations, or take a severance package. The timing was a little crazy for us as we were on our summer vacation out on the West Coast.

There are many advantages to calling Rocky Mountain House "home." We can sit out on our back deck, and converse without having the roar from an Air Canada passenger jet drown out our words. Our children can ride their bicycles in our neighbourhood without fear of being run over. And this winter we have been blessed with lots of snow, so we can go ski-dooing close to home. After years and years of travelling around Southern Alberta with his job and only calling Calgary home on weekends, Guy has probably finished living out of a travel bag. If he's late getting home from work, our two children still ask "Is Dad coming home tonight?"

When Guy was a young boy, living in Saskatchewan, his bedroom was in the basement of the house. The house sat on the family farm, right next to Ituna Lake, and sometimes rain or snow melt would cause a flood. So Guy and his brother Donny would wake to two or three inches of water on the floor and salamanders on the walls. That got him wishing to see the desert he had heard about—the one in Alberta.

"Be careful what you wish for." His Dad moved the family to Alberta in 1973, out to High River, a town surrounded by beautiful prairie. However, after Guy began working for Alberta Gas Trunk Line in 1980, he soon found out what working, month after month, at a huge compressor station in the desert can do to a young man. The heat makes you very thirsty, but the smell from the feedlots blowing on the westerly wind affects the taste of the water. So here's to good drinkable water and friendly neighbours. We have found both in our new home.

I myself was born in Edmonton, to Allan B. Clark and Henrietta M. Clark (nee Rolf). I lived with my family in Sherwood Park until I moved to Calgary. Guy and I were married in 1981 in Sherwood Park. We settled in Calgary, where our two children were born. Justin was born in 1989, and Elizabeth was born in 1992. Justin enjoys playing computer games, riding his mountain bike with his friends, and karate, and Elizabeth likes playing the piano and swimming. She grew up watching nature shows on the Discovery Channel, and now her knowledge of many animals' habitats and peculiarities can be richly enhanced on "field trips."

When we lived in the south end of Calgary I enjoyed riding my bicycle to Fish Creek Park or up to the Glenmore Reservoir. I think I missed being at "the lake" during the summers after we were married, so I should be happy about camping up here where there are many small lakes and hiking trails to try out. We do miss our

friends and family from Calgary and High River, but see them when we can.

MASON, Ray and Carrie
submitted by Carrie Mason

Carrie Mason and daughters, Judy, Marlene, Penny and Kathy.

Ray was born on April 30th, 1935, at Innisfail, Alberta. His school years were spent at Lone Deer and Sleepy Valley schools, north of the Bingley area. While still attending school, he sold squirrel skins to a Jewish fur buyer in Rocky for ten cents apiece. Soon after, Ray would leave school and go to work full-time in Nordegg. It was there in the beautiful little town of Nordegg that his soul mate, Carrie, who was a guitar player and major country music fan, would fall in love with him and his guitar playing.

He started off working as a flunky for his grandma, Martha Mason, who was cooking for Croy's camp, which provided mine timbers for Brazeau Collieries at Nordegg. His next job was in the Brazeau sawmill turning laggen. He was later moved to loading mine cars with timber, legs, collars and cross-cuts, etc. (a variety of lengths of timber,) all going down into the mines in trams that ran on tracks. During this time he worked with Walter Wickens, unloading mine timbers off log trucks owned and operated by Ira Gray and Art Croy. He later worked underground at "12 Level" and at the tipple at "12 Level." Then he was moved to the main tipple

Ray (Teeky) Mason and sons: Jack, Rosco, Alvin and Ray.

at the briquette plant. By 1955 the mine was shut down, and hundreds of miners had relocated to new jobs in new communities all across Western Canada.

After the demise of Nordegg, Ray would work at many different jobs in his early years; he migrated back and forth between lumber camps such as: Stan Helinski's, Jimmy Spence's, Ingemar Hulberg's, Dave Edwards, etc. Many of the young men, in those days, were appropriately nicknamed, "Camp Inspectors." He later got his Class One driver's license and drove gravel trucks for years. Ray was better known to all his friends as "Teek," and his name would become a common item of conversation during story-telling time among Central Alberta musicians. His tricks and pranks "on the road" as a pedal steel guitar player, moving from one gig to the next, can still provide hilarious entertainment.

His father was Alonzo Howard Mason, born in July of 1906 in Beaver County, Oklahoma. Alonzo's parents, Thomas and Martha Mason, migrated to Canada in 1912, leaving behind two married daughters and traveling by box-car with their five young sons: Noel, Chester, Bill, Alonzo and Tommy. They settled at Crimson Lake, Alberta. Later they all began farming in the Bingley area and remained in the Rocky Mountain House area throughout

Alonzo Mason.

their lives, with the exception of Noel who married Hazel Ostrem and moved to a farm in the Peace River area.

Alonzo Mason married Dorothy Whitford who was born in Stettler in February 1912. Dorothy's father, Frank Whitford, was widowed by his young wife, Clara LaRoque who left behind four young children. Dorothy helped her dad raise her younger siblings: Edna (Cadrain) and Melvin (Whitford), along with her older sister, Jean (Durocher). Ray's brothers and sisters are Ralph (married to Donna Fenc), Doris (married to Gary Callan), Doreen (married to Clarence Salmon), Edna, (married to Bill Minnie) and Ilene and Frank Mason, who are single.

Carrie was born May 30th, 1941, in Calgary, Alberta, just weeks after her father (Tom Bouvette) was shipped off to serve in the Second World War. She and her brother, Ralph, would spend the next few years living either at the Saddle Lake Reserve where their mother, Mae, helped their granddad Steinhauer run the store and post office, or at Fawcett (approximately 120 kms north of Edmonton), where Ben Bouvette's (Tom's brother's) wife and family lived during his absence overseas. When Carrie was 10 years old, the Bouvette family moved to Nordegg where she spent the happiest days of her life. Arriving in the little coal-mining town of Nordegg for the first time, you got the impression that everything was under control; the atmosphere was alive and vibrant with all the regimented daily activities of a community that ran like a well-oiled machine, interrupted only by the mine whistle which blew at four hour intervals.

Everyone and everything had their time and place and that was the way it would always be, or so it seemed. It is still very easy to experience an overwhelming attack of nostalgia at times, whenever you are leaving the old Nordegg School (which is now a Museum), as there are so many sights, sounds and smells missing. In the background there is no constant hum and rhythm of the Briquette Plant, or the coal cars as they clatter in and out of the mine entrances, or the distant sounds of the big coal trucks whining up and down steep grades, laden with slack coal. Absent also are the sounds of children's laughter and noise as they clamor through the old double doors with the 1:00 p.m. whistle blowing to summon them back to class. Against the panoramic backdrop of Baldy and Coliseum Mountains, there is no sign of giggling teenagers hurrying back from noon break at Reed's Café, and the air is strangely fresh. Missing is the strong odor of coal and tar coming down from the briquette plant, a fragrance like no other.

A few of the fondest memories are of regular weekly baby-sitting commitments for the Howard Pickup, Bill Gerard, Herb Sinclair, and Denny Morley families (to mention a few), so as to earn money for the movies every Friday or Saturday. Other great memories were the daily hikes to Fish Lake in the summer, floating on the old raft with Weike (Vicky) Veenstra, Virginia Veccio, or Elizabeth Melnyk and jumping off the old diving board with a dozen other old Fish Lake "faithfuls." (Fish Lake is now known as "Shunda".)

Ray and Carrie were married on September 9th, 1957, in the old Presbyterian Church in Rocky Mountain House. All seven of their children were born and raised in Rocky except for a few years when they lived at Condor, Leslieville and Spruce View. Their children are Alvin (Maryanne), Jack (Dianne), James "Rosco" (deceased), Kathy (John Zirri), Marlene (Dale Larson), Penny (Roger Larson) and Judy (Bob Letcher). They also have twenty-four grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. All the Mason children have a love for music, and on special occasions the family will dust off the instruments and cook up some good old gospel or country music. Some of the grandchildren are carrying on the tradition with Rock, folk or alternative music.

After forty-five years of marriage, Carrie is still Ray's No # 1 fan and spends several evenings every week, playing rhythm guitar behind his instrumentals on the fiddle, lead guitar or pedal steel guitar.

MAXWELL FAMILY
by Vic Maxwell

My grandfather, Frank Maxwell, was born in Illinois in 1870, the son of a farmer. My grandmother, Edna Miller, was born in 1871 on the Platte River in Nebraska Indian Territory. Her father was a U.S. soldier. They were married in Rockford, Illinois in 1891 and farmed near Beloit, Wisconsin, while Frank practiced his trade as a stonemason. Seven of their children were born in Wisconsin: Harold, 1893; Lee, 1895; Esther, 1898; Earl, 1900; Lila, 1902; Stanley, 1904 and Clare, 1905. Another daughter Alice was born at Little Horseguard in 1912.

In the spring of 1909, Frank and most of his construction crew from Janesville, Wisconsin, moved to Red Deer. They were lured by stories of a "building boom," and homestead lands where you could "still shoot yore game from the cabin door." His crew included his oldest sons, Harold and Lee; Frank's younger brother Bert; Edna's brother Erastus Miller; Newton Shank, married to Edna's sister "Mattie"; Lloyd Prentice, married to "Lowie", Edna's sister and Russell Miller –14, Erastus's son.

They were busy right away, building houses and commercial buildings in downtown Red Deer. Frank purchased Percheron draft teams from Gummows, who were early Balmoral settlers, and Emmanuel Cronquist, a Burnt Lake horse trader/livestock dealer. Harold and Lee worked with the teams, hauling brick from Piper's brick yard, sandstone from Cronquist's quarry in west Red Deer, and lumber from Gaetz's Bowers mills, or from the Great West sawmill. At that time Great West brought their timber down the Red Deer River from west of Sundre in an annual spring log drive.

Edna and Allie Miller, Erastus's wife, arrived at Balmoral Siding just east of Red Deer in the fall of 1909 with two railroad boxcars fully loaded with household goods, machinery and livestock. The families rode in an "immigrant" car, and included Edna's younger children and Allie's children, Albert, age 7; Olive, age 2, and baby Edna. In the spring of 1910, Frank and Bert filed for homesteads on the NW 33 and NW 32-39-5-W5th near Little Horseguard Post Office twelve miles east of Rocky Mountain House. Horseguard Creek and Flats and Post Office took their name from the old Hudson's Bay Company "horse-guard"—pole enclosures for their pack horses and hay stacks for winter feeding and small log cabin for company wolf hunters. These were in use sporadically between 1810 and 1875 and were barely visible by 1906 when the first settlers arrived. Both Horseguard Flats and Beaver Flats were bare of any tree cover because of recurrent grass fires. Erastus Miller's homestead, the SE 2-39-5-W5th was near Prairie Rose. The Prentice family homesteaded at Burnt Lake and the Shanks settled at Springvale near Red Deer.

In 1911 and 1912 Frank's crew built homes in Red Deer for Lords, Parsons and Cronquists. While building the Cronquist house, Frank and Edna lived on-site in a shack near the Cronquist sandstone quarry in west Red Deer. In those days house foundations and basements were "layed-up" with sandstone, fieldstone and mortar. The mortar of mud was mixed on the job site with a hoe in a tin mud box by a mud-man. A boy carried loaded mortar boards to the mason and the plasterer. Another man handled the level and string. Interior walls were stripped with rough lath, then plastered smooth as glass. The Cronquist house was imposing for the time, three stories high with brick exterior, bay windows, turrets, archways and colored plaster. It is now preserved as a heritage home in the Bower Ponds Park in Red Deer.

1912 was a very busy year for Harold, Lee and Erastus Miller, and the freight teams. In addition to hauling building materials, the Maxwell and Miller family's machinery and livestock were moved to the homesteads. In 1912 Frank's good friend Jack Killick leased the Tom Gray Store, west of the river at Rocky where Fred and Doreen Fisher now live. Harold's crew worked long days moving goods from Killick's Evarts Store to the new store.

C.N.R. steel arrived about the same time, and C.N.R. built a station on the NE 22, the Bertrand homestead, and called it Lochearn. A C.N.R. surveyor picked the name because the extensive lake area, skirted by the railroad two miles east of the station, reminded him of his home in Scotland. A new town site was laid out which the railroad people wanted to name Lochearn. The postal service suggested Prairie Grange after the Prairie Grange Post Office on the MacKenzie homestead. Still others were promoting the name Confluence for the confluence of the rivers

nearby. My grandfather described a heated meeting where the old-timers out-voted the newcomers, to use the original Northwest Company name, Rocky Mountain House. Incidentally, my grandfather and everyone I remember from his generation, or before, always shortened the name to The Mountain House. Most of the merchants soon located to the new town site and Prairie Grange was called "Old Town" from then on. The new Municipal District was named Lochearn and the new school was called Confluence. Lochearn M.D. went bust in the dirty thirties and the last trace of Confluence is the abandoned old museum building.

As a young boy, my father went along on many of the freight trips from Red Deer to Little Horseguard, and from Evarts to "The Mountain House." Round trips took eight to ten days and the crews slept under the wagons. At the worst mud holes and swamps, loads were unloaded, and the teams were four-upped to pull the empty wagons through and the loads on sloops made of poles. Gradually the worst areas were corduroyed with poles laid tightly together, the ultimate therapeutic ride in a wooden wheeled wagon. Dad described a trip that took four and a half days to move the McCormick-Deering 7' binder from Balmoral to Little Horseguard, unloading, dismantling and re-loading.

In 1914 Harold's crew built two miles of C.P.R. grade between Pitcox and Prairie Rose, and the C.P.R. changed the names of Pitcox, Prairie Rose and Little Horseguard to the more impressive Hespero, Condor and Alhambra. With wagon freighting finished, Harold quit the frontier and returned to Wisconsin in 1916. Lee Maxwell and Russell Miller went along and joined the U.S. Army. When they returned from France, Lee had suffered a shrapnel wound that claimed his life in 1924.

My grandmother, whose uncles were doctors, was a midwife and dispensed herbal medicine and home remedies until roads improved enough to allow doctors access. Granddad and Bert continued building all of their lives, including houses in Rocky for Strongs, Parsons and Killicks, all still standing after more than eighty years. When times slowed down in Alberta, they moved on to Vancouver to build in the twenties. Grandpa's farm dairy shipped milk to Red Deer for more than twenty years until the early fifties.

My Dad, Stan, improved the homesteads, ran a feed mill in Alhambra and shipped firewood from Alhambra by rail. When bush rabbits were at the peak of their cycle, Dad and Clare hunted by team and sleigh, filling boxcars with frozen rabbits for shipment to Ontario for fox meat and fertilizer. In the late twenties and early thirties Dad and Felix Luyckfassel plowed thousands of acres between Alhambra and Red Deer for early settlers. About 1920 Dad bought a Red River Special 28" threshing outfit and began custom-threshing each fall. Dad's steel wheeled Wallis tractors were a common sight in the area.

My mother's parents, Richard and Alice Truman, immigrated to Canada from England in 1907. He was a former Buckingham Palace Guard for Queen Victoria and Edward VII. His rigid demeanor served him well as he worked his way around Manitoba and Saskatchewan as a railroad construction foreman. My mother was born in Neepawa, Manitoba, in 1916 and left Beaufield, Saskatchewan, in 1934 to join her sisters, Olive and Ivy, who were married to Ricinus ranchers, Lyle and Keith Steed. She met my father in 1934 and they were married in 1935. By 1936, I was part of the picture, born on the Alhambra homestead.

My earliest memories, at two or three years old, are of helping my dad and granddad stack buffalo skulls and bones beside a buffalo wallow. Granddad taught me to walk behind the tractor and plow, checking new overturned stones for the identifying flake marks of arrowheads and spear points. I can't remember any other children. My best friend was a giant old Clydesdale gelding who followed me everywhere he could.

In 1939 Dad sold the threshing outfit to Oscar Peterson of Alhambra and then the folks purchased two quarter sections, two miles east of Rocky Mountain House. The Alhambra shack was moved on skids by the Wallis tractors. At the new "stump ranch," my folks sold cream, beef, hogs, mine props, tamarack fence posts and two wagon loads of potatoes a year to Jack Killick's store. My brother, Sterling, was born in 1940.

In 1940, World War II was escalating in Europe. Neighbors' sons from all over the district were enlisting to go overseas. Mum's younger brother, Vic, joined the air force to fly Mosquito bombers over Germany. Late that fall our cows

were rented on shares and we moved to Calgary where my dad went to work for C.P.R.'s Ogden Gun Factory. There was a large army base just west of the city, and McCall Field, north of the city, was a major training base for allied pilots. The war was very visible in Calgary. Training troops marched every day on city streets. Tanks firing cannon roamed in the hills to the southwest and Harvard trainers and Anson bombers filled the skies overhead with mock "dog-fights." Dad's C.P.R. railroad pass became a ticket to adventures for me. Starting when I was six years old, my folks let me take the pass by myself and board the Chinook Flyer to Red Deer, and transfer to the "Muskeg Special" bound for Alhambra for Easter and summer holidays. I got to know all of the conductors and the porters of the Chinook. Every ten miles the trains stopped to load and unload passengers and freight, cream cans, groceries, baby chicks, horse mowers and rakes, bagged feed and seed, tractors and wagons, and after each stop the conductors would make sure I was back on the train. The porter changed the color of his jacket for each pass through the cars, alternately promoting, "saaandweeechez, ceeegareets and maatchez, oooraangez and apoools." The forty-mile trip from Red Deer to Alhambra took all afternoon, the train swaying from side to side over muskegs and creeks. At each little town the water-tower boom would swing out to refill the steam engine, and the train would shunt back and forth a few times, dropping some cars and picking up others. Alhambra was a major center and stop, with three general stores, two cafes, hotel, drug store, gas stations, pool hall, grain elevator, blacksmith shop, and machinery dealership. The train station there was bustling with Model T trucks, Chev and Essex sedans, buggies and wagons lined up waiting for freight on train days, two or three times a week. It was a three mile walk from granddad's to Alhambra to get the mail.

We came back to Rocky when the war was over in 1945 when I was nine. My folks always milked between twenty and forty head of cattle by hand and never would trust any cow to give all her milk down to a kid. My job was to round up all the cattle for milking twice a day and keep the herd counted. A lot of the country was still unfenced and it was not unusual to cover five or six miles checking the best meadows looking for cows, sometimes after dark. Sterling and I went to Confluence School, walking or biking the two miles. We both did well in school. 4H clubs and school sports, ball, hockey and curling, usually meant more walking or biking. Hockey was very sporadic as the chinooks used to melt Rocky's outdoor ice at least half of each season. From twelve on, I worked a month each fall on threshing crews and could take the head off a partridge with my rifle at any distance, or track a whitetail to a standstill. In 1948 and 1949 the hitch-rails in Rocky, where the Provincial Building now stands, were filled with teams and sleighs or cutters, wagons and buggies. Oil was discovered at Leduc in 1948 and almost overnight we had better roads, even snow plows. By 1951 our district had a school bus and electric lights. We did all of our haying with teams until 1949, and like all other farm boys I drove teams from age ten on—on a mower, a rake or sweep. We stacked our hay in the fields with an overshot stacker and in the winter hauled hay with a team, sleigh, hayrack and a pitchfork. In 1949 we bought our first rubber-tired tractor and by 1952 balers were replacing the overshot stackers. In 1950 we bought out first pick-up truck.

Frank Maxwell passed away in 1955 and Edna in 1959. They are buried at Horseguard with my great-grandmother Lucina. Great uncle Bert passed in 1963, Aunt Gert in 1935. Their three children, Lillian MacDonald, Lester, and Hazel (Pete) Luyckfassel have passed on as well.

Dad's oldest sister, Esther, married the exiled French Marquis of Camden, Francis Debierk (changed to Frank Birch), and their only daughter, Marjorie, married John Larson of Alhambra. They have all passed on. John Larson spent most of WWII in France. Dad's sister, Lila, married Edwin Rutherford, a young Glasgow painter and WWI vet, and the brother of Alex Rutherford who married Dad's cousin, Olive Miller. The Rutherford families homesteaded near Alhambra for a time, then moved on to Red Deer to paint houses. Ed and Lila's children are Lee, Grace (Pete) Shaw, Gordon and Alex. Lee spent WWII on the North Atlantic on an RCN Corvette submarine patrol. Lee and Gordon have now passed on, and with Ed and Lila, Alex and Olive, (all well-known Red Deer volunteers), are buried in Red Deer. Grace Shaw and Alex and

Shirley Rutherford live in Red Deer with their extended families. Olive and Alex's daughter Audrey also lives in Red Deer. Dad's youngest sister, Alice married Jim Anderson, a railroader, and they lived at Alix, Mirror, and Lacombe and have both passed. Their children are; Alice Asquin, Dorothy Metz, Edna Potter, James, Bonnie Hamilton and Jean Bryan. All are in Central Alberta.

I graduated in 1953 in a class of eight. The others were Phyllis Luyckfassel and Lawrence Mazza from Sleepy Valley homesteading families; Beverly Whidden, Pauline Slaymaker and Jennybelle Murgatroyd from Rocky, daughters of the ranger, the blacksmith and the station agent; and Leo Lund and Mary McLellan from Alhambra homesteading families.

I went to work for Mobil Oil in 1954 and worked all over Alberta and Saskatchewan as a surveyor. In 1956 I married the prettiest girl from Rocky High School, Mary Schafer from the Dovercourt district. We moved back to Rocky in 1960 and are still here, involved in cattle and real estate.

Sterling left school in 1955 and enlisted in the Canadian Army at Abbotsford, B.C. He became a small arms drill instructor before his age was discovered and he was asked to leave. He went to work in the oilfields as a driller and went to Iran as a driller in 1963. His interesting career as a drilling consultant and production specialist has taken him to many countries on five continents, drilling on and off-shore, re-working wells and fields, laying pipelines, shutting-in oilfield blow-outs and fires. Sterling married Bonnie Campbell from Calgary and their oldest boy, Daryl, was born in Iran. Their three children, Daryl, Shelley and Cary all went to school in Venezuela until 1976 before coming back to Rocky to finish their schooling. They are now married with young families living in Edmonton, Stettler and Cochrane. Sterling and Bonnie have eight grandchildren, Brittany, Michael, Greg, Jamie, Jorgen, Natasha, Ryley and William. Sterling and Bonnie own and live on a ranch near Dickson.

My brother, Kent, was born in 1955 after Sterling and I left home. He went to high school in Rocky and excelled as a student and athlete. He played football and hockey, playing hockey on many teams including the Junior Mountaineers, the Red Deer Rustlers, Eckville Eagles, Foothills Cowboys and others. A strong supporter of 4H all of his life, he encouraged the same interest in his family. He married Laurie Wedman of Rocky and their children are Shannon, Jennifer, Jason, Robin and Amanda. They have one grandchild, Braden. Kent's interesting life led him in many directions. He was an accomplished hunter and climber, and spent some time each year guiding American bighorn sheep hunters.

Trained as an auctioneer, he worked the fall run at the huge Armstrong Livestock Market in B.C., when his work schedule permitted. He was a camera truck driver, limo driver and movie extra for the Calgary movie industry for thirteen years. At other times he assisted Clyde Lynn, Alan Peterson or Ross Crain with herd and vet work. He was in high demand at brandings and was known to most of his friends and clients as "Knife". With his friends Chris Anderson and Mel Brown, he owned a wood products company called Timberwolves Logging and he was tragically killed in a logging accident in January of 2002. He left us too soon, but left us with a legacy of good memories and one of his original ideas, the annual 4H road-side clean-up is now a province wide institution.

We have four children: Laurie (Tom) Woodward, Mark (Cheryl), Cindy (Russell) McGrath, and Brad (Carolyn). Our grandchildren are: Penny (Shawn) Moffit, Jessie McGrath, Tyrel Maxwell, Carly McGrath, Dustin Cadrain, Tanya Maxwell, Cammie Cadrain, Lane Maxwell, Calan Bradshaw, Kayla Bradshaw, Alexa Wiker, Ryder McGrath and Branden Maxwell. Our two great-grandchildren are Tanis and Jake Moffit. Everyone lives at Rocky or Eckville.

Dad passed in 1992, and my mother, Vera, still lives on the home place which, after sixty-three years, is one mile from Rocky instead of two.

MAXWELL, Kent

Kent Maxwell was born on April 7, 1955, and passed away tragically on January 29, 2002. At his memorial service his friend, Ron McKenzie, spoke of his many positive attributes. "Kent was comfortable with people," Ron said. "Young and old alike called him their friend, and I don't think he had any serious enemies. Everyone who knew him, knew he didn't get in a hurry, and he wasn't often on time, but more importantly he never

left before a job was done, and never quit anything he started."

As a young man, Kent worked on the family farm doing chores, before and after school, while taking part in a variety of sports and being active in the 4-H beef club. He loved 4-H and won awards, one being a provincial award for public speaking which netted him a trip to Ottawa. He initiated the annual 4-H cleanup of local highways, which caught on province-wide and is now a common sight throughout Alberta each spring. Kent was an accomplished Bighorn Sheep guide, and knew guides and hunters from all over North America. He was also an auctioneer and competed many times at the international level at various auctioneers' competitions. Kent was employed in several enterprises in Alberta, including the movie industry, the oil patch, the lumber industry and ranching.

His brother, Vic, gave the following tribute entitled, *Over The Skyline*. "Kent Maxwell, of Rocky Mountain House, passed away suddenly on January 29, 2002, the result of a tragic logging accident. Kent was a partner with Chris Andersen and Mel Brown in the Timberwolves Lumber Company. Stars Air Ambulance was called to the scene and transported him to Foothills Hospital where he died.

"He was our hero, strong, capable, confident and invincible. He challenged danger and death a thousand times, and a thousand days were spent giving a helping hand to others. He stepped up to do the toughest part of the job, or stepped up to carry the heaviest end of the load, because he knew who he was. Most of the time he didn't say much, but if pressed he had an opinion on any subject ...or a knowing grin.

"In the rodeo arena, or in the home corral, in front of a mad mother cow, or on the top of a mountain with the shale sliding beneath your feet and the wind at 80 mph coming over the crest, stinging your eyes and face with frozen snow and bits of rock, he was the "Go To" guy, and, in a thousand close games in the hockey arena, the only way to beat us was to go through Kent first. He was true to his friends and he loved and supported his family in all their endeavors and accomplishments ... and if only we had had a hint he was leaving, we would have told him, one more time, that we loved him, and hoped he was listening.

"He will be forever missed by his loving wife, Laurie Wedman, and children: Shannon, Jason, Robin, Amanda and Jennifer, and one grandchild, Braden; his mother, Vera; brothers, Vic and Sterling; sister-in-laws, Mary and Bonnie, and all of his nieces and nephews and their extended families. So long, partner, we'll be seeing you!"

MAY, Fredrick and Hilda Maude
by Ruth Scott

Fred and Hilda May and their ten children, 1955.

Fredrick May was born in Reading, England, on December 25, 1895, and Hilda Maude Eighteen was born on May 13, 1895. They were united in marriage on December 19, 1915. After their marriage, and while still in England, Fred served in the Royal Berkshire Regiment for four years, where he received military medal. During this time Fred and Hilda had two sons: Maurice Alfred John, born December 22, 1917, and Frederick Albert, born Jan 30, 1919.

In 1921 the Mays immigrated to Canada and settled at Taber, Alberta. Fred worked in the Canada West Coal Mine. During this time three more children were born: Dorothy Lillian on September 18, 1921; James Leonard on February 24, 1923 and Mary Barbara on January 3, 1925.

In 1926 they moved to Chedderville, Alberta, and lived in a sod shack where another daughter was born, Freda Florence on July 26, 1926. Fred and Hilda then settled on a quarter section in the Dovercourt area, N.E. 30 -37-6-5. Mr. May's first paying job was with A.P. Fisher doing road construction.

Fred and Hilda May at home in Rocky, 1950s.

While on the homestead, four more children were born with assistance of a midwife: Olive Victoria on August 1, 1929; William Henry on January 1, 1932; Ruby Helen on November 17, 1935; Daniel George, May 8, 1838. They were born at Nurse Fleming's Nursing Home in Rocky Mountain House.

Mr. May had the mail route from Dovercourt to Caroline, which he operated with horses for four years. In 1939 Fred again joined the Army and served until 1945 in active service with the Calgary Tanks. He was discharged in 1945 and received nine medals for his service. Fred and Jim also served overseas during this time. Maurice did the farming with the help of his mother and brothers and sisters during the war period.

During the homestead years Mrs. May acted as midwife, helping Dr. Greenaway with births of babies in the community. She also canvassed for the Red Cross for 25 years, the first years, travelling on a small Ford Tractor. For serving the Red Cross from 1939 to 1963, Mrs. May received a citation.

In 1952, Fred and Hilda moved to Rocky Mountain House where they purchased a lot and built a house. Son Bill stayed on the farm and continued to farm. Fred worked at the Rocky Hospital as janitor until his retirement in 1974 and passed away after a short illness in September of 1975. Hilda remained in the house in Rocky until she could no longer be alone. She stayed with three of her daughters, moving from one to the other for a few years and finally had to be hospitalized. She passed away in April of 1985. Both Fred and Hilda rest in Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House.

Maurice May married Catherine Schuell. They had six children: Harvey, Ruth, Edward, Millie, Alice and Stephen. They lived on a farm in the Dovercourt area. Maurice passed away in 1993. Cathy still lives there.

Fred May married Ruth and had one son, Danny. Ruth died and he then married Fern and they had Wayne, Gwen Ruth, Fred Jr., Brenda, Bonnie and Jackie. Fern died and he then married Anita and they reside on an acreage in the Linden area.

Dorothy married Rex Bancroft from Chedderville and they had four children: Bob, Doug, Marion (who died in 1949), and Bonnie. Rex passed away in 1991. Dorothy still lives on the farm at Chedderville.

Jim married Marion McArthur from Chedderville and they had two daughters, Kathryn and Diane. Jim and Marion reside on their farm in the Chedderville area.

Mary married Lloyd Lougheed of Dovercourt and they had nine children: Ronnie (who died in 1970); Duane; John, Richard (who died in 1979); Melvin; Beverly (who died in 1979); Norman; Alfred and Barbara. Lloyd passed away in 1988. Mary still lives in her own home in Rocky Mountain House.

Freda married Joel Dobbs of Georgia, USA, and they had four children: Danny, Janet, Susan and Linda. Freda and Joel still live in Georgia.

Olive married Jim Bayford of Rocky Mtn. House. They had eight children: Donald; Nelson; Harold (died in 1998); Cameron; Sherry; Lynn; Dale and Jack. Olive now resides in Edson, Alberta.

Bill married Ardena McLellan and they had four children: David (died in 1972); Geraldine; Glenda and Dennis. Bill married Anita and had another daughter, Tasha. Bill and Anita reside on the original May homestead at Dovercourt.

Ruby married Stuart Scott of the Clearwater area and they had four children: William, Rodney, Joanne and Jamie. Ruby and Stuart reside on the original Scott Farm along the Clearwater River.

Danny married Edith Padgham from Edmonton and they had six children: Gerald (who died in 1973); Terry; Arnie (who died in 1998); Cindy

(who died in 1967); Wendy and Darcy. Danny married Bev and they live on an acreage in the Chedderville area.

There are still lots of May descendants—sons, daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great grandchildren living in and around Rocky Mountain House and area.

MAZZA, Andrew and Lillian

Andrew and Lillian Mazza's 30th Wedding Anniversary, October 29, 1961. Back row: Louis, Lawrence, Arthur, Kenneth and Victor. Front row: Hazel, Andrew, Lillian and Yolanda.

The Mazza family moved to the Sleepy Valley district, from Calgary, in April 1949. Andrew was born in Verscio, Switzerland, on January 26, 1898. He immigrated to Canada in 1921 where he took up farming with his brother-in-law and sister at Luseland, Sask. He married Lillian Margaret Hall on October 29, 1931.

Lillian was born in Ignace, Ont. on June 14, 1914. The droughts of the "dirty thirties" took its toll and the family moved north to Sandwith and Frenchman Butte before moving to Calgary in 1940.

While living in Saskatchewan the family increased with the arrival of Hazel (Aug. 28, 1932); Louis (Feb. 1934); Lawrence (June 23, 1935);Yolanda (June 12, 1937) and Arthur (Aug. 8, 1940).

After the family moved to Calgary, Kenneth was born on Jan. 23, 1945 and Victor on March 8, 1947. Kenneth died on June 2, 1963 from injuries received in an automobile accident.

The move to the Rocky area was an adventure in itself. Andrew and the two oldest boys made the trip in a 1927 Model T Ford. The trip took two days as a result of wrong directions which resulted in detours to Cochrane and then Bentley. The trip finally ended at the farm located 10 miles north of Beaver Flats corner. They arrived late on the second day after getting stuck a mile from their goal and having to slog through mud for the last mile. Lillian and the younger children arrived by train a few days later along with the furniture which was shipped in a boxcar to Codner (Oras) station. The furniture was then loaded on horse-drawn hay racks to the farm.

Andrew worked the farm during the summers and spent the winters at various lumber camps in the winter. The farm was sold in 1959, followed by a move to Rocky where Andrew worked for the town as caretaker at the arena in the winter and with parks crew in the summer. He retired in 1969 and passed away on June 9, 1971.

During the stay on the farm, Lillian raised chickens, sheep and milked cows for extra money. She picked and canned wild berries as well as vegetables. She had a passion for gardening. Her "green thumb" was evidenced by the variety of house plants and flower beds she nurtured. After moving to town, she worked as a cook at various restaurants. One of her greatest joys was the new home she had constructed in 1974. She spent her final years in Westview Lodge and Extended Care, before passing away on August 14, 1996.

MAZZA, Lawrence, Mildred and family

Lawrence was born on June 23,1935, at Kerrobert, Sask. Mildred was born April 12, 1935, to Tauno and Sylvia Huhtala at Rocky Mountain House. Lawrence and Mildred were married on July 5, 1958, and have four children: Brian (born Aug. 26, 1961, in Calgary); Lorine (born Feb. 7, 1965, in Calgary) and twins Gail and Glen (born Nov. 12, 1968 in Rocky). Lawrence attended schools in Calgary and Sleepy Valley and graduated from Rocky High School in 1953. He began his life-long career in the graphic arts industry working after school at The Mountaineer under the tutelage of the late Jack Gare. After graduation he served as editor of the Eckville Examiner for three years before

Mazza family: Mildred, Gail, Glen, Brian, Lorine and Lawrence, July 1994. Following Brian's induction as President of the International Society of Weekly Newspaper Editors.

moving to Calgary where he was employed in the printing industry for the next ten years.

Lawrence and Mildred returned to Rocky in 1967 when they purchased The Mountaineer from the Tom Bertagnolli family. The business was then located on Main Street across from the David Thompson Hotel. At that time the newspaper was a letterpress (hot metal) utilizing linotypes and hand-fed press. The paper consisted of six to eight pages and was hand-folded in preparation for mailing. Twelve hundred copies were printed. The company also did commercial printing. Operations were very labor-oriented and 16-hour days often 7-days a week was the norm. In those days Lawrence served as editor, publisher, reporter and printer, etc. Original staff consisted of Tom and Donna Clark and an after-school student. As the business grew, equipment was upgraded and an addition added to the rear of the building. In 1976 The Mountaineer converted to electronic typesetting and the Red Deer Advocate was contracted to handle the press work (this arrangement continues to this day). As the newspaper continued to grow, more staff was added including key people such as former editor Rollie Pigeon and sales manager Ernie Murias. In 1977 the commercial printing business was sold to Gordon and Marjorie Brown. By 1979, The Mountaineer had outgrown its premises and moved to its present location. Lawrence continued as publisher until 1993 when sons, Brian and Glen, took over the business. Lawrence and Mildred officially retired in 1997, but still can be found lending a hand as need arises.

Lawrence has been active in the community including minor sports groups, curling and golf clubs, Kinsmen and K-40 Club. He served two terms on Town Council (1971-77). Mildred and Lawrence were honored with the Community Builder award in 1994. Lawrence served on the executives of the Alberta Weekly Newspapers Association and the Canadian Community Newspapers Association. He was elected president of the provincial association in 1978 and national body in 1984. During his tenure as national president, he travelled extensively throughout Canada visiting every province and territory at least once. He was awarded an honorary life membership in 1999.

Mildred was raised in the Taimi district. She attended Taimi and Rocky High School and business college in Calgary. She worked as a stenographer in Calgary including several years with Shell Oil. After returning to Rocky, she raised four children and still found time to assist in the family business as the need arose. Mildred served several years on the Figure Skating Club executive and has volunteered many hours at Rocky Hospital Extended Care. She was also a member of the Kinette Club.

Three of the four new generation Mazzas (all of whom hold degrees from the University of Calgary) have decided to make their homes in Rocky. Brian, Glen and Gail are all associated with The Mountaineer Publishing Co. Lorine lives in Calgary with husband, Rob Stevens, and daughter, Kyra.

McCABE, Titina Elena (Rizzo)
submitted by Mavis Becker

Tina was born in Coleman in 1925. Always being musical, she received both voice and piano lessons during her growing up years. She attended Normal School in Calgary and her first teaching job was at Clear Creek. In summer school in Edmonton that same year we met and became a team—and life-long friends—since we were both bound for Rocky Mountain House in September.

In December of that year, Tina married Harold McCabe. She taught grade eight and was loved by all her students. She also taught voice and piano lessons after school hours to many,

many children and adults. She became the music teacher in Rocky Elementary School and also became Vice Principal of that school. She continued to be the music teacher there until her passing in 1981.

Tina continued her music career, deciding to take more vocal lessons from Miss Machaffy in Sylvan Lake. She took her grade ten singing exam with the Royal Conservatory of Music and passed with flying colors. Two years later she decided to take her ARCT (Degree Program) and again was successful. Her last triumph was to received her B. Ed. which made her very happy.

Tina's infectious laughter was a delight to all who knew her and her love of children was universally known. The Tina McCabe Room in Rocky Elementary is a great tribute to her life.

McDONALD, Carson and family submitted by Jeannine (McDonald) Parker, granddaughter of Carson McDonald

Carson and Alma.

Carson Daniel McDonald was born on the 29th of February 1872, at Frankfort, Kansas. He was the first and only surviving child of Finley McDonald and Elinor (Nellie) Auld. His father, Finley McDonald, was born at Birmingham, Ohio, on June 8, 1843, the eldest child of William McDonald and Isabella Carson (who were both born in Ohio). Finley had three brothers, William, John and James, and two sisters, Mary and Julia. On November 7, 1861, Finley joined the Ohio 78 Infantry and fought for the union army under Ulysses S. Grant during the American Civil War. From 1865 to 1867 he served with Freedman's army and was stationed at Yazoo County, Mississippi. After the war he moved to Frankfort, Kansas, where he farmed on the Little Blue River. There he met and married Nelly Auld, the daughter of Daniel and Jane Auld, on December 14, 1870. Twin boys were born to Nelly and Finley in 1872. One child lived for only a few months; the other was Carson. Nelly passed away from consumption on August 16, 1875, leaving Finley with a three year-old boy to care for. Nelly was only 25 years old.

In December 1876, Finley married Mariah Cathcart, and to them was born a son, Arthur, in 1880 and a daughter, May, in 1882. As Mariah suffered from hay fever, they decided to make a move to Paradise Valley, Humbolt County, Nevada, where Mariah had family. They moved there in 1884, and Carson remained in Kansas with his mother's family, the Aulds. Finley was 40 years old at this time, and the effects of hardship endured during the Civil War took its toll on his health. He suffered from severe rheumatism, and since there were no drugs to alleviate pain, he used to purposely get stung by bees, and this really helped his pain. In 1886 he sent for his son, Carson, who was 14 years old, to come to help him in Nevada. Carson also worked on some of the big cattle ranches in Nevada and learned valuable horsemanship skills, particularly roping techniques from the Mexican vaqueros he met.

Mariah's hay fever did not improve in Nevada, so in 1888 they moved to Vale, Malheur County, Oregon, where there was fertile land along the Snake River. Carson went to work on the Alvord ranch in Southern Malheur County, Oregon, where he made friends with people from the Nez Perce Nation and helped them round up the remnants of their Appaloosa herds. Maude (McDonald) Cape remembers her first horse was one of these Appaloosas—a gift from her big brother, Carson.

In 1892 Carson was asked to come home as his father needed him on the farm. That winter Carson and his father read all of Sir Walter Scott's books aloud, each reading until he was tired. About this time Carson bought his own land on Bully Creek in Oregon.

Along with farming and catching wild horses, Carson attended community picnics, pie socials and country dances. At one of these

McDonald's first home in Strachan.

social events he met a very talented fiddler by the name of Julius Rice, one of the best fiddlers in Oregon. Accompanying Julius was his niece, an attractive piano player and singer. Her name was Alma Haworth, daughter of James and Alvera (Rice) Haworth. Carson began courting Alma, and they were married on December 5, 1901, and settled on the ranch on Bully Creek. While living on the ranch, the young couple had three children: Grace, born Sept.12, 1902; James Finley, born Jan.6, 1904, and Maude, born Sept. 24,1905.

The land around Vale was becoming increasingly barren from drought and over grazing. So, when news filtered in about lush grassland in Western Canada, moving to Alberta became a dream. Alma's father, James Haworth, was eager to move as he had already gone to look for land in Alberta in 1905. He had come back with glowing reports about the country west of Innisfail. Arrangements were made and, in the spring of 1906, Carson and Alma McDonald left Oregon. Accompanying them were their own three children, Alma's parents and her brothers, Elmer and Julius Haworth. The expedition filled a whole train with household belongings and livestock. They arrived in Innisfail, unaware that the coming winter would be the most severe in Alberta's recorded history. In fact the weather was so bad Elmer and Julius moved back to the States and never returned.

Carson and Alma first lived near Hale Lake for about a year before hearing about a beautiful valley farther west on Prairie Creek. At this time, the land around Prairie Creek was not surveyed (the most westerly survey line was in the Dovercourt district). James Haworth decided to do his own surveying. Beginning at the last survey line, James ran a line into the valley to get an idea where their land was located. Consequently, when the government survey came between 1910 and 1912, Carson McDonald's house was on his own quarter, but his corrals and outbuildings were on another. James also staked out his own quarter section, making it a quarter mile wide by a mile long, because the legal description recorded the land as the north half of the south half of Section 14, Township 38, Range 9, west of the 5th meridian.

Those first years at Prairie Creek were not without hardships. Their horses came down with swamp fever, and they lost all the horses except one. It must have been very disheartening. All the offspring of their livestock were lost that spring, too. Alma often talked about how they piled their dead lambs up and burn them.

The Stoney Indian band, under their leader Peter Wesley, camped on the meadows beside Prairie Creek near Carson and Alma's quarter. Carson had a very good relationship with the Stoney band. They called Carson "the great white man," and traded back and forth for horses, berries and other staples. One winter when Jim McDonald was checking his trap line, he found the band near starvation, so he took some yearling calves to add to their dwindling food supplies. Carson and Alma had many stories to tell about their friendship and encounters with the Stoney band.

Two or three times a year Carson went to Innisfail, a distance of seventy miles, to buy supplies. Travelling must have been hazardous over a winding trail. In many places there were streams to cross, and these could be very dangerous when in flood. After the village of Rocky Mountain House came into being, around 1912, it was only necessary to travel twenty five miles for supplies. There was a rapid influx of settlers to the valley, and soon every quarter was taken. Among the early settlers were the Strong family, David Strachan, Elmer Osbourne and his father; Charley Apperson, Bert Parsons and Sid Milbank, the four Major boys, Roland, Donald, Lewis and David; Bert Barkham, the Graham family, Norman Scott and Joe Chambers, Frank Haworth and Mose Rundel. All of these people,

along with Carson and Alma, James Haworth, the Gabler family and Ed Chesney, made up a happy and viable community.

Alma, Grace and Maude went back to Oregon in January 1909, to await the birth of Alma's fourth child, Donald Merle, who was born on March 1, 1909, at Vale, Malheur County, Oregon. While Alma was gone, Carson came down with the mumps and almost died. James was only five years old and somehow managed to look after his father and keep the fires going. Nine years later, on March 16, 1918, Ralph Carson, the first of the family to be born in Canada, was born. He was musical, like his mother. When he was barely tall enough to reach the piano keys, he picked out tunes he heard his mother play.

Carson and Alma were active in community affairs, and Carson helped build the Pleasant Vale School. The boys hunted in the winter and sold pelts every spring. Butter and eggs were traded for needed supplies, and their diets were supplemented with wild fruit, garden produce and a beef or two.

Grace, the oldest of the McDonald children, married Albert Barkham on June 22, 1921. They farmed in the valley, and on December 9, 1922, their daughter, Doris, was born. Later, Grace and Albert divorced, and Grace moved back to Oregon, taking Doris with her.

James Finley married Alice Robinson on July 3, 1928. Jim farmed in the valley, ran a trap line and was postmaster at the Strachan Post Office for many years. He was the favorite brother in the family and the favorite uncle to his nieces and nephews. Jim and Alice had two daughters: Jean, born March 31, 1929, and Dorothy, born June 20, 1933.

Maude Lucille married Harold Bigelow on May 24, 1924. They had four children: Carson, born February 19, 1926; Vivian, born February 18,1928; Roy, born November 22, 1930, and Garth born March 7, 1939. Maude and Harold farmed in the Everdell district. Harold was one of the contestants at the first Calgary Stampede.

Donald Merle married Mary Bucknall on July 11, 1933. Mary taught school for many years at the Pleasant Vale school at Strachan. She was very respected in her field and in the community. Donald farmed in the valley and also ran a trap line. Donald and Mary had four children: Connie Anne, born August 8, 1935; Dennis, born November 1937; Miriam, born September 1940, and David Barry, born July 1950.

Ralph Carson married Mildred Scott in December 1936. They farmed in the valley and raised eight children. Their home was always open for jam sessions and sing-alongs. Many good times were had at their home on the North Fork of Prairie Creek. Their children were Carson Samuel, born July 21, 1937; Lorraine Mildred, born November 4, 1938; Murray Hugh, born December 2, 1939; Shannon Rose, born October 7, 1941; Maureen and Jeannine, born May 2, 1945; Ralph Scott, born November 4, 1950, and James Edgar, born September 11, 1953.

They are gone now—Alma, Carson and their children. Their land still belongs to the McDonald family. Some of their old buildings are still standing. I go back now and then, to walk the old paths and long for times past. I try to hear the echoes of the old forgotten sounds, but they, too, are silent. Yet, every so often, I see them in the faces of their grandchildren and their children. I hear their voices when I talk to my cousin, Doris, and hear that soft American accent. I play the old tunes my grandmother played, and I thank her for teaching them to my father. I am grateful that Carson and Alma made the move to Alberta and settled in the Prairie Creek Valley. Those beautiful hills of home will always be part of cherished memories, not only for me but for all of Alma and Carson's descendants.

McDONALD, Donald and Mary
submitted by Miriam Carswell

Don McDonald and Aubrey Ferry.

Donald and Mary resided in the Strachan valley, Don all his life and Mary from the age of 19 when she came to teach at the Pleasant Vale School, fresh out of the Camrose Normal Teachers School.

Don's family came to the valley in 1908, homesteading on land which is still farmed by family members. Alma, Don's mother, went back to Vale Oregon where Don was born March 1st, 1909. Later, when his mother was able to travel, they returned to Strachan where Don joined his siblings, Grace, Jim, and Maude. A few years later, Ralph was born, which completed the family.

As a young man, Don worked on the family farm and had a trapline with his brother, Jim. Later he had his own line which his son still operates. This was a source of income for many years and, when there was a young family to support, the fur income helped offset many of the bills. Other than a short stint harvesting in Southern Alberta and a trip back to Vale, Oregon, Don's entire life was spent in the valley. It was his security blanket. In later years, Don enjoyed a trip to the Maritimes.

He took his schooling at Everdell, and boarded with Rodtkas until the school at Strachan was completed in September of 1916. The first pupils were Bill, Dick and Jock Graham, Don, Jim, Maude and Grace McDonald, and the first teacher was Orvill Kirby. Don's years in the classroom were limited, grade eight—but he was a man who continued his education till the day he died. Books were his passion.

Mary's parents, Bert and Elizabeth Bucknall, came to Canada from England and settled at Stavely, Alberta. Mary and her three sisters, Winnie, Connie and Hilda, were born at Stavely where the family farmed. When the family was still quite young, Bert moved them to a farm in the Oras area where they farmed for a few years before moving to Rocky Mountain House. Their house is still standing on the large lot across from the Elementary School. Bert owned all the land from there to the highway where the 7-Eleven is today.

Mary was born February 28, 1909. Her education was completed in Rocky Mtn. House and Edmonton and then Camrose Normal School. In 1928, a school, Pleasant Vale, was in need of a teacher. When the position was

Mary (Bucknall) McDonald with friend, Agnes Eritsland.

advertised, Mary who had just graduated from Normal, applied for the job. An excerpt from the June 12, 1929, minutes of the Strachan district board meeting stated, "a letter from Mary Bucknall was read respecting her application for the position as a teacher and after a little discussion the secretary was instructed to write declining Miss Bucknall's services and to advertise for a teacher with some experience." Later it was discovered that Mr. Smith, the teacher chosen by the board members, was not available. So, at the next board meeting, held August 5 1929, it was decided to contact Miss Bucknall and "engage her services if she was not otherwise engaged."

It was also decided the teacher would board at Mrs. Osborne's home. Thus started the teaching career of Mary Bucknall. The school was located about a mile from Osbornes' place and Prairie Creek had to be crossed

In April 1929, the Board asked permission to teach classes up to Grade IX at Pleasant Vale. So, Mary taught all grades in the one-room, log school house which is still standing today. Wood stoves had to be tended by the teacher and one of the older students, and it fell to Mary to advise the board when the wood supply needed to be replenished. During the winter, hot chocolate was supplied for the children. Mary must have passed the "test," because in May of 1931, "Miss Bucknall" was asked to stay on as teacher for another year and, "Would she consent to a reduction of salary as everything was in such a

depressed condition?" She agreed to teach at a salary of $850.00 per annum. A typical request Mary made to the board was for some screws to fix the children's desks. She also said the stove was inclined to smoke, and the pipes were in need of repair.

In June of 1932, Mary agreed to teach for another year at the minimum salary and the school board agreed to rehire her. In November of 1933, the financial status of the school district was not good. There was discussion as to whether the school should close for a few months. However, "Miss Bucknall" consented to carry on until June, taking the grants as they came in and waiting for the balance of her salary until the school board was in a position to pay her. In 1934, the board couldn't afford to keep the school open for the full term, so it ran from the beginning of March to the end of July. In February of 1934, the school operated for 144 days and the teacher's wages were $60.00 per month. During these first years of Mary's career, there may have been only one or two children in each grade from grade one to nine, and all nine grades were not necessarily taught at the same time. Reference books were few, but if Mary is remembered for nothing else, she is remembered for insisting her students learned to read, write and spell.

In May of 1944, the new school opened. The enrollment increased and Mary taught all nine grades. She walked or drove a horse and buggy to school, a distance of two and one half miles. After Pleasant Vale School closed, due to the centralization of country schools, Mary drove to town each day and taught grade two at the Rocky Elementary School. Mary had breaks during her career and other teachers were hired, some of whom were Peggy Grant, Miss Bockus and Mrs. Christenson. Miss Bockus and Mrs. Christenson were from the east and wondered if there could possible by anything beyond Rocky Mountain House. I am sure they thought they had reached the end of the world. There may have been others, but those are the teachers I remember.

Perhaps the highlight for the students each year was the Christmas Concert. This was an added burden for the teacher, but everyone in the community looked forward to it. The concert was always held in the "Old School," as there was a stage in it. White sheets were hung as backdrops. There were plays, Christmas carols and of course Santa. (In my time, Santa had a very strong Scottish accent). I remember some of the plays starring Murray McDonald and Billy Sinclair. Northern Crossing would have loved them! Of course no one could hold a candle to our songsters: Jean Sinclair, Jeannie and Reannie McDonald, Sandra Graham, Phyllis Smith, Susan Lea, Margaret and Eunice Cooper and June Hammel. Another annual event was the Farmers' Day picnic in June. There were ball games, three legged races, wheel barrel races, peanut scrambles and of course the booth run by the ladies who served hotdogs and coffee.

There were some great tales from those days spent at school. A narrow swing-type bridge was constructed across the creek. There were times when the bridge swayed much more than usual due to some help from a couple of the "big" boys who would wait until the teacher was in the middle of the bridge, then begin their fun. Ralph McDonald and Raymond Osborne were names mentioned when telling of escapades of this type.

Lawrence Stewart and one of his buddies, Speed West, were not immune to playing pranks. Mary and Don were having a new well dug. Large cement casing were near the garage waiting to be lowered down the well. As it was Halloween, the pranksters decided to push the casings in front of the garage so the teacher couldn't get her car out to drive to school, but they greatly underestimated the dedication of their teacher.

A short cut to school was through a gully which used to fill with water each year and on occasion freeze over. So, some of the kids, Dorothy McDonald and Sharon O'Connor, to name a couple, jumped on the ice until it broke. When they fell through, their feet were soaking wet, so they had to stand by the stove and dry out, before they were allowed to sit in their seats. They thought this was great!

Speed West had a trapline of sorts. Connie McDonald remembers him chasing the girls with a squirrel trap. Today, Speed denies any part of chasing girls!

One time the boys thought it a good idea to block the chimney and smoke the school up, then they would be allowed to run free for the remainder of the day. Little did they know the strength of their teacher! They were made to stay in class and suffer the smoke. Everyone refused

to admit putting something in the chimney, but when it was finally unplugged, there was a gunny sack with the neighbour's name stamped on it. Ronald, Murray and Billy were the likely suspects.

Clifford Sever didn't like the taste of the vitamin pills the school nurse used to leave. (None of us did!) However, whenever the teacher wasn't looking, the pills would disappear down the heat registers. The smell of warm codliver oil was something else!

We didn't have guns, pot, or booze in the school grounds in those years, but we did have some very enterprising young men, with Ronald and Murray the ring leaders. They were able to convince the other boys to dig and build an underground fort in the far corner of the school grounds. The boys intended to make some type of explosive, but fortunately for everyone, the plot was discovered and the fort dismantled.

Whenever a student got in trouble they were sent to the library and the door closed. However, the wall around the library did not go to the ceiling. There was ample room to climb over the wall and down into the cloakroom and out the door. It is said Johnny Bagstad was very good at this.

Sometime during 1932-33 there became other reasons why Mary wished to stay on as teacher at Pleasant Vale, that being Donald McDonald. I have no idea how long the courtship was, but they were married July 11, 1933. Don had land across from his parents where he and Mary built their home. Don continued to trap during the winter. Mary, along with her teaching duties, looked after the home front while he was away. There were a couple of milk cows, which supplied an added income in cream sales. There was always butter to churn and a large garden to look after. During these years, Don began building his herd of Hereford cattle, which he took great pride in. It was a nice herd to see, grazing on the Forestry lease in the West Country. He obtained more land and farming took more and more of his time. During the winter months, timber was harvested from the home quarter.

Both Don and Mary loved the written word and were avid readers. Don's favorite authors were Pierre Burton, Robert Service and Robert Burns. Don learned the written word well, and over the years often penned his thoughts in letters to the editor of the Mountaineer and other publications. Along with his love of books came a love of music. He enjoyed playing his violin which, in later years, he often played for his own enjoyment. Don will be remembered by those who knew him for his ability to recite poetry. The feeling he gave poetry and his repertoire was amazing. In Mary's free time, she would spin yarn to be used in knitting or card batts of wool for quilts. Both Mary and Don enjoyed their piano, which Don purchased using the proceeds from a sack of squirrel skins.

Don and Mary's family consisted of four children: Connie, Dennis, Miriam and David. The four kids all attended Pleasant Vale School to grade nine. Guess who the teacher was for a good portion of those learning years? Connie took grade ten through twelve in Red Deer at the Composite High. Dennis also attended a year at the Comp. By the time Miriam completed grade nine, school buses were operating in the rural areas and so the rural students were able to bus to Rocky for high school. David's rural education went to grade four because the Pleasant Vale school was closed in 1960. After that, his education continued in Rocky.

Connie became an X-ray Technician. Dennis worked in the lumber industry. He married Rosalie Rodtka and they had three children, Connie, Merle, and Natasha, who resides in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Miriam attended Henderson's Secretarial School in Red Deer and worked for many years in that field. In 1961 she married Gordon Carswell and they have two boys, Donald and Patrick. Donald married Donna Thronberg and they have a daughter Karissa. Patrick married Terry-Lynn Armstrong and they reside in Calgary.

David worked the oilrigs before settling into running the family farm. He married Darlene Cermak and they have four kids: Tanya, Kerry, Christa and Donald. David loved local politics and was on the MD Council for nine years. Tanya married Darcy Johnston and they have a son Chase. Kerry married Terry Desjardins and they have a daughter Michelle. Christa is continuing her education in the music field and Donald is finishing his education.

Mary passed away May 16, 1986 and Donald passed away October 4, 1986. Both are laid to rest in the Prairie Creek Cemetery.

McDONALD, Pat and Joan

Joan and Pat McDonald.

Since they arrived in Rocky Mountain House in 1989, Pat and Joan have been a very visible part of the community. Joan arrived from Grande Prairie with extensive experience in town politics having served nine years on the Council there. She also spent 38 years as a special education teacher in elementary and junior high schools. She was then (and is now) very active in Town Life and is a sitting councilor with the Town, an active member of countless committees including chairing the Cancer Society Campaign, Birth-Rite, Catholic Women's league, active in her church (Pat plays music there), and is a member and chairperson of the Friends of the National Historic Site. Joan was raised in North Battleford , Saskatchewan.

Pat McDonald, "Mac" or "Mr. Mac" to many of his friends, colleagues and students, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 14, 1936. He was educated within the Halifax City School system and went on to earn graduate degrees in Arts from St. Marys University and a Master Degree in Education as well as a Law Degree from Dalhousie University. Pat and his wife, Joan, who maintains a very active role in municipal politics, have three children, Carolyn, Michael and Bruce, each with children of their own. Bruce is one of the illustrators in "Where The River Brought them, "Pat's history of the fur trade along the North Saskatchewan River and the sturdy pioneers who came after.

Pat's lifelong interests have included sports. In 1986 he was in China on behalf of the Alberta Government Cultural Exchange Program conducting coaching clinics for Senior Level Chinese basketball Coaches and in 1988 was awarded the Olympic Flame Medal for Coaching in Alberta during the Calgary Winter Olympics. He has a life long interest in music, literature, history, and in particular, a passion for people and their life stories. After concluding careers in both law and education and having retired as Principal of St. Matthew School in Rocky Mountain House in June of 1997, Pat channelled much of his energy into an investigation of our local history. His efforts in this area of research evolved into an opportunity and a commitment to write several historical articles and his very popular " Where The River Brought Them."

Pat is, above everything else, a story teller. He has spoken to many teacher groups on motivating students and building staff community and more recently to young and old alike about discovering their rich local histories. Listening to Pat weave tales of our storied heritage to groups of enthralled students, Historical Societies, Elders of First Nations, pioneer organizations, or at Chamber of Commerce dinners, the listener can be sure of one thing, they will come away, not only hooked, but wanting to learn more.

Married to Joan Chisholm in 1960, Pat eventually moved to Grande Prairie a beautiful small city and a wonderful place to raise children. They have three children who received their early education in Grande Prairie. In 1989 they moved to Rocky Mountain House and have been very active in all facets of community life.

Carolyn, Daughter, B.A. B.Comm. Is the owner and chief executive officer of Ambraighe Educational Career Consulting Ltd. in Rocky Mountain House. Bruce McDonald B.Comm. M.BA. department supervisor of Alberta Department of Education Post Secondary. Bruce has contributed several sketches to the History Book. Michael McDonald, B.A. M.BA L.L.B. is a law Partner with the London, England, Law firm of Allen & Overy.

McEWEN, Marian

My father, David McEwen, was born in 1867 and when he was about six years old, came with his family from Colmonell in Ayrshire, Scotland, to settle in Canada at Lakeport, Ontario. As a young man my father came to Claresholm, Alberta, in 1906.

Marian McEwen.

My mother, Ruth Doyle, was born in 1876 and came with her family to Canada when she was eleven years old. Her parents originally came from Ireland, and had met and married in Bermuda where her father was stationed with the British Army. They returned to Ireland and to England before coming to Canada to live in Pickering and Belleville, Ontario. My mother became a schoolteacher and went west to Claresholm in 1907. Her parents left Ontario to come to live in Claresholm.

My father and mother were married in 1916 in Claresholm. A son, David Charles, was born in 1917 and I, Marian, was born in 1920 and lived in Claresholm until going in training. I have often been asked why I went east to take training. World War II had been declared in September 1939. By that time my grandparents had died, my father had died and my brother had left home to take Diesel Engineering in Brooklyn, New York. I entered the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal Nurses training, and my mother also came to Montreal and later lived with her two older sisters in Lake Placid, New York.

My brother David was killed in the fighting of the Anzio Campaign in Italy. He was a paratrooper with the Medical Detachment of the 504 Parachute Infantry Regiment and is buried in Nettuno Military Cemetery near Naples, Italy.

After graduating as a registered nurse, I enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy as a Sub Lieutenant Nursing Sister and was stationed in HMCS Stadacona Naval Hospital in Halifax and then in HMCS Naden Naval Hospital in Esquimalt, B.C. When I was demobilized, I returned to Montreal to work in Public Health, but after about 12 years I wanted a change. And so in September 1959 I came to Rocky Mountain House. The main street still had its wooden sidewalks with three steps up on the east side and three steps down on the west side.

I was to be Health Nurse with the Indian and Northern Health Services for the Sunchild, O'Chiese and Big Horn Reserves. Housing was very scarce and for the first four months we lived in a unit of the Sportsmen's Motel. My mother, Ruth McEwen, who came back to the west with me, was delighted when we eventually were able to get a house where she could have a garden and have tea with her friends. Mother died Dec. 11, 1974, age 98 years, and was buried in the family plot in Claresholm Cemetery.

On my first day at work, the Indian Agent, Bill Betts, drove me to the O'Chiese Reserve to meet Mary Klassen, the nurse I would be replacing. Mary's husband, Abe, was the schoolteacher and also the school bus driver. Mary explained all the procedures and government forms I would have to complete monthly and gave me health records for the children's inoculations. There was another school at the north end of the Reserve and a two-room school at Sunchild. A Mennonite Mission was at Sunchild and the staffs were very welcoming and helpful in identifying the families for me. On my second day, I set out by myself for the Big Horn Reserve west of Nordegg. The road was graveled all the way. Construction of the paved David Thompson Highway had not yet been started. I drove and drove without meeting any vehicles until I thought I must be nearly in B.C., but finally the reserve appeared amid the magnificent mountain scenery. Peter Penner was the schoolteacher at the Big Horn and his wife, Edna, could tell me all about the families on the Reserve. Driving back to Rocky Mountain House that evening I passed Nordegg in its beautiful setting and I thought the little houses looked so lonesome in the locked and deserted townsite.

I did not have an office until late in September when I got a space, upstairs above the Co-op Store, and the next year I moved across the street to the upstairs offices in the newly built post office building on 50th Ave. I had been provided with a big blue Chev. Station wagon and at first it had to serve as my office for all the records and medical supplies. The station wagon also came supplied with an ax, a snow shovel

and a winch with a ratchet. This winch was almost too heavy for me to handle, but I did find out later that I could winch the car out of the ditch if I had not gone in too far—and if there was a sturdy tree in the right place for support. The road to Sunchild-O'Chiese was not graveled past the Buster Creek schoolhouse. I found that rain and snow could make dirt roads very slippery—and oh so muddy!

I got to know the children in the schools first, and they always welcomed me as long as it was not a day when I was giving needles. It was quite a job trying to keep inoculations up to date. When I was visiting in the homes, I thought the new baby looked so safe and warm, sleeping in the moss bag. A mobile x-ray unit from Edmonton came to x-ray adults and children. Then there were Mantoux Tests to be done for Tuberculosis, and trips to town for follow up x-rays at the local hospital, and trips to Camsell Hospital in Edmonton.

The snow came and stayed. It made the spruce trees look beautiful, but was not so good for driving. By the middle of November it was -22 degrees F, and after I had gone into the ditch 13 times, I stopped counting. Invariably I met a lumber truck on a bad corner, but the trucks always waited to see if I could get back onto the road again without assistance. I gained valuable driving experience and could even jack up the car to change flat tires. I learned to always have a full tank of gas before leaving town and to always carry a lunch with me.

After two years with Indian Health Services, I began working at the Rocky Mountain House General Hospital. It was supposed to be a twenty-bed hospital, but I think we sometimes squeezed in thirty patients by using folding cots between the beds. There were only two doctors on staff, so for major surgery a nurse would assist the surgeon, while the other Doctor gave the anesthetic. The Hospital always seemed busy with lots of maternity patients, usually with deliveries on 3 - 11 shift, or in the middle of the night. Several lumber camps were operating in the area, and we had accidents from falling trees and chain saw cuts. There were always car accidents, farm accidents, and injuries from fights.

Mrs. Agnes Ryan was the matron. She had an apartment on the second floor of the hospital, and we knew we could always call on her in the night if a situation got too much for us to handle. We had a succession of staff nurses from across Canada, from England, Ireland, Scotland, India, Australia, and New Zealand. Agnes Ryan was an avid curler and eager for her nurses to learn the game. She helped novice curlers and never worried if the team ended short one player because a nurse had to leave to go on night duty at 11 p.m. She encouraged the staff to prepare a hospital float each year for entry in the stampede parade. We won a prize a few times—usually for a comic entry.

I played the big bass drum in the community band for a few years. The drum was too heavy for me to carry in stampede parades, so one of the men would play the drum and I would clang the cymbals. Mrs. Ryan insisted the parade come along the hospital driveway, so the patients could see the entries. Usually there was an emergency or a delivery going on at the same time, so some of the staff always missed the parade. I was granted a leave of absence to take a course in operating technique and management at the University of Alberta Hospital as there were rumors of a new hospital, and I thought I had better be prepared. Mrs. Ryan retired in Aug. of 1971 and Beulah Tomkins became Director of Nursing and I was Assistant Director. Construction went on for a completely new hospital, to be built just behind the old hospital. What a job it was to get moved and find where everything should be placed. Patient moving day was January 26, 1972, and it was -50F, the coldest day of the year. Some patients could walk over; others came by stretcher, and our 3lb-preemie baby came over in the incubator.

There were many problems in getting settled. Our first operation, a tonsillectomy, was on January 28 and the overhead lights in the O.R. would not come on; the breaker had been switched off. The fire alarm would go off for no apparent reason, the Patient Call System did not always work, and we had only one room for the Emergency Department. The official opening came on February 10, 1972, and it was a warm sunny day, so the ribbon cutting ceremony could be held outdoors. Tours of the new hospital followed. We now had four doctors on staff and the hospital continued to get busier and busier. Plans soon had to be made for renovations. After living through an era of bull dozing and the

pounding of jackhammers, we had the official opening on October 4, 1979, of the new Outpatient Department, the Pediatric Suite and the Auxiliary Suite. There were now seven doctors on staff. Beulah Tomkins retired in 1983, and Betty Miller came as Director of Nursing. The hospital continued to be a busy place. I retired in February 1985 and was honored with teas, gifts and a dinner at which the doctors and hospital staff performed hilarious skits, depicting my life in the hospital and some of my mishaps.

Retirement did not mean inactivity. I continued as organist for the Memorial Presbyterian Church until 1994. As secretary of the Historical Society, I also became involved with the new museum. I received the Humanitarian Award from the Chamber of Commerce. By serving on the Development Appeal Board, I learned a little of town management and policies. In 2000 I received the Mayor's Recognition Award for volunteerism. I am one of the Trail Trashers, so named by the Recreation Department because on our daily morning walk we picked up litter we found along the trail. I have had ski trips and some wonderful hikes in the mountains and love the beauty of our "West Country." I am a member of the committee working on Rocky Mountain House's second family history book—which probably accounts for the length of this spiel.

Wilbur McFadden.

McFADDEN, Wilbur (Webb) and Margaret

Webb and I were married in the town of Miami, Manitoba, on December 18, 1948. He worked on a farm for his brother-in-law. Being a grain farm, there was little to do in the winter, so he played hockey for the Southern Manitoba Hockey League. Webb's brother, Jim McFadden, played in the N.H.L. when there were only six teams. He played for Detroit, Chicago, Ottawa and then played for Calgary from 1954 to 1957 in the Western Hockey League.

Pearl Courtright, Margaret McFadden, Jean Justinen.

In 1956 Webb decided to see if he could find work in the oilfields of Alberta, so he and Harold Galloway went to Calgary. I had a cousin in Calgary, Harold Hunt, who was also Harold Galloway's uncle. My cousin invited them to come and stay at his home while they looked for work.

We had bought a mobile home, 8 ft. by 36 ft., in Winnipeg which was delivered to Fort Macleod, Alberta, where Webb had work with Duke Drilling. The boys and I came with the trailer on Oct. 9, 1956. We just couldn't believe the wind could blow so hard (chinooks). We moved to Nanton with Reading & Bates on Dec.12, 1956, then on to Sundre on August 21, 1957, before coming to Rocky Mountain House on December 11, 1957. In April of 1958 I started work in the Telephone Office in Rocky Mountain House and worked there until midnight July 14, 1962, when Rocky turned over to the dial system. Mrs. Pearl Courtwright, Mrs. E. L. Hughes (agent) and myself were the three employees who served the longest period of time. That last night we all met at the office and went over to Alma and Merle Riggins' home to a party (where Mrs. Joan Lichak lives now). We were sorry to see the telephone office close. Marv Peterson was working across from the telephone office at Boyden's Plumbing. When a phone call would come in for the office, Marvin would be working outside so Mrs. Hughes would go to the door of the Telephone Office and wave a tea towel for Marvin to go and answer his phone.

Wilbur McFadden.

McFaddens' truck at new town disposal.

We also got other messages for people who hadn't had their phone connected yet, and we would write the name and number on a piece of paper. Then one of us would deliver it, and the person receiving the message would come to the telephone office and make their call.

We moved to Hinton with Loffland Bros. Drilling Co. in 1964 and 1965. We sold our trailer there and came back to Rocky where we purchased the E.P. Brown house on 53rd Street. This is where I still reside today.

In 1971 we were awarded the waste disposal contract with the Town of Rocky Mountain House, and we operated this business for twenty-five years. Webb also had a water truck he used to haul drinking water to the National Historic Site and to rig camps. When we first started the contract with the town, we bought the first waste disposal unit built by Haul-All Equipment from Lethbridge, and in February 2001 we received an invitation to go to Lethbridge and celebrate their 30th Anniversary because we were their very first customer. It was a great occasion!

Webb and I had three children, Gregory, Brent and Colleen. Gregory Edward McFadden was born in Miami, Manitoba, on Dec. 27, 1950. He took most of his schooling in Rocky Mountain House, before taking a year and a half in Hinton. Greg was one of the first Sea Cadets in Rocky Mountain House. He married Verna Voshall in May 1973. They have two daughters: Tara Lynn born in 1974, who lives in Calgary, and Farah, born in 1978, who lives in Lethbridge. Greg works for Shell Oil at Burnt Timber Gas Plant. They live at Bearberry, Alberta.

Brent Wilbur McFadden was born in Miami, Manitoba, Feb. 20, 1955. He also took his schooling in Rocky Mountain House and belonged to Cubs and Sea Cadets. He married Audrey Cablick on Jan 3, 1974. Brent started work with Alberta Gas Trunk Lines in Rocky and now works for Trans Canada Pipeline, Airdrie. Brent and Audrey have two sons, Greg, born Dec. 30, 1975, and Shane, born Mar. 29, 1977. They live in Airdrie. Audrey is a nurse at the Foothills Hospital in Calgary.

Colleen Marie McFadden was born on Aug. 11, 1962, and took all her schooling in Rocky Mountain House. She went to Red Deer and took her training as a registered nurse at the Red Deer College. She now works at the Rocky Hospital. Colleen married Larry Vanderaa on September 25, 1993, and they have one son, Jamie Leo, born Dec. 22, 1994, who is enrolled in Lochearn School. They own Col-Lar Construction in Rocky.

Webb had an acreage with a big yard and garage across from Cole's Auction Mart. After retirement he spent a lot to time doing woodwork, and he took great pride in keeping up the yard.

Webb passed away on January 13, 2000. We were always very thankful to have lived in Rocky Mountain House all these years.

McGHEE, Joe and Agnes
by Rilla Lyster

Joe with Marilyn, Rilla, Burnie, Harvey, Nancy and Alice.

Josephus McGhee arrived in Rocky Mountain House in 1915. He came with his parents from the Minot, North Dakota area. Joe was the middle child of eleven born to P.B. and Annie McGhee. His eldest sister, Jessie, married Dewie Berrian and remained in the area when the rest of the family moved to B.C. and other locales. His oldest brother, Jasper, was killed in the first World War.

As a young man, Joe made his name drilling water wells for new settlers. He acquired a homestead in the west country near Lamora, Alberta. This land was south of Jack Fish Lake and along the North Saskatchewan River. A large portion of the section of land was suitable for growing tame hay—timothy and brome grass—which was needed for the horses in the mines at Nordegg (Brazeau).

In 1930 Joe married Agnes Drinnan and ended his carefree bachelor days. They set up house on the homestead and began raising a family.

Besides raising hay and cutting props and ties for the mines, Joe worked as a guide and outfitter. Many Americans got their trophies with Joe's help, and he helped many local people get their winter's meat.

In 1931 Rilla was added to the family; Harvey appeared on the scene in 1932; Robert (Burnie) was born in 1933, and Alice was added to the number in 1938. Now it was obvious: schooling was going to be a problem.

Haying with horse power.

The farm was rented out in 1942 and the family moved to Vernon, B.C., where Joe's father and youngest sister and brother resided. His father died shortly after that.

In 1943, the family came home to Alberta. After much searching (and renting a few places), a farm was purchased in the Alhambra district. In the winter of 1944-45, Joe worked on a drilling rig at Ram River and Agnes cooked for the crew. Rilla, Harvey and Burnie stayed with the Bill Bradshaw family and continued their schooling. In August 1945, Marilyn was born to the family and this completed the family unit. Joe continued to take hay off the farm at Lamoral until the mines no longer used horses.

Joe died suddenly at home on October 12, 1952. The farm had previously been sold, so Agnes (Nancy) moved to Rocky Mountain House where she purchased a boarding house and ran it for several years. All of the McGhee children moved to Rocky at that time, except Rilla who was in Calgary, training to become a nurse.

McGOWAN, James and family
submitted by V. Kohtala

Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan bought a farm (NW15-40-6-W5) in the Bingley district in 1930. Their birthplace was in England, and they had one son, Alec, born about 1918. Mrs. McGowan was an accomplished singer and helped Mrs. Steve Biswanger prepare for the Bingley school Christmas concerts.

Misfortune struck one spring day when their brooder house burned to the ground along with a number of young chicks which were inside. The McGowans were away that day, and only the timely arrival of their next door neighbor, Richard Kohtala, prevented the fire from spreading to their other buildings.

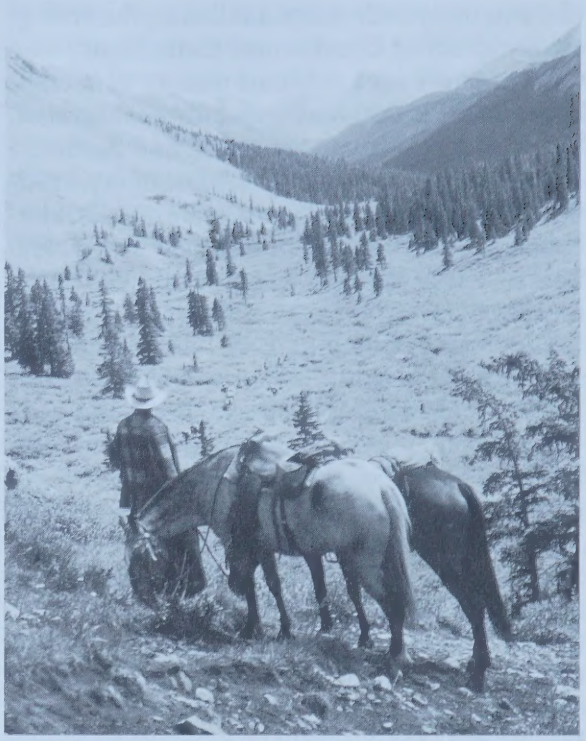
Mrs. McGowan entered a slogan contest sponsored by the Robert Simpson Company to promote their mail-order business. The cover of Simpson's catalogue depicted a beauty, dressed in the finery of yesteryear. The title slogan "Fashions come and fashions go, but beauty reigns forever," won the McGowans a brand new automobile.

The McGowans moved to Perryvale in Northern Alberta in 1934, and Alec became a heavy-duty mechanic in Edmonton. In later years, Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan moved to Victoria, British Columbia.

McKENZIE, Ed and Milly
submitted by Milly McKenzie

McKenzie Family, 1989.

Ed came from a family who lived off the land and worked hard at clearing it and making things grow. Ed's dad, Thomas, was famous for grubbing trees by hand, clearing most of their land in that manner. His mother, Lara, raised wonderful gardens and was known for her expert sewing skills. She could look at a picture of a dress, then make her own pattern and sew it up. Everyone in the community looked up to her. Ed's dad loved his horses and of course farmed with them, as did everyone at that time. In the early years he made his living by hauling freight to Nordegg with horses.



Ed McKenzie looking towards Job Pass (Coral Creek).

Ed's mother was a "Clay" and their family were avid horsemen and hunters as well. It's no wonder that horses were a way of life for Ed and that he continued to use them even after tractors replaced them on the farm. He learned to hunt when he was very young, mostly to put food on the table for his family. Ed got his first paying job when he was twelve years old. His neighbors hired him to stay on an isolated place all summer with nothing but a dog and a .22 rifle to ward off predators.

Ed and his brother, Hugh, started riding broncs when they were teenagers. They used to gather horses from several neighbors in the Stauffer area and bring them home for Sunday rodeos. For several years they traveled the rodeo circuits, doing a little winning here and there. As a matter of fact, Ed won the saddle bronc riding at the Rocky Rodeo in 1954, earning just enough for us to get married.

Ed obtained his first guide's license in 1949 and began working for various outfitters in the west country. Throughout the years he packed horses through the mountains all the way from Sundre to Grande Cache.

I was born at Crossfield, Alberta , the youngest daughter of Charles and Eleita Smart who farmed in the area. My dad was a steam engineer and my mom was the greatest cook around. I was always a horse crazy kid and dreamed of someday being a cowgirl. Most of my childhood games centered around horses, but because my brother had been killed by a horse, before I was born, I was not allowed to be around them.

On Thanksgiving of 1949 I accompanied a school chum to Stauffer for the weekend to visit her relatives there. That was when I met Ed. I was immediately intrigued by the young cowboy. In 1954 we began an adventurous life together with a marriage that lasted over 40 years.

Our first home was near Hale Lake in the Stauffer area. After that we moved to a lumber camp near Nordegg where Ed worked for Pete Lecerf. Later we moved to the Chedderville district, then to Rocky Mountain House, back to Crossfield for a short time, then west to the Hardindell area.

In 1962 we bought a farm one mile east of Rocky and have lived there ever since. Together, Ed and I raised nine children: Ronald Edward, Patricia Anne, Thomas Charles, Randolph Allen, Russel James, Bonita Louise, Linda Corinne, Shelley Rose and Darren Michael.

We started our own outfitting business in 1967 with a few of our own horses, and some borrowed ones as well. We bought horses and equipment from the McNutt brothers who had decided to get out of the business. This was our "Centennial Project" and we had high hopes for the future of outfitting. But life never seems to go exactly as planned, and in the spring of 1968 a forest fire swept through our area, burning all of our outbuildings and destroying everything that was in them. Thankfully, the house was saved, so we still had a home for the family. I still marvel at the generosity of people who respond in times of tragedy. The Hardindell community put on a benefit dance for us, and people from all over brought us things we needed to help us look after our animals until we could buy new materials to rebuild. Starting over again was difficult, but not impossible, and eventually our business became quite successful. Ed's hunting skills were very valuable in gaining the respect of hunting clients from all over the U.S.

McKenzie trail riding facility near DTR and Cline River.

In 1972, we decided to expand our business to accommodate clients who just wanted to ride through the majestic Rocky Mountains by horseback. We were the first outfitters in Rocky Mountain House to get into this end of the business. After many years of hard work, the name "McKenzie's Trails West" became known the world over.

Because we made our living in the mountain areas, and because we recognized the importance of protecting these areas, we struggled year after year, arguing against exploration and development that was threatening to destroy these last crucial areas of our wilderness. It is important for people to realize that the very lifeline of Rocky Mountain House, and places beyond, depends on protecting the water and air quality our mountains provide. Throughout the years all of our children have been involved in our outfitting business and were invaluable in making it respected world wide.

In 1974, my mom, Eleita Smart, moved to Rocky Mountain House from Crossfield to live beside us on our farm. She was the first matron of the Crossfield seniors' lodge and worked there for several years before retiring. She helped us a lot while we were getting our outfitting business going by looking after the younger children while we were on trips. She lived here for seventeen years until her passing in 1991.

During the 1980s we decided to put together a hockey team and enter the Rocky Commercial Hockey League. Our boys loved

the game, but had never had the opportunity to play in organized minor hockey, so this was their big chance. Our team consisted of our own boys and their friends along with some of the boys from the Bighorn reserve. Ed and Max Andersen coached the team, assisted from time to time by our son, Ron, and Isaah Crawler. At one of our scheduled games, we didn't have enough players to ice the team, so Ed had to put on a pair of skates and start the game with the opening face-off. Needless to say we all had a lot of fun during those years, and our team seemed to create a lot of controversy by all the articles that were put in the local paper. What our team lacked in skills, they made up for with "heart." Our girls and their friends were our biggest fans and helped cheer on the team to quite a few victories over the years.

Ron is now the operator of McKenzie's Trails West and continues to host clients from around the world. He has two sons, Jason and Eddie, as well as four step children, Jacobie, Jason, Janice, and Shyla.

Patricia married Evan Dahms, and they have three children: Candace, McKenzie (Kenny) and Russell. Candace has two children, Aidan and Jade. Patricia is a well known horsewoman and has competed in three-day-eventing all over the U.S. and Canada. She was part of the Canadian team and competed for Canada at the 2000 Pan Am games in Winnipeg.

Tom married Debbie Klatt and adopted her two children, Paige and Lee. Together, Tom and Debbie have one son, Thomas. Tom has always made his living with horses and cows. He guides hunters in the fall, and breaks horses for other people. He is also co-owner-operator of a choring business in the area.

Randy is a gas plant operator and also has a buffalo operation east of Rocky. He has been active in the community, coaching minor hockey and fastball. He married Lana Kirstein and has four children: Kristin, Nicole, Clay and Breana. He and all the family enjoy camping with their horses in the mountains.

Russel is an insulator and sheet metal mechanic and also has a cattle farm near the Rocky airport. He enjoys raising and breaking horses and using them for his own recreation. He married Shelley Brauer from Brooks, who works as a nurse in the extended care unit of the Rocky Hospital.

Bonnie worked for many years in the family outfitting business as cook and guide. She married Gil Perreault, a welder, and they have five children: Zane, Jessica, Austin, Tyrell, and Brandt. She loves her horses and spends a lot of time teaching her children to enjoy them, too.

Linda is a dispatcher and has worked for Forestry for several years. She just recently married Scott Collinson from Port Hardy, B.C., and they live east of Rocky on one of our quarters of land. Scott has worked at several different jobs in the area, but is currently doing carpenter work. Together they are establishing a horse herd to develop a line of sport horses.

Shelley became a nurse and has worked in the Rocky General Hospital for several years. She married Kelly Schenk who is a welder. Together, they have four children: Logan, Katlyn, Lane and Madison. They have land in the Frisco area and enjoy their horses and teaching their children to ride.

Darren has worked at many things, mostly involving horses and guiding. He now has his license in Equine Massage Therapy and is currently living in Arizona to pursue this career. He married Huda Coutney and has one daughter, Summar.

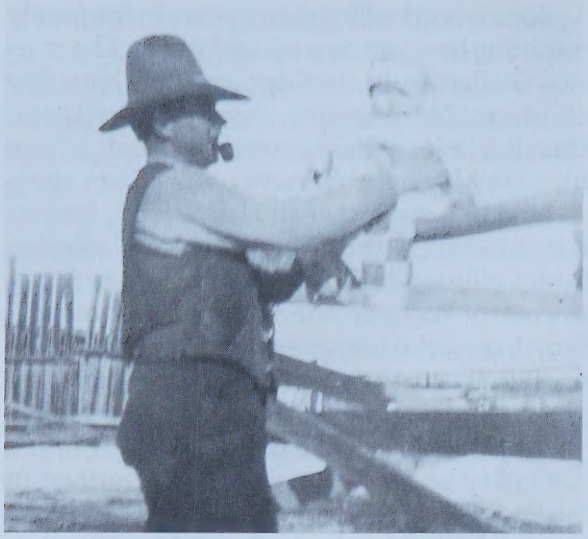
On December 17, 1994, Ed passed away suddenly at the age of 66 years. He had never had any serious health problems. He lived his life to the fullest and made his living doing the things he loved. The outdoors was his life and he enjoyed farming and outfitting right up until his passing. Ed taught me many valuable things during our marriage and left his family a great legacy of appreciation and respect for the great outdoors.

McKENZIE, Thomas

submitted by his daughter, Rosalee Leavitt

Thomas McKenzie's family came from Scotland towards the end of the eighteenth century. My dad's father, Gilbert McKenzie, was born in Scotland in 1862. Gilbert sailed from Scotland to Canada and landed at Black Cape in the county of Bonaventure, Quebec. It is not known for certain what kind of work he did while living in Quebec, but we know that Gilbert married Agnes Thorburn in Quebec in 1889.

Agnes was born in England in 1859 and came to Canada with her parents who had settled in



Rosa McKenzie and her dad, Tom McKenzie around 1921.

Great-grandpa Gilbert McKenzie farm, 1922 or 1923. Tom and Lura McKenzie, Aunt Winnie, and Great-grandma and Grandpa McKenzie and Rosa McKenzie held by her granddad.

Quebec. Gilbert and Agnes raised a family of three boys and a girl who took some of their schooling in Quebec before leaving for Alberta in 1906. They arrived in Red Deer by train on September 5, 1906. My dad, Thomas, was fifteen years old at the time and worked with his father in the Great West Lumber Company in Red Deer when the family first arrived.

Gilbert and his eldest son, Allan, traveled west from Red Deer, looking the country over, and sometime between 1908 and 1912 they both filed on homesteads in the Stauffer area. I don't ever remember hearing that my grandparents lived on the homestead in Stauffer. I rather think my grandmother lived in Red Deer, so the younger children could attend school. There was a house in Red Deer called the "old McKenzie house." It was still standing a few years ago and I believe it was my grandparents' home. There was a log cabin built on my grandfather's homestead where my parents lived when they were first married. I remember visiting the log house when I was a child and my dad told me he used to look after a herd of Black Angus cattle that belonged to his dad. Dad's father, Gilbert, helped build the train trestles for the railroad from Rocky Mountain House to Nordegg and for a while carried mail from Rocky Mountain House to Stauffer and Caroline. He left Alberta sometime after his wife, Agnes, died on June 26, 1922, and moved to Vancouver Island. He spent his remaining years there and died October 9, 1942, at the age of 80.

In 1916 my dad (known as Tom) filed a claim on his homestead. He built a one-room log cabin on his land and lived there as a bachelor when he wasn't working away on a job. In those days, he hauled freight for building the railroad from Red Deer to Nordegg. He freighted with a four horse team and wagon in summer or a sleigh in winter, over hazardous trails which wound through sloughs, muskegs. Creeks and rivers were forded, and he suffered many a hardship.

My dad's brother, Allan, built the first hotel in Rocky Mountain House and went on to become a well-known contractor throughout Alberta. During his later years, he too, moved to Vancouver Island an spent the rest of his years there. Allan had no children of his own. He was born 1st of September 1866 and died February 1960 at the age of eighty. His wife's name was Winifred.

My dad's sister, Victoria, became a school teacher and taught at Nordegg, Rocky Mountain House and Beaver Flats as well as other schools throughout Central Alberta. She married a farmer from Botha and they owned a ladies clothing store in Stettler for a number of years. They moved to B.C. for a while and lived at White Rock before moving back to Alberta. Victoria was born October 8, 1897, and died in Edmonton on July 24, 1977.

My dad's brother, Calvin, was born the 14th of April, 1901, and died in October 1946. He married an Edmonton girl, and they had two daughters. The eldest daughter, Shirley, married

a dentist and they live in Claresholm, Alberta. I have no knowledge of the other daughter.

My dad, Tom, married Lura Clay from Raven, Alberta, on December 29, 1919. They traveled by team and cutter to and from Red Deer, the weather being cold, as they remembered. My mother, Lura, had originally come from Joseph, Oregon, with her parents, brothers and sisters. They settled in the Raven area in 1909. They still have six of their children living in the area.

My brother, Edward, should be well remembered in this area as he owned a guide and outfitting business, "Mackenzie's Trails West." Ed died the 17th of December, 1994, at the age of sixty-six years. His oldest son, Ron, operates the business, now.

My brother, Hugh McKenzie, was involved in rodeos for many years and was the F.C.A. Champion Saddle Bronc Rider in 1955 and '56. My father was very fond of horses, a tradition that his children and grandchildren carried on in their lives. When he was still living on his father's land, my dad bought a black Percheron stallion for $800.00 with the intention of raising some of these horses, I guess. But within a month the horse laid down and died of swamp fever which was common in those days.

In the early days, a neighbor, Herb Clark, held stampedes at his place. He was a good friend of my dad's. In later years they held this event at Hale Lake stampede grounds. My dad was one of the board members who helped manage the events. He would enter his good saddle horse in the quadrille and the horse would keep time to the beat of the music.

My parents had seven children: Martha, Edward, Hugh, Marjorie, Harry, Victoria and myself, Rosalee. Six of us made our home in this area. Martha Slaymaker (Vernon, deceased) still resides in Rocky Mountain House. Hugh (Kaye) still resides on the home place. Edward (deceased) (his wife, Mildred), Harry (wife, Wendy), Victoria (husband, Tom Yarchenko), and myself, Rosalee Leavitt, all made our home in Central Alberta. Marjorie and her husband, Earl Thomas, reside in B.C.

My mother, Lura, died the 5th of February, 1965 at the age of sixty-four and my dad died the 3rd of August, 1966. Dad was almost seventy-five years old. Tom and Lura left a rich and noble heritage to their descendants and we, their children and grandchildren, are deeply grateful to our ancestors who settled in this area.

McLEOD, Irene and Charlie
written by Janet Wilson

My father, Charlie McLeod, was born in 1904 in North Dakota, enroute from Ontario, where his parents had recently emigrated from the Isle of Lewis, Scotland. He was 2 weeks old when they continued on to their homestead in Carmangay, Alberta. My father took his schooling in that area until going on to Olds School of Agriculture. He gradually moved north, where he met my mother, Irene Stone, while working for her father, Henry.

My mother was born in Bentley, Alberta, in 1918. Her father's grandparents had emigrated from Sweden. Her father was born and raised in Nebraska, US., then came to the Bentley area in 1903. Her mother was born in North Dakota, her parents had also come from Sweden. She came to the Bentley area in 1905. My mother's parents were married in 1906. My mother took her schooling in the Rainy Creek district very close to their house, as her father had donated some land for the school.

My mother and father were married in November of 1938, and then moved to the Erskine district. In 1940, they moved back to the Rainy Creek district, renting a farm. I was born March 1941. Allan was born in April 1942; Ruth in September 1943; Linda in April 1947; Kathleen in April 1949; Marion in November 1952; Margaret in January 1956; Gwen, in March 1957 and Karen in January 1960.

In 1946, my father bought a quarter of land, which had a saw mill on it, from a Mr. Donkin. There was a huge sawdust pile that was the best place to play. My father sold most of his farming equipment and most of his string of horses, keeping back a team called Nigger and Alfred. He also sold his cattle, keeping back one cow called Blue Bell whom you could milk anywhere. Good thing as I don't remember a barn being there.

My father loaded a steel wheeled wagon with our household effects, his saddle horse (Jim) and the cow tied behind and started out for Arbutus. My mother and three children came by bus,

getting off at the Arbutus corner on Highway 11. I don't remember how we got to the farm 2 1/2 miles away, probably walked.

The house we came to live in was no mansion but it was ours—bought and paid for. It was a very cold house in the winter, freezing water in the water pail and sometimes in the water reservoir of the stove. This house was torn down in 1969 and my parents moved to another house on that same farm that was in much better condition.

In the fall of 1946 I started school at Arbutus. My first teacher was Mrs. VanKleek, who had to walk from the highway a mile away from the school, as did the many other teachers we had over the six years I attended. I rode Jim, the saddle horse, to school and of course he was huge—and the boss—as I wasn't very big. Dorothy Caulkins (Joe Caulkin's oldest daughter) would ride over on her horse to go with me to school. I would still be trying to get rolled oat porridge down, which I didn't like, and consequently we were almost always late for school.

I continued going to Arbutus until grade seven when we were bussed into Rocky. Five of my siblings also went to the Arbutus School until it was closed in 1962, and then everyone was bussed into Rocky.

Over the years my father and mother improved the farm, clearing land, building up the herd of milk cows, pigs and chickens. It seemed there was a never-ending supply of roots to pick, lots of wood and coal to haul. There were many things to look forward to also: Christmas concerts, chicken suppers, school picnics and homemakers club picnics at Crimson Lake. We also learned to entertain ourselves as we didn't have a vehicle and neighbors weren't very close. We built a tree house and apparently it wasn't very sturdy. When two or three of us got up there, including Linda who was about two, the floor fell through.

I continued my education in Rocky Mountain House graduating in 1959. It was very hard coming from a one-room school, with about twenty people in total, to what seemed to be a tremendous amount. However, in grade nine things got better, thanks to Mrs. Phyllis Bert, our teacher. In high school, I was involved in the sports program and we had an excellent phys-ed teacher, Mr. Thomas.

After graduating I went to Red Deer to work at the Provincial Training School for the care of the mentally handicapped, taking the three year nursing course. I was married in 1962 and in March 1963 a daughter, Tracy, was born. She is married with two daughters, Jessie and Crystal Carson, and one son, Nicholas Ekelund. She also has one granddaughter, Chantell. They live in Sylvan Lake. In 1965, my daughter, Kelly, was born. She is married and has a daughter, Natasha, and a son named Mitchell Coley. They live in Salem, Oregon, U.S. Then in 1967 daughter, Kim, was born. She is married and has one daughter, Beth Breem. They live in Smokey Lake. Finally in 1970 my son, Keith, was born. He lives in Fox Creek.

In 1972, we came back to the Arbutus district, to live on the five-acre parcel my dad subdivided from his remaining twenty acres, after selling the cultivated land. In 1985, my mother and father moved to the Westview Lodge in Rocky, and in 1988 they moved to Valley Park Manor in Red Deer, where they resided until their passing. My father passed away on July 13, 1992, and my mother on April 23, 1997.

McMULLEN, Arthur (Mac)
by Anne Belliveau

Arthur McMullen was born in Harrington, Cumberland, England, on November 8, 1900, the eldest child of Mary Ann (Robinson) and Edward McMullen. Arthur came to Nordegg from Harrington in 1926. Northwestern England is coal mining country and Harrington was four and a half miles from Whitehaven, a major coal centre. In 1926 Johnny Shanks was General Manager of Brazeau Collieries. He had been the mine manager at Whitehaven Collieries before immigrating to Canada around the turn of the century. Through him other men from nearby coal mining areas were encouraged to come to the coal mines of Alberta during the next forty years.

Arthur's nickname, "Mac," became his primary name for life. He often told the story of crossing Canada by train, and asking the conductor if he knew where Nordegg was located. The two men pored over railway maps, but Nordegg was not to be found. The following day the conductor told Mac that he had inquired further about Nordegg and had learned that it

Mattie (Fallow) and Arthur McMullen.

was in Western Alberta, not too far from the town of Brazeau. This type of confusion came about as a result of the CNR changing all railway-related documents from Nordegg to Brazeau in 1919. The coal mining conglomerate of Brazeau Collieries was named in 1909, when the company first was formed, because most of the company's holdings were in the Brazeau River area. At that time the Nordegg coal field hadn't yet been located. And from the name "Brazeau Collieries" came the name of the train station, "Brazeau," located at Nordegg.

This name change became a bone of contention in Nordegg from 1919 onward, and a source of confusion over the years, including the present time, when historical researchers are confronted with both names but little explanation.

In 1914 William Mackenzie, one of the Canadian Northern Railway barons and a partner in the Brazeau Collieries mining venture, named the town "Nordegg," in honour of his business partner, Martin Nordegg. However, during WW I there was considerable agitation about the German sounding name of Nordegg. This was not from the townspeople who wanted the name to remain Nordegg, but from railway officials and Brazeau Collieries officials in Toronto. The townspeople wrote letters and petitioned to keep the name Nordegg but, in 1919, one year after WW I had ended, the station name became Brazeau.

From then on the station was Brazeau, but the post office, approximately 500 yards (about 450 meters) north, and down the hill, remained Nordegg. For anyone wanting to travel to Nordegg by train, the town did not appear to exist and was not shown on any railway schedule. For anyone wanting to send mail to Brazeau, no such post office appeared to exist. And that is how it remained for the lifetime of the mining community. Confusing? Very!

Arthur's (Mac's) grandfather, also Arthur McMullen, was born in Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, during the first half of the 1800s. He later immigrated to Scotland, where he and Margaret Smith, of Kirkowan (also spelled Kirkcowan), were married "over the anvil" (blacksmith shop) in Gretna Green, in Southwest Scotland. (When couples eloped to get married, they often chose to be married by the Blacksmith in a ceremony held in his shop). The couple settled in Northern England, where they raised a large family, (7 boys and 2 or 3 girls) of which the middle son, Edward, was born in 1876. Other (known) family members were Dan, Jim, and Sara.

Mary Ann Robinson (born 1874) was the daughter of Edwin Robinson, of Yorkshire, England, and Mary Ann O'Conner (1855-1887) from Avoca, County Wicklow, Ireland. Mary Ann O'Conner had been raised by two spinster aunts who were seamstresses. Edwin was the youngest son of a well-to-do Protestant family who would have nothing more to do with their youngest son, once he married Irish Catholic, Mary Ann.

Mary Ann and Edwin Robinson settled in in the "Lakes District" of Northwest England. They had six children: Jim, Mary Ann, Harry, Jinny, Martha, and Edward (Teddy). Mary Ann, the eldest daughter, was twelve years old when her mother died. Edwin was working in an iron foundry at Moss Bay, near Workington, Cumber-land, and young Mary Ann, as eldest daughter, took over both house duties and raising the younger family members, with considerable help

Mary (McMullen) Wall and Mary Anne (Robinson) McMullen at Nordegg early 1930s.

from her older brother, Jim. When Edwin later died, the family had to be broken up, with the younger children being sent to live with local Harrington families.

In 1900 Mary Ann married Edward McMullen; they also settled in Harrington. They had 5 children, of which the eldest child and only boy was Arthur, born November 8, 1900. The other children in order of age were Margaret, Mary, Sara, and Anne.

Edward, a Stevedore at the port of Harrington, died in 1907, when Arthur was just six years of age. Once again death forced Mary Ann to take on a double load of family responsibility. She tried to keep her young family together by selling baking and taking in laundry, but the task of tending to five youngsters and earning the family's keep was simply too much. Eventually she asked for assistance from her sister-in-law, Sara, who owned "The Beehive," an English pub located at the dock-front of Harrington Harbour. So, Sara took care of her dead brother's wife, Mary Ann, and his children, thus becoming a dominant and demanding force in their lives.

Arthur attended Cumberland Technical College in Workington for four years before entering a two-year training program in the mine office of St. Helens Colliery, north of Whitehaven. He took practical mining training at this location, learning all areas of the coal mining trade. Following this, he trained at the University College of Nottingham prior to leaving for Canada.

In 1926 there was a general strike in Britain, which affected work at the mines. During this strike, Canada advertised for trained British mining people to work in Canadian mines and Arthur decided to emigrate from England.

Arthur arrived in Nordegg on April 8th, 1926, took a room in the Brazeau Boarding House and hired on with the Company as a general labourer and timberman's helper. By 1927 he had become the Assayer, testing and evaluating the coal from the mines. In 1928 he was appointed Brazeau Collieries' Mining Engineer and Surveyor.

On November 20,1928, Mac married Mattie Fallow who was the stenographer for Brazeau Collieries and secretary to the general manager for ten years. Mac and Matt moved to 9 Marcelle Avenue. When Brazeau began organizing to go into briquetting in 1936 (it became operational in early 1937), Mac was put in charge of all surface operations, which included the tipple, belt conveyors, loaders (including Ottumwa loader for rail boxcars), washery, and briquette plants.

A general shake-up in mine management occurred following the October 31, 1941, mine explosion which killed 29 men. The General Manager and one Mine Manager lost their mining certificates. At this time, Mac was asked to become Mine Manager of #2 mine, while still retaining most of his other responsibilities.

When Johnny Shanks retired in 1945, Mac became Technical Operations Manager for Brazeau Collieries, responsible for all technical aspects of the Brazeau Collieries operations. The McMullen family then moved to 13 Marcelle Avenue, the house originally occupied by the town doctors.

Mac did not have much to do with the Kananaskis field which opened in 1947, but did make some trips to the area to check on tipple construction. This field belonged to the Brazeau Collieries, having been staked by Martin Nordegg in 1907. In 1947 Mac was the Brazeau Collieries' representative who worked with Consulting Engineer Gus Vissac, and contractor, Fred Mannix and Company, during the planning and organizational stages of the strip mines south of Nordegg.

After the 1950 fire, which wiped out much of the surface installations of Brazeau Collieries, Mac was given a two week leave of absence from Brazeau Collieries, in order to be hired as

Consulting Engineer for Riverside Ironworks (a subsidiary of Dominion Bridge), the company that planned and built the new surface operations at Nordegg.

By 1954 coal markets were down considerably and Mac began looking for other work. (He had no prior knowledge of final closure, but could see it coming.) In January, 1955 Mac resigned from the Brazeau Collieries and became the Civilian Works Officer for Construction Engineers, Department of National Defense, Camp Wainwright, Alberta.

Mac had brought his mother, his Aunt Sara, and his sisters to Canada for a lengthy visit during the early 1930s. Mac's mother, Mary Ann, remained in Canada, living with the McMullen family in Nordegg, but she returned to England when the Second World War broke out in 1939 and came back to Nordegg after hostilities ceased. She moved to Wainwright with Mac and Matt in 1955. Mary Ann died in 1961, and is buried in Red Deer Cemetery, beside her son, Arthur.

Mac's sister, Mary (McMullen) Wall (1903-1992), returned to Canada as the Canadian war-bride of Frank (Hap) Wall. Mary and Frank had met prior to the war when Mary was teaching school in the Hanna district. During the late 1940s they lived in Nordegg with their infant son, Frank (1947-1949), where Hap was employed by Guido Blasetti as the mechanic at Brazeau Motors. They later moved to Red Deer where they spent their remaining years. They are buried in Red Deer.

In 1948 another of Mac's sisters, Sara, became a nurse at the Nordegg Hospital, before deciding to return to England in1949, where she took up permanent residence.

Mac was a perfectionist. In Wainwright he was responsible for building a sports' field and a running track to comply with Olympic standards. After construction, measurements showed the facility to be one inch off the text-book notations, a fact which annoyed him considerably. Among other projects, he constructed an air strip in the military training area and a cross-strip over the existing base air strip.

Mac retired in March of 1968, and he and Matt moved to Calgary in the fall of 1969. After Mattie died in 1976, Mac alternated in living with his children and their families in Calgary. He died at his daughter's home on March 22, 1991, and is buried between his wife and mother in the Red Deer Cemetery. The Catholic Church which he helped to establish in Nordegg and the distinctive mountains of Nordegg are carved on his headstone.

McMULLEN, Arthur Edward
written by Anne Belliveau

Arthur Edward McMullen was born in Nordegg on April 27, 1937, to Martha (Mattie Fallow) and Arthur (Mac) McMullen. Art, and his older sister, Anne, took all their schooling in Nordegg. He was presented with the Governor General's Medal for the highest marks in Grade 9 in the Rocky Mountain House School Division (1950-51).

In the fall of 1954, Arthur (Art) entered the Faculty of Engineering at the University of Alberta, and he graduated with a B.Sc. (Distinction) in Civil Engineering in 1958. In 1956 at the U.of A., he met Collette Collin from Warner, Alberta, who was enrolled in a certificate program in the Faculty of Education. They were married on August 9, 1958. Immediately after graduating in 1958, Art started work with the Buildings and Maintenance Department of the U. of A. and worked on the structural design of several buildings on the campus, at the same time doing postgraduate studies. After completing a M.Sc. (Civil Engineering) in the spring of 1960, he joined an architectural-engineering design firm in Edmonton, again as a structural design engineer. In 1964 he returned to the U. of A. to begin studies toward a doctorate in engineering, and in 1967 he was awarded the degree Ph.D. (Civil Engineering).

In 1967 Art accepted an appointment as Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering at the University of Calgary and was ultimately promoted to Professor of Civil Engineering in 1975. He taught classes at all levels of the Engineering program, from first year to postgraduate, and his research specialty was in reinforced and prestressed concrete. At various times he held administrative appointments that included Associate Head of Civil Engineering (Student Affairs), Assistant Dean of Engineering, and for a short period of time was Acting Dean of Engineering. Art retired from the U. of C. in 1993 and was appointed Professor Emeritus of Civil Engineering.

Art and Collette met at a dance at the U. of A. in 1956, and throughout the years they have shared a mutual love of music and dancing. In the late 1970s they, along with Art's brother-in-law (Chuck Belliveau) and Collette's brother (Terry Collin), formed the "Goodtimers," an old time dance band which played almost every weekend for approximately 15 years, except for summer breaks. Although most dance dates were in Calgary, the Goodtimers played from Edmonton in the north, to Milk River in the south.

Art and Collette were ardent square and round dancers, and in 1981 Art started square dance calling and round dance cueing. They chaired the committee that organized the square dance segment of the Opening Ceremonies for the 1988 Olympic Winter Games in Calgary. The finale of the ceremonies featured over 1000 square dancers forming "The Rose," which was later featured on the cover of Time Magazine.

Art and Collette have four children, Arthur, Clare, Michele and Celeste; all were born in Edmonton.

Arthur Loran was born May 4, 1959, and on July 3, 1982, he married Beverly Graff. Their son, Christopher Arthur, was born August 29, 1988. Arthur is a Chemical Engineering graduate of the University of Calgary, lives in Calgary and has a new partner in life, Kelly Mendes.

Clare Gerard was born March 26, 1960, and married Kelly Ratushny, August 4, 1984. They have three children: Kelsey Rae (January 12, 1987); Matthew Edward Clare (December 25, 1988), and Alanna Jeanne (July 23,1991). Clare graduated from U.of C. in Computing Science, and the family live on an acreage near Calgary.

Michele Collette was born December 29, 1961, and married Mark Taylor on June 13, 1987. They have three children: Nicholas Mark (March 9,1990); Samantha Michele (November 7,1991), and Jessica Marie (September 16,1993). Michele graduated from the Faculty of Management at the U. of C. and is now a full-time mom. She, Mark, and family live near London, England.

Celeste Elaine was born April 16, 1963, and married Dale Wlasitz on June 9,1984. She was active in the business world prior to becoming a full-time mom. She and Dale live in Calgary and have three children, Nicole Alyssa (February 8, 1998) and twin boys, Symon Kyle and Jeremy Kristian (January 2, 2001).

McMULLEN, Martha Mabel (Fallow)
written by daughter, Anne Belliveau

Martha (Mattie) Fallow was born in New Richmond, Quebec, on January 24, 1893, the seventh daughter of John Gavin and Janet (McKenzie) Fallow, who relocated their family to Red Deer in 1910. Mattie took a business course at the Sprott-Shaw Business College. She then worked as bookkeeper and stenographer for Fleischman's Yeast Company, Calgary.

Mattie loved to sing, and she attended whichever church had the most active choir, including Calgary's First Baptist Church, on 4th Street and 13th Avenue SW. She also took singing lessons from Madame Ellis-Brown, in Calgary, and participated in numerous musical operettas and presentations.

In 1918 she moved to Nordegg, where she lived with her sister and brother-in-law, Mary and Dunc Stewart, at 37 Elizabeth Street. She worked as a stenographer, and later as a secretary to the General Manager.

In 1923, after the Stewart family had left Nordegg, Mattie moved into the duplex at the minesite which, that same year, had been converted from the original Alberta Provincial Police Jail and Barracks to a residence for Nordegg's single working females, such as teachers, nurses, and office workers.

Mattie loved to skate, and to ride horses. Fortunately, she also enjoyed taking pictures, and she collected a number of photos of life in early Nordegg. She travelled a great deal of the area on her horse, Dolly, including swimming her horse across the North Saskatchewan River near the area now known as Preacher's Point. During a time in history when women were expected to be very proper with their lives, and were severely restricted by customs and expectations, Mattie continued to live her life as she chose, doing things she loved. And life in Nordegg helped to foster that type of freedom. This need for freedom to choose her own path is a trait Mattie has passed on to her female descendants, now reaching a fourth generation.

Mattie and her sister, Mary, taught Sunday School at the Protestant Church. They encouraged the children attending these classes to save pennies until they had enough money to purchase a train bell which was installed in the church steeple. Mattie continued to be involved

in everything that was musical in nature, including singing in the church choir.

It was through music that Mattie met Arthur (Mac) McMullen, who had come from Whitehaven district in England to work at the mines in Nordegg. Mac was an accomplished pianist, and the organist at the Protestant Church usually asked Mac to handle the music for special occasions, such as Harvest Festival and Christmas. By this time, Mac had moved from the boarding house, to "batch" with a few other single men, which included the druggist and the school principal. The house they had rented was across Stuart Street from the United Church. On the evenings regular choir practice was scheduled, Mac was able to see when the church lights were turned out, his cue to get outside if he was going to be able to talk to Mattie.

In 1928 Mattie Fallow and Arthur McMullen were married in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral in Edmonton.

Mattie and Mac had two children, both born in Nordegg: Margaret Anne, born January 13th, 1934, and Arthur Edward, born April 27th, 1937. Mattie McMullen died in hospital, in Calgary, on March 17th, 1976. She is buried beside her husband, Arthur McMullen, in the Red Deer cemetery.

Mattie (Fallow) McMullen's father was John Gavin Fallow (1855-1912), son of Gavin Fallow, who on September 22, 1839, at the age of 10, arrived in Canada from Lesmahagow, Scotland. Gavin's father, John Fallow (born 1782), was a farmer, son of James Fallow and Janet Steel. John married Isabel Thompson (born 1790) in 1814. Records indicate that ancestors of the Fallows had been located in Lesmahagow, Lanark, Scotland, since at least the early 1700s.

The family settled in New Richmond, Quebec. In 1851 Gavin married Margaret McGregor (born 1832), of Miramiche, and they had four boys and four girls, of whom the eldest son was John Gavin, Mattie's father. The youngest of these four boys was William, whose son, Bill Fallow, later served as Minister of Public Works in Premier Ernest Manning's Alberta Social Credit Government.

Janet McKenzie (1860-1914) of Black Cape, Quebec, also on the Baie des Chaleurs, was the daughter of William McKenzie and Margaret McWhirter. Margaret McWhirter's parents, Gilbert McWhirter (1794-1874) and Janet Cochrane (1804-1888) were from Ayrshire, Scotland.

John Fallow and Janet McKenzie were married on December 12, 1877, at Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. They moved back to New Richmond, Quebec, somewhere between the years 1883 and 1886, and John Fallow became superintendent of the lumber operations along the Cascapedia River area of the Gaspe Peninsula, on the north shore of the Baie des Chaleurs. By 1901 they had had twelve children, of which ten survived.

John Gavin Fallow came west, to Red Deer where he became superintendent of the Great West Lumber Company, and he built a large brick home for his family on the crest of a North Red Deer hill overlooking the valley of the Red Deer River. This home is still standing at 12 Howarth Street Close, and now has been designated a Red Deer Historic Site. By 1910 the entire Fallow family was able to relocate to Red Deer from New Richmond, and move into their new home.

Two and one half years after moving his family to Red Deer, John Gavin Fallow suffered a heart attack. He died on October 17, 1912, and was buried in the Red Deer Cemetery.

On April 29, 1914, Winifred Fallow married her cousin, Allan McKenzie, son of Gilbert McKenzie of Red Deer area. Allan was part of the construction firm of Baird and McKenzie, a firm which worked on projects throughout Alberta, including Calgary's Hudson's Bay Company. Prior to, and for some months after their marriage, Allan was involved in the construction of the homes and business district of (what was then) the new mining town of Nordegg, located just over 100 miles west of Red Deer. Winifred (Fred) joined Allan in Nordegg after they were married, travelling there by boxcar. She was one of the first women to arrive in the new town.

Janet Fallow had taken ill while visiting with her other daughters after Winifred's wedding and, on May 18, 1914, she died in a Calgary hospital. The funeral was from the Fallow home in North Red Deer, and she too was buried in the Red Deer cemetery.

In 1910 when the Fallow family moved to Red Deer, their two eldest children and their

families also moved west. Maggie Fallow had married Seward Farnell in 1902, and Annie Fallow had married Miles Willett in 1907. Everett Farnell, son of Maggie and Seward, and his wife, Helen (Scott), later became long time residents of the Leslieville area. Helen now resides in Rocky.

Duncan Stewart, born in the lumbering centre of Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, had known the Fallow family before they moved west. He also came to Red Deer to live, and he worked for awhile with the Great West Lumber Company. In 1913 he relocated to the new mining centre which, in 1914, would be named Nordegg. He worked there as an accountant.

On September 8, 1916, Mary Fallow married Duncan Stewart who, by that time, had become the accountant for the Bighorn Store in Nordegg. They took up residence in Nordegg at 37 Elizabeth Street, east of Main. Their only child, Evelyn, was born in Nordegg in 1920. They later returned to life with the lumber companies, and Duncan eventually joined Crown Zellerbach Lumber, moving to Seaside, Oregon, where a number of their descendants now live.

Gilbert McKenzie, brother of Janet (McKenzie) Fallow, moved west in 1906, and established himself in the Red Deer area. When the railway was being constructed into Nordegg (1912-1914), Gilbert was hired to build the numerous trestles required to bridge the hilly landscape into Nordegg. When this work was completed, he was hired by Martin Nordegg to become the first Brazeau Collieries sawyer. Some of Gilbert's descendants settled in the Rocky Mountain House area, where they still remain.

Gilbert's daughter, Vic McKenzie, was one of Nordegg's first school teachers.

Another of Gilbert's sons, Tom, had been hired by Brewsters and Moore to work with George Brewster carrying mail and parcels from Red Deer to Nordegg, prior to the railway completion. Tom eventually settled in the Stauffer area. (George Brewster, the youngest of the Brewsters of Banff, was a long-time Nordegg area resident, building a homestead beside the Saskatchewan River, south of Nordegg.)

Ed McKenzie (Tom's son), along with his wife, Millie, and various members of their family, also are associated with the area of Nordegg, and Big West Country, through their trail riding business of McKenzie's Trails West, located near Whitegoat Lakes, west of Nordegg. Martha (McKenzie) Slaymaker (Tom's daughter) also lived in the Nordegg vicinity for awhile, where she cooked at the LeCerf Lumber Camp at Harlech.

McRAE, Calvin and Olive
by Annette Gray

Calvin and Olive (seated) with sons, Adam Russell, Lee Sinclair, Wyatt Douglas.

Calvin Earl and Olive Rose (Miller)McRae were married in April 1981, in Rocky Mountain House. Calvin was born in Medicine Hat. When he was in grade two, he moved to a farm in the Condor district with his parents, Cecil Douglas (Doug) McRae and Joanne Kingsley (Reade) McRae. Calvin's paternal grandparents were Lillain Joyce (Mullington) McRae, and his maternal grandparents were Frank Read and Marion (Sinclair) Read.

Calvin McRae.

Olive was born in Eckville to Chester Frank and Alice Inis

Olive and Calvin McRae.

(Russell) Miller. Her paternal grandparents were Erastus and Alice Inis (Russell) Miller.

Calvin and Olive have three sons: Adam Russell, Lee Sinclair and Wyatt Douglas McRae. All three are currently taking their schooling in Rocky where their father, Calvin, has been employed with the School Division since 1980. Prior to that Calvin worked as a mechanic for Grays Auto Repair in Rocky. Olive is employed at the Rocky Mountain House Co-op. The McRae family have long been known for their generous nature and warm smiles.

MEDIN, Irene
information submitted by Janna Grandy and Carrie Mason

Irene Durocher was born January 9th, 1934, in Grossmont, Alberta. Shortly after, the family migrated to the Rocky Mountain House area where Irene attended Lone Deer School. Her first impression of Rocky Mountain House was that it very small, and that the "big rock" was a long way out of town. She recalls having Mrs. Pendergast as her teacher in a little one room school which accommodated grades one to nine. One of her fondest memories in childhood was owning her own horse.

Stan Medin was born in Rockford, Illinois on November 13, 1922. He married Irene Durocher in 1951, and they made Rocky Mountain House their permanent home where they raised eight children: Earl, Ed, Iona, Mona, Richard, Len, Evan and Clint. Stan and Irene were not only avid sports fans, but were very supportive parents as all of their children participated in hockey, baseball and bowling. Many trophies were awarded to their children as they were growing up. Stan was also an avid fisherman, and Irene was faithful in packing the old wooden "grub box" when they were setting off for a fishing trip. He was a good provider, doing bushwork, cutting posts, doing maintenance at the arena; he loved fixing things and doing carpentry.

Irene feels that being a parent is the biggest job in the world, frustrating at times, but most rewarding. The years spent raising her family were the most enjoyable years of her life. Now she finds that grandparenting is even more fun. Besides being a mom, Irene has been very active in the Native Friendship Centre movement. She served as a Board member for years and as President for several years. She has attended Annual National meetings from coast to coast across Canada and the Territories. She now serves on the Appeal Board for Social Services and is a member of the Native Ladies Organization. Being the humble person that she is, much of this information is simply common knowledge. Irene has served her community well. One volunteer project that she and Stan initiated was the annual Christmas dinner that they coordinated for twenty years at the Friendship Centre for all those who were alone in Rocky on Christmas Day.

Her mother, Jenny Whitford, was born August 4, 1904 in Bashaw, Alberta. She was a loving, helpful person with a sharp wit and an uncanny sense of humor. Irene's excellent skills in baking bread were passed on to her at the age of fourteen, when Jenny was not feeling well. Irene also recalls her mother making delicious prairie chicken stew. Many culinary skills were passed on to Irene including the canning of jars and jars of various berries and meats. Jenny died in 1956 at the age of forty-eight.

Irene's father, Louis Durocher, was born August 1 1901 at Fort Vermillion. Irene recalls her dad doing a variety of jobs to provide for the family such as brushing for farmers, cutting fence posts, trapping and bushwork He also served in WW II. Most of his time overseas was spent in England; however, he told of cutting logs in France to build corduroy through the swamps.

Jenny and Louie Durocher had four children: Bill, born in Grossmont, July 1, 1930; Irene, born

in Grossmont, January 9, 1934; Jean born in Edmonton, September 1, 1937 and Frank born in Edmonton, April 26, 1939.

Irene's paternal grandfather was Paul Durocher who came over from France in the 1800s and was believed to be very involved with the fur trade. He ran the Hudson's Bay Trading Post in Fort Vermillion for several years, during which time he also taught school. Later he went to work on the barges that hauled freight and furs to and from all points along the Peace River. Paul Durocher married Rose Cardinal who was born in Montana. As a child, Irene remembers "Granny" living with them; she would live indoors during the winter and pitch her tent in the spring and live outdoors until fall. She would cook on an open fire in a big kettle that hung from a tripod. She was known for doctoring the sick and delivering babies. Her medicines were gathered from the bush and kept tied in little bundles. The household languages were English, French and Cree.

Irene's maternal grandparents were Frank (Francis) Whitford, born in 1877, who married Clara LaRoque, the daughter of Baptise LaRoque. Frank was widowed at an early age and was left with four children: Jenny, Dorothy, Melvin and Edna. He later married Lillian Fizer who was also widowed with several adult children. Frank was well known in rodeo circles, riding in the Calgary Stampede for many years consecutively. Today, his picture can be seen in the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Calgary.

Frank's father, Philip Whitford, was born in 1850. He married Rosalie Dumont, born in 1855, the daughter of Gabriel Dumont, Commander of the infamous Louie Riel's Military. The Whitford lineage can be traced back to James Peter Whitford who was born in England in 1771. The Whitfords were known to speak English and Cree.

MELE-MARASCO, 1900-1955
written to the best of my memory, by Kay Mele-Marasco

My grandfather, Frank Marasco, came to Nordegg sometime in the early 1900s. He left his family in Italy in the hopes of bettering his lot, and saving enough money to buy some land.

He was a hard worker. In the mine (Brazeau Collieries Ltd.), he worked as a tracklayer. In his spare time he raised chickens and even turkeys. He had a large and beautiful garden, from which we enjoyed many vegetables. I also remember he grew the most beautiful flowers.

In 1921 Grandpa sent for his son-in-law Biagio Mele, who was married to his eldest daughter Angela Maria. Biagio was accompanied by Grandpa's daughter, Isabella, who came to keep house for her dad. They lived in a four-room house (11 Elizabeth St.). Biagio began to work in the mine as a contact miner.

Isabella soon married Paul Bifano, who also worked in the mine. They left Nordegg for Vancouver when Paul's partner was killed in a mine cave-in.

In 1922 Grandpa sent for his son, Frank Jr., my father, who was a carpenter by trade. He began as a tracklayer-helper under his father. In 1923 my father sent for his family; wife Vittoria, son Frank (8 yrs), Kay (3 yrs), and Mario (1½ yrs). We lived in a two-room house on Lily St. for a while until a four room house became available on 14 Lily St., where my parents lived until they left Nordegg. Our family increased by two sisters, Rosina in 1925 and Maria in 1928. My father did many jobs besides track laying. He also dug coal, worked as a carpenter and janitor for the miners' club.

We were a very happy family with many wonderful friends. As children, we played on the street. We had creative games such as kick the can, reievo, hide and seek, and double peggy. The girls skipped double dutch and I remember a friend who skipped to five hundred.

Our community loved sports. We had softball for the girls and baseball for the boys. In the winter we skated just about every night and it was free for all the children. Our skating rink was outdoors. It had a shack, which was divided in two, with a barrel stove in the middle to keep us warm, where we put on our skates and where our visiting teams dressed. One side was for the girls and the other for the boys. Later, after the war, we built an indoor arena, for skating and curling, which was our War Memorial, in honor of the boys that didn't come back. The arena was sponsored by all miners and Nordegg workers, who contributed four percent of their earnings for all the years after the war, right up till Nordegg shut down. We also had moccasin dances where you wore rubbers and danced on

the ice. We had a great band that played, but it's a wonder that their instruments didn't freeze. It was lots of fun.

We also had a great curling rink next to the skating rink. It was also natural ice. The windows were kept open so the ice would stay frozen, and on train nights the ashes from the engine would blow in as the train rumbled past. There was a viewing room complete with a wooden stove in the front of the building and a room for the caretaker as well. A funny thing happened there after Nordegg shut down. There was some talk about the end for the world at that time, and that winter there was a very heavy snowfall and the roof collapsed while the caretaker was still staying there and he ran out in his long johns yelling that it was the end of the world.

Swimming was popular at Fish Lake in the summer and the Nordegg Literary and Athletic Association (Miner's club) sponsored a lifeguard. Many kids learned to swim under his training. We also had water sports there such as diving contests, races, greasy pole races, and watermelon polo where the boys enjoyed dunking the girls. A huge bonfire was kept going on the beach to keep warm, as the water was extremely cold.

We competed in sports against Rocky, our archrival. Their softball team was unbeatable, but even though we got stuck on our gravel highway most of the time when traveling to play them, we always had a great time. Can you imagine, if you got to Rocky in three hours you had made good time? The boys competed in baseball and hockey and did much better than the girls. There was always a big dance after the game, which we all enjoyed. We also returned the honors when they came to Nordegg to compete.

Great Sports Days were held on May 24th, July 1st, and Labor Day, and included parades, horses, best dressed cowboys, decorated bikes, races for the kids, baseball, horse racing, horse bareback wrestling, and pillow fights. The horse racing was very competitive with many side bets and prizes too. We had a concession with hotdogs, and coffee put on by the Ladies Aide Society.

We had a wonderful school, offering grades one to twelve. There were great teachers, very dedicated, who put on plays and operettas in our theater for the whole town to see. When I was in high school we had a band, a school paper, and a school song. My family had a typewriter, so I was the school newspaper's editor and we had a great time putting out the paper once a month. It was awaited by all.

I can remember our teacher bringing his radio to school so we could hear King Edward VII's abdication speech. He also followed the story with us each day of the winter, of the tracking of Albert Johnson, a trapper, who killed a Mountie and was trying to escape to Alaska. There were extenuating circumstances and we were all hoping he would escape. I also remember saying the Lord's Prayer in school and singing O Canada.

We had a playground with swings for the little kids and a maypole for the older ones. Our school was fenced in with a large gate at the entrance. One gate night (night before Halloween), the gate disappeared. Our principal lined all of us up outside and threatened dire consequences unless it was put back in place. Needless to say, it showed up promptly. Our school had the only high school this side of Red Deer. I remember students attending from Alexo, Rocky, and Sylvan Lake.

We also had a wonderful hospital, built on a hill above the skating and curling rink. The hospital had a beautiful tiered and well kept lawn, with a white picket fence all around. It also had a veranda on two sides. It had a dormitory on the main floor for the men and rooms on the second floor for the women. My daughter, Mary, was born there on January 1st, 1949, and as far as I know she was the only New Year's baby born there.

We always had a doctor who was hired by the miner's union. He was paid by deducting money every month from everyone who worked at the mine or in town. The doctor then hired a couple of nurses and staff to run the hospital. The company supplied a house with indoor plumbing, which the doctor rented.

The Miner's club was a meeting place for its members. It had a front veranda where they could sit and watch who went by, and the barbershop was attached. The club had a well-stocked library with an outside entrance so the women and school kids could use their services. The club caretaker lived upstairs and this was a well sought after position, as it was steady work and salary, which wasn't always true with the

mine. Club members paid $1.00 per month in order to keep the club in operation. They had cards, reading and pool rooms, and of course, a bar.

The Miner's Union was responsible for the Children's Christmas Party every year. A tradition as long as I can remember, a fund was built up over the year from rejected over-weighted mine coal cars. Every child in town up to the age of twelve received a present. There was a matinee, comics, and maybe a cowboy show. Then Santa would appear with his pack of toys. Each child was called out by name and went up to receive his gift, an orange and a bag of candy. The gifts were wonderful: dolls, sleds, games; these would be the only present some children would receive.

During the ensuing years the Nordegg Italian Society was formed and my dad was secretary for many years. Besides being a social society, it had a sick benefit for its members. Parades, smokers, and dances were held each year on August 28th, the date of the patron saint of their society. On behalf of the society, my dad attended many conferences, some held in Calgary, Fernie, and other places. We looked forward to these trips, because Dad always brought us back presents from the big cities.

We had the Big Horn Trading Company, which supplied us with groceries, hardware, and dry goods. We shopped for our clothes by mail order from Eaton's and Simpson's . We also had a butcher shop, a bake shop, drug store, bank, hotel, and two boarding houses, which were privately owned.

The CNR passenger train came three times a week, bringing passengers and goods for the local businesses. The CNR also ran a freight train, that brought boxcars to haul the coal out of town. Our station had living quarters above the first floor where our station agent and his family lived. This was heated by a coal-burning stove.

We had two churches. The United Church was located across from the school and was there as long as I can remember. It burned down after the town closed. The Catholic Church, St. Theresa, was down from the station and was built in the 1930s. The Catholic Church is still in use by different religions.

In 1925, Biagio Mele returned to Italy to visit his wife, son and two daughters. He returned to Nordegg the same year and his son, Tony, came with him. Tony lived with his dad. They had a horse named Tony and did much hunting and fishing, not only for the enjoyment, but also because it augmented their larder. They also picked mushrooms and dandelions to complete their meals. Tony was a knowledgeable bushman who knew the country around Nordegg very well and would often, after school at age twelve, travel by himself on horseback to meet up with his Dad.

He and my brother, Mario, had a barn across the creek from our house. They had 23 horses, packsaddles, pack boxes, saddles, bridles, hobbles, etc., needed for hunting. He and his friends enjoyed many trips together to Vimy, Mons, and the many beautiful places around Nordegg. They also hunted sheep and goat as well as deer.

Tony, my brother, Frank, and friends spent many winter days at Fish Lake building a raft with a little cabin on it, which they floated in the summer. They also installed an old stove. It remained afloat for a few years.

We enjoyed a carefree lifestyle. We went on many picnics with our cousins, riding their horses, and just being kids. I remember one particular picnic with our parents and their friends out at Kootenay Plains. We put beer in the creek to keep cold. Anyway, as the supply dwindled, we found we would be two short for the last round. Very resourceful, we younger ones filled two bottles of water and placed them with the others in the creek. One of the lucky ones who got the water made the astounding remark that the longer the beer stayed in the water, the more it tasted like water. To this day it never fails to bring a huge laugh when we recall that day.

In 1933, my brother, Frank, and Tony began working at the mine. They had different jobs such as contract, haulage, and Frank also worked as a fire boss. My grandfather retired in 1935 and returned to Italy where he farmed until he died in 1950.

In 1942, after a year at Garbutt's Business College in Calgary, I returned to Nordegg to work at the Brazeau Collieries mine office. I worked there for five years. I was very happy in my work. I also helped make up the payroll every two weeks. The miners were paid in cash, and on paydays, down at the bank building, I gave out the statements and someone else gave out the envelopes with the money. I got to know the workers very well after five years.

In 1947, Tony and I became engaged. I left the mine office and we bought the Brazeau Hotel, a boarding house where some miners had room and board. It was a very demanding business. We were very fortunate to have a fine, loyal cook and wonderful ladies working for us. We felt they were our friends as well as our employees.

On January 5th, 1948, Tony and I were married in St. Theresa's Church. It was a beautiful winter day and we celebrated like most couples, by having a wedding dance in our hall. Everyone was invited to the festivities. Lunch and coffee was served at midnight and the band played on until the wee hours. We lived in a house with indoor plumbing, across from the boarding house. We thoroughly enjoyed this as not everyone had this luxury.

Besides working in the mine, Tony also was secretary of the club, which sponsored many sports. When the town shut down the club had assets of $3,000.00; it was decided to donate it to charity. A cheque for $1,500.00 was donated to the Children's Hospital in Calgary and Tony delivered this. His picture and a write-up were in the paper. The other $1,500.00 was donated to the cancer fund in Edmonton.

Tony's dad, Biagio, retired in 1950 and returned to Italy. He enjoyed his retirement years with his wife. He lived on the family farm in the summer and in town in the winter. He did make one trip back to Canada in 1960 and stayed with us for two years. My children got to know their grandfather and have happy memories of that time. He died in 1967.

In January 1955, the company gave official notice that the mine was shutting down due to the railway converting to diesel and the loss of the Japanese order. Little by little, everyone began to leave. The government helped by paying to move our furniture wherever we decided to go. The cost to move us to Calgary was $170.00.

This was a very, very sad time. We had such good times to remember, but we also had the sad times. There was the 1941 explosion, our school burned down, and also our store and one of the boarding houses. In fact, in 1950, we had a big fire at the tipple, which shut down operations for more than a year.

In May 1955, my parents moved and bought a little house in southwest Calgary. In July my children and I joined them. Tony remained to run the store for the people still there. His last official act was to build a gate at the town limits.

In November, Tony came down and we bought a house in northwest Calgary. Over the years he took the boys back to Nordegg to hunt and camp many times. We also spent most of our family holidays camping up at Nordegg, Fish Lake, Big Horn, Kootenay, and other beautiful places there. Our children grew to know and love our hometown.

Today, with our children, grandchildren and great-grandson, we have a permanent campsite at the strip where we spend most of our summers.

My children all live in the Calgary area. Mary and her husband, Ron, live in Strathmore. Ron is retired and Mary works in a real estate office. Bill is a Captain in the Calgary Fire Dept. and has three children, Chris, Trisha, Gina and grandson Alec, all of Calgary. Frank and his wife, Diana, have their own business "Northwest Heating." Our daughter Heather lives in Williams Lake. Son, Michael, and wife, Shelly, live in Red Deer. Anne and her husband Shane work in the computer industry; daughter, Jessica, is attending high school. Lenore also lives in Calgary and works at the Herald.

MELLOR, Dr. Norman and family
submitted by Norman Mellor, Victoria, BC.

Jean and I, along with our two young children, arrived in Rocky during the early part of October 1952, following a series of unusual circumstances. We had emigrated from England after the war, carrying our firstborn son in a basket aboard the Empress of Canada, and not knowing where we were going to end up. Our first night on board, we met several people who were very helpful and with whom we remained friends until they eventually died, many years later .

After staying in Winnipeg one week, I was asked to do a locum in eastern Saskatchewan, as the local doctor was going on vacation. From there, we left for Edmonton after five weeks, to inquire about vacancies in Alberta. He gave us several options, but the one we chose was the village of Cereal, some 56 miles east of Hanna. The community was only 110 people, but they had an eleven bed hospital with X-ray and a house for the doctor at only nominal rent.

Unfortunately, we had no sanitary sewer or running water, and this was all prior to the advent of disposable diapers, and especially trying as our eldest daughter had been born in Hanna during 1951. After two years, we decided to look elsewhere, and let this be known to the authorities in Edmonton.

After a tour of the province which took me as far as Peace River and Lacombe, I received a call from Dr. G. F. Houston, in Rocky, who said that he was leaving for Victoria on October 4th and asked if I would replace him as assistant to Dr. A. C. Greenaway. We drove up to Rocky on two separate weekends during September and liked the look of the community. It was agreed that we should come back on October 12th. On October 2nd, Dr. Houston phoned to say that Dr. Greenaway had had a heart attack, and could I come earlier. I dropped everything and drove up to Rocky the next day, only to discover from Gertie Salmon at the Mountview Hotel that Dr. Greenaway had passed away in Red Deer Hospital that same day. Dr. Houston left for Victoria the next day, so my introduction to the practice was brief in the extreme. I agreed to take on the practice, and the contract was drawn up by a young lawyer from Red Deer, Mr. W. J. Cam Kirby, who is now a hale and hearty retired judge living in Victoria. His sister Margaret was postmistress. She had succeeded their father, who had been Postmaster since 1912.

Soon after my arrival, we were able to purchase Dr. Houston's house in "Tin Can Alley" on the northwest side of town, so a friend from the town of Oyen drove Jean and the children to Rocky to start our new life. This was a vastly different community from the one we had left—the quiet farming village out on the prairies. Here was a much more varied clientele, not just from the agricultural scene, but also from the logging industry, traffic accidents and the nearby Indian reserves. The workload was heavy, and the office had been constructed for two doctors. I soon had to look for help, and the call was answered by Dr. Frank Seward from Didsbury. He had come to Canada from England and had been in rural practice, so the workload became more manageable. Unfortunately, it soon became apparent that he was unsuited for this type of work, so he left after only three months, leaving me with a heavy load all over again. At least we had running water at home, even if it was cold, but still no sewage.

Our house was heated by a sawdust furnace, and Jack Edgerton would periodically replenish our root cellar with fine dry sawdust from the local sawmill. One fill of the hopper was just enough to keep the house warm during the night hours in winter.

In due course, and after a heavy winter workload, Dr. Stan Hein arrived from Mayerthorpe, Alberta, on April 1st of 1953. Because he wanted to practice independently, the office building proved too large, so we sold the house and converted the office into an office-residence, which was much more efficient for day and night use. For the first time in Canada, we had running hot and cold water, and a sanitary sewer, courtesy of Bob Boyden. Ernie Ross, who was our J .P. across the street, supplied the water. On the other corners we had the Funeral Home, and the Presbyterian Church, thus representing all phases of human existence.

The workload continued heavy and varied, with many challenges, compounded with the vagaries of climate. There were numerous injuries from sawmill accidents, fights, road accidents, and later on, oil-well drilling activities. All this in addition to the ordinary common illnesses and a heavy load of maternity. Summer brought tourist casualties from Crimson Lake and elsewhere, often with boating injuries and wasp stings.

The two hotels in Rocky, the Mountview and the Melton, were at opposite ends of Main Street and were patronized by totally different types of individuals. The former was a more respectable hostelry, and was used by tourists and business travellers. The latter was frequently the centre of vigorous drinking activity, especially at weekends, when sawmill workers were in town. Mrs Dolly Nile was night clerk for many years, and she saw and knew many of the local characters who occupied this den of iniquity. She told me about "Jack" whose last name I forget. One evening he went to the desk and said to Mrs. Nile "Dolly, I done a dreadful thing" Well, Jack, she said, what did you do? He said, "I went upstairs and stole a case of beer outa some guy's room"

"Okay," said Mrs. Nile, "what room was it?"

He said "Room 202."

So she told him to wait whilst she looked up the occupant's name. "Jack," she said, "that's your room!" He had stolen his own beer!

In addition to this were the numerous visits by native Indians, mostly Cree and Chippewa. I found them at first to be unhygienic, unreliable and irresponsible. However, after working with them, and learning a little of the Cree language, I realized that we had an unspoken level of mutual understanding that was quite satisfying. We both knew what the other expected, and it worked out reasonably well. I remember the Bremners, Lagrelles, Sunchilds, Strawberrys and Crooked Legs, as well as the Frying Pan family from somewhere east of Edmonton and the gracious Mrs. Salteaux and her family from Caroline.

One native Indian from out of town I remember fondly as an outgoing, swaggering, cigar-smoking male of about 25, whose name was Rudolph Sokwaypnace. This, when translated, means "Love Thunder." One time, he came down Main Street driving an old car in a very erratic manner as I was walking up to the hospital. He stopped, and I said "Rudolph, if you drive like that, you'll lose your license." He said, "Datsh the trouble, Doc, I got no lishench." Unfortunately, he was killed in a traffic accident some time later.

As for the Stoney Band, near Nordegg, they were a very proud people who hardly ever asked for help, so we rarely saw them. Their language did not resemble that of our local Indian peoples in the slightest degree, so they had to use English to communicate.

Mrs. Emily Wood was our hospital Matron for much of our stay in Rocky. She was assisted by Velma Daye, and nurses Dolores Aune, Denise Watrin, and Florence Adams, who served as a nursing aide for many years. Later on we had Ingrid Hoppe and Anita Klein from Germany, and several nurses from England. I remember also Geraldine Gram, whom we nicknamed "Millie." She thought we had a weird sense of humour, but she went along with it. Mrs. Agnes Ryan later became Assistant Matron, and eventually replaced Mrs. Wood, who resigned following her marriage to Grant McLeod, who had been with the Dept. of Indian Affairs for many years. When we left Rocky in 1964, Marian McEwan was Assistant Matron. Connie MacDonald was the first to take training as a combined x-ray/lab technician and took up her post at the hospital during the late '50s. She made our work much easier, and more efficient.

In 1954, I contracted chicken pox and was deathly ill. I would not recommend any adult to have this disease. The next year, during a performance of a play called "The Dumb Waiter," I picked up rubella, but did not suffer too badly, and the play continued.

The Sinclair family came out from England prior to WWI and bought land which had belonged to George Pearkes, who received a VC for valour and subsequently became Lieut. Governor of B.C. Ralph Sinclair served as Hospital Secretary for all the years we were in Rocky, and was truly dedicated to his work. He rarely missed a day on the job.

During our stay in Rocky, we had two more children. Cynthia arrived in 1956, and Neil in 1959. Jean had the unenviable job of managing the house and the office, and trying to keep the children quiet during afternoon office hours. I was visiting Jean, following the birth of our youngest daughter, when Mr. Kirby Sr., his daughter, Margaret, and the town secretary, Katherine Elliott, were all involved in a motor vehicle accident on the icy highway out of town. The first indication we had of this was when the back door of the hospital opened to admit these three casualties, and I was able to help deal with them. Fortunately, they all recovered, and I still have a picture of Mr. Kirby Sr. sitting up in bed enjoying his 90th birthday.

Following the departure of Ben Shantz, our much-respected police constable in the early '50s, we employed a number of different young men to fulfill the post. None of them stayed for long, or proved very suitable. As a member of Council, Police Commissioner and Coroner, it was largely my job to seek out someone who could take on this difficult job. In 1956 we advertised, and along came Donald Towers, who had served in the RCMP. He literally transformed the whole scene by sheer dedication, hard work, and professional ability. He was assisted by special constables, Ivy Neal and later Art Bott, as the work load grew ever more onerous. Don Towers not only was highly competent, but he had a "nose" for solving crime and locating the miscreants, as well as being able to present the cases in court

and effectively "spar" with opposing Defense Counsel.

In 1957 the highway was paved as far as the North Saskatchewan River bridge, and TV services arrived about the same time. Our house had a rotating aerial atop a pylon mounted on the roof, and this frequently blew down around New Years. In 1959, we added a larger waiting room and extended the basement. I still have a picture of Bob Forster working on this project. Fred May subsequently added a porch, so we had a house/office with fifteen rooms.

In the early 1960s the whole medical scene was transformed by the creation of the Alberta Health Plan. This gave all policy holders free medical care, office visits, maternity etc. Imagine all these people, some of them in stringent circumstances and with large families, who previously had to count every penny, and now they had this little card which said all was for free! The work in the office doubled as they would sometimes bring in the whole family at one office visit. I was intrigued this month to read in the Canadian Medical Journal that Rocky was running two ads, one for a locum, and another for a full time doctor to join ten doctors in the Medical Clinic. Hard to imagine that Stan Hein and I held the fort for 12 years with little or no outside assistance. I hope he is enjoying his retirement, as I am sure he is.

In 1961 we learned that a major gas pipeline was going to pass close to Rocky. The prospect of having our homes heated by inexpensive, clean-burning natural gas was an opportunity not to be missed, so we began making inquiries as to how it could be done. According to law, only a plebiscite with a majority of 66% in favour could award the contract to a particular supplier. There were three possibilities, namely Northwestern Utilities, Alberta Southern and a local consortium. Opinions varied strongly as to who should be awarded the contract, so much so that there was a very heated controversy which fragmented the entire community, and many friendships broke up over this, which was dubbed "The Gas War." In the end, the honours were awarded to Northwestern Utilities, and the rest is history. However, it was a very poignant time for many of us.

After 12 years in Rocky, we began to think of relocating—somewhere where the amenities were better and the workload less onerous. Our children were growing up, and we wanted them to have an education which was more than Rocky could provide, especially with the prospects of attending university. Our eldest son was already at school on Vancouver Island, and we wanted to be more available to him. We had been trying to dispose of the practice for about two years and had visits from various doctors who were enthusiastic, but invariably it was their wives who refused to live in a rural community. Eventually, the practice was sold to Dr. Ralph Hay, from Three Hills, as he and his family had enjoyed rural living for many years.

We have been in Victoria for some 37 years now, but we look back on those days in Rocky as the most stimulating and varied of our lives, and we still have fond recollections of those years and the many people we knew so well.

MESTON, George, Verna and Kenny

George, Verna and Kenny Meston.

MESTON, Doug and Bernice

Doug was born at Bingley in 1923, the second of three boys born to George and Vi Meston. He took his schooling at the old Bingley School. Doug's father came to the Bingley area in 1910 and his mother as a bride in 1919.

Bernice was born at Horseguard, the first of five children born to Max and Anne Hansel.

Bernice's father came to the Horseguard District in 1924. Her mother was born at Horseguard in 1910. Bernice took her first years of schooling at Little Horseguard School. The family moved to Ponoka in 1943 and she took the remainder of her schooling there.

After leaving school, Doug worked on the farm and worked out on construction and harvesting. In the winter, he worked in lumber camps, two of the larger ones being Lamming Brothers and Carl Sorenson's, and several other smaller operations.

In 1947, Doug left the farm and he and the late John Petersen took a contract with the Atlas Lumber Company here in Rocky. They dry piled lumber in the winter and took the piles down in the summer, sending the dry lumber in to the mill for planing. This was all done by hand.

It was during these years that he met his wife, while living with her aunt and uncle, Gene and Bernice Von Hollen. In September 1949, they were married. In 1950, they moved to the Oras corner and started a service station and bulk station, operating a school bus, and later a second one, which Bill Wright drove. They also sold coal to the farmers. While Doug was driving the school bus, Bernice looked after the business. The gas was all sold to the farmers in drums at that time and the fuel was pumped by hand.

In 1957, Doug and Bernice moved to Red Deer and started a service station and bulk plant and also had a tanker hauling fuel from the refinery. In 1972, they sold out in Red Deer and moved to the Okanagan where they purchased a motel and restaurant. In 1980, they sold the motel and restaurant and returned to Rocky to purchase a home at 5104-54 Street. Bernice went to work in the local hospital as a cook, working there for 10 years before retiring. Doug went back to driving a school bus for what is now the Wild Rose School Division, driving for fifteen years before retiring.

During the 1940s and 1950s, Doug played baseball in Rocky and also Red Deer. Doug took up golfing and curling and was a member of the Pine Hills Golf Club and the Rocky Curling Club.

Doug's father passed away in 1965, his mother in 1981 and his older brother, George, in 1999. His younger brother, Bruce, and his wife live in Leduc. Bernice's father passed away in 1988 and a brother, Dean, in 1981 at age 46. She has two sisters in Rocky, Laurine (Bill) McNutt and Arlene (Ed) Hammond, and one brother, Steve, who lives in California. Her mother still lives in Westview Lodge at age 91.

MIKKILA, Sam, Eliina and family
by Roy Wirtanen

Back row: Mary, Mrs. Anderson and Eddie, Aili, Lempi Lake. Front row: Sam, Tauno, and Eliina, 1918.

The Mikkila story around Rocky Mountain House starts in the early 1900s. Times in many parts of Europe were in turmoil at the beginning of the 20th century and people were seeking to get out—this included Finland. The earlier waves of Finnish immigrants had settled around Trochu, Sylvan Lake and Eckville. My grandfather, Sam Mikkila, had come to America about 1909. He spent a couple of years in the States working in mines. In the spring of 1911, he found his way to the area northeast of Rocky Mountain House and filed for homestead on NE 10-40-6-W5 which was about half way between Bingley and Oras. This area included numerous other Finnish settlers.

Sam was a very industrious individual and worked very hard to improve his homestead. He was also "working out" on the railway that was being built near Codner (name for the railway depot at Oras) to Rocky Mountain House and beyond to the coal fields at Saunders, Alexo and Nordegg. This employment provided the much needed cash for the things that could not be made or produced at home.

Horses, barn on Mikkila Homestead at Bingley.

Martta Mikkila (left) and Matt & Aili Wirtanen, 1960.

In the spring of 1912, the rest of the family came from Teuva, Finland, and consisted of Eliina and their three children. Aili (my mother) was twelve, Mary was ten and Tauno was three years old. I can remember my mother talking about their journey to Canada. They were crossing the Atlantic in some old steam ship at exactly the same time as the Titanic. They made it—the Titanic did not! They traveled from the east coast of Canada to Rocky Mountain House by train. The railroad east from Red Deer to Rocky had just been opened for use. There were no roads on the road allowances as we know them now. The settlers followed the trails on the ridges of higher ground out to the homesteads. The family continued to improve the homestead, getting more land cleared for cropping and constructing a number of log buildings including a house, sauna, chicken house, granary and a fairly large barn with a loft.

During the flu epidemic in the fall of 1918 Sam and Eliina both died—Sam at the nursing station in Rocky Mountain House and Eliina at home on the homestead. In the crisis at hand, Sam was hastily buried in an unmarked location in the Pine Grove Cemetery, and Eliina was interred in the Green Valley Cemetery at Oras. The children were left to fend for themselves. Aili had just turned 19; Mary was 16 and Tauno was 9 years old.

Mary was married to Clifford Olson of Oras in February 1919. Clifford worked at various jobs in and around Rocky Mountain House and Saunders until 1925 when he packed up his family and moved to the warmer climates of Oregon. Clifford, Mary and daughter Vivian (born 1921) finally settled in Portland, Oregon, where they lived for the rest of their lives. Mary passed away late in 1990, and Clifford in 1994. They had been married for almost 72 years.

Vivian Olson married Carl Hagaman. They had two chosen children: Patricia was born in 1951; Bill was born in 1954. Patricia married John Cook, and they have one son, Cody, born in 1983. They operate a fishing lodge on the Bitterroot River at Stevensville, Montana. Bill has two daughters: Carolyn born in 1970, and Diane born in 1981.

Aili married Matt Latva of the Taimi district in 1921. They resided on his homestead on NE 31-40-6-W5 for a while until he gave it up. At this time they moved to the Mikkila homestead which Sam had gained title to before he died. Matt Latva died of liver cancer in 1940. They had no children. Aili married Matt Wirtanen in the spring of 1943. Matt had immigrated from Kuortane, Finland, in 1929, at the age of 21. He had spent the depression years working in logging camps on the west coast, on farms in central Alberta and on the C.P.R. line between Field and Salmon Arm, B.C. They had two children, Roy 1943 and Florence 1944.

Times were not easy on the farm. There were years in the early 1950s when wet conditions made spring planting difficult, if not impossible, and delayed any harvest until after freezing. A couple of major hail storms in the mid '50s wiped out crops totally. Matt worked out in the bush camps in the winter, and on construction jobs in the summer to make ends meet.

Aili and Matt sold the farm to Art Pratt (of Ester), in the fall of 1965 and moved to Red Deer

Martta & Tauno Mikkila, 1959.

Dan Miller family: Dan, Jesslyn, Joelle and Dena Miller. Family Day 2002.

where Matt worked at the Deerhome for about seven years until retiring in 1972. Aili passed away at Christmas time 1970, and Matt on Thanksgiving 1975. They both rest in Pine Grove Cemetery.

Tauno, who was orphaned at the age of nine in 1918, was raised by his older sisters, Mary and Aili. He attended schools in the area when they were operating—a few months here and a few months there. These included Taimi, Bingley and Beaver Flats. Tauno was a member of John Plathan's band for years. Tauno was a "jack of all trades." He worked at various jobs over the years, farming, logging, construction yard-man at the Co-op and, the last eight or nine years, at the Deerhome in Red Deer. He retired in 1974.

My sister, Florence, and I have very fond memories of Uncle Mickey as we always called him. He always stayed at our house when he came home from work—wherever it was. He always brought an assortment of chocolate bars for us. He was a part of our immediate family, until he got married in 1958 to Martta Lovet who had come to Canada a few years previous from Helsinki, Finland.

Martta passed away in 1975, and Tauno passed away in 1998. They are both buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery. Please also see "Wirtanen—Roy, Joy and family.

MILLER, Daniel Gordon and Dena
written by Dena B. Miller

Nearly drowning in a drum full of oil didn't stop Dan Miller from later making his living in the lucrative Alberta oil patch. In early childhood, his family lived in Southern Alberta at Cessford, not far from Brooks where he was born on November 12, 1955. His father, Gordon Miller, worked for Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas as an operator and Vivian (Lamoureaux) cared for Dan and his baby sister, Judy, in the camp not far from the main oil battery. Dan enjoyed playing outside with his friends and one day, needing to ask his Dad something, he left the boys on the fence while he walked across to the battery where his Dad was working in the "dog house". Turning to wave, and walking backwards, the small figure disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth.. He remembers falling headfirst into a buried 45 gallon drip drum, turning, and resurfacing to yell through a mouthful of oil for his father. Luckily, Gordon heard and came running to pull Dan out, as you can imagine, covered inside and out with black, sticky residue. He got a taste for the oil and his eyes were yellow for a month! His story was soon known throughout the camp.

Dan began school there, but it wasn't long till Gordon got a transfer to Caroline. Gordon and Vivian were happy that they wouldn't be so far from the country they had grown up in, north of Edmonton. They built a new house on the outskirts of town and Dan started school in Caroline mid way through Grade 2. He made many friends and they roamed the area to find fun at the Raven River, and the big sawdust pile, tobogganing in winter or building mazes of tunnels. His family spent many happy outings, fishing on the B.C. coast, hunting, ice fishing and berry picking. Dan was a good student and turned to politics in Grade 12, running for Student

Dena Browning and Dan Miller on their wedding day, August 15, 1981.

Union President. He caught the eye of Dena Browning, in Grade 10, only because she made sure to vote for her cousin, Cinda, who was running against him. His campaign slogan "Vote For Dan the Man" was a winner and he helped organize many exciting events that year, including five dances with real live bands! His gregarious nature led him to choose a two year program—Radio and Television Arts at N.A.I.T. for his studies after graduation in 1973. But before he left for Edmonton that fall, he once again caught Dena's eye, but she saw something there she'd been missing before...

Dena was born in Rocky Mountain House on December 19, 1957, and came home on Christmas Day to the family ranch five miles west of Caroline, with her older brother, Wade, Mom Neva (Hart) and Dad Dewey. Many family members lived nearby and the kids got together often to explore the woods, build forts and ride stick horses. Dewey was an outdoorsman—Guide and Outfitter for big game, trapper and rancher, born a few miles down the Clearwater River. Neva, who grew up near Markerville, worked alongside Dewey but gave up cooking in the mountains in 1966 when another boy, Kurt, was added to the family.

Dena could hardly wait to go to school, but grade one printing was made difficult by an accident one evening after getting groceries in the Pioneer General Store. Dena slammed her own right thumb in the car door and remembers the very long and dusty drive to Rocky to see Dr. Hein and get stitches and a sling. Dena loved elementary school and later kept very busy with extracurricular activities like Yearbook and Student Union Council. She was passionate about sports, joining most every team in Junior and Senior High. Loving basketball the best, she became a referee as well as a player. On the Caroline School teams, Dena enjoyed the rivalry with Rocky and David Thompson.

Neva started a Girl Guide company and Dena was very active, earning the Canada Cord and attending many camps. The highlight of their Guiding was a trip with the whole family to Cuernavaca, Mexico, in 1973 to visit the World Friendship Center there.

Dan and Dena's romance blossomed even as he was away in Edmonton and returned to escort her to graduation (at which she was valedictorian). Employed for the summer at a television station, he decided to move back to Caroline to work for his dad who had started his own business in the oilfield. Dena moved to Edmonton and completed one year at the University of Alberta, but found she missed the mountains, chinooks and countryside. Looking for jobs in Rocky Mtn. House, the young couple were successful and starting December 6, 1976, Dena was employed at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Dan with Dome Petroleum.

Deciding to make a home together, they moved to a brand new four-plex in Rocky the next February and soon made new friends from work, going water skiing, Dan joining a fastball team and together, playing badminton and volleyball. Rocky had many opportunities for involvement in the community and the west country was a favourite destination for camping, fishing and quadding. Winter activities were ski trips to the mountains and curling at the local rink. Saving their money, they were soon ready to buy their first house and proudly moved into 5011-58th St. Dan joined the Kinsmen and after their wedding August 15, 1981, Dena became a Kinette, holding most of the executive positions. The dedicated groups were very active in fund raising for the betterment of the community and many lasting friendships were formed. The clubs held many social events such as the "fishing

trips" and car rallies. Dan and Dena hosted Kin Kids Halloween Party and "Kiss A Kin" and spent many summer evenings and weekends playing slow pitch on the Kinsmen Master Batters team.

In 1980 Dan, along with Jack Wilson had formed a company to operate oil and gas wells. The partner soon moved on, and Milwil Well Servicing Ltd. grew slowly. Dan worked for J.L. Tire until he began operating full time for various smaller oil companies, not having many days off for five years. At the bank, Dena found she loved working with figures and money and had moved her way up to the post of Administration Officer. Her life was to change at the birth of their first baby, Jesslyn Rebecca, on March 23, 1984. They decided that their daughter would have a "stay-at-home Mom" and she was soon in the midst of dance lessons, Cookie Jar Nursery School, and Sparks. The family moved to 5759-55 St. in February of 1986 and welcomed another daughter, Joelle Lindsay on October 17, 1987, and a rottweiler, Zak, became Dan's dedicated companion.

Dena's brother, Kurt, was keeping their parents busy as he became better known for his figure skating talent. He was second at the Canadian championships and earned his way to the Olympics in Calgary in 1988. Dena attended many of his competitions along the way, in towns like St. Albert, Medicine Hat and Sylvan Lake. The Olympics were very exciting so close to home, but in the next few years, Dena and Dan found themselves traveling with Kurt and other family members to the World Championships in Paris, Halifax, Munich and San Francisco. Dena even decided at the last minute to fly to Albertville, France, for the Olympics in 1992. The family, community and Canada were proud to watch Kurt win four world titles, one silver medal and retire to a professional career in 1994, touring with "Stars On Ice" in the U. S. and Canada as well as still competing.

Milwil Well Servicing was employing several men and keeping Dan very busy coordinating projects and crews. His scope of work had widened to include the designing as well as supervising the construction of well sites and gas plants. Dena used her knowledge of accounting to keep the books straight. Dan realized a dream when he bought his first Harley Davidson motorcycle and enjoyed time away from work, cruising around Alberta and B.C. with friends.

Dena got involved in Guiding as a leader and enjoyed planning meetings and camps with her daughters and the many that joined Brownies, Guides and later, Pathfinders. Knowing that Guiding was a very positive experience growing up, she supports opportunities for more girls and women to share in the sisterhood of Guiding, acting as District Commissioner and Treasurer. Jesslyn and Joelle kept growing, as children are apt to do, and were very busy in figure skating lessons, ballet, gymnastics, singing and band. They both performed in the Northern Crossing Christmas Shows and Jesslyn went on to sing and act in spring productions, showing a flare for the dramatic. Dena "stepped out of her box" and performed in Chatauqua with Jesslyn, a play celebrating Rocky's Bicentennial in 1999 and enjoyed it so much she has participated in four Christmas shows as well.

In 1996, the Miller family, which now included two cats, built their dream home and shop on SE 13-39-7-W5, southeast of town and moved to the country where Dan and Milwil could have room to spread out and Dena could satisfy her yearning for the open spaces with a view of the gorgeous mountains. They love the countryside, but are glad to be within a 10 minute drive of anywhere in Rocky because there always seems to be ample reason to "go to town."

The opening years of the new millennium find the girls in high school, with Jesslyn soon to strike out on her own. Dena enjoys sewing and tending to many plants in the large yard. Neva passed away in June 2000 and Dewey has found a new calling—writing stories with Dena's help and having them published in The Western Star newspaper and two books. Dan's parents are retired and still enjoy fishing, traveling and having everyone over for huge suppers. Wade lives in Calgary as does his son, Jeremy. Dan's sister, Judy, has 3 sons, Nathan, Elijah and Joey and a granddaughter, Keisha. Kurt's career in ice shows and competitions flourishes and the family is involved in the making of his TV specials which in 2001 and 2002 included his wife, Sonia Rodriguez, a principal ballerina with the National Ballet of Canada. Dan and Dena enjoy trips on the motorcycle, pulling a tent trailer into B.C. and the U.S and plan on more traveling in the future.

Rocky Mtn. House is a great community in which to work and bring up a family, close to the cities of Central Alberta, yet most importantly, on the edge of the west country with its fresh air, forests and streams, and "nature's castles," the Rocky Mountains.

MILLER, Henry and Mary
by Henrietta Foster

Henry and Mary Miller, September 1951.

Henry Albert Miller was born in Blue Earth, Minnesota. He was the youngest of ten children. His wife, Mary (Hummer), was born in Austria. These were my parents.

Log house Henry Miller built in 1925. Rosella on the bench.

Henry Miller built a plow to break land in 1924. Henrietta, Bill and Rosella Miller tramping down the furrow.

Mother was nineteen years old when she came to South Dakota with her parents, three sisters and a brother. She and Father were married in Britton, South Dakota, and lived in Lake City, South Dakota. They had three children: myself, Henrietta (Foster); Bill Miller and Rosella (Harris).

Times were difficult for mother when she was carrying Rosella because Dad was looking for land in the States. They went from Minnesota

Ma pushing swing Dad built on Rocky homestead, 1926.

Henry and Mary Miller, Bingley homesteaders,1923. Henrietta and Bill sawing wood. Rosella higher up.

to Wisconsin and found nothing. No land was available. They had no money to buy flour for bread or any kind of groceries. Neighbors bought sacks of potatoes for the family. Mother said in later years, "All we had to eat were potatoes, potatoes, potatoes." They returned to South Dakota where Dad had some land. He sold his land and they moved to Canada where they could buy 160 acres of land for $10.00—homestead land.

We came to Canada in 1922 when I was eleven years old. Bill was nine and a half and Rosella was seven. We arrived at Condor, Alberta in the spring of 1922. We rode in a box car along with our eight horses, several pieces of machinery and household items. For the first year, we lived in Leafland on rented land. In 1923, Dad bought our homestead quarter in Bingley. He built a slab-shack which we lived in for a year. It had a dirt floor and we got water from a spring nearby. Then in 1925, Dad built a log house.

On the homestead we had to clear and break land. Later Dad bought another quarter nearby which was previously owned by a Mr. Bannister. Our place was located three miles north of the Bingley store, approximately 15 miles northeast of Rocky Mountain House. Our quarter was later owned by Betty Kostynuk.

We milked cows and sold the cream in Rocky. This money bought the groceries. Clothing was purchased from the T. Eaton catalogue. We also had pigs, chickens and a big garden. Wild fruit was abundant for us to pick. I learned to sew on mother's treadle sewing machine when I was very young. Dad sent to Eaton's for an accordion for himself and a violin for Bill. They soon learned to play their instruments. Later on a gramophone was purchased.

I attended Bingley School. Then in 1929, I went to live with my mother's sister in Saskatchewan. Later that year I married Gifford Foster. In 1940 we went to Vancouver where Gifford was employed in the shipyards during the war years. In 1946 we went back to Saskatchewan. We spent two years looking after Dad Foster's home place because he had fallen off a horse and dislocated his shoulder and couldn't look after his cattle.

In 1948 we bought the Crescent Hotel in Frenchman Butte, eleven miles from Paradise Hill, Saskatchewan. We were there until Grifford died of a heart attack in 1961. I sold the hotel in 1962 and moved back to Alberta (with my son Dale) to look after Mother and Father who were elderly and living in Rocky Mountain House.

While I was living in Saskatchewan, Dad and Mother had moved to town. Mother told me that in 1939-40 my dad, Henry Miller, helped move someone to B.C. and got a job in B.C. right away. There was no work here, so he wrote to my mother and told her to sell the house in Rocky and get someone to drive the car, pack the truck and come to Vancouver.

They moved back to Rocky after the war. The house they lived in sat at the top of main street where the old Rocky IGA was located in 2001. Dad worked in the Rocky Hospital for four years as a caretaker, then worked in the local hotel as a beer-slinger and desk clerk. He passed away in 1974 from cancer. Mother passed away in 1977.

I continued to live next door to my parents, caring for them until they died. At this time we lived across the street from the medical clinic. I enjoyed working with my companion, John Huhtala, in our vegetable and flower garden. Many folk stopped to admire our borders of lilies and other flowers as they strolled along the sidewalk in front of our home.

In 1999 John passed away after a lengthy illness. Then it was time for me to sell my home and move into Westview Lodge where I still reside. My son, Dale, lives nearby at a Cope group home.

Bill Miller married Evelyn Johnson. They lived in the Bingley area for awhile before moving to

a quarter of land at Withrow, where Bill farmed, and Evelyn taught school.

They had one daughter, Myrna. Myrna married Don Galloway, and they live in Edmonton. They had four children. Bill passed away in 1977 as a result of a car accident.

Rosella lives in Vancouver. She married John Harris who passed away in 1989. They had three children.

MILLIGAN, Roy & Jessie (Osborne)

Roy and I were married at Rocky Mountain House on the 11th of May, 1937, to begin a happy life of working for the necessities for a home, which most young couples have given to them in this modern, affluent society—not so in the thirties. We had $3.50 after wedding expenses and carried on from there. Our honeymoon was a trip to Red Deer—down one day, back the next. Our home was a log shack—two rooms and we were proud of it. We lived in the Glacier School District.

I helped peel rails for fences for our quarter section. We had sixteen acres broken the first year. We carried fresh spring water from the creek, up a hill into the house and out again. Our clothes were whiter than white, scrubbed on a board and ironed by flat irons heated on a wood burning stove. We planted and tended our own garden, cut shingles for our barn and enjoyed it.

After several weeks of marriage we decided to visit Craigmyle, near the Hand Hills, where my husband was raised, so we got a team of horses and fixed up a two wheeled cart and started off. The first night we got to Ricinus and the next night, six miles east of Dickson. It was raining, so we spent the night in a little cabin with a dirt floor with mice for company. The third night we were seventeen miles southeast of Innisfail. The weather was still unsettled and the roads muddy. Fourth night we were one mile east of Three Hills and camped in the ditch for the night. The next night we got four miles southeast of Morrin. More rain during the night, however we were able to keep our bedding dry. The sixth day we finally arrived at Craigmyle. During our visit we scouted around for things that would come in useful back home. We loaded a wagon with scrap iron and on June 16 we left Craigmyle with five cows, six hens, a rooster and the scrap iron. We traveled 22 miles the first day. Next day we made about the same distance and crossed the Red Deer River at Morrin on a ferry. It was quite an experience convincing the cattle they had to board the ferry. When we reached the other side the animals sped off. Eventually we rounded them up and put them in a hayfield and we camped there that night. We went 24 miles the next day, camping four miles northwest of Three Hills and by the 19th we were 21 miles west of Three Hills. This night a farmer let us put the cattle in his pasture. At the time we were milking one of the cows. We wanted to repay the farmer, so we gave him the milk. He separated it and brought the cream back to us. We managed to persuade him to keep some.

The next day we traveled 24 miles, camping three miles west of Innisfail. The weather had been very hot all the way, and the heel flies were a constant worry to the animals. On one occasion the flies were so bothersome the cows bolted into a hen house. The results were catastrophic, but the owner sympathized as she knew the flies had driven the cattle to cover. On crossing the Red Deer River, west of Innisfail, the bank was too steep to get the cattle down to the water to have a drink, so we went on and came to a farm with an abundant water supply. However, the owner would not let us water the cattle, so we went on further and stopped at another farm where the people gassed up the pump motor and gladly gave us water. On the 21st we traveled 26 miles. Somewhere around Dickson our chicken coop came apart. We caught all the hens, but couldn't track down the rooster. He was left behind, probably a coyote made a meal of him. The next night we stayed at our friend's farm west of Ricinus, the home of Alf and Matilda Rose, who had originally lived on the prairie where my husband was brought up. The weather was rather stormy looking and the air much cooler. On June 23 we got home to our little log shack on Spring Creek. It had rained all day and we were thoroughly drenched, but happy to be home. The following day we attended my sister's wedding.

Our garden, which we had planted before we left, was ready for weeding. Many jobs had accumulated during our absence. Our land was cleared with an axe and we used a horse to pull

some of the trees down. It was slow work. We canned all our produce from the garden and picked wild berries for canning. Our income was made by selling cream separated from the milk of our cows. I made butter and sold it at 25 cents per pound. Milk sold at 10 cents a quart. In this way we were able to get the things we needed for the farm, such as nails and fencing material, gas, etc. We rented a tractor until we were able to buy one of our own.

It was quite a distance to the nearest town, so we got an old Ford car, and Roy converted it into a truck and we took our eggs and butter to town and traded them for groceries and gas. The nearest post office was Strachan, five miles from our home. I had a nice saddle horse which I rode and picked up the mail once a week.

Our cattle had lots of land on which to pasture, but it took us several hours to find them some days. On rainy days they were harder to find, even their bells seemed to be still. I would be close by and wouldn't see them, the bush was so thick. Roy batched for a week in August while I went to help my family in Strachan. Then in October, Roy went out threshing grain around the country and I was left home with all the chores. Later, when we could afford help, I got a girl who lived nearby to come to help us. We paid her 15 cents when she could stay for the night and 25 cents if she stayed all day and 25 cents when she helped with the threshing. That was a lot of money in those days. In November, when Roy was finished threshing, we worked every spare moment in the sawmill Roy had constructed. We wanted to get the barn up before the cold weather set in.

One day we took the team and went several miles to get some birch trees. We sawed them into runners for a sleigh, and then cut stove wood for winter use. This was always a job to be done after the harvest. The outside work kept me busy, but once in a while I had to take time off to do the housework. In December it was too cold to be outside very long at a time so we lined the walls of our house with heavy building paper which gave the rooms a more finished look. It was a two room house, one bedroom and one kitchen-living room. Later we added to it. This is the story of the first year of our marriage. The places mentioned are in the province of Alberta, Canada.

During our second year of marriage, Roy built a sawmill and other equipment he needed on the farm. To do this he utilized the scrap iron which we gathered when we were first married and visited his old home town of Craigmyle. The saw, on the first sawmill he owned, was operated by our jacking up the back wheels of our little old car and running a belt from it to the saw mandrel. Roy did the sawing and I sat at the controls of the car, and with a signal from Roy I fed the gas for the power. Later Roy made a better sawmill powered by a tractor, and he sawed lumber for a barn and other buildings. Next we needed shingles, so he built a shingle mill. By the end of 1938 we decided we couldn't make a living on this farm, so we rented it and I went to cook for Roy and the men who helped operate the sawmill.

In the early 1940s we sold the farm on Spring Creek and bought another along the Prairie Creek road, five miles south of Rocky Mountain House. Roy spent a couple of winters away with the sawmill while I stayed on the farm. We had built a barn and a small building to live in and eventually built a larger house and moved in 1943. The small building we made into a chicken house and saved up and bought two hundred and fifty baby chicks, but fire from the brooder stove destroyed the building and all the chicks.

One year I was cooking for the men in a little cook shack on wheels which was very conveniently equipped. This was set up on the creek flat, and the men were setting up the sawmill to cut a huge pile of logs into lumber for one of the farmers. A forest fire was seen in the distance, and Roy sent me on ahead with our truck with barrels of fuel oil in the back, but I never reached the road. I met the fire on its way down the hill, so I returned quickly to camp where we pulled the mill and the cook shack into Prairie Creek. Then we started to pour water on the logs hoping to save them from the fire, but it was useless. The logs all burned, a great loss to the farmer we were helping.

There were only twelve acres cleared on the farm when we bought it, so we decided to sell the sawmill and around 1945 got down to the business of farming. From 1946 to 1972 we spent most of the time clearing land and building fences. There were about 320 acres, but not all suitable for farming. Over the years Roy

constructed a breaking plough, brush cutter and piler and numerous other labor-saving implements. So, we were able to clear the land and help many neighbors with their clearing too, including breaking land for some Indians west of Nordegg. Roy also built a saw to cut the great piles of wood into stove lengths which were hauled in every fall. He also sawed wood for the neighbors. I spent many hours splitting wood and piling it in the woodshed away from the winter snows.

We spent a busy time farming at Prairie Creek. We tried pigs, dairy cows etc. Then we bought laying hens and sold eggs for twenty-five years. We also raised beef cattle. When we sold our cattle and chickens we grew hay for sale and so the years have flown by. We have experienced good and bad years, sadness and sickness, which, I guess is what life is all about.

In 1969 Roy and I took seminars in ceramics, then we taught ceramics to others who wished to learn. From one class a week, interest grew until we had classes nearly every night of the week and several afternoons as well. We met many wonderful people over the years who gathered for classes.

We sold the farm in May of 1972, and in July we moved to Langley, B.C. where we bought one quarter acre of land and built a nice home.

(Jessie and Roy eventually moved to Salmon Arm, B. C. Roy passed away in 1999 and Jessie has sold their home in B.C. and is moving to Drumheller, Alberta, to live with her daughter Florence.)

MOELLER, Peter and Joanne (Valstar)

Peter Moeller is the son of Mae (Larson) and Chris Moeller and was born August 8, 1955, in Rocky Mtn. House. He attended school in Rocky, graduating from Rocky Junior-Senior High School in 1973. He worked on the sawmill for Revelstoke Lumber at Harlech. He apprenticed for a mechanic at Triple Oak, a local farm machinery business and later drove gravel truck for his father-in-law, Gus Valstar. Pete and Joanne then moved to Hines Creek and Pete worked as a mechanic for Northwest Farm Supplies in Fairview. From there they moved to Berwyn where he worked for the town and both Pete and Joanne were very involved with the volunteer fire department and Pete was the fire chief for eleven years. He also worked for the town of Grimshaw and Andrew. They have now bought a house in Spirit River where Pete works for the town.

Pete had a real interest in history, boats and planes and after earning his private pilot's license joined the local Rocky Mountain House Flying Club. Both Joanne and Pete like to read and made good use of the Rocky library.

Pete and Joanne were married in the Rocky at the Memorial Presbyterian Church on May 28, 1977. "Joanne" Audrey was born October 1, 1959 in Rocky to Ruth (Clary) and Gus Valstar. She went to school in Rocky and took part in Calvinettes, which was a young girls' group at the Christian Reformed Church. They lived in a mobile home on his dad's farm in the Everdell area and have two children, Barbara Jean was born September 24, 1977 in Rocky and William Peter on September 13, 1979 in Red Deer. Barbara married Chuck Evans and they own a nice house in Grande Prairie where Chuck puts in many long hours as a truck driver. William went to school in Berwyn, where he won the "Youth Leader of Tomorrow" award in recognition of his work in the senior citizens home and as a volunteer fire fighter. After graduating from the Grimshaw high school in 1998, William came to Rocky for a short time and worked for Mountain View Log Homes, helped cook at the Flames and A&W, and worked for M. Pidherney Trucking. William has now moved to Spirit River where he works for Fountain Tire. He has a little boy, Derrick Ray, born November 18, 2000, and Derrick's mother is Jessica Burke.

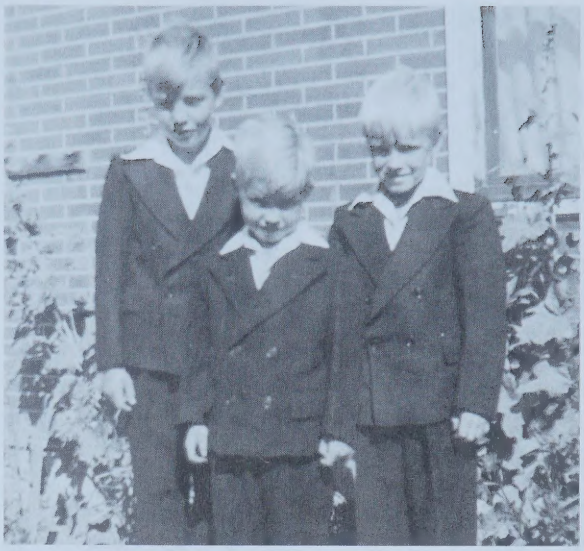
Pete's mom and dad, Mae and Chris Moeller spent most of the lives in the Rocky area and farmed in the Everdell district until they retired and moved to Grande Forks, B.C. Chris was only fourteen when he bought his first Co-op membership and served for thirty years on the Rocky Co-op board and eleven years on the REA board. He also helped Dr. Speers, the local veterinarian, doing brucellosis (also known as Bang's disease) vaccinations in the rural areas. It was a province wide program to vaccinate all the cattle in Alberta since the disease could cause undulant fever (or Malta fever) in humans through milk or milk products, meat, or contact with infected animals, although no harm resulted if the dairy products were pasteurized and the meat was very well cooked.

Joanne and Pete enjoy their small town life and the north country has become home to them now.

MOFFORD, Charlie and Bessie (Elizabeth)

Top: Mary. Middle: Kathleen and Edith. Front: Joyce and Betty, Christmas 1949.

Donna (approx. 3 years old) with "Pugs" in 1949.



Lawrence, Harry and Gerald.

Our father, Charlie Mofford, was born in Sandpoint, Idaho, in Dec. 1900. He was one of ten children in the family of Harry and Jessie Mofford. In his early teens, Charlie was driving a 16-horse team, harvesting in the Gem-Rosebud area of Alberta. He rapidly became a first-class horseman, participating in rodeos and bronco busting, being a carefree cowboy. In 1925, Charlie and his father trailed horses and mules through the snow to Rocky Mountain House. They eventually staked out a homestead near Hardindell, but never proved on it. The family worked or owned sawmills in and around Rocky

Thelma, Margaret (Billy), Mary, Edith and Kathy.

Charlie and Bessie Mofford, early in their marriage of 1926 at Crimson Lake.

Mountain House and it was then that Charlie switched from horses to trucks, much to his father's chagrin. Grandpa felt the world was losing an outstanding horseman.

Charlie married Elizabeth (Bessie) Robson in 1926. Together they began nurturing a large family which grew to 13 children. During the depression, Charlie rode the rails, sharing what he had with other destitute men, knowing his children were safe with Bessie. Ernest Lamming gave Charlie an opportunity to own his first

Ted and Thelma with Bessie and Charlie in 1950.

truck, and he became an independent businessman. He hauled lumber many winters for Carl Sorenson, then graveled roads in the summer. Dad was always the first on the job, working 15 to 16 hours a day, whether it was 40 below or 90 above. In the early days, truckers used the train trestle bridge over the North Saskatchewan River, when the river ice became soft. Dad met a train crossing the bridge one night and convinced the engineer it would be much simpler to back the train up. Dad got his lumber across the bridge to the mill.

Dad helped build the Alaska highway, hauled cars from Ontario, kept his trucks in tip-top shape and lived a peaceful life. Money was pretty short lots of times, but there was always food on the table and a warm house. We kids

1983 Family Reunion. Back row: Gerald, Harry, Charlie, Billy (Margaret). Front: Thelma, Mary, Betty, Kathleen, and Edith. Missing: Donna, Lawrence, Joyce, and Bessie.

Ready for School. At top: Edith and Kathleen. Middle row: Betty and Joyce. Front row: Lawrence, Gerald and Harry.

had a lot of fun; our friends were always welcome and we had our own ball team. We didn't need TV. We created our own excitement, but most of all, our parents taught us to pay our own way, never whine, and be glad to work. Dad was not a great talker, but we learned by his example. Our mother, Bessie, passed away in 1966. Dad married Josephine Thompson in 1968. Dad's death on Oct 24, 1996 was the end of an era for our family. We, the children of Charlie and Bessie are the old guys now. Hopefully, we will live out our lives as honestly and independently as our parents did.

The 13 children of Charlie and Bessie are as follows:

Marjorie (passed away in 1935), Joyce Payzant (passed away in 1965), Lawrence (passed away in 1989, Donna (passed away in 1999)

Living sons and daughters: Fred (Maybelle), Gerald (Ann), Harry, Thelma (Ted) Hurl, Margaret (Billy) Webber, Mary (Bill) Thompson, Edith (Ron) Reid, Kathleen (Mel) Fink, Betty (Harold) Hicks.

As of March 1, 2002, the number of descendants of Charlie and Bessie numbers as follows: Children 13, Grandchildren 37, Great-grandchildren 68, Great-Great-Grandchildren 2.

Charlie and Bessie Mofford are buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery, Rocky Mountain House.

MOONEY, Ernest
as told by W.J. Cameron Kirby

"Ernie" Mooney was a towering figure of a man, with a swarthy complexion, rugged features, dark brown eyes, black hair and was heavy set. He was, in a rugged way, a fine looking man. He was gentle, soft-spoken, laconic in conversation, well-mannered. He often dropped into our home, where he was always accorded a warm welcome.

Ernie grew up on a ranch on Buster Creek, northwest of Rocky Mountain House, with his mother, father and younger brother Jack. The Mooneys, pioneers, were highly respected in their community. Mrs. Mooney was a sister of Mrs. T. D. Green, the government land surveyor, who surveyed the country west of Rocky Mountain House.

Ernie was a Forest Ranger, responsible for patrolling the vast area, largely wilderness, west from Rocky Mountain House to the Rocky Mountains, north to the Nordegg River, south to the headwaters of the Clearwater River. His duties entailed checking for fishing and hunting licenses, and prevention and control of forest fires. He patrolled his territory on horseback, accompanied by a pack horse, alone with them for many weeks at a time.

My first close involvement with Ernie occurred in the spring of 1924, when I was in Grade 10. A large forest fire broke out a mile or so northwest of Rocky, beyond the west bank of the North Saskatchewan River. Ernie, as Forest Ranger, was responsible for fighting the fire and bringing it under control. In this role he had authority to commandeer fire fighters who were required to make their services available until the fire was brought under control, for which services they were paid twenty-five cents per hour.

I and two of my school friends offered our services and were hired. When we arrived at the fire site, my two friends were handed a shovel or an ax, and told to get to work. But I was handed a note book and informed that I was timekeeper, to keep records of time worked by the fire fighters who worked in shifts. In addition, I was responsible for ensuring that there was always a supply of rations on hand. These were very simple: bread, bologna, cheese and jam. I continued full time in these duties until the fire was brought under control. In due course I received a government cheque for my services, which I recall as amounting to more than sixty dollars, my first pay cheque, and a lot of money at that time for a boy of my age.

Late that summer, Ernie invited me to accompany him on his pack trip through his territory. I eagerly accepted the invitation. We went first to the Mooney ranch where I was presented with the saddle horse I was to ride on the trip. It was young, frisky, and had not yet been broken in. To my dismay, I was told that I was to break it in. With Ernie's help, after a prolonged struggle, I managed to get the horse saddled, and I mounted. I was bucked off in short order, and many times more before the horse was considered sufficiently broke in for us to start our trip. Both of us led a pack horse. All seemed to be going along well until we started to ford the Baptise River, a few miles northwest of the ranch.

In mid-stream my horse decided to lie down and did. Fortunately the river was shallow, but I was soaking wet before I was able to remount. That was the only problem I had with my horse, and now aware of his inclination to lie down when fording a river or a stream I avoided it by keeping a tight rein on him, and so avoided another ducking!

It was an inspiring experience to see Ernie in his natural habitat. He guided our pack train through densely wooded country, fording creeks and rivers, avoiding muskeg, with confident assurance, his only guide occasional blazes on trees. I recall one occasion when he appeared to be lost. He told me to stay with the pack horses while he looked for a blaze mark. I felt very much alone with the two pack horses and mine, the only sound their munching grass and the moan of the wind through the vast wilderness of trees. As the time dragged on to what seemed to me an eternity, I wondered what I would do if Ernie could not find where he had left me. But my concern was unfounded, he reappeared and guided us forward to a blaze mark.

When we stopped for mid-day snack or overnight rest Ernie followed a set routine. In either event the first thing he did was to make a small fire, boil a tin of water and make a drink of tea– there was no exception to this routine. No tea ever tasted so good or was so refreshing and stimulating after many hours in the saddle. Our stops were almost without exception on the bank of a river or a stream or near a spring. At the midday stop the horses were not unsaddled or the pack boxes removed. They were tethered or hobbled and allowed to graze. Our lunch would comprise of a slice or more of bread and jam or bologna. At the overnight stop, after our hot cup of tea, the horses were unsaddled, the pack boxes unloaded and the horses tethered or hobbled. We then built a lean-to-shelter covered with evergreen boughs, open to the side facing the fire. By the time these duties had been attended to, the practicality of the refreshing cup of tea was self-evident. Never did simple food taste so good. At night we ate bologna, bread, cheese and jam, and le peice de resistance, bannock. Ernie would mix up some flour, baking powder, water with powdered milk, bacon fat and a pinch of salt. He would place the mixture in an iron frying pan which he propped up with wood or stones, tipped towards a small glowing fire. In time, after rotating the pan to ensure uniform baking, the bannock, now rising up above the pan and golden brown, was ready to be devoured with jam, or on special occasions with stewed wild blueberries. For breakfast we would have bacon and sourdough flapjacks.

And so the late summer days passed as we made our way northwest across the Baptiste River, as far as the Nordegg River, then south through the foothills to the headwaters of the Clearwater River. Next we followed the river in a northeasterly direction to its confluence with the North Saskatchewan River, a mile or so south of Rocky Mountain House. It was a memorable wilderness experience, shared with a knowledgeable woodsman and good companion.

Some aspects of this pack trip linger in my memory as an enriching experience. Particularily an overnight stopover on the Baptiste river at the homestead of Clarence and Loretta Sands. Clarence, coming from Wisconsin, raised cattle, trapped, guided and outfitted big game hunters, generally wealthy Americans. The Sands had eleven children altogether. I recall the warm, generous hospitality which was extended to us in this remote homestead.

The Ram River Falls, northwest of the Baptiste, were spectacular divided falls. The water tumbled into a churning whirlpool, filling the air with spray before emerging as a sparkling clear river in which we caught some splendid trout and enjoyed a refreshing swim. The Alpine meadows ablaze with wild flowers, extended for miles, surrounded by heavily timbered foothills, and beyond snow-covered peaks. At Alford Creek we stopped to fish as we made our way to the northeast. I recall the close relationship with our faithful horses, which were always surefooted and reliable, even my saddle horse. And above all, I will always remember the companionship of Ernie Mooney, so much a part of this wilderness of which he was steward.

I learned three special techniques on this trip: how to break-in a saddle horse; how to make bannock and how to tie the "diamond hitch," the remarkable knot which secures the two pack boxes firmly on each packhorse.

Ernie was a dear family friend for many years, until he finally moved to Vancouver, where he died from cancer.

MOONEY, Jack

Jack Mooney was the younger brother of Ernest (Ernie) Mooney, whose parents lived on a ranch northwest of Rocky Mountain House on Buster Creek.

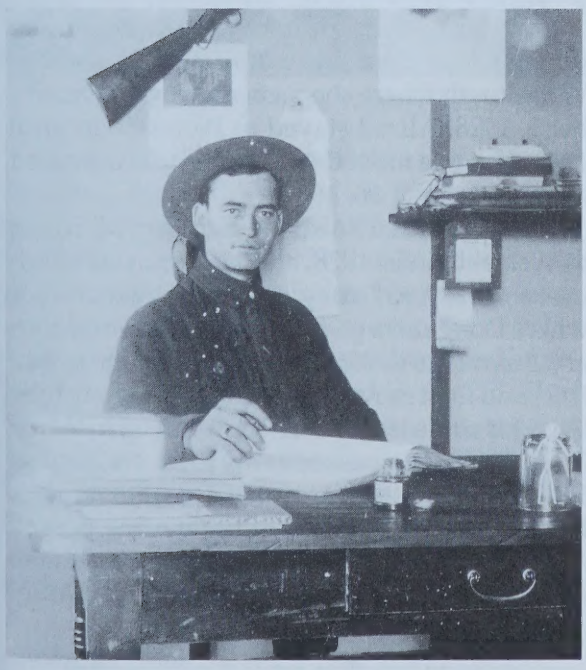
As a young man, Jack was employed on a survey crew of T. D. Green, Government Land Surveyor, who surveyed the area in the vicinity of Rocky Mountain House and the town site. In the course of his employment, late one summer afternoon while surveying in an area northwest of Rocky, Jack came across a small lake ablaze with crimson colour from the setting sun. He called it Crimson Lake, the name by which it is still known.

Jack married Bertha Wright, whose parents lived on a farm south of Rocky. They had one daughter, Margaret, who was nicknamed "Bubbles".

For several years Jack was employed as a clerk by J. N. Cony in his general store. Later he was appointed City Health Inspector by Dr. W. H. Hill, Public Health Officer of the City of Calgary.

The Mooneys continued to live in Calgary until their deaths: Jack in the 1960s, Bertha and Bubbles in the 1970s.

MOORE CLAN
by Michael Dawe



Douglas Moore, Nordegg 1914.

Nordegg Hospital.

Alfred Edward Moore was born in Cavan, Ontario, on June 30, 1864, and in 1885 moved to Grenfell, Saskatchewan, with his family which included his brothers James Henry, George Albert and Ernest C. Moore. Alfred served in the Riel Rebellion. In 1887 he married Effie MacDonell from Lancaster, Ontario, who had been born on August 6, 1886. They had six children: four boys, Nelson, Merton, George and Willard and two girls, Clarissa (Clare) and Charlotte (Lottie)

Although records indicate that Alfred was a baker while at Grenfell, his occupation was a millwright. In 1901 the family moved to Midland, Ontario. In 1909 they moved up to the South Porcupine mining area at Schumacher, now part of Timmins, Ontario. While in that area, they experienced the devastating South Porcupine fire of June 1911 and had to seek shelter in a lake to escape from the flames.

Alfred moved to Edmonton and was part of the crew that built the High Level Bridge. In 1914 he moved to Nordegg where he got a job with the Brazeau Collieries Company.

Meanwhile, Clare, who had been working as a secretary, married Henry Douglas (Doug) Moore of Guelph, Ontario on March 26, 1912. They moved later that year to Red Deer, Alberta, where Doug got a job working for his brother-in-law, Robert Dawe, in the survey and engineering firm of Seymour and Dawe. On June 2, 1914, they had a daughter, Audrey Eileen. Doug and Clare then moved out to Rocky Mountain House where Doug worked with the Forestry Service. However, shortly thereafter, Doug got a job as a mine surveyor at Nordegg with the Mine Plans and Construction Department of Brazeau Collieries. They moved into a house up

Dr. John and Charlotte (Lottie) Shillabeer and son, 1925.

on Marcelle Avenue. It was a terrible blow to Clare and Doug when Audrey died on November 29, 1919, following a ruptured appendix. Audrey was buried in the Red Deer cemetery.

Nelson Moore, who started working for Brazeau Collieries as a machinist in 1915, enlisted in the army on August 4, 1916 and served overseas.

Charlotte (Lottie) married Dr. John Shillabeer in Edmonton in 1918. He was a physician, born in Roslyn, Ontario, who had taught school in

Nelson Moore, sister Clare Moore, brother-in-law Doug Moore, niece Audrey Moore, 1916.

Alfred Ernest Moore, wife Effie and son Willard, 1918.

Northern Ontario for three years before obtaining his medical training at Queen's University in Kingston Ontario. He graduated in 1909, spent a year at St. Luke's Hospital in Ottawa, before moving west where he got a job running a hospital for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad at Entrance, Alberta. He later moved to Nordegg and became the doctor there. Lottie and John had one son, John Athol (Jack), who was born in Nordegg on July 7, 1921. In 1926, the Shillabeers moved to Wetaskiwin where Dr. Shillabeer purchased the practice of Dr. Robertson. They remained there until 1944 when they retired to Vancouver.

In 1928, with Effie Moore's health beginning to fail, she and her husband Alfred moved to Wetaskiwin where she passed away on December 9, 1928. Alfred stayed in Wetaskiwin until 1941 when he moved to Vancouver. He passed away on March 16, 1947.

Doug and Clare also moved from Nordegg to Wetaskiwin in 1928, and later moved to Edmonton. In 1937 they moved to Vancouver where Doug ran a grocery store and confectionary. From 1946 to 1951, they lived at Hammond, B.C., and then moved to Hatzie, B.C. where they lived for six years. In 1957, they moved to White Rock, B.C. Doug passed away there on January 1, 1970. Following his death, Clare moved back to Red Deer to be closer to family. She passed away on August 17, 1973, and is buried in the Red Deer Cemetery with her husband, Doug, and near her daughter, Audrey.

In 1960 Lottie and John Shillabeer moved back to Wetaskiwin. Lottie passed away on

February 24, 1966, and John passed away on October 20, 1966. Jack Shillabeer attended the University of B.C. and the University of Alberta and became a pharmacist, setting up a business in Wetaskiwin. He and his wife, Eanswythe, had five children: sons, John and Rob, and three daughters, Catherine, Audrey and Mary. Jack and Eanswythe were active in the community and Jack was an avid sportsman particularly in golf. He also was an associate of the London College of Music (piano) and was a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians. Jack passed away in Wetaskiwin on February 21, 1989.

MORLEY, Amelia and Sampson

Amelia Morley's tent at Nordegg, 1923.

Amelia (Millie) Louie Wickens was born in London, England, on June 21, 1900, the eldest of five children. The family immigrated to Kitchener, Ontario, in 1909, then to a homestead at Bingley in 1919. Her father, Harry, and sister, Eva, came in the spring. However, she with her mother, Amelia (Mill), her sister, Lucy, and brothers, Harry and Frank, arrived in the fall. They left Ontario on the 2nd of September, arriving at Red Deer via Canadian Pacific rail early Saturday morning, five days later. They intended to come to Leslieville, but the C.P. rail's nearest station was Condor. There was Harry and some of the Diggins family waiting at Leslieville. Since the mail was picked up at Condor station, they were able to catch a ride with the mailman, Merle Casey, to Leslieville.

There was no house on the homestead, so they moved into a log house half a mile south belonging to Mr. Wyld, a brother to Mrs. Ogden, the postmistress and storekeeper. There were three rooms, two bedrooms and a kitchen/living room, but no inside doors and needless to say, no plumbing. The roof had only one ply of boards and of course leaked whenever it rained or snowed. Harry flattened any available tin can to cover the holes, however on clear nights stars could be seen through the cracks. Because they were not familiar with wood fires, they didn't keep the fire burning all night. Consequently, the water in the teakettle froze on top of the stove.

The homestead was half a mile east of the Oras road where Highway 12 is now. There was no road through the half-mile because of a muskeg that ran through there. The only time it was passable was when it was very dry or frozen, making a two-mile detour necessary. In the spring Millie helped her father build a two roomed log house with a ladder on the inside to the attic where the young people slept. Harry's knowledge of carpentry was of great benefit.

Friday night dances were the main source of entertainment. Orchestras as we now have were non-existent, however some of the Mason family or anyone else who could play an instrument provided the music. At times a tissue paper over a comb helped out. Sometimes the girls walked to the neighbor's to catch a ride to the dance usually held in the district schools. One time the snow was up to the tops of the fence posts, and another time Lucy, Millie's sister, froze her big toe walking to the dance, but as her dad remarked, "it would be better before the next one. It was."

While they lived in the Wyld house a handsome young man, Sampson (Sam) Morley, stopped in to ask the way to the Denberry homestead. He had moved from Lethbridge to a quarter west of Taimi Hall. Sam was born January 28, 1892, in Langwith, Nottinghamshire, England, and was a veteran of WWI. Millie and Sam met at the dances during the next few years. Millie was working for several families: Lou Fich, George Thompson and Merle Case. Sam farmed and worked at the Nordegg mine. Their budding romance bloomed and they were to be married Boxing Day 1921, but, much to Millie's dismay, Sam didn't arrive. Because of her trusting

Millie and Sam Morley, (top photo).
George and Millie. (bottom photo).

nature she knew there must be a reason. Sure enough, he came a week late, not being able to get time off work at Nordegg. Communication in those days was not what it is today, so there was no way of letting her know. They were married on January 4, 1922, in Rocky Mountain House at the home of the Presbyterian minister, Rev. McKechnie, on a 40-degree below zero day.

The next week the newlyweds took the train to Nordegg and since there were no houses available, they lived in Sam's 8' x 10' tent behind the bank. To make it warmer, it was lined with burlap and as long as the fire was kept burning, it was cozy. When spring came they returned to the farm at Taimi and again to Nordegg for the winter. This time to a larger tent, 14' x 16', with 4' walls and floor of wood. This one was along the creek, east of town between the train trestle and the cemetery. One afternoon there was a terrible hailstorm that made the tent leak. To let the water out, Millie poked holes through the rubberoid on the floor with a spike. When Sam got home from work, all the bedding and clothes were drying outside. March 24, 1923, their first son, Frederick (Budd), was born in the Nordegg hospital.

That spring there was a strike at the mine, so once again they returned to the farm. Times were not good that summer, what with feed for livestock being scarce and produce prices low. Sam and Millie stayed up all night churning forty-two pounds of butter, forming it into one pound packages and wrapping it. They got it to Rocky Mountain House to sell, but all it brought was eighteen cents a pound, which was all the money they had for a week. Sam went back to Nordegg and Millie to her parents' farm at Bingley. Their son, Dennis, was born May 10, 1924. In August, Millie and the boys moved to Rocky to the last house on 54th street On January 9, 1926, Reginald was born. In December of that year the family moved back to Nordegg, this time to the four roomed house and later to a house farther down the street. Iris was born there February 19, 1928. The next move was to #5 New Lane, the last street to the west of town. Four children were born there: Elizabeth (Betty) August 7, 1929; George June 25, 1930; Clara November 28, 1932; and Shirley April 26, 1934. It was a sad day in November 1937 when Shirley died of pneumonia.

During this time Sam worked at the mine barn, and when the mine worked only a few days a week, he worked at the golf course, cutting the grass with a team of horses and a mower, repairing the bald spots on the greens and whatever else needed attention. Together they grew a large garden of carrots, peas, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, etc., as well as an array of flowers. Sam was able to play most wind instruments, therefore he was a member of the community band. For many years he spent three evenings a week at the library, repairing and checking books in and out. He, along with Pete Luykfassel and Mr. Topley, were instrumental in forming the Royal Canadian Legion in the 1930s. Curling took his fancy and he along with his teammates won a number of beautiful prizes.

Millie took good care of their family and, besides her daily chores, found time to keep the

girls well dressed. With her magical fingers and her ingenuity with her sewing machine, the made over clothes were a work of art. She even found time to sew dresses for others, often using a picture from the catalogue and no pattern. As well, she was an avid reader, enjoying the books Sam brought her from the library. Millie and the children spent many summers at her parents' farm where the boys helped with the farming and the younger children did the little chores and errands.

When the explosion in No. three mine occurred on October 31, 1941, Sam was working in that area. Fortunately he was working the afternoon shift, getting off at midnight. He was uneasy then about conditions there, and as soon as the whistle blew the next morning, he knew what was wrong. He lost no time in doing whatever he could. Twenty-nine men lost their lives.

Two six-roomed houses were built on the lower end of Martha Ave., one of which Sam and Millie were able to move to. By that time the family had grown and some of the boys went to work.

WWII started, Sam enlisted and was stationed at Suffield, where he was a bugler and first aid man, along with other duties. After his discharge, he took a carpentry course in Calgary, however because of poor health, he went to Vancouver in hopes that his health would improve. It did not, so once again he returned home to Nordegg unable to work at the trade he had learned. On April 12, 1947, age 55, he passed away at home.

Three months later on July 6, their son Charles was born. Millie stayed on in Nordegg after the mine closed in 1955. She and Charles (Chuck) moved to Rocky Mountain House. When Chuck left school and joined the Navy, Millie kept herself busy sewing dolls' clothes, especially Barbie outfits and Ken suits, which were all lined and trimmed with suitable accessories. She sold them for much less than they were worth, her feeling being that the girls could enjoy more of them.

While she lived on 53rd street, Sam's brother, George, appeared on the scene. He and his sisters invited Millie to accompany them on a trip to England and Wales. Their brother, John, passed away three days after they arrived in Wales. George thought Millie needed someone to look after her, so they were married the next year on March 8, 1971, in Edmonton. They lived here on 53rd street for some time before moving to Calgary where they lived in several houses until George had a stroke. He and Millie moved to Mayfair Nursing Home. On August 4, 1982, George passed away, but Millie stayed there until March 1996, when she transferred to Extended Care at Rocky Mountain House Hospital.

All the years they lived in Calgary, they were invited most Sundays to dinner at Reg and Muriel Morley's and, on Thursdays, Muriel took them out shopping as long as she was able.

At 102 years of age, Millie's eyesight is not good and although she is confined to her wheelchair, her mind is still sharp enough to listen to the Flames hockey games and take part in the Wednesday afternoon singsongs and Mental Aerobics. She has no diplomas or degrees, but has always made the best of whatever came her way, sometimes in dire circumstances. She deserves a medal.

MORRIS FAMILY
by Elsie (Morris) Darbyshire

Morris Family: Back row: Winnie (Luyckfassel), Albert Jr., Hilda (Scott). Front row: Harriet (Eccleston), Albert Sr., Elsie (Darbyshire), late 1930s.

Albert Morris Sr. came to Canada from Stoke-On-Trent in England in 1906, at the age of 19. He settled in Alberta and B.C., as he worked in the coalmines: Drumheller, Michel, Fernie, Coal Creek, and Blairmore. He even mined at Frank before the slide.

Then, Albert and a friend went by train to Rocky Mountain House. They decided to walk to Nordegg, as there was no railroad yet. It took them three and a half days to walk from Rocky to Nordegg. They arrived in Nordegg in 1912, and must have been among the first miners to work in Nordegg.

The war broke out in 1914 and Albert joined the Canadian Army in Calgary. He was sent to England. He served in the war until 1918.

Before Albert left England for France, he met Harriet Eccleston, who was living with Albert's mother and father and his five sisters and two brothers. He married Harriet in November 1917, on one of his leaves. Harriet was 23 years old and Albert was 30 years old.

Elsie was born in England on May 12th, 1918. Albert came back to Nordegg in 1919, so he could bring Elsie and Harriet out to Canada in 1920. He got a house, and Harriet lived in Nordegg for eleven months. She was seven months pregnant with her second child when she heard that her father was dying of cancer. In June 1921 she went back to England and her father died at the end of July. On September 5th, 1921, Albert was born. Albert Sr. got a telegram September 5th at the Sports Ground, about his new son. Then six weeks later, Harriet came back to Canada with the new baby and Elsie, who was just over three years old. Harriet had to learn the hard way about cold weather, etc.

Then on November 1st, 1922, Harriet had the first set of twins in Nordegg, Hilda and Frances. Frances just lived four months, when she died and was buried in the Nordegg cemetery in 1923. Then on April 22nd, 1925, Winnie was born. In the meantime, Albert Sr. took the job of manager at the Nordegg Club, where he worked until 1929. In 1929 my Grandmother Eccleston came to Canada and Albert Sr. went back to the mine. Bill Hall was the Club manager and the Morris family moved into his house.

Just before the war, Albert Sr. and Harriet took on the boarding house, and Harriet was the cook. Hilda and Winnie worked at the boarding house. They had 120 boarders during the war. Albert Sr., Harriet and Granny Eccleston left Nordegg in 1942 and moved to Vancouver. Grandma passed away in 1949, Albert Sr. in 1973, and Harriet in 1979.

In 1938, Elsie married William Darbyshire. Their son, Edward, was born in Nordegg in 1941. After the Nordegg explosion, Billy, Elsie and Edward moved to Vancouver. Edward was married twice and has five children: Debbie, Karen, Steven, Collette and Lori-Ann. Billy and Elsie's daughter Dorothy was born in Vancouver in 1943. She married Jim and has a daughter, Colleen and a son, Kenny. Billy and Elsie's second son, George, was born in 1950 also in Vancouver. He married Charlene and he has two sons, Kirk and Paul. Elsie is still living in Vancouver. Billy passed away in 1969 and Eddie in 1980.

Albert Jr. also worked in the mine. He joined the Canadian Air Force on July 21, 1941. He married Michelena D'Amico, who was born in Nordegg on April 17, 1922. They moved to Winnipeg where Albert was stationed. Albert was a flying officer in the Canadian Air Force and a wireless air gunner and operator. He flew thirty-six missions over enemy territory and returned home to Nordegg in 1945. He went back to work in the mine underground. In 1950 Albert and Maggie with Maggie's brothers and sisters-in-law, Zupi and Mertha, Guido and Frankie and her sister and brother-in-law, Serena and Robert, operated the Nordegg Hotel and Boarding House until July of 1955.

They have three daughters. Frances was born in Winnipeg in 1942. She is married to Ray Howell and has two children, Albert and Kathleen. Maxine was born in Nordegg in 1948 and has four children: Kelly, Michelene, Robbie and Jessica. Patricia was also born in Nordegg in 1950 and has two adopted children, Daniel and Tessa.

After the mine and town closed down, Albert and Maggie moved to Calgary. At that time they owned and operated several businesses in Calgary and Red Deer. Albert passed away January 2nd, 1999. Maggie is living in Calgary.

In 1942, in Red Deer, Hilda married Wesley Scott (Red) from Prince Albert. They lived in Nordegg, Prince Albert, Banff, New Westminster, B.C. and Langley, B.C. They owned and operated "The Best Café" in New West for twenty years. They had four children. Son Terry was born in Vancouver in 1949, and is married to Pat. They had five children: Donna, Heather, Rick, Ron and Blain. They also adopted twin girls

from Haiti, Feline and Philesa in 1986. Son Keith was born in Vancouver in 1946, and is married to Judy. They have three adopted children, Blake, Dion and Angie. Daughter Sharon was born in New Westminster in 1947 and is married to Bill. They have five children: Debbie, Christine, Barbara, Scott and Bonnie. Son Frankie was born in New Westminster in 1949 and is married to Darlene. They have two children, Christine and Trevor. Red passed away in May 1999, and Hilda lives in Langley, B.C.

In Nordegg, in 1942, Winnie married Norman (Lucky) Luyckfassel. Lucky joined the Air Force in 1914 and was a staff pilot. They lived in many places: Nordegg, Edmonton, Manitoba and Quebec. Lucky graduated from the University of Edmonton as a teacher and taught in Edmonton and Abbotsford. They have two children. Son Curt was born in Nordegg in 1943, and has two children, Billie Joe and Patricia. Curt passed away in 1995. Daughter Donna was born in Quebec in 1944, and is married to Stan Lundberg. They have three children, Jeff, Judi and Sheryl. Winnie and Lucky live in Abbottsford.

We all just loved Nordegg and would not change our childhood for anything. They were the best years of our lives.

MORRISH family history as told by Reg, Alf, and Flo

Dorothy, Florence, Edith (mom), Reg and Alf.

Richard Henry (Dick) Morrish came from Cornwall, England, in 1926, with the Siddall family, and married Edith Siddall. They lived with the Siddall family on the farm near Caroline, Alberta, for about a year, and then Dad went to work for Jimmy Horne. Reg Morrish was born in 1927, and a second son, Arthur Morrish, was born in the Horne house in 1928. Arthur only lived a few short hours and was buried in the Horne family's flower garden, which is approximately where the Civic Tire building is today.

In 1929 Dad went to work for A. P. Fisher, working on the farm in the summer and in the bush in the winter. Mom lived in town in a home on 51st St. and 49th Ave. where the old Home Hardware is located. The house belonged to A. P. Fisher and Mom took care of Art and Roberta while they went to school, as their parents lived on the farm. Alfred was born there in 1930.

In 1932 the Morrish Family moved to the Garth district and lived in the old "Jackpine Siding" buildings. This is now the location of the Currie Gravel pit.

A daughter, Dorothy, was born in 1935 and a second daughter, Florence, in 1936. Dad was still working for A. P. Fisher, and in 1944 bought Jimmy Owen's farm, which is the NW -14-39-8-W5. Also in 1944, Alf finished grade eight and left school to work for Joe Preeper in the bush. Reg left school at the age of fourteen and went to work with Dad in the bush, cutting mine props and firewood in the fire killed timber. They used an axe and swede saw, as there were no power saws in those days. In the meantime, Grandpa Siddall had let the farm go back. He had acquired it through the Soldiers' Settlement Board. He had been in the British army for twenty-one years, serving in the Boer War and the First World War. Grandpa and Grandma Siddall eventually settled in the Garth district. Grandpa Siddall was killed when struck by lightning in 1948. That was rather ironic after twenty-one years in the army—and eleven of these being in active duty.

Dad was born with a faulty heart valve and almost didn't pass the physical which was required to immigrate to Canada. None of the kids realized this until about 1946 when Dad became ill with heart failure and consequently passed away in 1948, the same year Grandpa Siddall was killed. Reg and Alf worked at many different jobs, bringing the money home to Mom to keep the family going. They eventually worked for the Canadian National Railroad as sectionmen (repairing the track). In 1952 Alf transferred

Richard and Edith Morrish and the old house, 1946.

to being first a brake-man, then a conductor for the CNR. He then moved to Mirror, Alberta, and in December of that year married Joyce Hunley.

Reg was still working on the section, and in August 1954, he married Phyllis Luyckfassel and became a section foreman at Ancona, Alberta. Ancona was a whistle stop, just east of what used to be the coal mining town of Saunders, Alberta. In 1955 Reg and Phyl moved to Scapa, Alberta, which is close to Hanna. Reg and Phyl have a son and daughter: Rick born in February 1949, and Cheryl in October 1961. Reg quit the railroad in 1966 and went to work for the Department of Highways, first in Leslieville and then in Rocky Mountain House. In the meantime Reg and Phyl had purchased a farm in the Bingley area. They worked on the farm, as well as working in town. Phyl worked for Home Hardware and later at Guardian Drugs. Reg eventually quit working for Highways as he had built up a dairy herd, and he became a dairy farmer. They sold the farm in 1988 and moved into Rocky Mountain House where they retired. Phyl passed away in 1994 at the age of fifty nine.

Rick married Lanny Titford, and they have two sons, Mark and Mitch. Rick is in partnership with Richard OpdenDries and they operate Foothills Mechanical Services. Cheryl married Henry OpdenDries and has one step-son Aaron and a daughter Crystal.

Alf and Joyce had a daughter, Wendy, born in 1953 and a son, James, born in 1954. In 1955 Alf was laid off the railroad, due to cutbacks, when the railroad changed from steam-powered locomotives to diesel electric power. At that time Alf, Joyce and family moved home to Rocky. Later that year, he purchased the home place from his mom. That same year he went to work for Matt Bradshaw, International Harvester dealer, in Rocky, as a partsman. In 1956 Matt Bradshaw passed away. The business was purchased by Helen Hunley who had worked for Bradshaw for approximately seven years. In 1957, the business became Helen Hunley Agencies Ltd.

In May of 1957, Alf and Joyce had their second son, Jackson, and in 1960 a third son, Robert, was born, and again another son, Gordon, was born in 1963. In 1966 they adopted Judith who was eleven months old.

In 1968, Helen Hunley Agencies went out of the automotive business and concentrated on the insurance business. In 1970, Helen Hunley was elected to legislature. Alf and Carl Ringness managed the business until 1974 when they purchased it. Alf and Carl enjoyed their partnership until 1984 when Alf had a heart attack and sold his share to Carl Ringness. Following that, Alf worked for Land and Forest and also Alberta Recreation and Parks. In 1986, Joyce was diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease, and passed away in May of 1988. Alf later married Del Martin and acquired a stepson and three stepdaughters. Together we have twenty-seven grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

Wendy Joyce Morrish finished high school in Rocky, then took a year of nursing at Foothills Hospital in Calgary. Controlling factors caused Wendy to change the course of her life, so she attended Olds College where she received her degree in Floriculture. She then worked for White's Florists in Calgary and later for Nova, then Foothills pipelines. While in Calgary she met and married a young Scotsman, Robert Raeside. Robert was in Calgary working on a Ph.D in geology, receiving his Doctorate in 1982. That same year Rob accepted a position with Acadia University in Nova Scotia as a Professor of Geology and is still educating there. Rob and Wendy's son, Gordon, was born in February of 1984, and son, Donald, in 1987. Both boys attend school in Wolfville.

James Richard Morrish became a Sea Cadet at age thirteen and won the Howard Hunt Memorial Trophy for the highest aggregate shot in the Cadet Corps in Canada. As an instructor, he spent one summer at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, and three summers in Winnipeg. After finishing

high school he became a heavy duty mechanic and worked for Rocky Wood preservers for five years. He then went to work for Amoco which is now British Petroleum, and has been with them for twenty-two years. Jim married Lorna Hapon in 1977, and they have two sons. Michael, born December 12, 1979, now lives in Calgary and works as a carpenter. Sean, born December 7, 1981, lives in Australia and goes to university. Jim and Lorna divorced. Jim married Gail Giberson in 1990, and acquired three stepchildren: John, Shannon (married to Clinton Casey) and Danny.

Jackson (Jack) Lee Morrish also was in the Sea Cadet Corps., and when he finished school went to work in the oil patch doing everything from driving truck to operating heavy machinery. Jack married Cindy Knapp in 1975, and they have two children: Jason, born in 1976, and Cora Lynn, born in 1980. In 1998 Jack and Cindy, along with Owen and Nola Morgan, opened Gateway Sales and Service in Rocky, selling and servicing quads, snowmobiles, garden tractors etc.

Jason works for Delta Controls as an Instrumentation Technician. He married Janine Winters in August of 2001, and she teaches school in Caroline. Cora Lynn attends Red Deer College and is working on her Bachelor of Commerce Degree.

Robert Morrish (Bob) worked for Gulf Canada during holidays, as a teen, and then attended S.A.I. T. for a year, returning to Gulf Canada at the Strachan Gas Plant where he obtained his Steam Engineer papers. Bob married Donna Leslie, and they have one child, William, born December 1, 1989. Bob and Donna divorced, and he married Beverly Gibbs in 1998, and their son, Daniel, was born in April 2000. Bob is now the area superintendent of the Rimbey gas plant.

Gordon Morrish attended Red Deer College and the University of Alberta, obtaining his Bachelor of Science in Zoology. Unable to find work in that field, he worked as a glass installer for Quali Glass Co. of Edmonton. When his mom got sick, Gordon came home to help take care of her and worked for Clearwater Glass in Rocky. After his mom passed on, he attended Canadian Memorial Chiropractic College in Toronto and became a chiropractor. At present he has a practice in Blairmore in the Crowsnest Pass. Gord married Melonie Fairbrother in December of 1993, and they have three children: Emilee, born December 5, 1995; Matthew, born July 1997 and Sara born March 28, 1999.

In 1966 Joyce and Alf felt they wanted one more girl to round the family out, so they adopted Judith. Judy loves horses and has ridden since she was three years old. She married Lloyd Reid, and they have one son, David, born 1989. Judy and David live on the old home place with their horses, and Judy works for the Saan Store in Rocky.

Dorothy Morrish, Dick and Edith's eldest daughter, was born December 1, 1935, while we were living in the old Jackpine Siding buildings. In 1953, Mom, Dorothy and Florence moved into town so the girls could go to high school. The local one room Garth School only taught up to grade eight or nine, depending on the teacher's qualifications. Dorothy went to work for Dr. Boyce who was the dentist at that time, and later on she worked for Dr. Semple who took over from Dr. Boyce. In 1952 she married Fritz Giese from St. Walburg, Saskatchewan. He was here working on the B&B gang which was the bridge repair gang for the CNR. They were married in 1955, and shortly after moved to St. Walburg where they took over the family bakery business because his dad was ill. Fritz and Dorothy, along with a brother-in-law, operated the St. Walburg bakery for thirty-five years. They then retired and lived in their home at Little Fishing Lake, Sask. Dorothy passed away in October 1994 from a heart attack. Fritz stayed at their home place at the lake until he passed away in March of 2001. Dorothy and Fritz have three children. Jean was born in January 1957 and married Arnie Lisoway. They have two boys: Ryann, born February 1977, and Cody born in December 1980. Lynda was born in October 1960 and married Amedio Carozza who was from Ontario. Lynda and Amedio have two boys: Mikele was born in February 1985, and Jordan was born in April 1988. Both families live in Lloydminister, Alberta. Ken was born in June of 1967, and worked with his dad in the bakery until it was sold. He now works in the oil industry.

Florence (Flo), the youngest daughter of Dick and Edith Morrish, was born in December 1936. She went to Garth and Rocky schools. Flo worked for Killico Drug Store and for the Hudson's

Bay Company when they bought out The Killico Store. She also worked for Dr. Semple. Flo married Gordon Allen in 1956, and they have two boys: Steve, born May 1962, and Brent, born March 1968. Flo spent many years at the arena, and both boys became figure skaters. Flo started Rocky's first daycare centre through the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, before taking it over on her own. In 1990 she purchased the old R.C.M.P. building and ran her daycare out of it until 1998. Flo and Gordon now operate a greenhouse on their property, just west of the old bridge on Highway 11A.

Steve married Debbie Lavergne in 1986, and they have two children: Scott, born in 1992, and Amanda, born in 1997. Steve and Debbie are both figure skaters, with Debbie being a professional figure skating teacher. Steve often helps out, quite often dance partnering someone for figure skating tests. Steve previously worked for Helen Hunley Agencies and Quinn Contracting.

Brent married Penny Easton in 1991, and they have three children: Warren, born in 1995; Amy, born in 1997, and Eric born in 2000. Brent is a paramedic and worked out of Rocky, later out of Wetaskawin. After eleven years he needed a change, and Steve and Brent opened LubeAlta, a fast lube service at 4523-45 St., in Rocky Mountain House.

To the delight of the Morrish family, two cousins from London, England, arrived for a visit in the summer of 2001. Dawn and Tracy Smith are Dad's sister's (Elsie), granddaughter and great-granddaughter. They are the first relatives to come from England to visit, since Dad (Dick Morrish) came to Rocky Mountain House in 1926.

MORTIMER, John McBride and family
by daughter Phyllis Jarvin

Our family history was recorded in the first history book, "The Days Before Yesterday." I'll give a brief review for this book. My father and mother, Margaret Ann Campbell, were married in Ontario and came west to Carbon, Alberta, in 1913.

After farming there for about twelve years they moved to the Bingley area in 1927. After a few years trying to get established in the dirty thirties, they moved the family into town. Bad luck and hard times continued when my mother

The Mortimer Sisters: Phyllis, Isabell, Shirley, Roxy, and Maxiene.

died and father's health started to fail. Therefore, I became the caretaker for five younger siblings at fifteen years old. I don't know how good they were cared for, but we all survived and all became good honest citizens. My father died in 1972 at age eighty-four years. My mother died in 1935.

Now in this year 2001 there have been a few changes. Reginald passed on in 1985; his wife and family of three sons live in Maple Ridge, B.C. Raymond died in 1981and his wife in 1994. They leave one son, living in Calgary. Harold and wife live in Banff; they have one daughter in Calgary. Marshall died in 1994. He leaves his wife and one daughter living in Sylvan Lake. Isabell and family live in Calgary, and have four girls and a son. One daughter lives in Terrace, B.C. Shirley and her family live in Red Deer; she has three sons and one daughter. One lives in Vernon, B.C. Roxiena and family live in Okotoks and has two sons and three daughters; one son lives in Kelowna, B.C. Maxiene and husband live in SalmonArm, B.C. They have twins—a daughter in Edmonton, and son in Victoria, B.C.

I married Wm. Jarvin in 1938. In 1941 we purchased a piece of land in the "Old Town". Wm. died in 1964. I still live on the same property, sixty years later. We have one son, living on Vancouver Island, and he has a son in the University of Manitoba.

I remember when the forestry tower stood where the Saan store sits today. One evening a few of us girls decided to climb to the little house on top. Of course we were not supposed to go up there. I was the last to come down, as every time I looked out I froze. Someone yelled "Come

out backwards, and don't look down." The thought of spending the night up there sure scared me. So, I gathered up my last ounce of courage and did it. Boy, was that a "white knuckle trip."

There were very few cars in this area in the early thirties. The biggest means of transportation was horse and wagon, buggy or horseback. Farmers would drive to town and tie their horses up to a rail or hitching post behind the stores on the west side of main street. The big provincial building stands there today.

It took a whole long day to drive to town and back with team and wagon or sleigh in winter, to come from Beaver Flats or Bingley. We kids went to both schools at one time. There were no gravel roads; they were more like trails. They were rough, muddy at times. If you've never ridden a wagon over rough roads you would not know the meaning of "all shook up."

In the early thirties the wild rabbits were so thick they were under every bush. People trapped, shot and snared them—piled them up like cord wood and sold them to mink and fox farms. Today if you see a rabbit it's a rare occasion. There were also hundreds of prairie chicken. Big flocks of them would fly up with a big flutter as we were walking to school. Where have they all gone? Now if the mosquitoes would just disappear! I have noticed that the frogs are also thinning out, and may soon be gone. So where is our planet heading? Maybe down the drain. Here where I live, I've had deer, moose, skunks, porcupine, even a bear once and birds. I'm a nature nut and have enjoyed my life here.

In the early days, everyone in town or country had an outhouse. Most were a two-seater. The young people had a great time pushing them over on Halloween night. Indoor toilets spoiled their fun in that department. On the farm and probably in town the old Eaton's catalogue served as toilet paper. Sometimes all that was left was the shiny paper before a new one came along. I'm sure we kids never heard of toilet tissue. The little kids were all sent to the outhouse every night, before bedtime. They were very afraid of the dark. After hearing coyotes howl at night, they wanted the lantern. I guess they felt safe with a light. One cold winter night when the snow was deep, two little kids set out for the outhouse. All of a sudden the kitchen door flew open and in they came, out of breath, wide-eyed, covered with snow and no lantern. When asked, "where's the lantern?" they said, "We don't know. We set it down and, swish, it disappeared." They almost ran over each other to get back to the house. They had been looking back to see if anything was following them and set the lantern in the hole. Of course it disappeared.

I remember when we had to have a license ($2.00 a year) to have a radio. With no electricity at that time, we had to run the radio on a wet battery, and it had to be recharged every so often.

Blueberries grew profusely in the sand hills where our Pine Hills Golf course is today. People came from afar to pick blueberries. Some people came from the prairie and brought stove, jars and sugar and canned the berries right there. You would meet someone in the berry patch with their knees blue from crawling around picking them.

I wonder how many remember when the freight train used to come through Rocky with men riding on top of the boxcars on their way to Rocky or Nordegg in hopes of finding jobs in Rocky timber mills or in Nordegg mines. They must have been cold and hungry. Some of them would offer to do a day's work for a meal. Sometimes they came to find jobs at harvest time. They had no other way to travel. Those who remember wish to forget it. It was a sad time in our history.

The Rocky ladies always had a baseball team. The first team I played on had Phyllis (Darby) Park as catcher, Alice (Laycock) Fisher as first base, Helen Hunley as pitcher, etc. Many teams bit the dust at the hands of that team. Remember when the older men would sit outside the Ritz Café on a raised cement wall every nice summer day? There was no place for them to go to spend their long days. Now there are drop-in centers everywhere and they are busy and can visit and have coffee any day, rain or shine. What a blessing for many. Now in this year "2001" life will never be the same.

MORTON, Albert of the Oras district information from Donna Clark

Albert was born in England and worked at Nordegg during the 40s. During the 50s he owned a farm in the Oras district (SE 28-39-6-W5),

which became the home place of Art and Karen Terpsma. Albert married a lady by the name of Maggie, and they had a son, Douglas. For many years Douglas was a radio announcer for C.K.U.A. Both Doug and his son, Bob, live in Edmonton.

MOULES, Mr. & Mrs. Joe
submitted by their daughter Edith Moules

Edith Moules, Mrs. Joe Moules, and Dorothy Hoefling.

Presbyterian Manse, RMH.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moules were married in England in 1909 and emigrated to Canada in 1912. They first settled in Midnapore, Alberta, a small district south of Calgary. They were there for the first Calgary Stampede, July 7, 1912 and Pat Burns had recently opened his first butcher shop in Calgary (Burns Meat).

After various types of work, my parents finally bought a farm in Dovercourt, 14 miles

Middle man, Joe Moules, delivered ice blocks with this truck.

Joe Moules delivered groceries with this team before he got his truck.

Joe with his horses.

south of Rocky Mountain House and farmed there until they were hailed out in 1924. Later they moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1926 after a short stay at Alexis Creek (B.C.) They opened a dray business in Rocky. In 1939, the business was sold to Jack Edgerton and in 1943

Float in parade.

our house was sold and we moved to Victoria, B.C. My father, J. L. Moules, passed away Nov. 3, 1947. My mother passed away Aug. 22, 1971.

MURGATROYD, Ed and Myrtle

Edwin, Myrtle, Eva May (standing) and Jenny Belle (baby), at Hoselaw, Alberta, 1936.

My husband, Edwin (Eddie) Lyster Murgatroyd, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1904. He and a friend, two city boys, came to Canada with a group of young men sent to Western Canada to work in the harvest fields. These two were eventually dropped off at Stettler where a farmer took pity on them, out-fitted them in proper working clothes, and put them to work stooking. Ed finally learned to harness and drive horses, but never could milk a cow. When their time was up his friend returned to England, but Ed elected to stay in Canada. He had made musical friends in Stettler, played in an orchestra

Ed, Jenny Belle, Eva May, Myrtle and son, Lawrence.

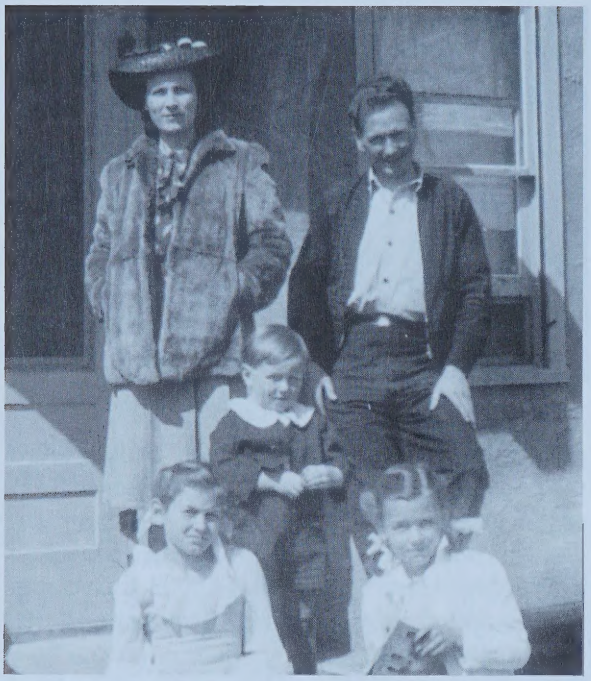
and gave piano lessons. He eventually started working for the C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railroad) and moved to Veteran where we met.

I was born in Belmont, Manitoba, to Margaret and George Harper (farmers) in 1903, the youngest of eight children. We moved west and settled north of Youngstown. There was no school near, so we moved into town in 1912. After graduation I went to Seattle, Washington, to my grandmother's and took a business course. I had some very good years there, but got homesick and returned home. While working in the bank, I was transferred to Veteran where Ed and I met.

We were married in the fall of 1930 and made our first home in Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. Eddie was stationed here and had made some very good friends: Conys, Killicks, Parsons, Strongs, Kirbys and Bertrands, and that same summer Alfred and Lena Hooke, and Stan and Janette Hooker (brides both) came to Rocky Mountain House. Not many women worked outside their homes then, so I was soon introduced to the art of afternoon teas—china cups, dainty sandwiches and hats, no less! A lovely way of life.

We had some very good times before the depression years caught us and, when Ed was laid off, we ran for cover, stored our furniture, and "went home" to the family farm near Bonnyville, Alberta.

Our first child, Eva May, was born in May 1932, in Elk Point, Alberta. I stayed on the farm while Ed went out relieving for a few months (thus a little cash). Looking to the future, Ed and my brother Allan built us a log house (16' x 24') on the farm. We sold some of our furniture and moved the essentials to our cabin which was to be our home for the next ten years. Ed continued



Murgatroyd family.

working a few months at a time for the C.P.R., relieving here and there, with me tagging along whenever he could find accommodations for us.

Our second child, Jenny Belle, was born in August, 1935. We enjoyed those years spent on the farm. We made many friends, took part in parties, plays, school programs, picnics and dances, and I had my family near.

Each summer Ed had more time working, so we always had a little money. Whenever possible we would go with him, sort of "camping out." We were in Rocky four times, so kept in touch with our friends.

Lawrence, our third child, was born here in Rocky Mountain House in September of 1939, (the same year as young Joe Cony, and they are still friends). We were living down in what they called the Cache in boxcar housing. In 1940 we returned to Rocky for the full summer and lived in Old Town in one of Mr. Slaught's cabins, before moving back to our home for the winter.

By 1941 the war was on, and the depression was over. We moved to Maple Creek, Saskatchewan. We had been there before, but this time we were settling in. We rented a house, moved in our furniture, bought Ed a piano and myself a washing machine. The girls were enrolled in school where they promptly caught the chicken pox, measles and whooping cough in succession. I thought we were settled in at last; but no, Rocky came up for bid, so once again we were on the move.

Rocky Mountain House looked so good to us, despite the gravel streets, wooden sidewalks and outdoor plumbing. It came with old friends, trees, mountains, and we hoped permanence—and so it was.

How do you cover fifty years of activities, new friends, curling, tennis, afternoon teas, church, school activities, musical evenings with piano, violins and friends, bridge parties and a healthy growing family? Eventually we got our own home, an Austin car from Matt Bradshaw, and a cabin at Crimson Lake. I went to work at the School Division Office in Rocky, which I enjoyed very much.

When the station was closed here in Rocky Mountain House, Ed took early retirement. He loved the ocean and talked of moving to the coast, but grandchildren, family and friends counted most. So, here we stayed, enjoying what Rocky had to offer. With trips to the coast, California, four months in England with his family, time slipped by and still does.

Ed fought cancer for two years, but died in 1976. Yet, life goes on. I still live in the same home. It is getting a little crowded after sixty years. I am blessed with good health, many friends and family, two sisters and one brother still living, and I am looking forward to a few more years—God willing.

MURIAS, Ernie and Lorraine and family

Murias family.

Ernie was born in Rose Valley, Saskatchewan, and moved to Porcupine Plain as a youngster with his parents. He grew up in Porcupine Plain and moved to Estevan, Saskatchewan, in 1957. Ernie became involved in the newspaper and printing trade in 1958 working at the Estevan Mercury and King Show Print.

Lorraine was born in Stoughton, Saskatchewan, and grew up on a farm near Benson, Saskatchewan. She also moved to Estevan in 1958 where she was employed at St. Joseph's Hospital in the office.

Ernie and Lorraine were married in Estevan in 1961, purchased a home in 1963 and lived there until 1968. In January of 1968 they purchased the Deloraine Times & Star, a weekly newspaper and printing office, in Deloraine, Manitoba. Ernie was very involved with the Community Newspapers Association in that province. In 1972 Lorraine opened a Sears Catalogue Office in Deloraine and managed this until their move in 1979.

In June of 1979, they sold their business in Deloraine and moved to Rocky Mountain House where Ernie was employed by the Mountaineer Publishing Company where he still works part time as an advertising sales manager.

Ernie and Lorraine purchased a home on 53rd Avenue in Rocky in 1969 where they lived until the house was sold in 1997. In 1995, they purchased an acreage in McNutt subdivision in Rocky and in 1997 built a retirement home where they live today.

Lorraine was active in the Girl Guides in Rocky, as a leader and later as Area Commissioner. She worked at Sears in Rocky and, in 1983, she was secretary at St. Matthew School. She retired from this position in the fall of 1993 due to failing health. Ernie served as a School Trustee for St. Matthew's School Division and in 2001 he was elected as a Councilor for the Town of Rocky Mountain House. Ernie and Lorraine have been active in St. Matthew's Roman Catholic Church. Ernie has served for 20 years as Financial Secretary and also as Grand Knight, in Knights of Columbus. In 2001, he became a District Deputy. Lorraine has served the Catholic Women's League for 40 years and has held every position on the executive.

Ernie and Lorraine have four children, Dan, Ron, Michael and Deborah.

Dan married to Shelly Randall and they have two children Shianne (18) and Dillion (12). They live in Rocky Mountain House.

Ron married Myra Curtis and they have two children, Taylor (3) and Sophia (3). They live in Airdrie.

Michael married Trina Forsyth and they have two sons Brant (14) and Logan(12) and they live in Red Deer.

Deborah (Desjardins) has three children Dallas (10), Danielle (8) and Darren (5) and they live in Sylvan Lake.

MUYRES, Candace Marie

Candace was the fourth child born to Margaret (Baker) and Laverne Muyres, on October 26, 1973, in the Rocky Mtn. House hospital, a sister finally for her three older brothers Michael, Shane, and Cody.

Candace went to kindergarten in Rocky, riding the bus two days a week—leaving home at seven thirty and returning home at four thirty in the afternoon, a long day when you are only four. From there it was to Rocky Elementary, then the Pioneer School and graduating from the Will Sinclair High School in 1991. She won the Van Tol Citizenship Award at the Rocky Elementary School, the Tina McCabe Memorial Scholarship for music, artistic and typing awards, the grade twelve commercial award, played the trumpet in the school and community band and was usually on the honor roll. Candace was also a tutor for the Challenge Program while attending Pioneer School, and a camp counselor for R.E.D.A. at Gold Eye Lake.

In 1987 she hosted a Japanese exchange student, Nobumi Sasaki, and in 1988, went to Japan with some class mates, a great learning experience and a good time.

Candace took accordion lessons and competed in the "International Old Time Accordion Championships" in Kimberley, BC. Candace, along with her young uncle, Wes Baker, competed in a Co-operators talent show in Eckville as an accordion duet and they were selected to go onto the Federated Co-operatives final Talent West '88 program in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. They also played for fund raisers for COPE and entertained at the hospital's extended care and Westview Lodge. Candace was a member of the Rocky North 4-H beef club. This involved

feeding, halter breaking, grooming, showing and selling a finished calf, (hopefully the grand champion) as well as record keeping. It was a good club, teaching public speaking and proper conduct of a meeting, highway clean-up, as well as having summer camps, and fun get-togethers with the kids and their families. The Rocky community is an excellent supporter of the local 4-H clubs and Cole's Auction (Russell and Clayton) would auction off the calves after the showing and judging were completed. Candace won awards for public speaking, best kept records, and was lucky enough to have a grand-champion calf.

At age thirteen, Candace got her first job at the Co-op working as a "carry-out" after school, later running till, and eventually working her way up to price verification clerk and assisting with grocery office duties. In 1988, while working at the Co-op, she had the honor of lighting the "Olympic torch" which was carried from Rocky to the Crimson Lake Provincial Park as part of the Lion's Winterfest "88. After graduating, Candace moved to Wetaskiwin where she worked as administrative assistant at Brentridge Mercury Sales. Later she completed a hair design and beauty culture course at Marvel College in Red Deer and went to work at Roxanne's Hair Design in Beaumont.

On July 18, 1998, Candace married Darin Schuller, the son of Deanna (Gabrysh) and Wayne Schuller. The wedding took place at the Dovercourt Hall, with a reception and dance that followed. Darin is a service rig manager, and has worked overseas, but now works mainly in Northern Alberta. They bought an acreage in Gateway Estates, a subdivision located between Beaumont and Sherwood Park. They have a little girl, Jaylene May, born December 28, 1999, in Edmonton, and another baby on the way. Candace has set up a home based hairdressing business called "Country Styles and Cuts," builds many crafty things, is always busy renovating and is quite happy to be a stay-at-home-mom.

MUYRES, Cody Anthony

Cody was born in Eckville, AB, April 16, 1972, the third son of Margaret (Baker) and Laverne Muyres. He went to kindergarten two days a week and often fell asleep during their rest time at noon or on the bus ride home. He attended the Rocky Elementary School, even tried St. Matthew's Catholic School for a year and then went to the Pioneer School and to Will Sinclair High School. During high school Cody and some fellow students flew to England and Scotland on a trip organized by the school and some of the highlights were Stonehenge, the Roman Baths, Buckingham Palace, and Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

Cody was a member of the Rocky North 4-H Beef Club and was able to attend one of the first Battle Lake 4-H camps in July of 1983. Pee-wee 4-H members could start young and it was something to see those little kids leading around a thousand pound calf. He liked to ride dirt bikes, took lessons on the mandolin, had swimming lessons at the local swimming pool and went fishing for Kokanee salmon with his dad to Kalispell, Montana. At home on the farm, there was lots of room to run, a gravel pit to play in and the Buster Creek to swim in.

Cody's first job was working on a seismic crew, stomping in jugs so was known as a "jughound," for the minimum wage of $4.25 per hour, later working his way up to vib operator. At the age of eighteen he got his class 1 drivers license and then drove gravel truck for Gus Valstar (his step-father) and later for Diamond J. In 1994 Cody worked for Alberta Forestry rebolting look-out towers (a long ways up there) and was a spare tower man to help spot, locate and report forest fires. He then went to work in the oil patch, apprenticed and earned his journeyman welding ticket and is now working on his pipe fitting ticket. He has his own welding truck and has started his own company "Infinite Ventures Inc." He works as a construction foreman for Pillar Oilfield Projects, a facility company, that constructs gas plants, dehydrators and pipelines.

His first home was a fourteen wide trailer that was parked in the country on his stepfather's land (He even had a couple of milk goats and some chickens here.) He then sold the mobile and bought a house in Rocky with his brother, Shane, at 5019 - 53 Street, renting out rooms to help make the payments. Cody later sold his share to Shane and bought an acreage with a mobile home, a garage, a chicken house and barn on it. A place for himself, the wife and the kids. But now he has beef cows instead of the goats and chickens.

Cody married Vonnie Wells, daughter of Shelly (Curlett) and Vern Wells, and they have two children, Paige, born December 24, 1993 and Caleb, born March 25, 1997, both in Rocky. Paige is in grade three at the Rocky Christian School and Caleb starts kindergarten in the fall of 2002. They owned an acreage with a mobile home on SW 6-41-6-W5 (which is in the Taimi area). They later divorced, but Cody still owns the acreage. He also bought most of the quarter section SW 31-40-6-W5 from his brother, Michael, which was previously owned by their father, Laverne.

Vonnie has a daughter, Haili McTavish, from a previous marriage to Darwin McTavish. Haili also attends the Rocky Christian School and on holidays flies by herself to visit her father in Minnedosa, Manitoba. Vonnie is presently training and boarding horses.

Cody enjoys hunting and fishing, even tried the team penning event at the Rocky Rodeo and placed first. He works away a lot but still makes his home in Rocky Mtn. House.

MUYRES, Laverne Leo

Laverne was born July 1, 1944, in Galahad, Alberta, the youngest and twelfth child of Rosa (Kuefler) and Michael Muyres. He attended school in Forestburg, then moved to Wetaskiwin where he had his first job working for Glendale Mobile Homes. He apprenticed as a welder and helped with the carpentry work in the construction of mobile homes.

It was while he worked here, that he met the secretary, Margaret Baker, daughter of Irene and Ralph Baker. They were married in Edmonton on February 18, 1966. He was 21 and she was 17. Laverne continued with his welding, joining the boilermakers union and working all over the province of Alberta and later at BS&B in Edmonton. Margaret worked as secretary for a fabric wholesale firm and later in the office at the Misericordia Hospital. From here they moved to Forestburg and lived in a little two room house and Laverne worked on the construction of the power plant. When that was finished, he heard they were looking for welders in Rocky Mtn. House.

They hooked onto their mobile home which they were in the process of building, and moved it to the Westerner Trailer Park, about five miles southeast of Rocky. Laverne went to work for Eddy's Welding and later bought his own portable welding rig, doing mainly oilfield related work. He also worked on the construction of the northern part of the high school and on the new hospital in Rocky.

They always wanted their own little piece of land and for $6,500.00 bought 80 acres of hayland on the Buster Creek flats, no buildings and no services. They ordered utilities (a water well, the power and a phone), moved their mobile on and started building: a barn, a garage, a chicken house, a steam bath, a root cellar and a greenhouse. Then it was time to buy a couple of milk cows, some pigs, and a few chickens, plant some trees and work up a garden spot. Hobby farming they call it—I guess.

Laverne and Margaret had four children: Michael, Shane, Cody and Candace (now Schuller) and they can each be followed up in this book.

Things didn't work out, they divorced and each remarried, Laverne to Ida Stange (daughter of John and Helen Stange of Caroline) and Margaret to Gus Valstar.

Laverne and Ida were married December 11, 1976, in the Roman Catholic Church by Father Ted Wesalowski. They built a log house on SW 31-40-6-W5 in the Taimi area where Laverne still lives today. They had two children. Jeremy John was born August 15, 1979, in Rocky. He graduated from St. Matthew's Catholic School and now works for Pillar Oilfield Projects and is apprenticing as a pipe fitter. Alycia Fay Leanne was born April 14, 1981, in Rocky, went to school at St. Matthew's and worked for St. John's Ambulance as a first aid instructor. Alycia married Jonathan d'Aragon in an outdoor ceremony at Twin Lakes in August of 2001 followed by a reception and dance at the Buster Creek Hall. They are now living in Fort McMurray.

When Laverne and Ida first met, Ida was working at the Treasury Branch, later working for Triple Oak, and then as a life guard and swimming teacher at the local swimming pool, before buying a half share in Panic Printing. Ida later sold her share and went to work for the Parks and Recreation Department in Rocky. She now lives in Fort McMurray.

Laverne also worked at the Ram River gas plant for fourteen years, welding in the plant

and slater, doing construction and maintenance. Later he worked mostly night shift at the Limeco plant in Rocky. He now works for Dan Spongberg Enterprises. He is a member of the Rocky Barnstormers and enjoys building and flying remote control aircrafts.

MUYRES, Michael Ralph

Michael was born the 29th of May 1968 at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton, Alberta, the oldest child of Margaret (Baker) and Laverne Muyres. He started school in Rocky Mountain House at the Rocky Elementary School and later attended the St. Matthew's Catholic School. The first classes of the Catholic School were held in the church basement since the school was not finished yet. The school only taught to the ninth grade and Michael was in the second graduating class in 1984. Michael won the citizenship award - so his name is the first one on the school plaque. Father Mathias Kuefler encouraged the graduants to "have a positive attitude", and to make the world a happier and better place to live. While at St. Matthew's, Michael flew to Quebec on a school trip with some fellow students. For his senior high school years he went to the Will Sinclair High School.

Michael played the accordian and guitar and attended the "Old Time Accordion Championships" that were held in Kimberley, B.C. Along with his sister Candace, his uncle Wes and a friend Linda Sharp they started their own little band called the "Buck Mountain Old Timers" and made music just for the fun.

Michael's first job was at the Co-op home centre yard. He then went to the Olds College and took a heavy equipment operators course sponsored by the Keyano College. He went to work for North American Road Builders, operating a packer and picker truck and helped in the construction of the O'Chiese road, northwest of Rocky. Then Michael got his Class 2 license and drove gravel truck for Marg Valstar, but the unpredictable hours of that job were not to his liking. So he started apprenticing as an electrician with Newland Construction in Edmonton, later returning to Rocky to work at Limeco and earned his journeyman ticket - but decided that was not it either. So he apprenticed as a welder through Eddie's Welding and D & Y Hansen's. After becoming a journeyman welder he bought his own portable welding rig and started his own company "Micann Welding and Fabrication" and worked for Larry Titford, helping to build a machine that reclaimed gravel from the ditches. He now works for Dan Spongberg Enterprises, plus does other welding jobs on the side.

Michael married Anne (Kouwenhoven) Greenwood, the daughter of Ineke (Remmerswaal) and Frank Kouwenhoven. She was born in Vancouver, B.C. July 28, 1959. They were married on March 26, 1994 at the Taimi hall with a supper and dance that followed. They lived in a mobile home on Michael's dad's land for a time, later buying the quarter section except for an acreage with the house that Laverne had kept out. They have now sold the quarter to Michael's brother Cody and have bought a nice acreage on the Arbutus road.

Anne moved to Rocky in 1983 and worked at the Petro Canada restaurant for a number of years and then went back to school. In June of 2000 she graduated as top student from the "Office Career Training Program", a NAIT course taught through the Pembina Educational Consortium. Anne is now a financial clerk and works for COPE in Rocky. Anne was also one of the research assistants in the writing of the history book called "Where the River Brought Them".

Anne was previously married to Ed Greenwood and they had four children, Edwin, Melissa, Keith and Joseph. Edwin works in the oilfield and the three younger ones are still attending school at the St. Matthew's Catholic School.

MUYRES, Shane Laverne

Shane was born the 25th of July 1969 in Eckville, the second son of Margaret (Baker) and Laverne Muyres. He started grade one at the Rocky Elementary School, went to Pioneer School for his junior high and then graduated from Will Sinclair High School in 1986.

Shane was a member of the Rocky North 4-H beef club as a pee-wee as well as a regular member, and received recognition for public speaking and best kept records. He played softball on the local softball teams, enjoys quadding, fishing and hunting and is now a member of the Alberta Fish and Game Assoc.

His first job was at the Co-op, working as a stock clerk after school. After completing high school, Shane went to work for Quinn Contracting at the Ram River Gas Plant where he worked on the sulfur remelters, then up to Rainbow Lake, where he also worked in a sulfur handling facility. Then he tried his hand in the bush. The logging industry was busy and he operated a feller-buncher in the Rocky and Fox Creek area, working for Dirk Valstar and Robin Stewart. In the summer he worked for Border Paving all over Central Alberta. From here he went to work for M. Pidherney's, operating a hoe, driving gravel truck and hauling equipment.

Then it was time for Shane to try his hand at doing his own thing. In 1998, he bought his first gravel truck and pup—and another—and another, and started hauling gravel, working mainly for local oil companies and delivering most of the gravel out of Gus Valstar's pit in the Buster Creek area. He also works for Fish Creek Excavating, in the winter months hauling lime rock from Nordegg to the Roger's Sugar Plant in Taber, one trip a day with a truck and wagon and in the summer delivering lime rock to oil companies in the Nordegg area. Clearwater County also provides work for a lot of the local truckers. A winter works project gives about a month's; work-the snow is plowed off, the road is graveled and the snow is put back on to cover the gravel, so when the road thaws in the spring the gravel works nicely into the soft ground. Then during the summer there is the usual road maintenance and construction work for the County. The summers are usually pretty hectic with all the oil industry, logging, construction companies and farmers needing gravel.

When Shane first left home, he boarded with friends in Rocky Mtn. House. His first real estate purchase was a mobile home that he rented out, then he sold that and bought a house together with his brother, Cody, renting out rooms to make the payments. Later he bought Cody out and owned the house at 5019-53 Street himself with his new wife. They have now sold the house in town and live in a new sixteen-wide on the Buster Creek flats. He is close to the gravel pit where he works and the boys have room to run.

Shane married Lorelei (Bates), daughter of Bernice (Greenwood) and Dave Bates. They were married July 15, 1995, at the Christian Reformed Church in Rocky followed by a reception and dance at the Condor Hall. They have two boys, Austin, born Sept. 30, 1996 and Kolton, born July 6, 1998 and another baby on the way. When Austin was four he went to Cookie Jar Nursery once a week (a program for three and four year-olds) and at age five started kindergarten at the Ecole Rocky Elementary School, and Kolton's turn is coming.

Lorelei was born in Eckville August 21, 1969. She went to Condor Elementary school until grade seven, and from the eighth grade on was bussed to the David Thompson School. She played on the school basket ball and volleyball team. She now has a full time job doing the books, answering the phone for their gravel trucking business, gardening and yard work, the house work and chasing after those two rambunctious little boys.

MUZA, John (Jack)

My father was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and my mother came to Oshkosh when she was three years old, after her parents immigrated from Germany. My father came to Canada to work, first in the harvest fields of Saskatchewan and then to a dairy farm near Claresholm, Alberta. In 1911 he settled on a homestead near Empress, Alberta. In May of 1917 and he returned to Oshkosh for the funeral of his father who died in an industrial accident. While there, he married and brought his bride back to the homestead, where he had started to build a farmhouse.

I was the second of three brothers born into our family at Empress, Alberta. George, the eldest, was born in 1919; I was born in May of 1922, and Jim, the youngest, was born in 1927. Empress was farm and ranch country, and we all lived on the family farm until my brothers left to follow other careers during the 1940s. I remained living on the family farm until the summer of 1970 when I accepted a position as Administrator of FUA Goldeye Lake Camp. I never did get married.

In September 1929 I started grade one in the one room Forks School (so named because it was close to the Forks of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan Rivers).

All my schooling was in the neighborhood one room schools right through to grade twelve.

Because of this, I had to take several of my subjects by correspondence, with varying degrees of success. One of my regrets has been that I never went to university. I applied to enter the Agricultural Engineering faculty at the University of Saskatoon, but as I never managed to pass either French or Latin III (one of which was necessary to enter the Engineering faculty), I was not accepted. I decided that if I couldn't take engineering, as I wanted, then I wouldn't go to university at all. Not very bright of me!

Then came World War II. In 1941 I went to Calgary to enlist in the Air Force. I wrote a test and appeared to be accepted, but when I came to the physical exam, they weighed me, tested my eyes and sent me home. I decided a farmer was what I would be. I rented some land (some of which I purchased a few years later), and began farming with my father until he retired about 1952. I then purchased his land and operated the farm until I sold it in 1980.

My father was a very community minded person and was involved in most community organizations and projects. For example, he was the chairman of the Medicine Hat Regional School District from its establishment until he retired from the farm in the early fifties. He was a good mentor, and while I was never able to fill his boots, I tried to follow his involvement in community affairs, especially the various local and provincial Co-ops.

I became active in the Farmers' Union of Alberta (FUA), eventually becoming elected to the FUA Provincial Board and then the Executive. In 1960 I was also elected as the Alberta Wheat Pool delegate for sub-district 203, a position I held until after the annual meeting in 1970. In the summer of 1970, I was persuaded to accept a position working for Rural Education and Development Association (REDA) which included being the administrator of the Jr. Farmer Union Goldeye Lake Camp. This was renamed Goldeye Centre a few years later.

REDA was a continuing education association established by the Farmers Union. It was a group of the most active Cooperatives in Western Canada and administered the Goldeye Centre. For the first several years as the Goldeye Centre Administrator, I worked for REDA moving into the Edmonton office in the winter. The Goldeye Foundation became a registered society in 1979. REDA was appointed the managing body for the foundation, and I was appointed manager of Goldeye Centre, a position I held until my retirement in 1991.

Upon my retirement I moved into the townsite of Nordegg and set up a mobile home. That fall I became a member of the board of the Nordegg Golf Association. A few years later I became treasurer and then secretary-treasurer, and Art Visotto became President until he was succeeded by Ray Borley. One day about 1996, George Webber and Ray Borley presented me with some business cards they had made up for the Golf Course. When I looked at them I saw that I was listed as the "General Manager."

In 1992 the provincial government designated the Municipal District of Clearwater as the development agency for the David Thompson Corridor. Nordegg was pinpointed as the hub of development along the corridor, and a steering committee was established to plan the developmental nodes along the corridor. The community of Nordegg through NARC (Nordegg and Area Recreation and Cultural Association) was asked to appoint a representative to a steering committee to prepare for the establishment of Nordegg as a town. I was elected as the representative by the community.

Five nodes were identified and land use bylaws were prepared for each of them and approved by the M. D. council. When this was completed, work started on preparing an outline plan for the future town of Nordegg, and I again sat on that committee along with Doug Ritchie, Ray Borley, Mark Ringness and Dale Fisher from the Nordegg community.

When the outline plan was approved, I no longer had any committee responsibilities, so I went back to hanging around the golf course which I am still doing.

NELSON, Emil, Johanna and Mona
by Mona (Nelson) Byrd

My maternal grandmother, Theresia Eichler-Kristolling, came to Canada from her native Germany in approximately 1908. Her first husband, Ferdinand Eichler, had been killed in a horse/bicycle accident a few years earlier, and she had remarried Markus Kristolling. They were accompanied by her four children by her first marriage, and two children by her second marriage. One

of the four Eichler children was my mother, Johanna. The Kristollings (later changed to Cristolling) took a homestead in the Butte/Stauffer area near Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. Mr. Cristolling left to go to Fernie, B.C., to work in the coal mines, leaving his wife and family in a small cabin on the farm. While he was gone, Theresia died in childbirth, leaving the small children to fend for themselves until various families living nearby took the children into their homes. For some of the kids this was a temporary arrangement.

My mother, Johanna Eichler, was taken to live with Will and Caroline Comstock. She lived with them (and their son Clyde) until she was 18 years old and considered them her parents. Although they never legally adopted her, she was married under the name *Hanna Comstock.*

My father, Emil Waldamar Nelson, came to Canada from his native Sweden in approximately 1922 at the age of 25. He left his family, two brothers and a sister in Sweden. He went to work for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and his work brought him to the Rocky Mountain House area. There he met my mother, who had a hair salon in Rocky, and they were married in January 1931. Shortly after their marriage, Dad left the CPR to become a farmer in the Butte/Stauffer area. I was born on that farm in 1934. Not too long after my birth, my father contracted Multiple Sclerosis, a disease which plagued him the rest of his life. Of course my father was not capable of raising a crop and so, in order to find feed for their cattle, my parents lived on numerous farms in the area from about 1937 until 1948, when they moved to a small parcel of land east of Rocky.

My mother and I moved to Calgary late in 1950, sending for my father a few months later. In 1958 I met and married Eric Dean Watson, an Australian by birth, who was a traveling evangelist with the Christian Training Center. Since my new husband already had his Immigration Visa to the United States, and we both disliked the cold weather in Canada, we moved to Nashville, Tennessee early in 1959, sending for my parents later—my mother in 1960 and my father in 1963. None of us ever returned to Canada.

My four children were born in Nashville, Tennessee. They are now grown. My two daughters live in the Atlanta, Georgia area and my two sons are here in Savannah, Georgia.

While we lived in Nashville, my mother learned that her name was really Johanna, so she began to use that name. She died of cancer in Nashville in 1970. My father, who had been seriously ill for many, many years, died in 1963. After Eric Watson's death in 1973, I met and married Robert Lee Byrd, a native of Indiana. We decided to settle in Savannah, Georgia, and as of today, May 28, 2002, we have been in Savannah for 26 years.

Although separated by approximately three thousand miles geographically, I often relive my days in Rocky Mountain House and recall the people I knew there. My greatest wish would be that the people who live in that cold area could come and live here where the weather is mild the year-round and the grass is always green.

Editor's note: Born In the Rocky area, Mona Byrd spent her first sixteen years here, before going to Nashville where she was befriended by Hank Snow and his wife, Min. Influenced by Hank's music, Mona became a singer, songwriter, dancer and guitar player. Today she is an active entrepreneur, recording and promoting her own country and western music.

NIELSEN, Emil, Esther and family
submitted by Edith Nielsen

Emil and Esther Nielsen. Wedding Day, 1919 at John Forrester Farm.

Nielsen's new first car, circa 1930. Anne, Emil, Dennis, Esther and Jack.

Emil was born at Ronbjerg, Denmark, and immigrated to Canada in 1913, coming first to the Bassano area, then to Stettler and finally settling on a homestead about five miles south of Rocky Mountain House. He joined the army in 1916, was wounded overseas and sent home. In 1919 he married Esther Forrester, daughter of John and Janet Forrester. The Forrester family homesteaded about 2 miles further south.

Emil and Esther's first child, John (Jack), was born on the homestead. Emil ran the ferry across the North Saskatchewan River for some time, before moving to Nordegg where he got a job firing the boiler at the Brazeau Colleries. Two more children were born in Nordegg: Annie (who became Mrs. Fred Cook) was born in 1922, and Dennis was born in 1923. They lived in one of the Nordegg cottages on the crescent (can't remember the address). We have pictures of a very young Jack, tethered to a clothesline to keep him from running away.

The family moved back to the Rocky area where they bought the homestead of Nick Periche, and the children attended the Clearwater School, which meant they had five miles to travel. Jack used to stop in at a neighbour's place, Ray Zengel's, to play chess. In 1946 Emil sold the farm to his son, Dennis, and moved across the road where he and Esther farmed until their retirement to Rocky. After Emil died in 1972, Esther moved to an apartment for a few years and then to Westview Lodge. She died in 1991.

Jack attended Olds College and graduated from the two-year agriculture course in 1939. He joined the army in 1941 and served until 1970. He was first sent to the Canadian Arctic where the Royal Canadian Corps Of Signals maintained a communications system to the North West Territories and Yukon radio systems. He was stationed at Aklavik, Port Radium, Yellowknife, Hay River in the NWT and Edmonton. In 1948 he married Edith Reid, the daughter of John and Edith Reid, of the Beaver Flat district (east of Rocky). While living at Hay River their sons, Ian and Larry, were born. Since there was no hospital at Hay River, Ian was born at Yellowknife and Larry was born at Rocky. In 1954 the family left the north and moved to Ontario where Jack was stationed at Camp Borden and Kingston. Next came a posting to London, England, and then to Ottawa where he retired. After nearly 40 years in Ottawa, Edith and Jack moved to London, Ontario, in May 2001, where sons, Ian and his wife, Valerie, and Larry and his wife, Theresa, and their three children live.

The Emil Nielsen Family,1952. Emil, Esther, John (Jack), Anne Cook and Dennis.

Emil and Esther's daughter, Annie (Anne) married Fred Cook, and they had six children: Kenneth (deceased in infancy); Jean Brosinsky (deceased 1975); Donna Schmaus (Calgary); Marge Johannesson,(Rocky); Ron and Allan (Grande Prairie). Anne died in 1963 and Fred in 1999.

Dennis Nielsen served with the Canadian army in England and married Margaret (Peggy) Tippins. Their daughter, Delia, was born in England and later, when they returned to the farm, their sons, John and Robert, were born. Dennis and Peggy divorced, and Dennis married Grace Harris Noonan. For a while Dennis and Grace

lived at Stettler; then Dennis became a security officer for Corrections Canada, serving at Nordegg, Bowden and St. Paul. He passed away in 1995. Delia McCormick lives at Coquitlam; John lives in Red Deer and Robert in Calgary.

NIELSEN, Jes and Gyda
by Metha (Nielsen) D' Amico

Jes Nielsen emigrated from Denmark to Standard, Alberta, in March of 1928. Gyda followed in July 1929, with their four daughters: Mary, Metha, Johanna and Elly. They lost their daughter, Johanna, in October 1929. Their son, Erik, was born in Standard in December of 1929. Due to drought and crop failures, the family moved to Rocky Mountain House in December 1930. While in Rocky, two more daughters were born: Johanna in 1933(named after the daughter they lost) and Vera in 1935.

In June, 1941, the family moved to Nordegg where Jes eventually took charge of the Nordegg water system until the town closed in 1955. Jes and Gyda moved back to Rocky Mountain House and bought a small house where they lived until they passed away: Jes in 1981 and Gyda in 1984. Both are buried in the Rocky Mountain House cemetery.

Mary married Elmer Hogstedt in 1943. They had three children: Lorena, Darrell and Sherry. The family moved to Sylvan Lake after the Nordegg mine closed down in 1955. Elmer passed away in 1968 and Mary in 1973. Both are buried in Sylvan Lake.

Metha married Zupito D' Amico in Nordegg on April 8, 1942. They have four children: Carolyn, Alfred, Peter and Charles. Metha and Zupito live in Calgary .

Elly married John Vincent Fitzsimons in 1952. They have three children: Gordon, Wendy and Kevin. Elly and Vince live in Calgary.

Erik married Delores Dyvig in 1961. They have one son, Oscar. Erik and Delores live in Fernie, B.C.

Johanna married Fred Facco in 1953. They have three sons: David, James and Ernie. Johanna and Fred live in Edmonton.

Vera married Jim Craigmyle in Riverside, California, in 1956. They had two children, Scott and Heather. Jim passed away in 1976. Vera still makes her home in Riverside, California.

NORDEGG (and Brazeau Collieries)
by Anne (McMullen) Belliveau, historian, Nordegg area

Nordegg was named after its founder, Martin Cohn, who changed his name to Nordegg in 1909. Cohn came to Canada (May 1906) on invitation from eleven Canadian Members of Parliament who believed Cohn was the type of man Canada needed. Cohn came to Ottawa representing Deutsche Kanada Syndikat, consisting of Berlin investors. An Ottawa lawyer advised Cohn to form a limited liability company with a Dominion charter. In November 1906, the newly formed, and larger, German Development Company consisted of the Deutsches Kanada Syndikat and a group of Canadian (Ottawa) investors.

In 1907, D.B. Dowling, of the Geological Survey of Canada, guided Martin Cohn to coal fields Dowling had previously surveyed, along the Bighorn, North Saskatchewan, and Blackstone Rivers. The German Development Company purchased these, and the Kananaskis coal claim. Shortly afterward, the upsurge of interest in western Canada's minerals resulted in new regulations. Coal fields no longer could be purchased, just leased.

In 1909 Martin Cohn joined William Mackenzie and Donald Mann, Canadian Northern Railway barons, creating a new company, Brazeau Collieries. Coal holdings were amalgamated, creating a chain of coal fields along the Rockies' eastern slopes, from Grand Cache area to Kananaskis. As the company name indicated, most Brazeau coal fields were near the Brazeau River. Brazeau Collieries intended to supply much of the coal shipped to the Canadian prairies, creating a coal mining empire. It was at this time Cohn changed his name to Nordegg which, in German, indicates "north corner."

The South Brazeau field was chosen to develop but, in 1911, the Nordegg coal field was discovered. Building a rail line into this field, instead of South Brazeau, would save millions in construction costs. The Nordegg field was chosen for development, and as headquarters for Brazeau Collieries.

In late 1911, Nordegg mining began, with coal stock-piled until the railway arrived. The rails reached Nordegg late in 1913 and, in March 1914, the Canadian Northern Western Railway

View of Nordegg coal mine.

was taken over from the contractors. From Red Deer, Baird and McKenzie carpenters moved in to construct the new town of Nordegg. Permanent mine site construction was done by Roberts and Schaeffer, of Chicago.

Martin Nordegg planned his town in a semicircle, following the C.N.R. Township design (which later became Mount Royal), in Montreal. His Canadian Northern Railway partners had their "model town" blueprint hanging in the Toronto office where all three men worked. Nordegg saw how the western portion of the design would adapt beautifully to his western Alberta town.

In 1914, approximately 100 homes and many commercial buildings were constructed. All Nordegg buildings, including homes, had electricity which was generated at the minesite. Not even Alberta cities were fully electrified at that time.

Nordegg eventually had almost 300 family homes, boarding houses for single men, churches, hotel, Miners' Club, Bighorn Trading Company General Store, bakery/coffee shop, drug store, meat market, bank, gymnasium, library and reading room, ice arena, curling rink, tennis courts, race track, baseball field, golf course, and the largest and most modern hospital outside of Edmonton and Calgary.

In June 1915, Martin Nordegg, a German citizen, was asked to move to the United States during World War I. This began the eventual disintegration of the dream of a Western Alberta mining empire. By 1919, the Canadian Northern ran into serious financial difficulties, and was nationalized. That same year, Nordegg's Railway Station was renamed Brazeau, although the Post Office remained Nordegg. Financial institutions now held controlling shares, making the decisions affecting Brazeau Collieries.

In 1923, Martin Nordegg sold remaining shares in Brazeau Collieries, returning the money to original investors. Although he no longer controlled the town's destiny, subsequent local management followed his plans. In 1947, Kananaskis coal field was opened, and plans were reconsidered for South Brazeau and Bighorn fields.

Nordegg's population did not follow the usual ethnic pattern of mining towns, having a much higher concentration of Italians than any other Alberta mining area. Different ethnic groups, (British, Italian, and Slavic) celebrated their heritage with parades, celebrations, and public performances. Over the years, Nordegg developed into a closely knit multicultural society, with the town having a strong feeling of "family."

During the Depression years of the 1930s, a road, first attempted in the late 1920s, was constructed from Rocky Mountain House to Nordegg. Before this, the only contact with the "outside" was the mixed passenger/freight train, arriving three times a week. The Depression also caused Brazeau Collieries to reach their lowest consistent production levels. This was a result of less railway traffic, which reduced demand for coal. In 1936, Brazeau Collieries decided to try briquetting, and a 33,000 volt power line was constructed from Red Deer to Brazeau Collieries, to supply the greatly increased power demands that would result.

The Second World War gave new life to Brazeau Collieries, through demand for coal. This eventually resulted in the mines being worked too rapidly, while ventilation did not keep up. On October 31, 1941, an underground explosion killed twenty-nine men, and Brazeau Collieries was held responsible. The Company was fined, and the Mine Manager and General Manager both had their mining papers confiscated. When the mines reopened six weeks later, strict safety measures were in place, making Nordegg one of the safest and most progressive mines in Alberta.

During the 1940s, more homes were constructed, branching out from the semi-circular street pattern. This followed Martin Nordegg's original blueprint. By the late 1940s, Brazeau Collieries had become Canada's largest briquette producer, and the second largest briquette output source in North America. In 1950, construction was begun on the sixth briquetting plant.

Then on June 14, 1950, a disastrous fire destroyed all Brazeau Collieries' briquette preparation and processing plants. By then oil had been discovered at Leduc, and the railways had served notice of eventual conversion from coal. However, the Brazeau Collieries' Board of Directors, in Toronto, believed alternative markets could be developed to justify rebuilding, which began in August 1950. The new plant went into full production in January, 1952. However, rapid conversion of railways to different fuels, a succession of mild winters, and a massive debt load combined to make it impossible for Brazeau Collieries to continue operations.

In 1955, both the mines and the town closed, ending a significant chapter in Alberta's pioneer industrial history.

In 1993 the Brazeau Collieries Minesite became a Provincial Historic Resource and, in 2002, it became a National Historic Site of Canada.

NORDEGG COUNTRY RODEO

written by Nayda Hallett

Nordegg country was a whole different country to what I was used to in Southern Alberta. There were miles of muskeg, bush and little lakes. The grass was plentiful but it was a soft lush grass. The grass in the south country was a hard grass, prairie wool mostly, you could use a horse pretty hard right off the grass. Here at Nordegg a horse would get fat fast, but also lose it fast and they had no bottom. Wildies, miners', outfitters' and Indian horses were visibly plentiful from Nordegg to Grande Cache. The forestry was trying to get some control of things as there were a great many people just making breeding pastures out of forestry land. It was the custom that a lot of outfitters left their horses run loose winter and summer. There were to be no horses allowed to run loose in the winter. Come late fall I would trail my horses to pasture at Rocky, then trail them back in the spring. In the fall there was very little traffic on the road. You might have four or five vehicles pass you, the same on the return trip in the spring. No traffic. Now there is a paved road right through. Traffic going night and day. Trailing horses is a thing of the past.

Dorothy and Stan bought some land on the Baptiste River. There was a little board shack there so the kids and I moved into there for

awhile. Billy Sands moved in across the road on the old Sands homestead. Florence, Billy's wife and I would exchange baby-sitting. One time I was baby-sitting little Billy and Clarence. You couldn't take your eyes off Clarence for a minute. I had an airtight heater in the back room. I had lit the fire in the morning to take the chill out of the shack. The fire had burned out, but there were still warm ashes in the bottom. I was busy doing the dishes when I started to hear the cat yowling. I finally traced the frantic cat cries to the airtight. I lifted the lid, and there was the old cat doing a fast tango in the hot ashes. Clarence figured the cat needed to get warm, I guess.

Billy and a few young fellows built a small arena over by Billy's. They were always looking for something to buck. Billy had a few broncs that could buck and I had a couple. We would go over in the evenings. Billy's friends would come out from Rocky to practice. Billy would teach them how to put the riggin' on, how much shank to hold and how to sit. We were always short on bucking horses. Old Billy wasn't beyond running in the neighbor's horses if the opportunity arose. I was their pickup man, although I wasn't put to use too much. Deryk Pitts was just a kid and sure wanted to be a bronc rider like Billy. Billy brought Pitts over to my corral one night. They were going to ride a little mare I had there. It was a round corral. It had been raining a lot, and one side had a big puddle in it. We got Deryk all seated down and gave that old mare a slap, and away they went right for the mud puddle. Well you guessed it! Pitts made a perfect dive in six inches of water and muck. I wonder if he ever thinks back to the days when he made his debut, while he's making those fancy saddles for the new cowboys.

Tommy Eveon was a pretty good rider and had all the makin's for a top rider, but he got himself in trouble and spent the next twenty years in the crowbar hotel.

The boys all got together and they were going to have a little practice rodeo out at the old Anderson place. They had a good arena there. We took our horses; Billy even took old Doc. Doc had been with Billy a long time, but he would still buck pretty good. He was a wonderful work horse and a real good practice horse for a young rider to start on. Davy Parsons wanted to be a clown, and he made a pretty good one. This day he was the M.C. There was a big sorrel horse someone had brought in; they said he would really come out of the chute fast. Kevin Rear was getting on him. Kevin was a damn good rider. They opened the gate and that horse just flew out of there bucking and running. He ran right over the pickup man, horse and all. I was their pickup man, so they had another good laugh. They put old Doc in the chute and Jake Cramer rode him out. Jake was getting pretty crippled up at this time, but be made a nice ride. As far as I know that was the last time Jake rode out of a chute, although Jake broke and rode many horses after that.

NORDEGG MEMORIES
by Anne Belliveau

Summer ...

The mountains. The sunsets. The night sky. Riding horses. Wandering.

Anxiously watching the western sky for any hint of rain clouds when we had planned to go to Rocky or Red Deer, because certain sections of the road to Rocky would become such a mess. Jackfish and Chambers were guaranteed bad spots.

Waiting for the ferry to cross the North Saskatchewan River, so we could get us and our car carried across. The ferry held about four cars at a time. I always thought it would be neat if the rope broke and we got to ride downstream. That happened occasionally, but never while I was on it.

Picking wild strawberries along the path below the water tank, and to the south end of the minesite. There were lots of berries at the Mine. And half the fun was eating as many as what went into the pail.

Walking up to Eastbush Falls. Then following the trail eastward so we could snack on the raspberry bushes that were thick throughout there.

The combined smells of wild clover and hot dusty summer air, and the feel of the sun's warmth overhead. THAT was summer!

Going downstairs one early Sunday morning, when everyone else was asleep, and sitting on the stairs to watch a big black bear playing on our lawn. Then seeing him jump over our wooden fence and wander down the road.

Running across the road, and down to my corral, to feed the horses and curry them.

One summer, camping at Fish Lake, and Bev Hunter and I taking our horses with us.

We belled and hobbled them each night. And, each morning, we followed them down the lake shore, and rode them bareback to the tents. One morning, after we jumped onto our horses' backs, something spooked my horse. One minute I was sitting on him; next minute I was standing on the ground, watching him disappear through the trees. It all happened so fast, I still don't know what went on, or how I got from one position to the other. And, since Bev was riding ahead of me, she was no help in solving it.

As a teenager, going with Dad and Art to the mine (once each summer) and being taken on a tour from start to finish. From digging coal underground (going down in the mine cars was the most fun), and following through the whole process to the end, at the Ottumwa Loader where the briquettes were loaded into tilted boxcars.

At noon, walking down Hospital Hill to meet Dad when he had taken the car to work.

Sometimes we'd make a quick trip to Harlech or Shunda Flats before Dad went into the house for dinner, and he would make paper boats to sail in Mire (Shunda) Creek.

Picking the heads off all the dandelions on our lawn for 5 cents a day. And saving the money until there was enough to go to the Bakery for a banana split.

After I had been ill for a year, and was told I had to have lots of fresh air, Dad had our screened in verandah fitted with large sliding glass windows for when it got really cold. Each summer, Art and I moving our bedrooms out to the front verandah. Then we were able to be part of the night sounds when falling asleep. There were frogs, coyotes, wolves, sometimes dogs, bits and pieces of music from downtown, a distant hum from the mine, a steam train hissing on the rail tracks, the soft sound of a breeze rustling through the trees and, sometimes, rain.

In the morning, lying in bed and listening to Mom singing and whistling, while she did whatever she was doing.

Visiting Mrs. Sturrock, who was a darling lady, and very kind to little people.

Waiting in the back alley so we could ride on the milk wagon and, once in a long while, being able to go all the way up to the mine houses with the milk wagon.

A chipmunk that seemed to lie in wait for someone to come out the back door, so he could race across the step and nearly make them trip, as they tried not to step on him.

Building a neat tree fort in the trees across the road and down the hill a bit from our house.

Climbing poplar trees until they began to bend, then letting go our feet and riding them down as they bent.

Twisting my ankle really badly when one poplar tree broke instead of bending. The excitement of Sports Days.

Winter ...

Bobsledding everywhere! Walking and walking. Pulling big sleds up the hills. The thrill of wind on our faces, cold cheeks, and the fun of being dumped into the snow when a corner was a bit too sharp.

The one and only time we tried bob-ledding down the mountain from the Strip Mine. It was a seven person sled, heavy as a truck, and it took us almost as long to get down the mountain as it had to get up it. The road was all switchbacks, and we didn't make it around one of the corners with out being dumped off. But it was fun! The crazy things my brother, Art, and his two friends, Ray Callies and Milt Morrison, did with their super fast bob-sled. They had scrounged parts from an old war surplus airplane, that Milt's Dad had purchased, and also from the town dump. They even had a battery in the front and headlights on the sled. They were clocked at 40 miles per hour (65 kms) coming down the Mine Hill, and still pulling away. But they couldn't make the corner. They sure kept their Guardian Angels busy, getting them through adolescence.

Driving to hockey games in Rocky, Red Deer, Carstairs, etc., after the men got off work. And driving back after the games. At that time, I wrote the Nordegg columns for both the Red Deer Advocate and the Rocky Mountaineer newspapers, and I used that as an excuse to go. And Dad never complained about having to do all that driving, and the late hours it would mean.

Skating. At least four times a week and, usually, more. Skating on the lake beside the Golf

Course before the arena ice was ready. There was something special about skating on the lake and warming up by the fire. And seeing so many brilliant stars overhead.

A very special memory for me—my visual treasure—is the sight of the snow-covered mountains, Coliseum and Baldy, bathed in moonlight. Ridges and valleys are defined differently in winter, and moonlight adds a special touch of magic.

Walking to Saturday morning Teen Curling League when it was 40 below, and everyone was there. The ice-maker said he had been sure no one would show up.

Keeping my clothes on a chair beside my bed so I could put them under the covers and warm them up. Then getting dressed as much as possible while still under the covers. Seeing my breath frosting in the air while standing beside the kitchen sink. Sitting in front of the kitchen stove, oven door open, and warming my feet.

In the summer we had two bathrooms but, in winter, the toilet under the stairs often froze solidly, creating interesting patterns and shapes.

General memories...

The great smell of buckskin when the Natives were in the Bighorn Store. They'd often stand near the store entrance in a large group, and visit.

The sound of the church bell pealing the Angelus at six o'clock in the evening.

Running back down Coliseum Mountain one Sunday because I had to play the organ for evening church services. I made it, but it was close.

Listening to Art learning to play the saxophone. To this day, I can't stand the songs Ramona and Charmaine.

Wrestling with Art and beating him ...until he grew bigger than me. Then I quit wrestling.

Art and I making up scary stories about what was in the big long box that was under one of the beds. Dad and Mom said it was a Grandfather Clock that Dad had brought with him when he came from England, but we were never really sure that's what it REALLY was.

Gran McMullen scooping spoonfuls of butter and eating them. (She never did have any heart or artery problems, and she was almost 87 when she died.)

Seeing Doctor McFadden's shoes at our back door, when he came visiting. He wore size 13. I'd never before seen footwear that big.

Deciding at age 8 or 9 that ghosts, house elves, and the Irish Little People really did exist. Early one Saturday morning when everyone else was asleep, I came downstairs to get a snack to take back to bed with me. I was on my way back upstairs when I remembered I'd left my book in the kitchen. I put the glass of milk, three cookies, and a stick of gum on the corner of the dining room table and went back to the kitchen. When I came back to get my snack, it was gone. No one else was up. I looked everywhere. I never found it.

(The perspective of a "child of Nordegg" upon reaching the outside world)What impressed me the most about the "outside world" was being able to adjust the heat of a house by simply turning a dial. Thermostats were my idea of the height of luxury and indulgence.

Having more than one grocery store available seemed strange and interesting, but not too necessary .

An extremely difficult obstacle was the adjustment to walking on sidewalks. It seemed very restricting, and they didn't seem to go anywhere interesting. This certainly dulled my enjoyment of just walking/wandering.

Moving to Wainwright meant going from mountains to prairie—an alien environment. Driving there at night for my first visit, I could see the lights of the town from18 miles away. That was unheard of in my world! From Nordegg, that would have been the distance to Saunders and Alexo, and we'd had a mountain range in between .

I missed the mountains dreadfully. Dad finally came up with the idea to drive me to the Battle River valley each evening, so I could look up at something. It wasn't mountains, but ...

Despite all the changes, driving into Nordegg is still "coming home."

NORDEGG PEOPLE (Early 1900s)
submitted by Paul Greenwood

HAROLD BUSHFIELD: Harold worked in the mine office, married Anna Anderson, one of the teachers. Harold and Anna moved to a farm three miles west of Balzac, Alberta and retired to Calgary in late 1950.

C. J. (CHARLIE) KIDD: Charlie was the Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in the 1920s. He was married to Gertrude and had one

son, Billy, who is buried in the Nordegg Cemetery. Charlie was transferred to Edmonton to manage the South Edmonton Branch and was there until retirement. Charlie and his wife retired to Victoria, B.C.

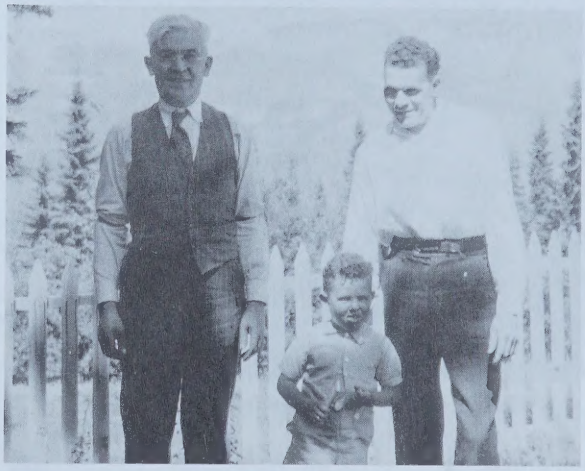
ALEX HILL: He and his family lived in Nordegg during the 1920s. I think he was the postmaster and his son worked in the mine office. The family moved to Edmonton in the 1930s. Alex was employed at Woodward's until his death. His son, Harvey, joined the post office as a letter carrier. He was later married. They had a daughter, Carrie who also worked at Woodward's and later married.

EFFIE REID: Effie was born in Ontario, in 1901, and died in Lethbridge on April 29, 1971. Effie's family moved to Reid Hill, ten miles east of Vulcan, Alberta, in 1903. She was educated in Vulcan and the Calgary Normal School. Effie taught school in Nordegg from 1922 until 1929. Later she taught in Rosebud and Pincher Creek. She joined the Lethbridge Public School Board, and in 1931 became the Supervisor of Art. She received her B.Ed. degree from U of A in 1956. Effie was very active in music in Lethbridge, particularly with the Music Festival and the Southminster Boys Choir. Effie retired in 1967 and married Bill Langmen.

Nordegg General Interest

Grace & Gladys Key hiking up Mt. Coliseum.

Brazeau and Brewery Cups won by Jack Darbyshire, George Krause, Bob Craig and Ed Williams, 1935-1936.



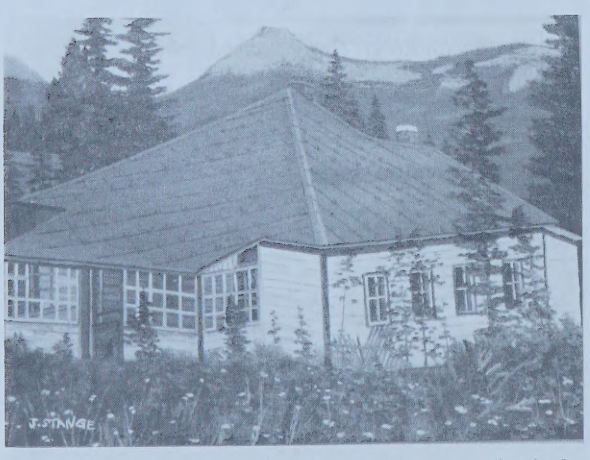
Dr. Rudin with Robert Craig and son, John David, 1942.

On a hike to Brewster's Ranch West of Nordegg, 1930.

Stoney People, Nordegg, Alberta.

Parade, C.S.A. Rodeo, Nordegg, Alberta, 1957.

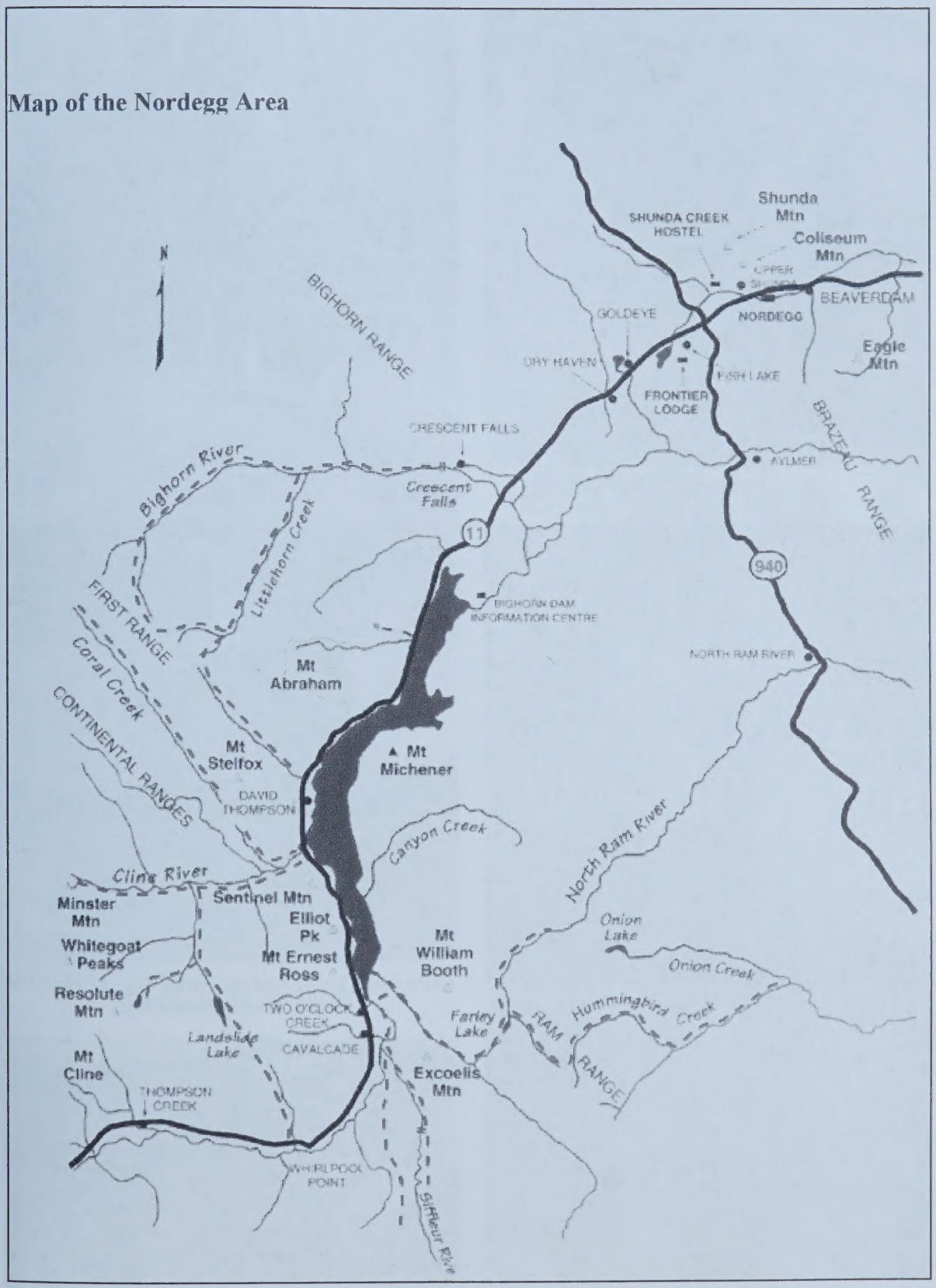
Parade, C.S.A. Rodeo, Nordegg, Alberta, 1957.



George & Gertrude (Wilson) Stewart's home on Elizabeth Street in Nordegg.

Early Nordegg residents, friends of the Stoney families.

Map of the Nordegg Area



Map of Nordegg and area.

Laurie Green, 1930.

Robert Craig. 1st Tee - Nordegg Golf Course circa 1928.

Andrew Smith.

Laurie Green, Jimmy Kidd and Harold Key on Fish Lake on iceboat made by Harold Key.

Bob Craig, assistant Scout Master at Grouch Camp.

Nordegg Hospital where Dr. Key practiced from 1929-1933.

Dave Smith, J Fleming, Andrew Smith.

Nordegg School teachers, 1954. (middle-back) Josephine Gray. Others Clockwise: Mr. Hrychyk, June Allen, Mr. Dann, Rose Lemiche and unknown teacher.

Nordegg mine site.

United Church Youth Group.

Major Topley leading Nordegg Band.

Robert Craig, mine surveyor in Nordegg.

Stoney encampment, Nordegg.

Nordegg, Alberta.

Men's Ball team.

Sports Grounds at Nordegg, with a soccer game in progress. Nordegg's men's team won the Alberta Soccer Championship in the 1920s.

Anna Anderson, Ruby McLaughlin and Emily McCaughey.

Bach Street, Nordegg, Alberta.

Neighbours.

Harold Bushfield and Harvey Hill.

Winter Fun.

Hiking.

Bighorn Falls.

High School Party, 1932. Back Row: Bernie Sturrock, Zupido Domico, Don Lauris, Harold Key, Frank Aikens, Alvers Domico, Fred McDowell. Front Row: Gladys Key, Grace Yarde, Annie Myrstik, Mable Rear, Muriel Ferris, Grace Key.

Main Street, Nordegg, Alberta.

Clowning around.

Picnic.

Nordegg main street, looking north toward Mt. Baldy.

Neighbors gathering at Nordegg Cemetery.

Picnic at Sulfur Spring, 3 km east of Nordegg.

Mountain Climbing.

Greenwood Cottage on Bach Street, Nordegg, Alberta.

Lake at Nordegg, Alberta.

Nordegg school girls.

Nordegg Memories by Maxine Bacheldor

I walked today, where you had walked, so many years ago.
I closed my eyes, and I could see the world you used to know.
Time slipped away, and for awhile I felt you by my side
As on we walked down the cinder paths,
That keep your memories alive.

The streets once more were filled with life, a busy, bustling throng.
I'm sure I heard some men you knew, call out as we moved along.
I stood in the places where you had lived, sadly changed by passing time.
My hands touched the tools, your hands had used,
When you worked right here in the mine.

I saw your face, scarred and dark with soot, beneath the miners' lamp,
As you came out of that cold, dark shaft where everything was damp.
The clothes you wore, threadbare and torn, were colored coal-dust black.
Your back was bent, and I saw a limp
As you trod along the track.

I paused way out on the trestle bridge and felt the gentle rays
Of the self-same sun that had warmed your face, in those far-off yesterdays.
I climbed the ladders, and smelled the tar, and heard the motors hum;
And I wondered if you had climbed here too,
When your shift in the mine was done.

Had you walked out past the old hoist-house and leaned against the rail,
Gazed in awe at the scene displayed in the mountains across the vale?
How many times had your hand stopped to rest, where mine is lingering now?
Did you feel the rumble, and thrill to the whistle,
Of the train on the tracks below?

As I roam around the old ghost town, abandoned years before,
The scenes from your past are etched inside my heart forevermore.
Tho' rust and decay and the vandals ire have taken a heavy toll,
The memories live on, and again touch our souls,
When we hear your story re-told.

Thanks to those who care, and labor with love, those who give of their time and means,
Whether guiding the tours, restoring the sites, repairing, or whatever it needs,
Preserving the past and bringing it life, so we in the future can feel
Great joy when we walk where our loved ones have walked,
Truly making their memories real.

NORDEGG IN THE OLD DAYS

by Fred Craig

On October 31, 1941, an enormous underground explosion rent the Nordegg mines of the Brazeau Collieries. The lives of twenty-nine men were taken. There were no children for Hallowe'en apples that night; nothing but shock and mourning in the homes and in the streets. It was a full week before the last of the broken bodies had been recovered. All were laid to rest, side by side, in a private cemetery chosen for them in a peaceful spot at the edge of town. Over them today, one large monument lists their names.

Today Nordegg is a ghost town. All coal mining was abandoned early in 1955.

Development of the Brazeau Collieries began in the summer of 1910. A special train was run over the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway line from Edmonton to what was then the end of steel—Wolf Creek. The train carried both miners and officials of the mine's original exploration company, the German Development Company, actually financed by both German and Belgian capital. Among the first officials was Martin Nordegg, whose name was given to the townsite. At first, transportation beyond Wolf Creek was by saddle horse and pack train. Even the first mine car wheels were brought in that way, for a distance of probably one hundred miles. Later, the Mackenzie and Mann-built Canadian Northern Railway was built to the mine site, westward from Rocky Mountain House, a distance of about sixty miles. The first coal was shipped out in 1914 and production continued more or less continuously until the end came in 1955.

The Nordegg mining camp had a wonderfully attractive setting. It was in a mountain valley with green mountains close around. In the distance were snow-covered peaks and glaciers. Even today we, who once dwelt there, remember with nostalgia the mountain trails and valley beauty spots. Disappointments and tragedies came aplenty and work was sometimes irregular. Even so, many of us who lived there often wish that we might turn time back, that we might again live our lives at Nordegg.

As in most mining communities, labor disputes frequently interrupted operations. Continuous periods of operation were never particularly long. The final closing followed the railways' changeover to oil burners; it represented a complete loss of orders for locomotive steam coal. At first after the 1941 explosion it was uncertain whether operations ever would be resumed. But the railways' wartime demand for ore remained and their kind of work was ingrained in the miners. So underground work resumed and soon output was greater than ever. Many new houses were erected. After the war, a fine school was built, following destruction of the old by fire. Later still, the miners' union erected a curling rink and a skating rink, both splendid structures. Yet these buildings saw only a few years use and no doubt will stand empty until they collapse.

The community had the rather distinct feature of bearing two names: Nordegg and Brazeau. But it was one and the same place. Originally, it was a case of the Brazeau Collieries operating at the railway station and townsite of Nordegg, but two years after the end of the First World War, in 1920 someone realized that Nordegg is a German name. It was decided it should be changed. Thereafter the railway station was changed to Brazeau, but the post office name was never changed. Consequently, considerable confusion ensued. Many times, letters addressed to Brazeau went astray. Sometimes, they went to Brosseau, which name closely resembled Brazeau. Often too, mail was returned with the notation, "No such post office as Brazeau, Alberta." Confusion was experienced with railway passenger traffic as well. Persons, planning to visit friends in Nordegg, would try to buy railway tickets only to be told there was no such railway station.

The status of Nordegg was never that of an incorporated town. It was really only a mining camp on a Dominion forestry lease, held on a long-term basis by the Brazeau Collieries. It was located in the Clearwater Forestry Reserve. Coal mining was the only sustaining industry. No one but the Brazeau Collieries owned property at the site, and the company maintained full and complete control of the mine and camp. The forestry reserve names provided basis for even more confusion. North of the town-site was the Brazeau Forestry Reserve; but the Brazeau Collieries actually was in the Clearwater Reserve. In the Brazeau Reserve were such mining communities as Mountain Park and Cadomin.

Nordegg's maximum population was approximately twenty-five hundred while the largest number ever employed at the mine probably approached one thousand. The greatest daily output at the mine may have reached two thousand tons, but that would have been for only a few days; a better estimate is twelve to fifteen hundred tons a day. Practically the whole output was locomotive steam coal, although in the last years, several thousand tons of briquettes were manufactured and shipped to prairie markets.

Nordegg cannot be mentioned without reference to the Stoney Indians, our neighbors. Some of their teepees were always pitched somewhere near us. They much preferred our mountain valley to their reserve at Morley.

Nordegg is no more. The mine entrances and underground workings have collapsed beyond repair. Miners may never again take their lamps down the shaft; never again will coal cars come rumbling out as they used to. But every year, we who once knew it, hold a Nordegg Night at Calgary, where old associations and old friendships are renewed.

EMILY MURIEL McCAUGHEY: Emily was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1882, and died in Edmonton, Alberta, on August 15, 1974. Emily came to Canada in 1919 to teach at Blairmore, Alberta, and moved to Nordegg in 1922. She joined the Edmonton Public School Board in 1930 and taught at various city schools before retiring in 1957.

O'CHIESE - Chief Jim O'Chiese
by Henry Stelfox

I (Henry Stelfox) still continued to act as a go-between for Indian Affairs at Ottawa and Indians of this foothills region of the eastern slope of the Rockies, and had done so ever since the fall of 1909.

During the Agricultural Fair at Rocky Mountain House, August 1927, my old Chippewa Indian friend "Chief Jim O'Chiese (Green blow fly)" and his mother "Na- yap-skecht (Forehead)," widow of "Chief Ha-ka-mas-in (other side of the rock)," visited at my home. Chief Jim O'Chiese was then 103 years of age. He was born November 1824. He was blind the last seven years and died November 27, 1931, at the age of 107 years. His wife died five years later at Marlboro at 106 years of age. She had just eaten a hearty Christmas dinner, then dropped dead without having shown any signs of sickness.

Chief Jim O'Chiese's mother, "Na-yap-skecht," who accompanied him when he visited my home August 1927 was 125 years of age at that time. She was born in 1802. She was a remarkable old lady, small, wizened, but still very active and her mind was very alert.

Jennifer, Bernadine and Danita Strawberry in front of office.

Administration Bldg.

O'Chiese Administration Building

Carrie Mason and Theresa Strawberry's son in front of O'Chiese Administration office.

O'CHIESE FIRST NATION OPENS NEW SCHOOL(August 29, 1996)

Teacher and students at dismissal time.

Ronald A. Irwin, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, today attended a ceremony at the O'Chiese First Nation to commemorate the official opening of the new O'Chiese School.

"This government is committed to supporting First Nations in educating their youth," Said Mr. Irwin. "Education is the key to increase self-reliance and enhance economic development for First Nations' communities. Providing a teaching facility like this school is instrumental in creating a good learning environment, something which everyone can benefit from."

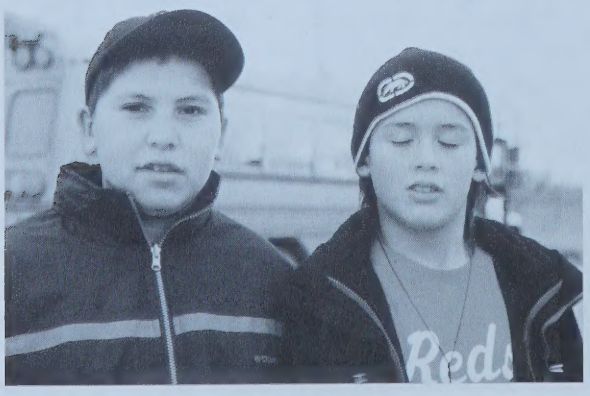
Chief Alice Strawberry was pleased about the completion of the school. "Having our own school will allow our children to continue being schooled on reserve, with our own culturally

Teacher and school girls, December 2002.

sensitive curriculum. Our children can now stay in the community until they have completed high school."

Thanks to the retrofit of the school, 183 students from O'Chiese will have their very own school. High school students will be able to attend school on the reserve and will no longer have to be bussed to Rocky Mountain House.

While the school is virtually the same size as the old one, 2,500 square metres, better design and space allocation has allowed for the addition of a computer room, a second science room, and a health room for nursing functions. More than 50 Pentium computers and Internet access



O'Chiese School boys.

O'Chiese School.

O'Chiese Day Care.

will aid students in their studies and encourage them to become familiar with the newest technology.

The school will also have a soccer field, a baseball field, a playground, a beach volleyball court, horseshoe pits and a track. A gazebo was built on the school grounds as a sitting area for Elders, where they can take part in the education of young people in traditional storytelling.

The O'Chiese First Nation is located 60 kilometres west of Rocky Mountain House in central Alberta.

OJALA, Albert

Jacob and Hennrika Ojala.

My father, Jacob, was born in Siikajoki, Finland in 1882. In 1902, at age 20, he came to Ontario, Canada. Three of his sisters were already here. He left behind his parents, two brothers and one sister in Finland. In Ontario, he worked on the building of a railroad. Then he heard about homesteads in the new province of Alberta for $10 a quarter section. So he, along with Henry Ola, came to Rocky Mountain House in 1911. The railroad had just reached Rocky. Twelve miles north of Rocky there was a Finnish settlement at Taimi (meaning "plant" in Finn). Here, Henry Ola filed on SW of 32 and my father on NE of 32. To the northwest of them was a large lumber berth which would be later logged by McDougall, Delaire & Martin.

My mother, Henni Pykkonen, was born in Pistijarvi, Finland, in 1888. She came to Canada as a mail order bride in November 1917, coming to Rocky Mountain House by train from the east. The train station was an old box car with a big wood stove to keep it warm. Father met her at the train station, and from there she went to cook at a post camp at Jack Riamula's place which is now the Vic Maxwell farm. In January 1918, Mother and Father were married and took up residence on the SW quarter of 32.

My oldest sister, Irene, was born November 11, 1918. She married Gunnar Bjelke, who worked as a sawyer in the sawmills around Rocky all his life. They have three children: Harold, living in Edmonton; Cathy, who is married, with three children and living in Calgary; and Howard, who is married and living in Fort Saskatchewan. Gunnar passed away in 1991 at the age of 85 from Parkinson's disease. Irene presently lives at Fort Saskatchewan.

Irja was born on February 20, 1920. She married Wayne Lund of Kuusamo. They have two children: Stanley, who died in Thailand in 1998 at age 56, and Audrey, who is married and lives in Medicine Hat.

Eva was born October 10, 1926. She married Vodan Kondro of Radway. They have four children: Geraldine of Medicine Hat; Gordon of Medicine Hat; Gerald of Edmonton and Gwen in New Brunswick. Vodan passed away in 1997 at the age of 77 of cancer. Eva presently resides in Medicine Hat.

I (Albert) was born March 2, 1929, at Taimi. I have early recollections of our neighbor, Gus Junila, clearing and breaking land with his 1530 IHC tractor. Watching this tractor work was a thrill for me as I had very few toys and the ones I had were homemade by my father. I had a small steel truck which I just about wore out and a three-wheel wooden bike which I reluctantly gave to the O'Connor boys. I grew up in the

Albert Ojala's first bike in 1942. Bike was owned by Aug Lund in the 1930s.

hungry '30s and started school in 1935. I walked three miles in mud, snow and cold for eight years. In the early '40s, I got my first two-wheel bicycle. It was old, with wooden rims and given to me by August Lund who had used it for many years.

By the time I started school, Irene and Irja had quit, so Eva and I went together. I well remember the school Christmas concerts. We would practice for a whole month. We sold raffle tickets to raise money for candy, oranges and apples. This was hard on us because we were very shy. Each child would choose a present he or she wanted, up to $1. If the gift cost more your family paid the difference. Santa came dressed in a big fur coat and hat and most of the small kids were scared of him. Some of the dads would bring a big spruce tree to the hall which we decked out in homemade decorations. Our concert consisted of plays, drills, songs, recitations and dances and our costumes were made of crepe paper. It was fun practicing, but on stage in front of "all those people," it was very frightening.

When I first started school we didn't have a picnic, so our teacher, Jack Stronach, would take us to Frisco in his '35 Ford car to attend Frisco's school picnic. When the lady teachers came, Elma Saari (Jackson), Laimie Mackie and Ruth Hill, we had our own picnics at the Taimi School (at the Lacombe corner, as we called it). There was a natural opening in the bush which was cleared by the young people and made into a picnic area. A counter built between trees and covered with a slab roof served as a table for the goodies. Ice cream, hot dogs and candy bars were brought from Rocky. We had ball games, races and tug-of-war, married against single with John Oja as anchor man.

The men had a ball team and played against neighboring districts. The Taimi ball team was Catcher- Walter Jackson Sr.; Pitcher- Jake Jackson; 1st Base- Tauno Huhtala; 2nd Base- Walter Huhtala; Short Stop- Bruno Pelton; 3rd Base- John Jackson. The Fielders were Arnold Kojala, Orva Alanen and Wayne Randle.

Community activities slowed down when the war started in 1939, and the young men left to join the forces. The economy gradually improved, but machinery was hard to get and many things were rationed. I left school in 1943 and went to work on a threshing crew, hauling bundles with a team and wagon. It was hard work, but I stuck it out and went threshing every fall until we finally got an old Cockshutt pull-type combine, in the early '50s. In 1945 I went to the Atlas bush camp where I skidded logs with a horse for $25 per month, plus board. If I bought too many chocolate bars, clothes, tobacco, etc. from the commissary (office store), I was left with a very small pay cheque. I went home once a month for a sauna bath.

Later that same winter, I got the job of greasing the mill and looking after the old Fordson light plant. I was able to get this same job for three winters. I also helped Henry, the blacksmith. We had electric lights from the power plant, but no electric tools. Everything was done in the forge. I was the striker with the sledge hammer. We built sleighs, jammers, skidding hooks, chains and cant hooks. We didn't shoe horses. We welded everything in the forge. We made hammers (which I still have), chisels, punches and even some wrenches. The mill owner provided us with bars of round and flat angle iron. As we had no saws or torches to cut it with, it was done cold or hot on the anvil. It was hard to save $200 for all winter's work. That summer I bought an old, worn-out 1931 Pontiac and managed to use it for many years. By the end of the war, most farmers were changing over from horses to tractors. I bought a 1020

McCormick which was "broke-down" most of the time.

It was hard times for our family and many others as we had very little money to spend. Father suffered with stomach ulcers for many years. Doctors couldn't find his problem until he went to Dr. Henry in Bentley, where he was diagnosed and operated on. The winter of 1950, he had a heart attack and passed away. That was a cold winter, 20 F below for December and January and I stayed home with Mother to run the farm.

I remember one particular day in January 1951, which started out as a beautiful day. In the evening, I drove the car to Jackson's, a half mile away. Mrs. Jackson happened to open the door to find a big blizzard had struck. I tried to drive the car home, but it was drifting so bad I had to leave it and walk. Next morning, we had 4 ft. drifts.

Ed Isaacson and Albert Ojala with guitar and violin in 1952

In 1951 or '52, I logged and sawed lumber for my new barn. I built the barn with hand tools and designed my hip-roof rafters. Hugh Shaw helped me lift and nail the rafters in place and frame the gables. I had no money left for the roof. I needed shingles badly so I sold two cows for $50 each, bought cedar shingles and hammered them on myself. I had Albert Holroyd plane my own lumber for siding and then I finished it with a good paint job. It still stands today on NE of 32.

In 1953, Calgary Power was coming to our district. Poles and wire were put up and by February 1954 power was turned on. We thought we were in Glory! I had wired the house, getting a few ideas from Walter and George Berger. There were no books on wiring your own home and very few electricians around. We were able to get a few appliances. Now we would have no more sour milk or rotten meat. Where mother warmed a bag of salt on the oven, she now had a heating pad to keep her warm. I was able to put an electric motor on the pump jack and the yard light.

When a Forney Welder salesman came and demonstrated his welder, I wanted it so badly. I managed to put a down payment on it. This was one of the best tools I ever had. Payments were easy for I always had custom work with the welder. Welding rod was hard to get; hardware stores didn't carry it, and the welding shops wouldn't supply it for fear I would take business away from them. Besides, they knew I didn't have a ticket. I finally found someone who sold rod and could also purchase some from Red Deer when I was able to go to the city. Around 1959, Liquid Air held a two day welding course in Rocky and then Farm Agriculture gave a five day course at Rainbow Ford. This really helped me get started in welding. I did a lot of tractor and car repairs around the country, but didn'thave a license. I charged two dollars per hour for labor with no travel time (which was unheard of). In the '40s, before Journeyman tickets for blacksmithing and mechanics were compulsory, restricted tickets were given following a short safety course. These were applied for yearly. In time, an apprentice plan through SAIT or NAIT would come for those interested.

One year, Guy Fay came into the district with his water well drilling rig. My old dug well was petering out, so I hired him. H. Bakko tried to witch me a well. He decided behind the barn was a good place, but with a closer look we discovered the old well was on the same vein, so I had it drilled between the house and barn and had plenty of water for both. I had a truck load of grain hauled to Rocky to pay for the drilling, casing and pipe, etc. Would you be able to do this today?

It was difficult to get Mother's old age pension. By the time I got proof of age from Finland, she missed collecting several cheques, but didn't get back pay. I purchased a TV as soon as a Red Deer channel came. We had perfect reception. A long spruce rail sufficed to hold up

the antenna. We got this two days before Christmas, so it was a real treat for us.

Mother broke her hip tripping over a rug in the house. There was no ambulance, so I carried her to the car and drove her to Rocky where her hip was pinned. She never got out of bed. The hospital couldn't keep her and I couldn't look after her at home, so we were able to put her in the Three-Way Nursing Home in Rimbey. She passed away March 31, 1961, twenty one days before her 73rd birthday. She had a hard life with sorrow, pain and hard work. She had four children and a sick husband to look after. She told us, "When I die, I will be with Jesus." This was the reward she waited for.

Not wanting to farm anymore after Mother's death, I had an auction sale and moved to Eckville where I started apprenticing as a welder with Luther Finley. I wrote off the first exam with a credit for one year of apprenticeship. When the apprentice inspector saw that Luther had a restricted ticket, he advised him to write for his ticket, which he did, and received his second class journeyman certificate. Shortly after this Toivo Lukala and I formed a partnership and opened the Eckville Welding Shop. We were busy, working nine-hour days and used a lot of welding rod. Gravel crusher rollers used up 50 lbs. of rod alone. We sharpened a lot of plough shares—one day I sharpened thirty-five. We charged $5 an hour. An oxygen bottle was $6 to $8 dollars and 50 pounds of welding rod was $10.

In 1965 I married Rosella Lindsay of Condor. She was a registered nurse and worked at the Eckville Hospital. On August 24, 1966, our only child, Kenneth Jacob, was born.

In 1968 we sold the shop to Leo Remillard and moved to Jasper, where I worked for Parks Canada and Rosella nursed at the Seton General Hospital. In 1970 we had the opportunity to buy the Jack Kelm farm one mile east and ½ mile north of Hespero, so we moved back in October of that year. After a few small jobs, I decided to build a welding shop on the farm with which I was able to make a good living along with livestock, hay and grain. Rosella went back to work at the Eckville Hospital until it closed in 1995.

Our son, Ken, took all his schooling in Eckville, then two years at DeVry College in Calgary,

Christmas 2001. Back row: Ken Ojala, Marley, Albert Ojala, Rosella, and Lindsay. Front row: Susan Ojala with Makenna and Karson.

graduating with a diploma as an Electronics Technician. He then apprenticed as an electrician with West Country Electric in Eckville. He obtained his Journeyman and his Masters in Electrician. He married Susan Thibeault in 1990. They have four children: Karson Kyle, born August 24, 1994; Marley Janelle, born February 14, 1997; Lindsay Katherine, born April 22, 2000; and Makenna Michelle born December 13, 2001.

Ken presently manages the Bermac Electric office and field at Eckville. Rosella retired in 1995 when the hospital closed, and I am semi-retired here on the farm at Hespero.

ORAS HALL History
condensed from club minutes
submitted by Donna Clark

There was a re-organization meeting of the Oras Community Club on Nov. 23, 1962. Bill Klassen was elected president, Buddy Ballance as vice-president. The majority of members were local teenagers, with older members on hand to offer assistance. Membership fees were 25 cents a year. Membership cards were not made at this time because the club could not afford them. Club funds totaled $38.08. A raffle was held with prizes being a $6.00 blanket as first prize, a cushion as second, and a box of chocolates as third prize. Profit from the raffle was $76.13. The club was now able to afford a Christmas party, but no presents or Santa Claus. Fifteen pounds of

candy was purchased at a cost of $6.30 to make up candy bags for the children.

It is interesting to note the motion, passed at this first meeting, stated that only rural people and those living in a certain radius of the hall could join the club. They had to live north of Highway #11, west of the Horseguard Creek, and east of the town limits. Another motion stipulated that all "newcomers" to the club must have an invitation from a club member and the club would vote on admittance.

Dances were organized on a monthly basis with the Cave Brothers supplying music, playing for a 60-65% cut of the door receipts. The average cut for the club was between $25.00 and $50.00. Soon the club was able to afford a strip of gravel around the hall, so people would not get stuck so often. Usually a few vehicles needed assistance to reach the gravel from the parking spots. The members took turns collecting the bottles in the hall yard, and this money from the sale of the bottles also went into the club coffers. Hall rent was $5.00 for wedding dances etc. and the club would do the cleaning-up after.

May 1963, A discussion was held concerning the organization of a ball team. A motion was made authorizing profits from the next dance to go towards funding a ball team. The newly formed club also raffled a transistor radio to raise funds. The hall yard was cleared for $40.00 to make room for a ball diamond. Also, this year, a talent show was planned to raise money for the Christmas concert in December.

Feb. 1965 During a discussion regarding Saturday night dances, it was mentioned that the road to the hall had to be opened with the snowplow, and mill ends were needed for firewood. Gene Hill donated a kitchen stove to the club (wood stove).

March 3, 1967, saw the next minutes recorded. It was decided to keep the club going. Membership to the club now became open to anyone interested in joining at a fee of $.25. Meetings were to be held as needed, or every three months. That year the club sponsored potluck rodeos at Bill and Florence Sands and operated a concession booth as well at the rodeo. It was noted that the club made $33.25 at one rodeo. There was a cemetery cleanup done at the Green Valley cemetery, work bees at the hall, bingos were held, and the club sponsored Judy Rudd as Stampede Queen (now known as Rodeo Queen). Many pies were baked by the ladies in the community and sold for a $1.00 a pie at various places, including the Auction Mart. The proceeds of the pie sales went to buy tickets for our candidate. Everyone worked very hard selling tickets for Judy, and it paid off—she was Rocky's Rodeo Queen for 1967.

July 1968: An election of officers was held and a board of directors formed; terms of office were one and two years. The secretary was to be chosen by the Board. The bank account stood at $76.83 and a new set of hall rules were put into motion. A janitor was paid $5.00 for dances and $3.00 for meetings. The Club registered under the Societies Act in 1968. At a Bingo, held November1968, the main prize was a set of 15-inch tires.

Oct. 1969: The newly formed Oras Boxing Club suggested a heating system be put in the hall. The directors studied the possibilities. Dance lessons were held at the hall. Card parties, talent shows and community picnics were held.

January 1970: Treasurer's Report showed a balance of $327.01.

June 1970: Piano was sold for $80.00.

1971: A float was entered in the Rocky parade, a Halloween party and potluck suppers were held at the hall.

1972: The Club faltered due to lack of interest.

Feb. 1972: The Board of Directors decided to list the hall and property for sale and disband the club if no interest was shown. An annual meeting in March showed 26 members in attendance—for a meeting this was the largest turnout ever. The bank balance was $429.42 and a new board of directors and executive were elected. Twenty-nine members paid their dues, for a total of $7.25. The club was off and running again!

April 1972: This was the first mention of applying for a grant to fix up the hall.

June 1972: After a report was given on the condition of the hall, the minutes recorded a statement to the effect that, "It didn't sound too good," which meant the feasibility of restoration was not practical. It would be too expensive to fix the hall.

1973: Paneling was installed in the hall.

Feb. 1974: A motion was passed restricting membership (and voting) to those twelve years

of age and older.
March 1974: A Bingo was held with small prizes donated by club members and turkeys purchased by the club.
April 1974: A discussion regarding a theme for the annual parade float, resulted in the decision to center it around children.
May 1974: Discussions took place regarding the acquisition and spending of a $2,000.00 government grant which was available to community clubs. A proposal called for a 12' x 34' addition for bathrooms, a kitchen and an entry. The estimated cost was $935.00. Siding the hall was estimated at $1894.00. A cable with I Bolts was made to pull in the walls of the hall. A comment in the minutes read: "as it is one of the largest dance floors in the country, it should be preserved."
March 1975: (the date of the annual meeting) The bank balance was $2,629.00. A catering committee was started. Bike-a-thons, pancake suppers and stew suppers were held, as well as card parties.
1976: (next annual meeting) The bank balance was $235.89.
Feb. 1976 Parks and Recreation Census found 491 persons in the Oras district, boundaries being Township 39, Range 6, and part of Township 3, Range 7, east of highway 11 and south of the Leslieville Road.

New Club Rule: Board members need not pay for tickets of club activities, except for lotteries and bingo.
Feb. 1978: Kidd Construction cleaned the hall yard. Cameron Welding supplied a heater for the hall (value $150.00) Daniel Feys donated a table and chairs. The Club bought ten turkey chicks as well as feed for the turkeys which were raised by Fern Niedermoser. Several members went to Niedermosers, one cold November day, for the turkey plucking. At least the hands stayed warm! Kloosters donated chocolate milk for the potluck supper.
May 1978: A discussion took place regarding the installation of a backstop on the southwest corner of the ball diamond. (This was not completed until May 1979.) Art Terpsma volunteered to coach the kids' team. The first practice was in Terpsma's field. This field was used that summer for practices, with an average of 40 kids between the ages of 4 to 17 playing ball every week. More coaches were rounded up, and a ladies team was formed.
Jan. 1979: It was decided to ask the original trustees to turn over the hall and land to the Oras Community Club. Later that year at the annual meeting, the president explained the reason for the delay in transferring the title from the trustees to the Oras Community Club. However, the details were not recorded in the minutes. A 100,000 B.T. U. furnace was purchased from Guy Marsolais for $200.00 and a propane tank was rented. Directors signed a $600.00 loan at the C.I.B.C. to cover the extra costs of gravel and a well. The total cost of drilling a well was $1139.00 of which Stirling Maxwell donated $375.00 and the club paid $739.00. Tom Clark donated a submersible pump (which was returned when the well started to flow). Art Terpsma donated $75.00 for gravel.

Activities included a table at the farmers' market with donated produce etc. Other activities were a haircutting course, ladies keep-fit classes, anniversary parties, farewell parties, bridal and baby showers, wedding dances and, of course, the famous "Chicken Catching Nights" at Browers' chicken farm, on September 24th and 25th, 1980. Approximately thirty members and kids hired out to catch chickens at 2 ½ cents per chicken. Although there was a lot of grumbling about dust and feathers, it was the best moneymaker the club ever had, takingin a total of $662.50 for the club.

Jan. 1980: Ken Rudd offered to do the plumbing as soon as the supplies were at the hall.
Feb. 1980: A motion was approved stating no rent would be charged for community functions such as showers , anniversaries, weddings, farewell parties etc. The bank balance on March 4, 1980, was $2,484.47.
June 25, 1980: The well was overflowing and cost of repairs was $650.00. Nagels donated an electric stove for the kitchen. Round bar tables were made. Several cabarets were held, over the year, with the band, "Shunda," charging $350.00. Plumbing and heating was completed; the floor was sanded; the stage area changed; a band stand built and cupboards were added to the kitchen. With the new renovations done, the membership fee changed to $5.00 per person, per year. Paid members could rent the hall for $25.00 and $25.00 damage deposit for nonprofit functions. For profitable functions, a charge of

$75.00 plus $75.00 damage deposit was made.
Nov. 1980: The members decided to ask Pat Karpan to paint a sign to be put up at the hall, but there is no record of this being done at this time.
Dec. 20, 1981: Some young fellows rented the hall for a record hop which proved to be a disaster. A wild party ensued, involving drugs and alcohol. The police were called and we were happy to have a hall standing—that it was not totally destroyed.
1984: The ceiling was finally lowered. A liquor dispenser was purchased for $250.00.

A propane tank was purchased for $650.00 (sold in Nov. 1992 for $600.00). Sleigh rides and turkey shoots were held.
March 1985: A cutter parade was held, also a flea market and garage sale.
1986: Dance cost $70.00 loss @ 75% cut for band. $60.00 was taken in on memberships.
1987: Green Valley Cemetery was cleaned and surveyed, and a concrete monument added with plaques put on it. Also a chain link fence installed. This was done by community labor and funding from the M. D. The Club was to purchase 100 new chairs @ $10.00 each. The Stampede Board gave the club $500.00 to sponsor a Queen. The insurance policy was canceled as the M. D. covers liabilities of community halls.
1992 : The main hall furnace was condemned. Natural gas was installed at $1000.00 plus $100.00 for gas change orifices. The well was flowing again and Ron Wymenga installed a pit less adapter ($70.00). The sewer lines were fixed.
April 1993:A motion to disconnect phone was carried. This was followed by a discussion regarding the possibility of closing the hall due to a lack of community interest and government grants. It was decided to keep the hall open for the summer.

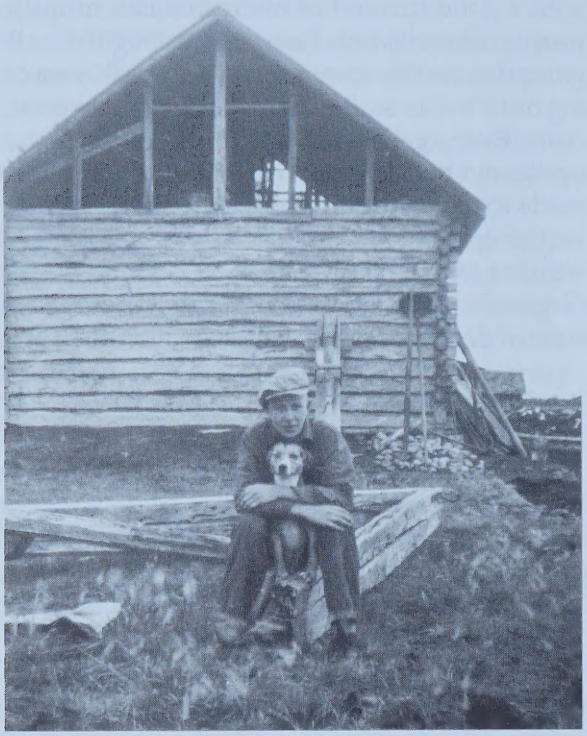
During the next few years, Vacation Bible classes were held at the hall and became popular events. However, one evening, just as a session was ending, the old hall gave everyone a fright when it shuddered, then, with a loud noise, the floor sank. No more activities have been held in the hall since. The cutter rallies are still held outside the hall, but the building, in its present state, is unsafe to enter.
February 1998: A meeting to decide the fate of the hall was held at Art and Karen Terpsmas with a good turnout of interested community people. The majority favored keeping the hall grounds intact for community use, possibly renting out a trailer stall to help cover maintenance costs. Everyone was of the opinion that fixing up the old hall was not feasible. A motion was made to have the hall torn down, but, after advertising in the Mountaineer, no one came forward to take the hall for salvage. At this time (September 2001), the Oras Hall is standing in a state of decay.

ORAVA, Arnold William
written by Arnold Orava, January 2002

My father and mother immigrated from Kannus, Finland, in 1927. They originally settled in Sicamous, British Columbia, for a short period of time and then they moved to the Rocky Mountain House area. I arrived on the scene in 1928. My first memory of Rocky is standing on the doorstep of the Riemula farmhouse and watching the Forestry planes flying over the town. The farm was two miles directly north of town.

Our language at home was Finnish, so I spoke Finnish until I went to school. I had a three and a half mile walk to school—school buses were unheard of. One can only imagine the fear that went through me on my first day of school—me not knowing a word of English, seeing all those children and having no one to talk to. There were no special programs to assist a child to learn English as there is today. However, with "Finnish Sisu," I overcame the problem. Yes, I was teased and bullied because I could not speak English, but someone came to my assistance. That was Jack Coghlin, and he helped me through the difficult times. Some time later, I was able to reciprocate by saving Jack from drowning in Crimson Lake, an event Jack recalled fifty years later when I visited him at his gold mine in the Yukon.

About 1933, the Rocky tannery was established on the southwest of the Riemula farm. John Nikkanen and Adam Raiha were in a partnership. They built a small log house to live in, and then built the tannery building. Initially it was located there because rent was minimal and water, a very important item in the tanning process, was virtually at ground level. When we moved to the tannery, I walked four miles to the



Friends at Rocky Tannery.

school. Winter gave some relief because I was able to walk across the muskeg, saving a mile and a half one way. Crossing the muskeg I passed the Stelfox farm, which was always an experience. At one time Mr. Stelfox kept a buffalo which his sons, John and Dave, had to feed. The buffalo later became the bill of fare at a local Fish and Game banquet.

I learned a great deal while living at the Tannery. The process of tanning hides took place in May and early June when the sap was running. One of my jobs was getting willow bark. The bark was stripped, dried and later cut into small pieces. The bark was layered in vats between hides for about three months to produce the finest leather ever produced in Alberta. The leather was made into horse harness by Mr. Nikkanen. In those days tractors were not yet affordable and the horse was still king. The dye for coloring the leather black was made in a vat about four feet high, complete with a pump to circulate the ingredients which consisted of burnt iron (scavenged from the nuisance ground), water and sulfuric acid. It was my job to carry the sulfuric acid from town in a gallon jug.

Rawhide was also tanned before making it into halters. Tanning rawhide was a different process, which used ground oats as one of the ingredients. In 1937 the tannery was moved to Lochearn Lake (better known as Mud Lake). At that time Highway 11 went right past our place. Also it became easier to go to school. School was only a little over a half mile away, so I could boot home at noon for a hot lunch. Civilization at last!

Digressing a little, Mud Lake was a great spot in November when the lake froze over. Children and adults came at night to skate. Then a large bonfire (wood courtesy of Spoor and Brockman's farms) was built to keep us warm. I also remember that during the war years English student-pilots from Penhold SFTS often came to the lake at the weekends to try out their skates. As I recall, they always got plenty of help from the young ladies in the community.

Between school and living at the tannery there was little time for shenanigans. My main job was to make stove size blocks out of logs, using a buck saw—not a chain saw. Chain saws were not yet developed. Plenty of wood had to be cut to fire the kitchen stove and heater, plus large lengths were cut to heat the tannery. There was no need for "fitness classes" in those days.

During my growing years there were very few organized sports; entertainment was self-made. Work wise I was expected to do many jobs which today's youngsters would find very objectionable. At the Tannery this included dehairing hides, a very dirty job and pumping water with a pump that resembled something out of a third world country. Often I would be kept out of school to work when an extra hand was required. However this did not interfere with my school work—it was just a part of life.

As I said earlier, entertainment was self-made. One sunny spring day school was a bore so Malcolm Fentiman and I decided to play hooky. We headed to the Buffalo Cliffs above the North Saskatchewan River. Rather than retrace our steps we decided to climb up the cliffs to the Frisco road. All went well until we got to about fifty feet from the top of the cliff. There was no turning back, so what to do? I always carried a large knife. Using it I cut steps out of the sandstone shale, and we made it to the top. Malcolm's only comment at the top was, "I'll never play hooky with you again!" I guess he had a bit of a fright.

Brutes for punishment, Roger Horne and I dragged an old boat from Ernie Lake to Mud Lake along the CNR tracks. We proceeded to caulk it with coal tar, courtesy of Roger's father. We thought it was shipshape, so we launched it. However, our boat repairing skills must have been lacking because it soon filled with water, and we barely made it to shore. We kept working, and in time the old boat became seaworthy and was used for many years including a trip down the Clearwater. The paddles were made of one by six shiplap boards.

Winter sports included bobsledding down the hospital hill to the river. On the return trip, we'd pull the bob-sleigh up the hill for another run—and not a fast food outlet anywhere! Skiing by being towed behind Mr. Horne's tractor was always a great sport. That is only a small example of how we entertained ourselves without organized activities.

Fishing was a spring event at Prairie Creek, round trip about six miles, again on shanks' ponies (walking) across the Clearwater. This was brutal as the water was ice cold in the spring. If we got a fish that was a bonus.

While in Rocky, I made two trips down the North Saskatchewan River, one with Bob Ault as bowman, the other as sternman with my brother. This was at a time when the sport was not as popular as it is today.

One memorable occasion was when Roland Gray and I decided to go to Sylvan Lake to "trip the light fantastic" to the tunes of Mart Kenny's band. The transportation was Roland's father's three-ton truck. All went well until we were on our way home. Suddenly smoke and flames began to shoot from under the hood. Roland stopped, threw open the hood and I grabbed dirt and threw it at the carburetor to extinguish the fire. The cause, a loose clamp, let the oil bath filter come loose, spilling oil on the hot engine. I wonder if Roland ever told his father. Such was life!

In the 1940s trapping was very acceptable, unlike the later turbulent era when the anti-fur lobbyists almost wiped out the industry. So, I took the opportunity to make a little money. Mud and Ernie Lakes were good for muskrat, with Ernie providing the odd mink. To the east and northwest was good hunting for squirrels, as well as the odd weasel. The only trap available then

The Orava House at Mud Lake, circa 1946. Built 1940– 41.

was the now vilified leg-hold trap. Yes, I had access to a twenty-two rifle, but shells were scarcer than hen's teeth. With some searching, one could always get a few shells at black-market prices which allowed me to shoot many a squirrel, as well as an odd grouse for dinner. Prices were good for furs and that gave me a little spending money, but it was cold hard work so one earned every nickel.

John Plathan.

One day John Plathan arrived at our doorstep carrying a baritone horn. Mother's first question was, "What is that for?" His reply, "Arne is going to be the baritone player in the boys' band." John Plathan was a great disciplinarian. I can recall practicing in his sauna and if I blew badly, he didn't hesitate to tell me I needed to do a lot more practicing—along with a few expletives thrown in. Lessons were paid for with buttermilk, cream, butter and milk, courtesy of my mother. It was a two-mile round trip by shanks' pony to Plathan's for practice. John Plathan had a great way with youngsters. On one occasion he took us on a night ski down the Saskatchewan River, complete with torches which he supplied. He really was a great benefactor to the Rocky kids.

At age fourteen, I spent the summer working on Jim Hardie's farm, making hay. It was most interesting as I had to look after a team of

horses, from feeding to harnessing, and then working them. I used to ford the Clearwater River and Prairie Creek to get to the different hay fields. Later that summer I ran a team for his threshing outfit. Working on different farms, the sleeping quarters were usually a hayloft.

A small anecdote: Jim at that time was a heavy smoker. Before threshing he broke his thumb cranking his Massey Harris tractor and could not roll cigarettes. Every night Mrs. Hardie and I would make "fifty roll-your-owns" to see him through the next day.

At age fifteen I left school and went to work as an apprentice butcher for Spoor's Meats. This took in everything from working the slaughterhouse, curing bacon and hams, and serving customers. There were no prepackaged meats in those years. While working there the Spoors moved the butcher shop from Killick's store to a new locker plant just down the street. At the time the new store had the latest equipment, from freezing tunnel to electric smokehouse, which leads me to this story: At the old shop they had an outside smokehouse. One day an excited customer came in to the shop shouting "Your toilet's on fire!" As often happened, the smoke fire had gotten a little too hot. A bucket of water cured the problem, cured the bacon, but not Mr. Spoor's temper.

In 1950 I left Rocky to live in British Columbia. I worked in different towns and cities, spending the last forty living in the city of Coquitlam with my wife, Alice. We have two daughters, and three grandchildren. My mother passed away in 1982 in Rocky Mountain House, just short of her 87th birthday.

These are some of the families that lived in the Riemula farm area during the thirties: To the north and east were the Borstad, Gilbert, Christenson, Magoon and Davis families. On the Frisco road: the Makis, McLeods, Schlebnigs (who had the first school bus on the Frisco road), Resuniks and further toward Frisco: the Sims, McKerveys, Levinskis and Bakkas. These are a few that come to mind.

Today as I look back on my early life in Rocky Mountain House, I have no regrets. Yes, there were times of deprivation. However, it is this that builds character and the will to succeed in what endeavor or direction a person is to take in his life.

ORAVA, Henry, Joyce and family

The Orava family arrived in Canada from Finland in 1927. In 1928 their first son, Arnold William, was born. A second son, Heikki Reimond followed in 1931. Grandma Orava (Hilma)(born in Kausinen, Finland Nov. 10, 1885, died Nov. 2, 1982) provided for her family by running a tannery and making leather goods for the retail market. The boys helped out by trapping furs and hunting while attending school in Rocky.

Arnold (Arne) left for BC in search of new prospects. He now calls Port Coquitlam his home where he lives with his wife Alice. They have two daughters, Karen (Steve) and their two children; and their second daughter Cathy and husband Gerry with one child.

Heikki (Henry) remained in Rocky where he attended school and made his living trapping, butchering and eventually becoming a teacher in 1957. When Lochearn Elementary School opened in 1960 he became the first principal and remained in this position until his retirement in 1987. While working as a butcher at Machan's Meat Market he met a vibrant young teacher named Joyce Olson in the bowling alley. They were married on July 26, 1954.

Joyce was born in Athabasca in 1928. She took her schooling in Athabasca and went on to train for a teacher at U of C. After university she taught in little one-room schoolhouses in Fossit Lake, Lahaville School, Fort Vermilion and Moose Portage. In 1952 she came to Rocky to teach grade 5 and 6 at the Rocky Mountain House School. At this time it was the only school in town and housed grades 1 to 12. During the summers she worked at Mt. Robson as a cook, where she had many wonderful adventures. Joyce continued to teach, moving to Lochearn Elementary in 1960, and later to Pioneer School retiring in 1984. In both schools she was the librarian and taught art.

Joyce and Henry had four children: the first, Russell, born in1956, died at birth; Jim was born October 29th 1962; Shelli followed August 28, 1964 and Bob completed the family, May 31, 1966.

Jim went to school in Rocky and on to U of C, but his love for the mountains drew him away to pursue his passion for the outdoors. He became a competent climber, kayaker and skier,

using these skills to teach and guide others. He now resides in Pemberton where he uses his talents as a stunt and safety co-ordinator in the film industry. When he is not working, he spends his time travelling and especially enjoys parapenting and photography. He has sold his photos to many magazines.

Shelli also took her education in Rocky. She broadened her education by travelling in Europe, Asia and Central America. Her love for the outdoors caused her to pursue horseback riding, hiking and rock climbing. Her various occupations included horse guiding, wrangling, dog training and working for the Forest Service. Inheriting Joyce's love for art, Shelli found her expression in silk painting. She now lives in Caroline and works for the Forest Industry.

After attending school in Rocky where he got a scholarship to U of C, Bob was also drawn to the great outdoors. Along with Jim, he became well known in the paddling world where they made many first trips down rivers all over the world. Bob worked in the oil field and other various jobs, but he was happiest when he was outside, be it climbing, hiking, skiing or just camping with friends. Sadly Bob passed away from a heart disease at the age of 24, in 1990.

After retirement Joyce and Henry enjoyed gardening, (Henry's yummy greenhouse tomatoes and Joyce's beautiful bouquets), travelling, cross-country skiing and hiking. Joyce was also very involved with her church. They volunteered for numerous community activities. In 1994, to her great surprise, she was honoured to receive the Chamber of Commerce Humanitarian Award. Their house was always buzzing with phone calls and friends popping in. The coffee pot was always on and, if you were in luck, Joyce had sticky buns in the oven, and Henry just finished a batch of his famous beef jerky! After a brave battle with cancer, Joyce passed away June 26, 2001. Even though she is no longer with us her memory is still kept alive by many of her wonderful photos and water-colours she loved to paint.

Henry is now remarried to Caroline (Karrie) Edgerly, an old family friend, who used to reside in Rocky and baby-sat the Orava children. Karrie adds 4 sons to the family: Ken and Pat; Lyle and (Karen) of Calgary; Shon of Devon and Spencer of Calgary. They all have children, so Henry is finally a grandpa! Henry and Karrie are looking forward to their new life together with all their children.

OSBORNE, Clarence and Katie

Katie and Elmer Osborne, 1910.

Clarence Elmer Osborne and Katie Strong were married May 16, 1912. Dad was known by Elmer and Mother was always called Pops. They had a double wedding at the Strong home. Bert Parson and Nell Strong were married at the same time.

Elma Osborne and daughter, Joan, 1914.

Mother and Dad went to Dad's homestead (NE 36-37-8-W5). Dad had built a house, barn and corrals for his horses. He broke and sold many horses. He had one favorite horse, the only one he wouldn't sell. Dad kept it to hook up with the broncos. They would be hitched to a sleigh and away they would go! As a child I used to stand on the back runner and hang onto the box. We had some thrilling rides; no one got injured!

Dad had many runaways! He was always mending harness. One day I was with Dad on a load of hay, the sleigh slid off the trail and tipped over. The rack come off the sleigh and away went the team. I was very lucky. I just slid down the hay into about two feet of snow. Dad had to walk home to get the team. They were standing in front of the barn waiting for him. I waited by the hay until he came back for me!!

Their house was built of logs with two rooms downstairs and two upstairs. The kitchen had a small cook stove, no warming closet, a small table and four chairs. A large box sat on its side beside the door. Wood was piled in the bottom and a water pail with a dipper and wash basin sat on the top. Dad's razor strap hung beside it. Behind the stove was a trap door in the floor for getting into the cellar for vegetables. The stairway for getting upstairs was between the living room and kitchen. Under the stairs was a pantry where pots, pans and dishes were kept along with a few groceries such as: 100 pound sacks of flour and sugar, crackers, dried fruit (apples, apricots, prunes and peaches which came in wooden boxes), a large pail of Rogers Golden Syrup, peanut butter and some tinned jam. Salt was bought in five pound cloth bags. There was a small cabinet beside the pantry door and on the wall beside the window, Dad had built a shelf for the clock.

In the living room was a cast iron heater, a small table in the corner and some shelves against one wall where Mother kept a few ornaments and fancy dishes. We children were forbidden to touch them! In the corner was a sofa where extra company or a hired man might sleep.

Dad worked away from home a lot ploughing and disking for neighbors who didn't have horses or a plough. He usually had a bronco or two hooked up- a way to break a horse to work. When he came home at night, the horses were taken to the water trough. Water was pumped by hand from a shallow well (our only water supply). We always had five or six cows that had to have water too. The cows were milked morning and night and the milk separated. The calves were fed the skimmed milk and two or three pigs that were kept for meat were also fed milk.

Mother usually fed the calves, pigs and a few chickens. The chickens only laid eggs in the summer. In winter it was all they could do to keep warm. Dad had built a dugout in the side of a hill for the chicken house.

Mother was always busy. Laundry was done by hand on a wash board; she ironed every thing with sad irons heated on the wood stove. The stove had to be stoked often to keep the irons hot. Monday was washday, Tuesday was ironing day, Wednesday was mending day, and Thursday the upstairs was cleaned (floor washed, windows cleaned and everything dusted). Friday was baking day and Saturday everything downstairs was cleaned. The stove was polished shiny with stove black and some extra baking was done for Sunday. We always had desserts of some kind. If Mother didn't have fillings for pies, she would grate some bread-crumbs and cover them with syrup for a filling. Was it ever good! She made bread, butter, soap, vinegar, and canned meat, vegetables and fruit. In the summer she picked berries and had a nice garden besides caring for five children (a sixth was born later).

Mother wore ankle length dresses and shoes that laced to the ankle. Her hair was long and was brushed every day and worn in a bun. As years went on she shortened her skirts and had her hair cut. It was a big decision for her to get her hair cut. I think her sister Nell talked her into it.

Every summer the family would move up to Grandpa Osborne's place to put hay up for winter feed. Moving day was a big day for us children. Dad would bring the hayrack up to the door. Every thing needed was loaded- bedding, dishes, churn, butter bowl, separator and what few clothes we had. A pig was tied behind to coax the others to follow. Mother sat in the middle of the rack while Jessie (younger sister) and I tried to keep things from sliding off. Old Facy

(Dads favorite horse) was terrified of the rack coming behind him so he would try to run away and stood on his hind legs half the way. I always feared the worst but we got there safely.

Grandpa's cabin hadn't been lived in since the summer before so was quite musty and a pack rat had made his home under the roof. It had packed in all sorts of things – bolts, nuts, pine cones, nails, mushrooms, etc. Dad got rid of the rat! The grass and weeds had grown tall so was a great place to play hide and seek. Wild parsnip grew six feet tall with large hollow stalks. My brother and I would make pipes of them, and if we could get a match, tried to smoke. There was only one room in the cabin. The only cupboard was a shelf nailed to the wall. Mother hung a blanket across one end for a bedroom. Water was carried from Prairie Creek, which ran behind the shack.

When the hay was put up, the whole family went to the field. Mother would do the stacking while Dad swept the hay in. It was done with a sweep or buck rake and overshot stacker. One horse pulled the stacker up. One day Dad's team ran away with the sweep, scared the stacker horse and away he went pulling the stacker over on its side. There were three of us children at that time. How none of us were run over, I'll never know! Dad spent the next day repairing harness, stacker and sweep. After the hay was stacked, we moved back to the homestead for the winter. We did this every year until 1922.

Mother and Dad bought Grandpa Strong's place in 1923. In August 1924 we moved for the last time. Moving day was a big day. The hayrack was loaded with furniture, bedding, dishes, chickens and pigs.

Osborne children, skating 1928.

Mother and we children (there were five of us by now) came along behind in the buggy. A neighbor chased the cows along behind. I drove the team. When we arrived at Grandma's house, everyone jumped off. My brother and I unhooked the horses, but forgot to undo the tug. When we led the horses away the buggy came too. The horses panicked and away they went with the buggy down past the house, through the corral and into the field. The buggy tipped spilling food and clothing over the field. I think we children had nine lives, we never did get hurt.

Grandma's house was much larger so my sister and I had our own bedroom. The kitchen was large. It took a lot of wood to keep it warm in winter. We had two heaters and a cookstove. Getting wood was an endless job. Dad cut wood with a cross cut saw. He would have me on one end and would say "pull, don't push". We used to get a lot of pitch-pine roots; they made a nice hot fire. In winter Mother got up in the night and stoked the fires. Mother worked very hard. She had us five children, her Uncle Josh and Dad, who very often had one or two men working for him. All to cook for and she even did the laundry for the hired men. She always cooked three good meals every day and we all sat down together. Later on she boarded the teacher as well.

There was some nice pine timber on the place so Dad took out railway ties. They had to be hauled to the railway at Horburg. The hauling had to be done in the winter so he could cross the muskegs and Saskatchewan River. He still broke a few horses to sell, but as time went on there was less market for horses as tractors were starting to come in. The cattle herd was built up and more cows milked by hand. There was free pasture so the cows roamed far and wide. It was the children's job to round up the cows for milking. We had a pony. On rainy days, the cows always seemed to be the farthest away. We didn't have raincoats so would come home soaked and chilled. We never seemed to catch cold or get sick. Dad rented Gaskell's place across the creek from us, so we had lots of hay to put up. Everyone who was big enough to drive a horse or hold a

pitchfork had to work in the hay field.In winter Dad would butcher an animal or two and take the meat up to one of the logging camps. It was an all day trip to the camp up the North Fork of Prairie Creek and over to the Saskatchewan River. In 1935 the Gaskell place was sold so Dad had to sell most of the cattle with not enough hay to feed them. When cattle were sold they had to be driven into Rocky Mountain House to a corral by the railway. There were no trucks in those days. The beef buyer would come out and buy cattle together and start out for town. The cattle wouldn't stay together and didn't want to leave home, so the men had quite a time getting them to go. It took all day and by the time they got to town they were pretty tired. They were put in a corral beside the railway and the next day they were loaded to go to Calgary. The men spent the night celebrating at the Mountview Hotel!

Mother and Dad built a new house and barn in 1937. Mother still boarded the teacher and was secretary for the school. Dad was trustee until the school was closed and children bussed to town. Our youngest brother, Allan, took over the farm. Dad lost his sight to cataracts and was blind the last few years. He passed away in 1959. Mother came to live with us until she passed away in 1970.

OSBORNE, family
Sunday Dinner at Grandma's

Memories of Ethel Joan Osborne Smith 2000

We all sat in our places at the table, each had a large linen napkin neatly folded and rolled into a silver napkin holder and cutlery placed in the proper place. Plates waited at the head of the table where Grandpa stood with his large carving fork and knife ready to carve the roast. A piece on each plate was passed along after Grandma had put a serving of vegetables on. When all was ready, Grandpa would say the grace, then we were allowed to start our meal. We always had dessert after, either pudding or pie. After dinner, Grandma and Mother would clear up the dishes. The men would go into the living room to smoke. We children would find something to play at. About four o'clock we would all go home. It must have been a relief for Grandma.

OSBORNE, Stephen, Clarence and families
submitted by Joan Smith

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Osborne.

Stephen Alexander Osborne, my grandfather, with my father, Clarence Elmer Osborne, came to Alberta from Washington, USA, about 1909. They were looking for pasture for horses. They were raising and selling horses in Washington and thought Alberta would be a good place for sales. Grandpa homesteaded SE 18-38-8-W5. Their horses were driven up and it took many days. On the way, they had to get permission to cross a railway trestle, with the promise that no trains would be coming. Just as the horses were crossing, a train came along,

Osborne children and sleigh.

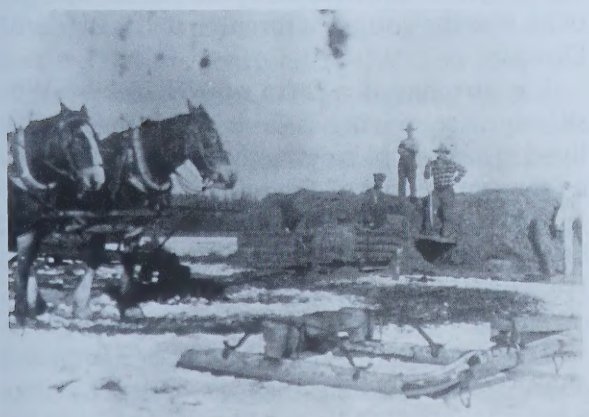
killing and crippling many of the horses. They later got a small amount for compensation from the railway.

Dad and Grandpa built a cabin, barn and corrals on the homestead. The logs were cut on their place. The roof was made from shakes cut from a straight grained pine. Those shakes lasted for many years. The homestead was on Prairie Creek, so they had a good water supply. The meadows were cleared of willows for growing hay for winter feed.

The horses roamed far and wide as there was no range control in those days. About twice a year they were rounded up, colts were branded and some of the 3 and 4 year olds were kept in to be broken for saddle or harness, ready for sale. There were no tractors in those days so there was a good market for work horses.

In winter, Grandpa would go trapping. He had several cabins around the area, west and north, where he stayed for the winter. In the spring his furs were sold. One of his cabins was built into the side of a hill and it was called a dugout. His furniture consisted of a bed with straw for a mattress , a stove, a small table and a homemade bench for a chair. An old yellow cat was his company. The cat mostly had to fend for himself, living on wild chicken, mice, rabbits and a few table scraps.

Dad married in 1912, so Grandpa was alone most of the time. He liked to have the young boys come to visit him; Jim and Don McDonald and the Graham boys. I think he helped teach them to play the violin. He played very well himself and later gave his violin to Jim McDonald. Grandpa was a good blacksmith. He repaired



Baling hay at Osbornes.

Osborne family in hay field, 1930.

sleighs, wagons and farm machinery and built a hay sweep and stacker.

One summer, he put up hay on the north fork of Prairie Creek and had a cabin there. He stayed there for the winter and took some of Dad's cows to feed for the winter. Four of them fell through the ice on the creek and were drowned. Dad brought the rest home, but Grandpa stayed there for the rest of the winter. By spring, he and his horses had nearly starved, so he decided to come out to Dad's. When he arrived, a wheel had fallen off his wagon so he'd put a pole under the back axle and tied it up to the front to hold the back up enough to get home.

After that he moved to NE 28-38-8-W5, north of Dad's place. He stayed there most of the time until 1924. I used to go over to see him, or Dad would send me over with a message. I was 6 or 7 years old then. He always made me some tea and sometimes we'd have rabbit stew and bannock. Tea was made from Labrador tea or Hudson Bay tea which grew wild in the trees. Wild meat, deer, moose, chicken, rabbits, fish, beans, rolled oats, flour and wild berries in season were his main source of food.

There were many accidents with his horses. One day his team and wagon came racing to our house with no driver. Dad went to look for him. He had fallen off the wagon and struck his head on a tree. By the time Dad found him, he was coming to and wondering where he was! Another time he had gone for a load of hay. Frank Mills looked out to see the team running up the road with no wagon. He managed to get them stopped and tied to the fence, then went looking for Grandpa. He found him down in the hay field looking for his pipe. He always smoked

Raymond and Joan Osborne, 1920.

a corn cob pipe filled with tobacco cut from a plug he carried in his pocket. If he ran out of tobacco, he would try smoking different plants.

One time, he'd been hunting horses until dark, then he tried to find his way home. He couldn't find the way so he picketed the horse, and using the saddle for a pillow and the saddle blanket for a cover, he slept until daylight. He then realized he was just over the hill from his house.

It is said that Grandpa had his own still for making home brew. His great-great-granddaughter has the 8 gallon cream can he used for distilling. It has a hole in the lid for the pipe. In 1924, Mother and Dad moved to Grandpa Strong's place, NW 5-38-8-W5. So, Grandpa moved to Uncle Sid's house, SE 5-38-8-W5, to be near Dad. He lived there until he went back

Osborne children, 1921.

Osborne family, 1936.

to Washington. He only had two horses left, and gave one named Mickey to Raymond, and the other named Crabby, to Jessie. Grandpa passed away in Washington in 1933.

OSHUST, Joseph -Codner/Oras district

Joseph (Joe) Oshust immigrated to Canada from Trembowla, Poland, in 1923 at the age of twenty. Later, while working for the Canadian National Railways (CNR), he came to Calgary via Winnipeg and Swolwell. Joe met and married Dorothy Oneski in Calgary in 1927, and that same year was offered the job as foreman for the CNR in Codner. He accepted and, at the age of 24, was the youngest foreman in the Western Division.

Joe purchased a farm at NE 28-39-6-W5 shortly after arriving in Codner, but the family lived in a house belonging to the CNR for quite a few years. Most of their six children: Stella, Jack, Nick, Mary, Raymond and Margaret, were born there. However, just before the Second World War, the Oshusts built a home of their own on the farm.

The district's dirt roads were often impassable. At such times, if someone was ill or having a baby, Joe went to Rocky Mountain House to bring Dr. Greenaway back to Codner on the

speeder. The doctor was met at Codner by someone with either a sled or wagon (depending on the season), and was taken to wherever he was needed, then brought back to Codner where Joe would transport him back to town on the speeder.

In the 1930s Joe purchased a car. That was something! Great for shopping in Rocky Mountain House, six miles away. The family were also able to visit their neighbors more often. That is, if the roads were in good condition; some roads were trails for team and wagon only. During the depression hobos got off the train and came to the house looking for food. Dorothy fed them and they did small jobs in return. Natives often came by to ask for tea, coffee or sugar and whatever else she had to sell.

With the help of a hired hand, Joe eventually cleared enough land for hay and grain and spent most of his spare time planting and harvesting. Horses were used to pull the machinery. Occasionally the horses ran away causing damage to a piece of equipment which was repaired with a piece of wire and a pair of pliers, or the broken part was taken to the nearest blacksmith for repairs. Joe bought one of the first threshing machines in the area. He hired a man to look after it. The area farmers went to each others' farms to help with harvesting, threshing Joe's crop in payment for using his equipment.

On March 16, 1941, Joe enlisted with the Canadian Army in Calgary. He served in the United Kingdom, Central Mediterranean area and continental Europe. He was discharged on Oct. 29, 1945, as Lance Corporal. He received the Defense Medal, the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and a Certificate for distinguished service. In 1945 Joe returned to the farm and resumed work for the CNR, later taking early retirement due to a war disability. Joe spent his last few years in the Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary before passing away in 1987. His wife, Dorothy, predeceased him in 1964. His son, Jack, died in 1972; his daughter, Margaret, died in 1997; his daughter, Mary, died in 2000. His surviving children are: Stella in Deroche; Raymond in Port Renfrew, B.C.; and Nick who continues to farm a portion of the original farm at Codner. Joe had 12 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.

OTTESON, Bernard
submitted by Beverley Richardson

Joan and Bernard Otteson in 1979.

Bernard began his mechanics career by working in his dad's garage. Bernard married Joan Hilda Bignold on December 8, 1956. They moved to Lynn Lake in 1966 where he was a mine mechanic. In 1971 they moved to Duncan, B.C. where he was employed as mechanic with MacMillan Blodel until he retired in 1996. They had 2 children, Beverly Joan born May 30, 1957 and Rodney Bernard born March 5, 1969. Beverlymarried James Chisholm Richardson and they have 5 children: Teriena Lynn born December 29, 1974; Shelly Dawn born July 28, 1976; Sharlyn Claire born March 3, 1982; Brittany Amie Anne born June 9, 1984; and Benjamin James Edward born January 3, 1987. Teriena married James Smith and they have 2 children, Hailey Beverly Ann born August 30, 1995 and Kassidy Lynn born December 19, 1996. Shelly has 2 children, Stephen Michael born March 28, 1996, and Alyssa Helana born November 15, 2001.

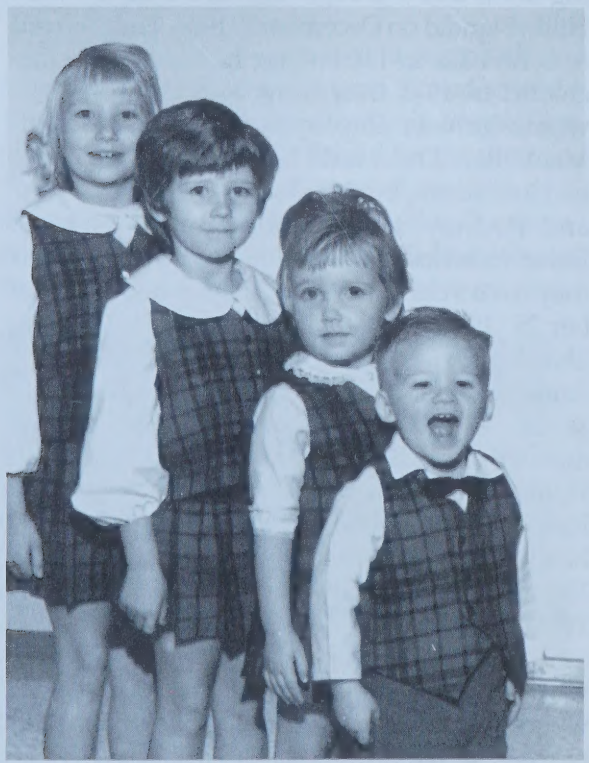
Rocky, as I remember it, was a small town where neighbors cared about each other; a place where tiger lilies grew wild, and cranberries and blueberries were abundant. Wildlife was everywhere and often the local family of coyotes visited us. The doctor made house calls, outhouses

were a common sight, TV and telephone were a novel new invention. Although I was only eight years old when I left Rocky, I still consider it my home, my safe haven.

OTTESON, Darlene
submitted by Darlene Pevach

Darlene married Jack Pevach from Leask, Sask. on July 5, 1960. They moved to Nordegg where Jack worked for Filipowicz Sawmill for about a year. They moved to Rocky and built their house outside of town. Jack continued to work lumbering for 2 years. Jack then worked on the rigs. In 1964 they moved to Saskatchewan. In 1972 they moved to La Ronge, Sask. where they have a successful taxi business called Jack's Taxi. Darlene also started an art business called "Definitely Art," at which she continues to work. She has some of her art work displayed in various art galleries. Art and music is now, and has always been a very enjoyable part of the family. They had 4 children: Terrie Darlene born June 5, 1961; Vickie Janette born December 25, 1962; Jacqueline Annette born December 11, 1964; and Richard John born November 4, 1966. Terrie is a carpenter and owner of Handi-Gal Home repair in Calgary. She has 3 children. Dawn Nicole was born January 30, 1979 and has one daughter, (our great grandchild), Danica Marie born July 1, 1999. Dalene Brianna Jean was born April 18, 1982 and Sean Rodney was born February 1, 1984.

Darlene and Jack Pevach. 1998.



Terrie Darlene, Vickie Jannette, Jacqueline Annette, and Richard John Pevach.

Vickie is an artist and writer. She has 3 children: Steven Gabriel born February 12, 1983; Darlene Laurel born June 21, 1985; and Jannette Clair born June 19, 1992. Jacqueline is an insurance broker with Cooperators Insurance Company. She has 4 children: Crystal Annette born February 5, 1987; Candace Marie born November 10, 1988(Passed away November 10, 1988); Kristopher Lance born September 3, 1990; and Ryan Neil born August 24, 1994. Richard installs security systems. His certificate was obtained from Kelsey Campus in Saskatoon. He has 2 children: Benjamin Jacob born March 28, 1990 and Jasmine Dawn born April 29,1993.

OTTESON, George

George (Joe) worked with his Dad in the garage. Joe married Ella Burbinsky in Rocky. They moved to Penticton in 1973 where Joe ran a second hand business. He always had a keen interest in playing piano. They had 2 children. Joey Eldon was born August 21, 1970 and is apprenticing for an electrician. Tammy Jean was born April 28, 1972. She is a sewing instructor. She married Hector Allen Symes and they have one child, Kyla Marie born May 31, 1992. They all reside in Kelowna. Joe passed away on March 11, 2000.

OTTESON, Jalmar
Submitted by Ronnie and Eleanora Otteson

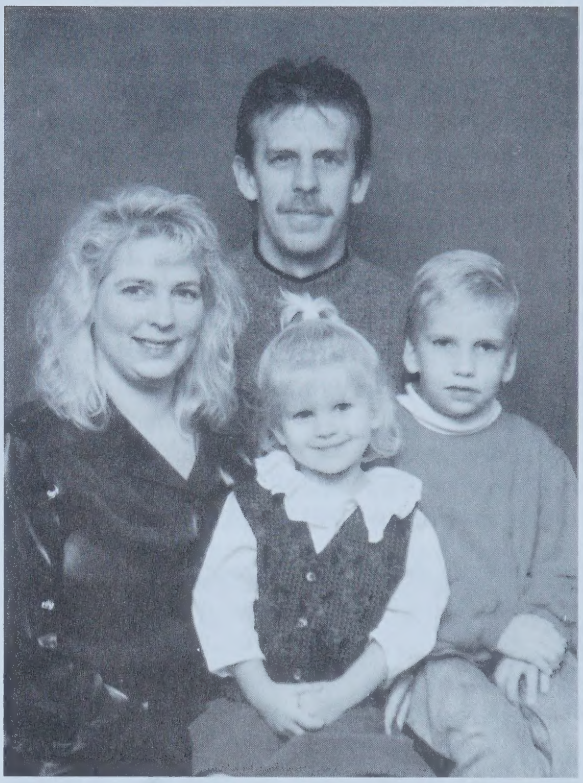
Jalmar Otteson Family – Darlene, Ronald, Clara, Jalmar, Joe and Bernard. Circa 1952.

Jalmar opened an auto wrecking and scrap iron business in 1947. In 1957 he added the service station. The business was known as Otteson's Garage.

Gordon recalls Harvey, as a young child, referring to Jalmar as "Juncle Almar." Despite the hard work and day to day struggles, they opened their home often to friends and family for weekend get-togethers, with Jalmar on the violin or the accordion and Clara on the piano. A note of interest while they were living in Rocky, Clara was struck by lightning. She was doing dishes and the lightning hit a pipe above the sink. She was thrown about five feet and every dish in the sink was broken. When this happened the plumbing pipes and TV appeared to have had a blow torch taken to them. This was the start of a series of heart problems for Clara. It was believed to lead to her death in 1976. In 1973 Jalmar retired and he and Clara moved to Summerland, B.C. Jalmar spent many hours, during retirement, writing a book as he was always searching for truth in life. The book was published titled "Nuggets of Inner Sense". He also enjoyed painting in his later years. Jalmar passed away in 1991.

Jalmar and Clara had 4 children: Ronald Norman born May 8, 1936; Bernard Martin born February 26, 1939; Darlene Carol born January 14, 1944; and George Dale Born Sept 27, 1947.

Ronnie left Rocky in 1955 and settled in Cherryville, near Lumby, B.C. He worked in lumber camps for a few years, then began his own business- Otteson's Sawmill and Logging



Whileen, Stan, Dylan and Alyssa Plantenga, 2001.

in 1961. More recently sand and gravel products are their mainstay. Ronnie married Eleanora Myrtle Schwartz on October 1, 1962. They had 4 children: Roxieanne Marie born July 12, 1963, passed away May 27, 1970; Sharon Jaylena born November 7, 1964; Whileen Allison born June 22, 1968; and Jay Ronald born April 14, 1970. Sharon married Morgan William

Back row: Morgan, Sharon, and Logan Harvey; Jay Otteson, Stan Plantenga. Second row: Meghan and Durell Harvey, Ronnie and Eleanora Otteson, Ryan Harvey, Whileen and Dylan Plantenga.

Harvey on February 14, 1981 and they have 4 children: Logan Matthew born February 15, 1983; Ryan Christopher born April 9, 1985; Durell Owen born November 16, 1987; and Meghan Ann Marie born March 30, 1991. Sharon and Morgan live near Ronnie and Eleanora. Whileen married Stanley Plantenga on June 1, 1991. They have 2 children, Dylan Reese born August 27, 1994 and Alyssa Marie born January 27, 1998. They live in Abbotsford, B.C. Jay lives next to Ronnie and Eleanora and is a partner in the wood lot division of their business.

OTTESON, Martin
submitted by Joyce Brosinsky

Martin Otteson Family, circa 1910. Martin and Anna Otteson with children, Norman and Jalmar (on knee).

Martin Otteson (1877-1972) and wife Anna (1880-1947) emigrated from Norway arriving in Minneapolis around 1905, where he was employed as a cabinet maker. Norman Oscar was born November 26, 1906 and Jalmar (Hjalmar) Bernard born Jan 29, 1909. They moved to Saskatchewan in 1912, where they homesteaded approximately 30 miles southeast of Macklin, Sask. They traveled to such points as Biggar, Luseland and Macklin for supplies.

Martin, Anna and Jalmar moved to Rocky area in 1932 homesteading in the Everdell district. (This location is now owned by Ironsides). Norman stayed in Sask. operating a watch repair service and moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1934. We recall picking berries in abundance on the old homestead. Jalmar had his own homestead two miles north of Everdell Hall until 1944 when he sold and bought one acre one mile south of Rocky (Old Town). Martin and Anna also moved about that time, buying 5 acres two miles south of Rocky, which was known as the Hart Place. The house is still standing and is presently owned by Leroy Leppke.

Martin or "Pa" as he was fondly called by his family had a great love of music. Bernard remembers Pa walking into town to sit in the church just to listen to people sing and hear the music. He also had a passion for carpentry. These traits have been passed down through the generations. In 1964, (at the age of 87), Martin Otteson ("Pa") went to Norway with his niece Clara Fisher. He stayed in the same house as he lived in as a child. When Pa returned in 1968, he lived with Jalmar and Clara. Pa passed away in 1972.

OTTESON, Norman
submitted by Joyce Brosinsky

Norman Otteson married Gladys Griffin on December 4, 1936 in Rocky. Gladys' parents were Joseph (1877-1963) and Esther Griffin (nee Bull) (1875-1942) who emigrated from England in 1895 and eventually settled in Dauphin, Manitoba. They had three children: Grace Edith (Feb 3, 1909-Oct. 4, 1909); Gladys Lovering born July 28, 1910; William Clifford born Nov 27, 1915. They were all born in Lovering Park, Dauphin. They moved to Sask. and homesteaded in the Macklin area in 1915. Esther Griffin cooked for threshing crews and was known as a "great cook."

When it became difficult to survive off the land the family moved to Sydney, B.C. in 1921 where Joseph worked in the limestone quarry. This area later became the Butchart Gardens. In 1923 they moved to Alberta and settled in the Horburg district where he cut and hewed ties for the C.N.R. They moved to Rocky in the early

December 4, 1936. Norman and Gladys Otteson wedding day.

1930s. Joseph worked in lumber camps for a few years, then established the Evergreen Auto Court. It consisted of their home, three other houses and a few cabins with a central playground area. This location is now known as Evergreen Trailer Court.

Clifford Griffin was a carpenter, traveling around Alberta building grain elevators and worked on the construction of the Banff Springs Hotel. He also worked at the brick plant in Redcliff. He was then employed by Atlas Lumber Company. He and Slim Fenc were known as the best tie loaders in the country. He also drove truck, hauling lumber and was a tie inspector. Gordon recalls several memorable adventures with Cliff. He married Rene Kelly on October 5, 1951. They did not have any children. I remember Cliff as a big strong man who was very kind and generous. He was known for his dedication to the sport of baseball and appreciated for his coaching ability. Cliff passed away Nov. 28, 1960.

Joyce, Gordon, Harvey, and Grace Otteson, 1947.

Norman and Gladys settled ½ mile west of the old Post Office,(south of Evergreen Auto Court). Norman opened Otteson's Jewelry and Watch Repair about 1944 on Main Street, next to Heatherdale Bakery (now Henry's Western Wear) which was known to the family as "The Shop." Gladys worked off and on at both hotels, and Petrocan Restaurant and was a renowned cook. Norman and Gladys moved to Calgary in 1969. Norman repaired watches for several stores in Calgary including the Bay, for a while until his health gave out. He passed away March 5, 1980. Gladys moved back to Rocky in 1981 residing at the Acton House. She worked at JB Crafts & Hobbies when she was able. She passed away on January 7, 1986.

Norman and Gladys had four children: Charles Gordon born Feb. 7, 1939; Grace Esther born April 26, 1944; Joyce Ann born July 20, 1945; and Harvey Wayne born May 7, 1947. We all attended school in Rocky Mountain House. As of this writing, all now reside in Rocky. One of our fondest memories of growing up in Rocky was of our natural playground. We often played down by the river, whether it was hiking, swimming, fishing, climbing, on or around the trestle, or the falls, digging caves, skating, or going on a picnic.

I remember visiting Cliff and Rene, having wonderful meals and listening to their new record player. On occasion we went to Jalmar and Clara's and had a great time with Darlene and Joe singing or playing piano and Jalmar on the violin. Darlene and Joe won many awards for their musical ability at local talent shows.

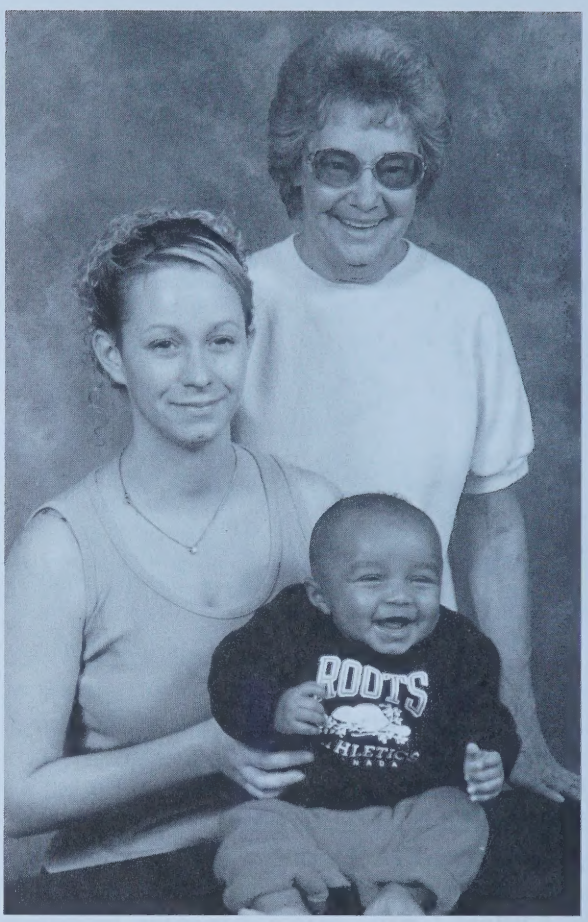
Gordon was the second baby born in the "new" Rocky Hospital. Gordon worked in the sawmill industry, primarily for Walter Filipowicz from 1957 to 1960. He then worked for a few years in the freight business. He hired on with Speight Construction in 1971, and is still employed with them, in administration. Gordon

married Audrey Lanoie on June 25, 1960. They had one child, Cheryl Ann, born November 10, 1960. Cheri lives in Eckville with Don Eftoda. They have two cats named Black and Blue. Gordon and Audrey divorced in 1976. Gordon married Lynne Doreen Scott on June 17, 1978. Lynne has 4 children: Kerry Swain born Apr 13/61; Kevin Swain born Aug 16/62; Shaunna Swain born July 25/65; Karen Hamel born Oct 11/68. Randi-Lee (Shaunna's daughter) who lived with Gordon and Lynne, now has a son, Tristan Gordon Swain-Otteson born May 8, 2001. They have seven other grandchildren. Lynne passed away January 21, 2002.

Grace has four children: Wanita May born March 5, 1962; Monica Eve born March 2,1963; Anthony(Tony) James born August 4, 1967; Michael Jack born October 11, 1974. Grace married Norman Stasuik on May 15, 1974. Grace and Norman are divorced. Grace followed in Mom's footsteps and also became a "great cook." She has worked in many restaurants and camps in Alberta. She is presently cook at the Legion in Rocky.

Wanita married John Fox July 7, 1979. They had 4 children: Shane born November 23, 1983; Christopher born October 17, 1987 (who lived for 29 minutes, dying from Potter's Syndrome); Tessa born December 3, 1991; Joseph Norman born December 8, 2000. Wanita works for Calgary Housing Co., and John works for a residential painting company. Monica has 3 children: Allan Norman born May 9, 1982; Clayton John born August 2,1983; Nicole Marie born December 13,1986. Monica lives in Rocky with her partner Tad Weber. Monica is Nevada Manager at the Legion. Tad works for Bunch Welding. Tony has one son, Keifer Shawn Michael Bates born September 10, 1997 and lives in Calgary. Keifer has Alstrom Syndrome. Tony has a keen interest in computers and does maintenance work. Michael's partner is Darlene Rogoza and they live in Calgary. Michael works for Nu Grow Fertilizer plant and is presently obtaining his millwright ticket.

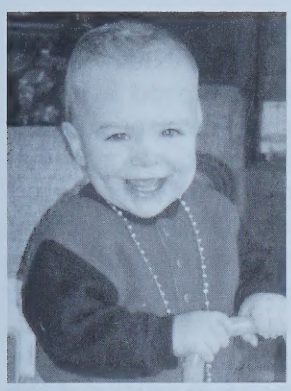
Joyce married Kurt Wunsch in 1963. They had one son, Darrell Alan born on January 1, 1964. They moved to Calgary in 1967. Joyce transferred with CIBC and continued to work for the bank until 1981. Kurt and Joyce divorced in 1976. Kurt passed away in 1996. Joyce



November 2001. Lynne Otteson with Randi-Lee and Tristan.

transferred to Red Deer in 1976 with the bank. An acquaintance, Ray Brosinsky, worked there at the time. Ray had been married to her friend, Jean Cook, who had passed away in 1975. Ray and Joyce were married February 5, 1977. Ray had 2 children; Heather Lynn born September 22, 1969 and Stephen David born August 26, 1971. In 1981 they purchased Phyl's Crafts and it became JB Crafts & Hobbies. Ray left the Bank in 1982 and worked for 3 years as bookkeeper at Pidherney's. The store allowed Joyce to pursue her art, both personally and in teaching classes. Ray founded the Rocky Barnstormers R/C Club, a radio-controlled airplane club, which worked well with that aspect of the store. They had the advantage of their hobbies being an integral part of their livelihood. Joyce also enjoys playing piano.

Darrell married Norine Dahms in 1990 and they had two children, Teagan Marie, born Sept 28, 1990 and Brennen Alan, born February 1,



December 2001. Joey Fox.

1993. Darrell and Norine divorced in 1995. Darrell married Tammy Yelland on July 8, 2000. Tammy has 2 boys, Jonathan David Charles Ens born on April 28, 1990 and Mathew James Murray Ens born on January 8, 1993. They are now a family of 4 children and live in Rocky. Darrell owns and operates Rocky Vending, distributing arcade games, pool tables, juke boxes, cranes, etc., to a variety of locations in Alberta. Tammy works for Child Welfare. Darrell has a passion for motorcycles. In 1999 he won the National 250 Intermediate Ice Racing Championship and has won several other biking awards. All the family enjoys trail riding and camping.

Heather married Terrance Gray on July 31, 1993. They have 2 children, Nolan Mathew born March 20, 1996 and Kieren Jean born January 18, 1999. They reside in Rocky. Heather has a Bachelor of Commerce Degree and is currently pursuing an accountant designation. She also has a home based accounting business and provides part time child care. Terrance works for

November 2001. Back row: Heather Gray, Leanne, Ray, Tammy, and Teagan Brosinsky. Middle row: Terrance Gray, Stephan, Joyce and Darrell Brosinsky, Jonathon Ens. Front row: Nolan, Kieren, Jalayna, and Brennen Brosinsky. Matthew Ens.

January 2002. Back row: Clayton Stasuik, Shane Fox, Michael Stasuik, Allan Stasuik, Tad Weber. Middle row: John Fox, Wanita Fox, Grace Otteson, Monica Stasuik, Tony Otteson. Front row: Tessa Fox, Keifer Bates, and Nicole Stasuik.

Keyspan Energy (previously Gulf Canada). Terrance enjoys being an assistant coach for Nolan's hockey team. The entire family enjoys camping, especially at the Gray homestead west of town.

Stephen married Leanne Nemeth on April 13, 1998. They have one girl, Jalayna Rae born August 14, 2001. Stephen has recently transferred to the North Hill branch of the Parkland Savings & Credit Union, (their largest branch) as manager. He began his banking career in the Rocky Credit Union. They now live in Red Deer.

A point of interest and great coincidence occurred when Ray and Joyce attended a Brosinsky Family Reunion held near Macklin, Sask in 1988. An uncle of Ray's said "Oh yes, he knew the

January 2002. Don Eftoda, Cheri Otteson, and Gordon Otteson.

January 2002. Angela Burton, James Burton, Harvey Otteson, Diane Otteson, Stephanie Otteson, with Serena Burton in front.

Ottesons; they just lived over there," as he pointed across the fields. They were neighbors. He recalled that Norman used to fix their pocket watches. He remembered that Jalmar was sometimes upset with his brother, because he should be out working in the fields not tinkering with watches. Another coincidence is that Ray's mom, Katie Brosinsky, and Joyce's mom, Gladys Otteson, actually attended the same school for a time in the Barryville district.

Harvey worked for a while on rigs then began his trucking career, first with Gordon, then in 1968 he set up his own business, Rocky Fast Express, which is still running. He married Diane Marie Taylor on November 7, 1970. They had 2 girls, Angela Rose born April 16, 1971 and Stephanie Marie born April 13, 1977. Harvey is an avid archer and bow hunter. Even as a teenager he began perfecting his skills. Harvey was one of the original group to establish the first local archery range and is still very much involved. Diane also shoots long bow beginning in 1996. They attend several archery shoots across western Canada each year and have won many awards. Harvey and Diane are among the top long bow archers in Alberta. Harvey is also a renowned bowyer, building long bows and operates under the name of Willow Craft Archery. Diane has taught piano for many years and is currently teaching Teagan.

Angela married James Burton in July 24, 1994. They have one daughter, Serena Rose born December 8, 1994. James works for Rocky Fast Express and they live in Rocky. Stephanie works and lives in Calgary.

OWCHAR, Fred and Nancy

Fred and Nancy, along with Nancy's son, Kazamer (Top) Toporowski, moved from the Ukraine to Drumheller where their sons, Walter and Alberta, were born. Fred worked for the Canadian National Railway and was transferred from Drumheller to the Oras/Codner section. He and his family relocated to that district in 1935, purchasing a quarter section of land (SE 33-39-06-W5). This is where their son, Edward, and daughter, Alice, were born. The family farmed, and Fred continued to work for the C.N.R.

Son, Kazamer, joined the army during the second World War. While overseas, he met and married Alma Rodgers. When the war ended the young couple came "home" to Oras where they took over the family farm. Kazamer also worked on the railway, while Alma operated the Oras Post Office out of their farm home. Later, Kazamer, Alma and three daughters, Dierdrie, Velma and Teresa, moved to Calgary where they still reside.

Fred, Nancy and family transferred to Calgary where Fred worked. After retirement, Fred and Nancy moved back to the Oras farm, residing there until their passing, Fred in 1981, at the age of 83, and Nancy in 1996 at the age of 95.

Walter distributes his time between his home in Olds and the Oras farm. His children are Darrell and Donald. Albert lives in Calgary; his children are Ramona, Vicki and Greg. Edward and his wife, Jackie, live in Rocky Mountain House; their children are D'Arcy, Darren, Dalmane, Dorraine and Derrick. Alice and Brian Docherty live in Vancouver, B.C.; their children are Marcia, Janice and Coreen.

PAISLEY, Bert and Lillian Family
written by their grandson, John C. Reid

Albert Cecil (Bert) Paisley was born in Joly Township near Sundridge, Ontario, in 1895 and moved to Northeastern Saskatchewan before WWI. In April 1916 he enlisted in the 65th Overseas Battalion of the Canadian Army in Saskatoon. He served in England and France with the 44th Battalion and was discharged in June 1919. His twin brother (William Francis Paisley) was killed in action and is buried in Belgium. After the war, Bert returned to the Nipawin area.

Lillian Grace Klein was born in Coxby, Saskatchewan, in 1901, and was raised in the Melfort district where her grandfather was a well-known builder and her father a local farmer. As a young woman, she worked in the creamery office and was always known in Melfort as "Sis." There were always ice cream cones for Sis's kids when they visited the creamery in later years.

Bert and Lillian were married in Humboldt in 1924. Their first child, named William Francis, was born later that year, but died in 1926. Their second child, Ervin Lyle, was born in 1925, followed by Norma in 1927, Stewart in 1932, Sheila in 1934, Shirley in 1935, and the latecomer, Maxine in 1944. Their second son, Lyle, died in 1937 just before his twelfth birthday and is buried near his brother at the Ravine Bank Cemetery near Nipawin.

Bert's first farm was southeast of Nipawin where he lost the lower part of his right leg in a farm accident at threshing time. About 1930, they moved to a new farm north of Nipawin where Norma, Stewart, Sheila and Shirley attended the country school at Elkdale. In the fall of 1942, the family left that area and moved by train to Trail, BC, where Bert worked in the smelter. In one of his jobs there, he had to walk with his artificial leg along open narrow gangplanks over large vats of acid. One of his relatives once fell into one of the vats and was seriously injured. After living in Trail one year, they moved to nearby Fruitvale for a year and a half. It was here that Maxine was born.

In the spring of 1945, Bert quit working at the smelter. He built a trailer to carry all of their belongings and, hooking it behind a large Hudson car that had a powerful straight eight motor, they migrated back to the prairies. Bert's nephew, Cecil Paisley, accompanied the family and became an expert tire changer, usually having to repair flat tires several times each day. When they reached central Alberta, they had no more gas coupons so they took a hotel in Red Deer and began the search for property. The kids were quite impressed with hotel living, but one got into some problems when she couldn't get the tap shut off in the bathroom and could not get the door unlocked either.

A Realtor gave them more gas coupons so they could drive out to see the farms he had listed for sale. The five kids were left in the hotel while Bert and Lillian went looking at farms. Being the eldest child, Norma was responsible for the others and was left 25 cents with which she could entertain them. She found that a nickel ice cream cone could be passed around amongst them to buy peace for quite a good period of time, five times a day.

The farm they settled on was the NE-12-39-6-W5 in the Alhambra district. When they drove to it, the roads had no gravel and were in their finest springtime form. However, the Hudson car kept in the muddy ruts and got them to the property. There was a house along with a few outbuildings. Cattle were raised, as the land was low and not suitable for grain production. Wild grass was cut for winter feed and put up in stacks using sweeps and overshot stackers. Bert had difficulty running the dump rake with his artificial leg, so the older children usually had that job. One year, excessive summer rains resulted in very poor feed and the cows barely made it through the following winter.

In 1956, Bert and Lillian moved to Fort Nelson in Northern B.C. where Bert worked at the army base in the canteen and as a janitor in the shop. Two of their married children (Stewart and Frances Paisley and Sheila and Charlie Altwater) also moved to Fort Nelson, and the three families lived near each other. While there, a number of grandchildren were born, and Maxine met and married Merle Hanson. They were still living in Fort Nelson, when Bert and Lillian sold the Alhambra farm and bought a house near the north end of Rocky's main street (5227-50 St.). About 1961, they moved into that house and lived there for the rest of their lives.

Bert lived to hunt and fish, and the family has many tales about his exploits. One of his granddaughters only recently admitted skipping school to go fishing with her grandfather. When they were too long at the fishing hole, and she missed the school bus, they would concoct a story to cover themselves. Lillian enjoyed going out to the bush with him, but she rarely cast a line herself. She happily cooked the catch and was a terrific baker. Their children and grandchildren frequently stopped in to visit, especially with their proximity to the arena and schools. Lillian died in April 1974 and Bert in February 1980.

Their children were married as follows: Norma to John Reid in 1947; Stewart to Francis Benz in 1956; Sheila to Charlie Altwater in 1954; Shirley to Sam Von Hollen in 1954 (Sheila and Shirley had a double wedding); and Maxine to Merle Hanson in 1960. All of the grandchildren except the Hansons were raised at Rocky.

PAISLEY, Stewart and Frances

Stewart was born in 1932 in Nipawin, Saskatchewan, the fourth child of Albert and Lillian Paisley. He started school in Elkdale, Saskatchewan, and in 1942 moved with his family to Trail, B.C. From there the family moved to Fruitvale, B.C. and lived there until the war ended in 1945. The family then moved to a farm at Alhambra, Alberta, where he finished his schooling. Stewart worked at farming, trucking and bush camps until meeting Frances whom he married in 1956.

Frances was born to Mike Charles Benz and Mary Elizabeth in 1928. She attended the North Caroline School, moving to Vancouver, B.C. when she was twelve or thirteen years old, where she finished her schooling. Three years later she moved back to the Caroline area to help on the family farm because her dad and four brothers were building roads. Frances later moved to Rocky to work in the telephone office until she and Stewart were married.

Their first child, Frances Lillian, was born on March 29, 1957. When their daughter was six months old, the Paisleys moved to Fort Nelson, B.C. where three more children were born: Cheryle Elizabeth (September 2, 1958); Pat Marie (September 29,1958); and Duane Stewart (February 4, 1962). They then moved back to Rocky Mountain House in 1962, and Darren Thomas was born (June 29,1965).

Stewart and Frances remained in Rocky, during which time Stewart worked trucking and apprenticed as a mechanic. He worked 24 years for the Alberta Transportation Department until retiring in 1995.

The Paisleys have 10 grandchildren: Frances and Vern Stevenson's children, Carrie, Kelsy, Angela and Riley; Cheryle and Colin McKenzie's son, Jared; Pat and Gordon Cowan's children, Dionne and Cassandra; Darren and Lana Paisley's children- Jessica, Lindsay and Kyle.

PAPINEAU, Mabel
interview by Janna Grandy
writer Marian McEwen

Mabel was born on March 15, 1925, in Kelsey, Alberta, to Anna (Schweer) and Stanley Page. Her mother, Anna, was born in Rutherfield, Minnesota, and was a very busy, hard working woman, raising her family and working on the farm. Her father, Stanley, was born in Perry, Iowa. Mabel's grandfather, Arnold Schweer was born in the States, as well. Her maternal great-grandparents were born in Germany, and her paternal great-grandparents were from France.

Mabel's father was a very kind, loving gentleman who was always ready to give a helping hand to anyone who needed it. Mabel says she preferred working outside with her dad rather than working inside with her mother. She attended Western Sunset School, a one-room building, and remembers her teachers, Shirley Shephard and Mrs. Montgomery. Her favorite memories are of the school picnics and concerts which were really big community events, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed them.

Mabel had many hobbies, and especially loved to sew, paint and knit. However, there were always lots of chores to be done, and each of her siblings had, among other things, a calf to raise. The family had lots of pets: cats and dogs, although no cats were ever allowed in the house.

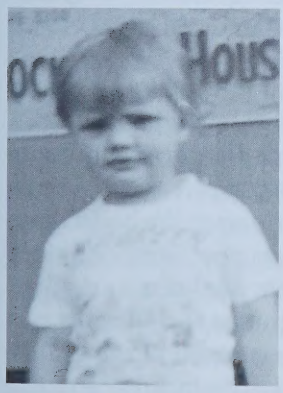
At age eighteen, Mabel began working in a boarding house, but didn't like that type of work. Some friends suggested she go to work at the hospital. She did, and enjoyed her hospital work immensely. One day a friend invited Mabel to go for coffee, and she was introduced to the friend's brother. He had a dirty face (he was a garage mechanic), so she was not too impressed. Later on she met him again and didn't recognize him. The gentleman's name was Lewis Russell Papineau, and a year and a half later (on December 24, 1944), they were married in Tees, Alberta. Their first home was two rooms at the back of a house in Lacombe, and they lived there for the next two years. After that they moved to Clive, returning to Lacombe some time later. Next they lived in Edmonton for nine years, and Sherwood Park for three years. Later, they returned to Red Deer, before moving to Rocky Mountain House in 1969.

The years of marriage to Russell, when she was raising her family, were Mabel's happiest times. She and Russell had four children: Sandra (56 years-old), Bill (48), Don (46) and Yvonne (42) in 2002. She now has twelve grandchildren as well as five great-grandchildren. Her husband, Rusty (Russell), passed away a few years ago due to complications from diabetes. Mabel continued living alone in her home until her health declined. She now resides in Westview Lodge in Rocky Mountain House.

Mabel was not too happy when they first moved to Rocky Mountain House—she thought Rocky was a dump. However, Rusty had opened a business, "Rocky Transit," and she had to stay. For many years she worked for the Hudson Bay Company. Later, she and Rusty took over the Rocky Bus Depot, during which time they made many good friends. Today, Mabel can't imagine living anywhere else. Rocky is indeed her home!

Paquette family: Rhonda, Karen, Phil, December 2001.

PAQUETTE, Karen (King)



Karen King, two years old, August 1957.

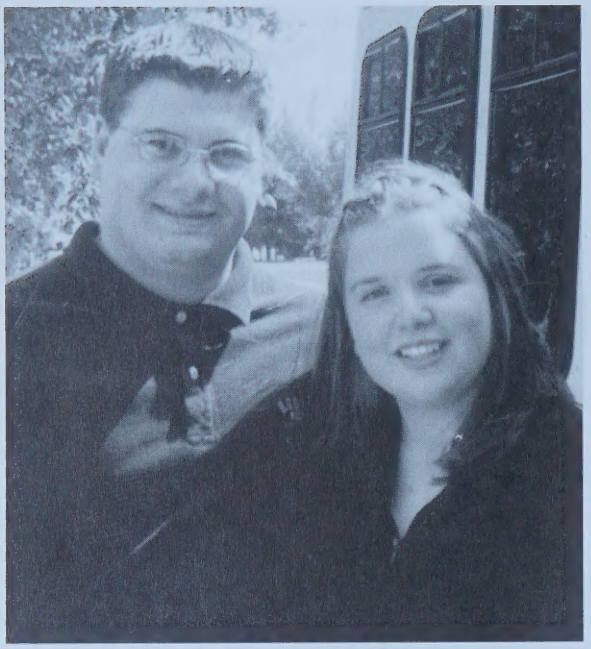
Julie Paquette, daughter of Ryan Paquette and Vanessa Yalte, February 2001.

I was born in the old Rocky Mountain House Hospital in 1955, first child of Lloyd and Florence King. I was one of the hundreds of children in this area delivered by Dr. Hein, and attended to by Nurse "Hoppy" (real name unknown). All four of my brothers and sisters were also born in this hospital. At that time, children were not allowed in as visitors; we had to wait at the bottom of the stairs.

Highway 11 used to curve to the west where the present high school is now, and as you continued down the hill, there was very little development to the north. What is called 60th street now, at that time was the Frisco road, heading out of town. I remember a very small ice cream stand that opened up in what seemed like the middle of nowhere along Highway 11, about halfway down the hill. I thought that was a real novelty being able to drive right up to the window to place your order.

In the summer several of the kids from our neighborhood would make a picnic lunch and set out for the "Big Rock." It was quite an adventure and a very long walk all the way to the north end of town and across a big field. At that time the big rock was situated out of town in the middle of the forest. We had a great time crawling all over the rock and wearing out the seat of our pants sliding down so many times.

We used to make trips down to the falls, by the North Saskatchewan River. As you walked along a narrow little path that wound along the top of the bank you could hear the water rushing far below. It was the perfect place to play games of hide and seek or cops and robbers. The train trestle was close to the falls. We had been warned by our parents of dire consequences if we ever went near it. However, I remember trying to get up enough nerve to walk across. I never was brave enough and to this day I am afraid of heights, but I know some of the other kids did it. We also spent time playing in and around the old railway station. It was a very grand old building with beautiful wall paper on the upstairs walls. There were old railway tickets and papers scattered throughout, and we used to pretend we had tickets to take the train to exotic



Ryan Paquette and fiance, Vanessa Yalte, July 2001.

places. It was a real shame when it burned down as it would have been the perfect historic building to restore. There were many interesting places to explore around the town, and we didn't have all the structured activities children have now, so there was always plenty of free time to create our own fun.

In the winter, my dad used to clear the snow for skating on the river. This is something you can't do now; the river doesn't freeze over anymore, because of the Big Horn Dam. We also skated on an outdoor rink located where the Tamarack Motor Inn is now. Skating was a very popular activity and the rink was always packed with people of all ages. My dad had endless patience as he had to bring us there, tie our skates and wait until we were ready to go—and we never wanted to leave.

In the summer, if we wanted to learn to swim, we had to take lessons at Crimson Lake. There were several buses that made stops around town to pick up kids and transport us to the beach. Even back then, there were "blood suckers" (leeches) in the lake, and one time my sister sat in the shallow water for too long and, when she stood up, they were all over her legs. That caused quite a commotion and people came running from all over and started rubbing sand over her legs. To this day, I never sit still for long in that lake.

I went to school at Rocky Elementary, and I have fond memories of the many fine teachers who taught there over the years. I especially remember Mrs. Tina McCabe. She was the most wonderful teacher, who always had a smile for everyone. I was a member of the Centennial Choir, trained by Mrs. McCabe. We were led into the National Historic Park for the Centennial festivities by Bobby Gimby and his jeweled trumpet. He was well known at the time for writing the Centennial Song for Canada in 1967. In high school, we also had many interesting teachers. How can I forget Mr. Forrest Bird and his science experiments? One day, something went wrong using vinegar and baking soda and the concoction blew up. Some of us got sprayed and the acid ate through my nylons, to the point they fell right off. By the time I got home, the front of my dress was full of holes, too. There was a school rule: girls were not allowed to wear jeans in school. So, in the winter we had to walk to school in those ridiculous mini skirts, which were so popular back then, and freeze our legs, or wear long pants over our nylons. Things have certainly changed over the years.

We used to go to movies at the Lux Theatre and also the Rainbow Theatre, which was located where Meyers Norris Penny Accountants offices are now. The admission price was 15 cents and we would be given a quarter. We had a dime left over to buy popcorn or pop, but not both. I used to babysit for 35 cents per hour, and when I was older, bought cigarettes for 50 cents per package. When I was very young, I remember the curtains on the pool hall windows and the fact that women weren't allowed in. I was a teenager when the wooden sidewalks on main street were replaced with concrete.

One of the first jobs I had was as a bookkeeper at Cony's Mutual Store. I was just out of high school, and full of ideas about how things should be done. I was amazed at the filing system used. It was right out of the past! The week's receipts would be wrapped up in brown paper, obtained from large rolls at the end of the counters, and tied with string that ran down from huge spools on the ceiling. The date was marked on the package with a grease pencil and hoisted up on to the stack, way above our heads, using a stick with a hook on the end. I marveled at "old Joe Cony," and the dexterity with which he retrieved the bundles.

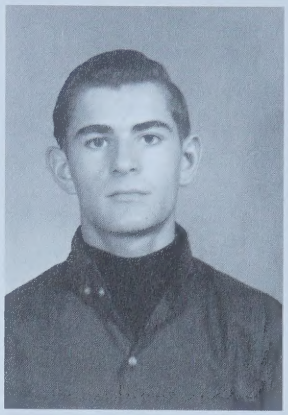
The town of Rocky Mountain House has grown and prospered, but still retains the charm and small town atmosphere that I grew up with. As children, we always felt safe and secure roaming about the town and the surrounding area. Rocky Mountain House has been a great place to raise our family. I met Philip Paquette in September of 1972, while we were both working at Vic's Parkland Service. We were married the following summer in the old St. Matthew's Catholic Church located at 5040-51 Street. We have resided in the Rocky Mountain House area since that time, and presently live 6.5 miles east of town. Phil has been in the trucking business for thirty years and I have worked at the Rocky Public Library for the past 19 years.

Our daughter, Rhonda Marie Paquette, was born in 1977 at the Red Deer Regional Hospital. Rhonda attended St. Matthew's Catholic School from Kindergarten to grade twelve and then went on to Mount Royal College in Calgary and Lethbridge University to earn a Degree in Fine Arts and also a Degree in Education. Rhonda is presently living in Edmonton and working towards her master's degree.

Our son, Ryan Philip Paquette, was born in 1979, also at the Red Deer hospital. He attended St. Matthew's Catholic School, Pioneer School and graduated from Rocky High School. He currently lives in Grande Prairie with his fiancée, Vanessa Yalte. Their daughter, Julie May Paquette, was born in 1999 at the Rocky General Hospital. Ryan works for Alberta Energy Corporation as a Field Operator, and Vanessa is a wonderful mom for our precious granddaughter. Ryan and Vanessa were married on June 29, 2002, at Rocky.

Rocky Mountain House will always be home to us. When I was a child, it was a really big deal to go as far away as Red Deer, and it seemed to take such a long time to get back home. There is a spot along Highway 11 where you get your first glimpse of the lights of Rocky. I always eagerly awaited seeing the lights of town because it meant we were almost home. That very spot is now at the end of our road, and I think about it often when I'm coming home from somewhere and I still feel glad to be almost home. I am also especially grateful for the fantastic view of the Rocky Mountains from our kitchen window in the mornings and the beautiful sunsets at the end of the day. That's all it takes to realize what a truly great place this is to live.

PAQUETTE, Philip
submitted by Philip F. J. Paquette



Philip Paquette, 1968.

I was born in 1951 in Leoville, Saskatchewan, second oldest son of Roch and Evelyn Paquette. I came to Rocky Mountain House in August of 1971, along with my younger brother, Fred, in search of employment. My oldest brother, Lionel, was living in Rocky at the time and was employed by Westview Plumbing, where he was taking his apprenticeship as a plumber. Fred and I both found employment at Harwill Construction the following day after our arrival in Rocky Mountain House. Our first job was spreading gravel with a rake and a shovel under the huge tanks at the propane loading dock west of town on Highway 11A. After about a week, I started driving a tandem gravel truck, and Fred started working as a helper in the truck shop.

I remember the old bridge on 11A had a wooden deck with a plank on each edge. We used to run the tires of our gravel trucks against the plank on the edge, and it would keep our mirrors from hitting the steel girders and give us enough room to meet each other.

When I first came to Rocky, the tourist information booth was located right in the middle of the highway, just west of where the present four way stop is at the top of main street. This was the main highway through town, leading out to the west country. I also remember the grain elevators and the Esso bulk station which were both located at the bottom of main street. The town was really booming at that time, and between the Top Hotel, and the Bottom Hotel, it almost cost you your life to try to cross main street on a Saturday night.

In March of 1972, I purchased by first gravel truck and started into the trucking business. Thirty years later I'm still trucking, hauling

gravel in the summer and logs in the winter. In 1973 I married Karen, oldest daughter of Lloyd and Florence King, and we have two children, Rhonda and Ryan (Vanessa) and one granddaughter, Julie. I have no plans to leave Rocky just yet as I consider this my home.

PARK, Kenneth and Gladys

Arlan, Howard, Rob, Wes and Dale Park, 1985.

Kenneth and Gladys Park were married in 1916. They lived and farmed in the Sibbald area until 1931 when they moved to the Leslieville area. Then in 1936 the family moved to Rocky Mountain House. They had a family of seven boys and two girls. Ken was the first caretaker of Rocky's first hospital. He worked at the hospital for five and a half years, then went to work for the Provincial Government and worked in many towns in Alberta.

In 1966 the Parks celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Ken passed away in Red Deer in April 1971. He was 83 years old. Gladys passed away in Edmonton in April 1982. She was 85 years old.

PARK, Robert and Dorothy
submitted by Dorothy Park

Robert Park, born in 1925, was the fifth child to Gladys and Ken Park. He took his schooling in Rocky Mountain House and started working at a young age. He worked for the Atlas Company and drove truck for Jack Edgerton. In the fall, he went harvesting in Southern Alberta before joining the army. He took his training in Wetaskiwin, Calgary and Debent, Nova Scotia. After that he sailed from Halifax to Scotland,

Rob and Dorothy Park and family.

then went by train to England, and from there to Belgium and Holland. He was in the army two years. He signed up to go to Japan, but the war ended and he was discharged. On returning to Rocky Mountain House, Rob drove truck for A. P. Fisher Co. He then worked for a construction company, helping to build a four room school in Rocky and an addition to the Bentley Hospital.

Rob married Dorothy Caton, the ninth child of Glen and Catherine Caton of Eckville. Dorothy came to Rocky to complete her grade twelve, before working in Killick's Stores and Brownlie's Drug Store. In 1950, Rob went to work for Teskey's Imperial Oil and he worked for them until 1958 when his brother-in-law, Rollie Hankinson bought the White Rose bulk oil business, which later became Shell Oil. In 1969, Rob bought Rollie's share of the business.

In the summer of 1957, Dorothy operated the concession booth at Crimson Lake. Then in 1968, Ken and Dorothy bought the Ray Zengel farm in the Dovercourt area, where they farmed and raised cattle. Both Ken and Dorothy were active in the Rocky community with the Legion, Sea Cadets, Scouts and Cubs, Brownies, minor hockey, Kinsmen, Kinettes and K 40. Rob was on town council and on the ADC Board. After selling the Shell Oil business in 1974, Rob worked as an assistant manager at the Rocky airport until 1981. That year they moved to Vernon, B.C. and still reside there.

In Vernon they belong to the Schubert Senior Centre, volunteering and enjoying many activities. They still have many friends and

Rob and Dorothy Park (50th Anniversary, Feb. 15, 1999).

relatives in Rocky Mountain House and area, and visit Rocky as often as they can. Their family consists of one son, Layton, who lives in Kelowna and three daughters: Patricia Harper; Darlene Scott; and Lori Barton. They are also very proud of their 14 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

PARKER, Martin, Hildred, Jim and Shirley
submitted by Theresa McKay

Jim Parker; Lawrence, Jenny Belle and Eva May Murgatroyd; Shirley Parker. Murgatroyd's house in background, leaving for Camp at Sylvan Lake in 1946.

A friend and Jim Parker on ferry.

Rocky Mtn. House has been called God's little paradise of scenery and forest wealth. It was here that our family moved to early in 1942. Dad had enlisted in the Army and was sent overseas soon after to serve in the front lines of World War Two. He would not return until 1945. Mom had accepted a teaching position at Oras and Jim and I were enrolled in school in town, Jim in Grade 2 and myself in Grade 1. And so began our life-long love affair with this place which Robert E. Gard described in his 1945 book, *Johnny Chinook* as, "a place that leads the way in the export of curious news items, friendliness to strangers and that special atmosphere that breeds adventure." We soon became convinced, like most that lived there, that Rocky was the best place in the world to live.

We left Rocky in 1952, too short a time to be called long-time residents and too recent to qualify as pioneers. However, for Jim and I, they were our growing up years of childhood, adolescence and youth and we would always call Rocky, "home." There were no structured playgrounds then or manicured parks groomed into a sterile sameness. With an almost virgin forest at our doorstep there was no need. The banks of the North Saskatchewan River, with its paths and ledges, spawned many daring adventures. Its backwaters formed our first swimming hole where, with determination and much furious

Shirley Parker, Martin Parker and brother Bert, Hildred Parker and Jim Parker.

paddling, we finally managed to stay afloat. When we grew older the waters of Slaught's pool, caught on the upper riverbank, was where we swam. And when it spilled its waters over the high bank we had our very own waterfall. There was no need for water fountains fashioned from cement.

The sawdust piles, left from the sawmills, were favorite haunts and in the lumber- yards our imaginations transformed the stacks of lumber into great cities crowded with a multitude of buildings.

In nearby ponds we launched homemade rafts. And in the vacant wooded lots that dotted the town we built imaginary castles, where sometimes our flights of fancy would become too real and send us fleeing home in terror, our legs pumping furiously to escape the phantoms our overactive imaginations had created. Berries of all kinds grew in abundance. In late summer we spent many hours in the sand hills west of town picking blueberries. If we didn't get enough Mom would buy them by the bucketful at Cony's store.

In the winter we rode our sleds down the hills in town. There were few vehicles on the streets then. When Mud Lake froze over we skated on its creaking surface and warmed up afterward by the bonfire burning on the shore.

We rode the ferry across the river in the summer. Other times we crossed over on the railroad bridge. I remember once being caught in the middle, by the train returning from Nordegg. There was no time to get off, so we clung to the edge while the huge monster roared and rattled its way past. I was only seven years old and with the train crew laughing and waving at us it seemed more exciting than frightening. Sometimes youth is too ignorant to be afraid.

The second year we were in Rocky, Mom took a leave of absence from teaching in order to finish her Grade 12 matriculation. When Jim learned she would be going to the same school as we were, he told her that she needn't expect him to walk with her to and from school. And, ever the worry wart of the family, when he heard she and some other students had got into trouble with Mrs. Stevens, the school principal, he worried that she would humiliate us all by getting kicked out of school.

When graduation day arrived for the Grade 12 class, Mom, on her way home from school, noticed a strange man working in Mrs. Stevens' garden. Getting help in those war years was almost impossible so Mom asked him if she could hire him to weed her garden. He was very courteous and said he'd love to do it but he was in town for only one night. That evening at the graduation exercises her face turned red when she saw the same gentleman seated at the head table. He was Dr. Owen, a professor from the University of Alberta and the guest speaker for the graduation ceremonies. Mrs. Stevens, a widow, and Mr. Owens were married not long after.

As I look back through my rose-colored glasses of distant memory I see a simpler life. Not many had telephones. Our radio with its battery, larger than itself, occupied a place of importance in our small living room. The influence of television was a long way off and the Internet was the stuff of science fiction. Invention often grew out of need. I remember one neighbor whose kitchen boasted a "dumb waiter" that lowered its perishables into a dugout on the north side of the house. And I remember feeling very modern and up-to-date when Les Becker installed electricity in our house and we acquired a shiny new refrigerator soon after.

Indoor plumbing was enjoyed by only a few. A tub in the middle of the kitchen floor was our bathroom on Saturday nights. A washstand stood in the corner with a washbasin; a pail of

water and the dipper was shared by everyone. Jim and I were known to ask each other which side the other had last taken a drink from. The ever present slop pail stood nearby, always seeming to need emptying out back, a chore Mom decided to do one day on her way downtown and instead absent-mindedly carried it all the way to the post office.

The privies, which stood out back of the houses then, are a memory which no rose-colored glasses can improve. They are a part of the simpler life, gratefully left behind, a fact which our neighbor, Mrs. Steenson, I know would agree with, as I'm sure she would rather forget the day "potty training" almost turned into disaster when her little "trainee" fell through the too large hole. Frantic for help she rushed into our house to get Dad. He wasted little time following her to the scene of the odious mishap, but by the time he got there the desperate mother had already ripped the whole toilet seat off and rescued the unfortunate tot. However, it was a very long time before Mrs. Steenson could look at her young daughter without giving her another good scrubbing!

I remember it was a time of unlocked doors and unfenced yards, when women and children walked safely after dark. A time when M.Y.O.B. was not the mindset because minding your neighbor's business was all about caring. Surely such times are "too worthwhile to forget." However, there was something special about Rocky that went beyond such things that were shared by most small towns then. Even its name had a romantic ring to it and residents stubbornly resisted early efforts by the railroad to change it to Lochearn. Its history of explorers, voyageurs, fur traders and Indians permeated the present. We learned the legends of the past. At the site of the Old Fort, we whispered in wonder about the cask of rum and cannons still said to be buried there, hastily abandoned during a sudden Indian raid. In our minds we pictured harrowing escapes made by boats on the river. And it all seemed very adventurous and romantic.

Many of the Indian tribes were still living their nomadic way of life, refusing to sign a treaty with the Great White Mother across the water. They set up villages of teepees wherever they pleased. The woods along the road to the Old Town was a favorite spot, and smoke curling upwards above the trees signaled their arrival in spring. It would be a visit only before they continued their summer travels. When Stampede time neared they came again, pitching their tents on vacant lots near the old stampede grounds. They held their Sun Dances at the appointed times and in the fall we waited for Chief Walking Eagle's weather prediction. We knew it was better than any scientific one. And it all seemed right and good.

Trappers came and disappeared into the forest for the long winter, reappearing in the spring with long hair and beards, disheveled and unkempt. Hunters were often seen in town, proudly displaying their catches. There were no animal activists then. When George Bugbee arrived in town with what was rumored to be one the largest bears ever shot, it seemed everyone in town rushed to the old post office where the huge beast could be seen, along with some magnificent specimens of cougars and wolves. This was the day our Spitz dog, Perky's cocky feistiness was quelled as he was seen slinking quietly home.

Gold panners came to pan for gold in the river. Who remembers the two men who began building a river boat along the trail to what we called the mouth of the river? We checked often on the progress of this fascinating project, anticipating eagerly its completion and subsequent launching. When we arrived one day to find all traces of them gone, we were sorely disappointed. A snapshot is my only proof they were not some Brigadoon created in my own imagination to appear for a time then mysteriously disappear.

One can't reminisce about those years in Rocky without remembering the many individuals helped make it what it was. I'm convinced Rocky had more colorful characters than almost any other place. Some came with a spirit of adventure, seeking the challenge of life on the frontlines of advancing civilization. Men like Ernie Ross and his small band of men, who ignored the naysayers and with enthusiastic determination, followed their dream, forging a trail west to the Banff-Jasper highway. Today we call it the David Thompson highway and travel its paved surface as it winds its way through, even yet, an almost pristine wilderness. Nonconventionals, such as Mrs. Tim Kirby, female blacksmith, and Myrtle (Raivio) Sands, woman

guide and outfitter extraordinaire, plied their respective masculine trades with apologies to none. They needed no organized movement to liberate them from society's restrictions.

There were the hermits and misfits, those non-conformists who came to Rocky to escape the straightjackets of civilized society. Others, whose families embarrassed by their eccentric ways, were sent to this last outpost of the west. Some, like our neighbor George Morrison, we laughed at (and with), and whose escapades earned him the nickname "Haywire" Morrison. I remember one night, he returned home from lumber camp and finding no one at home, ate the big pot of food warming on the back of the stove. George didn't know it was dog food. But maybe he didn't care. Another memorable evening while walking home with some friends, after enjoying a few drinks downtown, George was discovered to be missing. Upon retracing their steps, the friends found he had fallen in a freshly excavated basement. It was a very dark night. Our favorite Haywire Morrison story is best told in Jim's own words: "On a rather late, clear starlit night, George decided it was time to get back to camp. Leaving his home at the top of the 'river hill', he drove his half-ton down to the river. O.P. Thompson's ferry appeared to be on this side of the river so on he drove. George's vision never was that good for night driving, so before he realized O.P.'s ferry was on the other side, there were the cold waters of the North Saskatchewan washing at his armpits. He immediately bailed out, walked back up the hill, entered his kitchen to hear his wife exclaim, 'George, whatever happened to you! George snorted, 'Good gosh woman, don't you know it's raining cats and dogs out tonight!'"

John Plathan's Boys' Band was renowned throughout the area. And who could forget his large police dog, Skipper who, like his master, possessed a keen sense of community responsibility. It was said that he attended every town meeting of two or more people. When Mom played the piano in "Pickles" Yeatman's Band, Skipper accompanied her to all the Saturday night dances. He would lie at her feet until "The Last Waltz" was played, then like a true gentleman, escort her home. Of course it may have had something to do with the treat Mom gave him when he got there.

The church played a large part in our lives. We joined the Presbyterian Church, where I remember one certain man of the cloth felt constrained to give up his worldly passion for playing hockey after appearing in the pulpit one Sunday morning with a very black eye.

Many other individuals impacted our lives, such as Dr. Greenaway, who gave with no thought of getting paid. A healthy respect for the law was instilled in us by Ben Shantz Sr., our town policeman, whose presence struck fear into our young hearts when caught out after curfew. There were those who were our childhood mentors, the ones who led us in Scouts, C.G.I.T., choir and hockey and those who taught us in school, in music and in Sunday School. Francis Findlater, Mavis Becker, Mrs. Day, Reverend Mark and Reverend Marsh are just a few that come to mind. All helped form our values and attitudes in life.

Our Family History

Mom was born in Listowel, Ontario, in 1904 to Jim and Ada Cumberland. The Cumberland ancestral roots were all in Ireland. Ada's father, R.G. Roberts, also came from Ireland as a young boy. At the age of fourteen he began a successful teaching career and became known as " the boy teacher." Ada's mother, Salome Kimpel, came from Germany. The Kimpels preserved their native language by speaking it in their home. One of Salome's older sisters, known as the mischief-maker in the family, taught one of her suitors to greet her parents in German. When he proudly repeated to her parents what she had taught him he was mortified to learn he had said a rather naughty phrase in German. Obviously she wasn't hoping for a marriage proposal from this beau. A few German phrases had even filtered down to Mom. Jim and I and most of her pupils were familiar with her "Be still!" in German, which was somehow much more effective than in English.

As a youngster Jim Cumberland longed to go west and once asked his mother if he would ever see the Rocky Mountains. She answered, "No my son, you'll never see the Rocky Mountains." How wrong she was, for in 1912 Jim and Ada moved to Alberta with their young family, consisting of Mom and her two younger brothers, Nelson and Arthur. A younger sister was born in Alberta. In 1939 Jim Cumberland was buried

in sight of the Rocky Mountains. When the Cumberlands arrived in Alberta they bought land in Wittenberg. This was a German name, which was changed to Leedale during the First World War. The old Cumberland farm is now a part of the Leedale Hutterite Colony. Mom saw many changes over her 93 year life span. When the automobile arrived on the scene she told of one woman who drove off in their new-fangled machine, then couldn't remember how to stop it, so she drove around the streets of Rimbey until it ran out of gas.

In 1926 Mom earned her teaching certificate at Camrose. Her first school was in a little log school at Aurora with under ten students. The following year, 1927, the year of the cyclone in Rocky, she accepted a position at Glacier. This was her introduction to the Rocky area, but it was cut short when she came down with polio. After spending several months in the U. of A. Hospital with no improvement in her paralysis, her dad came and took her out, despite the dire warnings of the doctors. He placed her in the care of an osteopath, who soon had her walking again.

Much research has been done on Dad's ancestry, especially his mother's side whose McPherson/Lamb roots extend far back into America's colorful history. Most were Quakers of Scottish/Irish origin. They first settled in Virginia and North Carolina, then began to move north and west. Dad's grandfather was carried in his parents' arms as they traveled on horseback from N.C. to Indiana, crossing over the Appalachian Mountains and the Ohio river on their two month, 600 mile journey. Later they moved to Fairbury, Nebraska, where Dad grew up.

In the fall of 1919, Dad's parents, Harry and Della, visited Alberta, after hearing glowing accounts of the country from Della's sister. They found the rugged beauty of the area appealing and the cost of land was much cheaper than at home in the States, so bought a quarter of land west of Rimbey (NE 24-42-4-W5) with the intention of retiring there. Della returned early in 1920 with Dad, who had just turned fourteen, and his two sisters, Irma and Celia. Harry stayed in the States to continue his career as a station agent and telegrapher on the Rock Island Railroad. An older brother, Bert, also remained behind as he had just begun working on the railroad, too. The returning Parkers traveled the train, dubbed "The Peanut," which had to make frequent stops to open and close gates as the tracks crossed farmlands. In the small bustling frontier town, Della built a house and opened a millinery shop in the living room. She soon realized however that pioneer ladies weren't much interested in high fashion hats. Money was scarce so Irma, already a young lady, helped out by giving a few piano lessons, which were more often than not paid in farm produce. She also played for the silent movies and joined Gilbert Lloyd, whom she later married, in forming their popular "U-Tel-Um" dance band. Dad sometimes played the drums with them.

The Parkers finally rented their house in town and moved out to their farm. Dad's sisters weren't too enamoured by the move to their new home in the sticks, but Dad loved it. Even before they moved Dad would often batch there alone, traveling out on horseback, on an old Indian trail which wound its way around sloughs and bush. When he got there he often found several Indian families camped by the fresh water spring on the property.

Harry retired from the railroad in the summer of 1928 and joined his family in Alberta, but he and Della's dream of retiring on their pretty farm in the wilderness was not to be, for he died in December of that same year. Della died only four years later.

When Mom and Dad were married in 1930 they settled on the old Parker farm. Jim and I were born there respectively in 1934 and 1935. A younger brother was born in 1937, but died in 1940 of pneumonia. Penicillin was not in common use yet. Soon after, Mom returned to teaching. She finished her career in 1969 after teaching her last 12 years at Central Junior High in Red Deer. Dad, after returning from overseas, worked in the lumber business as a bookkeeper, until he and Mom retired to Edmonton.

Both Jim and I met our spouses in Rocky. In 1952 I met Serge Andreeff who was working for the C.N.R at Ferrier. Serge was born in Le Mans, France, in 1931. After the war, in 1947, he came to Canada with his parents, Nicolas and Anna. Serge and his dad both got jobs on the railroad. In 1961 Nick and Anna opened "Nick's Campground" in Sylvan Lake, which they ran successfully until 1972.

Serge and Shirley Andreeff.

Serge and I were married in 1953. The following year we settled in Sylvan Lake where we raised our four children. Theresa McKay, born in 1954, lives on 80 acres in the Centreville district, southwest of Sylvan Lake, with her two boys, Murray and Aaron. She works out of her own home as a computer consultant for Publishing Business Systems of Chicago, IL.

Nina Hay, born in 1958, lives in Red Deer with her husband, Harley, and their two children, Jesse and Jenna. Harley is employed by Novacor, and also runs his own video-product company, "First Frame Productions." Nina works as a cosmetician.

Jim was born in 1961 and lives in Lacombe with his wife, Christy (Schroeder) and their five children: Nicolas, Lucas, Katarina, Angelica and Alexa. Jim is a salesman with Trail Appliances in Red Deer. Christy works in Ponoka as a psychiatric aide.

Karen Fitzgerald, born in 1963, lives in Sylvan Lake with her husband, Rob, and their son, Sean. Rob runs his own welding shop in town. Karen graduated with honors from N.A.I.T. as a chemical technologist and was employed at the Red Deer College until she chose to become a full-time wife and mother after Sean, was born. Serge and I still live in Sylvan Lake and feel blessed that we have our whole family close to us.

Jim and June's children in 1986. John, Elizabeth, Joanne, and Rod,

Jim (Parker) met June Hillman when she was teaching school in Rocky in 1956/57. Both June's parents, John and Huldora, were of Icelandic origin and farmed in the Evarts district where June was raised. She and Jim were married in 1961. They eventually settled in St. Albert where they raised their four children. John was born in 1964 and now lives and works in Calgary. He has one son, James.

June and Jim Parker in 1986.

Joanne Shifter, born in 1966, presently lives in Lloydminster with her husband, John, and their three children, Justin, Jordan and Kaela. John is a heavy-duty mechanic. Joanne has worked for years as a fashion consultant for Zellers. Roderick, born in 1968, is a chosen son, received Dec. 19, 1968. He works as a machine operator in and around St. Albert. Elizabeth was born in 1972 and lives in St. Albert with her one daughter, Megan. She runs a daycare there.

Jim was, arguably, the more notable member of the Parker family. He completed his Master of Art in History in 1967 and initiated the University of Alberta Archives in 1968, serving as its director until 1990. That year he accepted a position as Area Manager of the Fort McMurray Oil Sands Interpretive Centre. It meant a return to the north he loved, and he looked forward enthusiastically to the opportunity to guide the development of the facilities. However he was killed in a car-truck accident while touring with an Edmonton Sun reporter around the historic sites. Flags, lowered to half-mast in Fort McMurray and at the University of Alberta in Edmonton were a silent tribute paid showing the high regard his colleagues and friends held toward him. He had a passionate interest in Canadian history, especially Northern Alberta. His work on the U. of A. campus strengthened teaching and research in the history of Northern and Western Alberta and in the area of native studies. Jim was a strong supporter of Community Historical Societies and founding member of some. When he served as President of St. Albert's Historical Society, Arlene Borgstad remembered him as "...being quite a card. At one meeting he came a little late, wearing an engineer's cap. From the time he got there the secretary had to keep two sets of notes, one for the business planned and one for what really went on because he made us laugh so much that day." That is how most who knew Jim, will remember him, as someone who loved people and loved to laugh.

In 1984 Jim returned to Rocky as guest speaker at the annual Chamber of Commerce meeting. Roland Pigeon commented about the speech in the Mountaineer, "Community and roots were the main topic of a memory-filled address by former Rocky resident, James Parker, but his delivery ignited a crowd of 130-plus, almost to tears of joy and laughter." The following is taken from that speech.

"Perseverance

For many years Rocky had a town policeman. Perhaps his greatest concern was making the 9:00 o'clock curfew, and seeing all kids were off the streets. Naturally, we youngsters sought our revenge at Hallowe'en or Gate Night, when the privies of all would fall. Those were times, I am sure, of indigestion, if not constipation, in our community. But, only a town policeman like Ben Shantz Sr. would persevere by announcing himself at school the next day, singling out probable suspects and culprits for the task of uprighting what had been wrongfully downed. The perseverance of Ben Shantz, however, was exemplified in his having Rocky's sturdy blacksmith, Tim Kirby, brace and weld the town policeman's privy on one unforgettable Hallowe'en. Next morning, much to the community's consternation, the secured privy occupied a privileged position atop the old stop sign adjacent to the Mountview Hotel. Need I mention the role of the blacksmith's sons in this episode? But Ben Shantz never said a word. He had persevering roots.

Dedication

Some of you remember where the Nance Lumber Company was located. Down on Art Fisher's old site by the Cache? It's where Griffin Lime is today. During the 1940s a great fire broke out at the mill one 40 below morning. Jim Findlater, Fire Chief and his volunteer crew were called. The men with that great new technology—a fire truck, a tank, a hose and a nozzle swung into action! I remember as a kid, our objective was to beat Rocky's fire truck to the scene of a fire, but on this occasion we arrived about the same time. The crew lined up the technology—the truck, the tank and the nozzle and Captain Jim yelled, "Turn it on!" They turned it on, Captain Jim could feel the surging power of the water coming. It came....drip, piddle, drip.... the water tank was frozen! And suddenly young and old alike were recruited into using pails, snowballs or anything to keep that fire from spreading. I always remember Jim as a dedicated root in our community.

Friendliness

One bitter, frostbitten morning, a teamster pulled his load the last 20 miles into town. He stomped into the lobby of Slim Melton's hotel, great coat smothered in hoarfrost and stood before the desk. Slim looked up and in a friendly way, exclaimed, "Good God man, what room did we put you in last night!" When we were growing up in this town, we learned how important it is to greet another person-"Howdy! How are you today!"

Commitment

Years ago, the kids at Frisco didn't have a teacher so Frank Schlebnick devised a school

bus, complete with a wood burning heater, horse-drawn from Frisco to Rocky and return. Everyday Frank drove that bus, not only for his own kids but for his community. By so doing he committed himself to improving the lives of others.

Adventure

Above all, Rocky has been known for it's special spirit of adventure. When Walking Eagle staggered into town back in 1939 shouting that a "fish fifty feet long, and as big and as round as an elephant" had chased him across the river, Gracie Scheirholtz ventured that Rocky Mtn. House had it's Ogopogo. Let's keep the Ogopogos and the spirit of adventure alive in Rocky Mtn. House."

The following was an editorial page in the Mountaineer, following that meeting.

"Thanks Mr. Parker"

"For those who did not brave the usual rhetoric we have lovingly come to call the annual meeting of the Rocky and district Chamber of Commerce, you really missed a big surprise last week.

University of Alberta archivist and former resident, James Parker, literally "lit the fires of yesteryear" in a humorous, well-researched, and meaningful address that brought tears to the eyes of long-time residents and laughter to the hearts of everyone. We are proud and pleased to have Mr. Parker's notes and we will reprint the speech for the enjoyment of all our readers. You will love it. Our favorite quote of the many Mr. Parker related follows:

"The children now love luxury, they have bad manners, they show disrespect for elders, and love chatter in the place of exercise. Children are now tyrants not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers.' Socrates in 400 B.C."

His message was clear that the youth of today are the future of tomorrow—our future Community Builders and Chamber of Commerce members.

Thanks for the reminder, Mr. Parker."

In conclusion it has been said that Rocky is a place where one is a stranger only once. There prevails there a frontier spirit of friendliness which snubs its collective nose at any kind of class distinction. May this spirit live on, as it may be the very best thing about this special place called Rocky Mtn. House.

PASKALL FAMILY
submitted by Lloyd Paskall

Back row: Wayne, Rose-Anne, Joyce, Alfred, and Jim. Front row: Dennis, Lois, Margaret, Dad, Mom, Jean, Sheila, Violet, Harold, and Lloyd.

Paskal Vasile Vasilyovych was born February 3, 1894, in Chomivka, Ukraine, the son of Grigorie and Ana Paskal. Vasile immigrated to Canada, setting foot on Canada's shores March 21, 1912, at Saint John, New Brunswick. When he filled out the forms at immigration, he wrote his name "William Paskall," which is how it was written from that time on. He traveled to Calgary, obtaining a job with the Canadian Northern Railway working in the Calgary and Crossfield area as a section hand. (Canadian Northern Railway became the Canadian National Railway in 1920.)

During World War I, "Bill" had to report to the check-in station at Banff, Alberta, as a registered alien. On July 16, 1916, he arrived at Rocky Mountain House as a section hand for the Canadian Northern Railway. In 1918 the railway built a section house at the "Cache" that became the residence of Bill Paskall. On December 25, 1920, Bill married Clara Emma Brockman, daughter of Alfred William and Charlotte Emma Brockman who homesteaded Pine Grove Farm, a half-mile east of Rocky. The newly wed couple moved into the section house at the "Cache" and lived there for 31 years raising a family of fifteen children (the largest "Rocky born" family),

eight daughters and seven sons, thirty grandchildren and forty-five great grandchildren. Bill applied for, and received, his Canadian naturalization papers November 25, 1921, at the courthouse in Red Deer, Alberta.

The family members still living at home, moved to Calgary on Tuesday July 10, 1951, when Bill was promoted to Roadmaster for the Calgary area. Bill retired from the railroad after 40 years, less three and one half months of service on March 31, 1956. Bill passed away November 19, 1977, in Calgary at 83 years of age. Clara passed away February 28, 1990, in Calgary at 88 years of age, both being interred at Mountain View Memorial Gardens in Calgary.

Joyce Grace, born November 14, 1921, married Jack Striegler of Lumsden, Saskatchewan, and currently resides in Surrey, BC. They had three children: Raymond Alfred, Susan Olive and Cindy Rose (3 grandchildren).

Alfred William, born June 9, 1923, married Annabelle Miller of Melfort, Saskatchewan, and currently resides in Calgary. Alfred remained in the armed forces until he retired June 9,1973. Annabelle passed away July 14,1988, in Calgary (no children).

Violet Emma was born March 12, 1925. She married Donald Vincent Rees of Ponoka, Alberta, and currently resides in Ponoka. They had two children, Terrance Donald and Trudy Violet (3 grandchildren).

Rose Anne was born March 20, 1926. She married Wesley Dimmick Mar of Prince Rupert, B.C., and currently resides in Calgary. They had two children, Sharon Wanda and Richard Douglas (3 grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great-grandchildren). Wes passed away March 10, 2001, in Calgary.

Jean was born March 17, 1928, and married Frank Elmo Carleton Strause of Ponoka, Alberta. Both are currently deceased. They had four children: Pamelia Jeanette, Virginia Darlene, Daryle Gregory and Jackie Brian (7 grandchildren). Jean passed away May 1, 1984, in Stony Plain, Alberta. Frank passed away June 14, 1986, in Stony Plain, Alberta.

Sheila Marie was born August 9, 1931, and married John Raymon Puskas of Nyirmeggyes, Hungary. She currently resides in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. They had two children, Clifford Gordon and Cheryl Lorraine. John passed away February 25, 1999, in Saskatoon.

Lois Charlotte was born Apri1 30, 1933. She married Richard Elliot Goodwin of Ponoka, Alberta, and currently resides in Ponoka, Alberta. They had five children: Debra Faye, Garth Royce, Larry Raymond, Verona Marie and Wayne Richard (8 grandchildren). Lois was divorced from Richard in 1984 and passed away June 19, 1988, in Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

Keith Stephen was born November 5, 1934, and passed away April 15, 1942, in Rocky Mountain House at the age of seven. He died from scarlet fever and pneumonia and is interred at Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House.

James Robert was born March 1, 1936. He married Eva Grace Thomson of Edmonton, Alberta, and currently resides in Edmonton. They had three children: Tracy Edna, Todd Robert and Tony James, the latter two being twins. Jim was divorced from Eva in 1980 and passed away December 25, 1984, in Edmonton.

Twins, Dennis Charles and Wayne Kenneth, were born October 25, 1937. Dennis married Iris May Warburton of Belfast, Ireland, and currently resides in Brooks, Alberta. They had two children, William Murray and Kathleen Mary (5 grandchildren). Wayne is still single and currently resides in Calgary.

I, Lloyd Stanley, was born September 21, 1939. I married Gladys Terpstra of Murmerwoude, Holland, and currently reside in Delta, BC. We had four children: Alfred Ted, Randolph William, Danny Lee and Christine (6 grandchildren). Gladys passed away January 24, 1993, in Delta, B.C., and Danny Lee passed away May 12, 1999, in Delta, B.C.

Harold Gordon was born April 22, 1941. He married Donalda Mary Anne McGillivray of Edmonton, Alberta, who currently resides in Calgary. They had two children, Sara Kathryn and Carol Marie (1 grandchild). Harold passed away May 4, 1994, in Calgary .

Lynda Mae was born May 13, 1943, and passed away May 7, 1960, in Calgary, losing the battle with cancer. She is interred at Mountain View Memorial Gardens in Calgary .

Margaret Alice was born September 7, 1945. She married Donald Charles Leask of Calgary, Alberta, and currently resides in Calgary. They had one child, Sherry Lynne Michelle (2 grand-

children). Margaret was divorced from Donald in 1970 and married Kenneth McDonald of Edinburgh, Scotland, on August 2, 1975, in Calgary, Alberta.

PASKALL, Alfred
Fleeting Moments, submitted by Alfred Paskall

Rocky Mountain House was a town for all seasons, and living at the "Cache" made growing up very interesting. Railroading was popular in the mid 1930s to early '40s and the Cache was a small community of railway workers who ran, maintained and repaired the rolling stock (railway cars) plus maintained of the right-of-way. The source of power was steam, and the steam engines pulled the rolling equipment. I lived in the red CNR section house with my mom and dad and a gaggle of siblings. The section house was about 500 feet from the water-tower.

My day would start quite early, depending on what Mom had going for that day. It could be laundry, baking, or a combination of both. We had a cow to be milked, fed and watered for the day. I had to ensure there was enough firewood for the day. Sunday was not quite as hectic, because we were only doing the essential chores. We dressed in our Sunday best to attend Sunday school and morning service. Growing up at the Cache made life a lot more pleasant. There were a few landmarks of note: the coal dock, the shops and the boiler room, a couple of bunk houses and the water tower. All the buildings were painted in the good old CNR red with green trim. We had a cinder-topped road up to Wyants' corner, and this was the envy of everyone up town. We did not have to contend with ruts or mud in the spring or after rainstorms. Another advantage of living at the Cache was we got to know the section men and some of the train crews (especially the engineers), by the way they sounded the whistles on the engines. Two way-freights tied up at the Cache on the weekend. There were a variety of jobs at this time, and I had a go at many of them: loading mine props; tailing the re-saw at the Atlas; peeling railroad ties; flagman on a CNR extra gang, and delivering the Calgary Albertan newspaper. Each job was a learning experience.

I began my schooling in September of 1929 at Confluence SD #2590, and I think Miss Alexander was my first teacher. The ¾ mile walk up hill from the Cache was not a problem, but I walked just a little faster when the thermometer registered -20F or lower. Of course the chinooks took care of a lot of those cold days. I did enjoy school sports. It seemed we had a couple of winning softball teams. Summer holidays were always welcome, and we looked forward to days away from the three R's. I have many fond memories of SD #2590, however the final exams were a different story.

Summer holidays were an education of another kind. This was berry picking time, and Joyce and I were the designated pickers. This meant we went east on the railway track to Lodge, riding on the "speeder" with Dad. Lodge was a series of sidetracks with a "y" for turn around. The trip was pretty much up hill all the way to Lodge, and we passed Mud Lake which abutted our grandfather's farm. Dad would drop us off, around 8:30 a.m., with our gear which included a square wash tub, mechanical berry pickers and of course our lunches. We were expected to be ready to head home around 4:00 p.m. with a tub filled with blueberries. To fill a wash tub with blueberries in this time limit seemed almost impossible, but we came close a couple of times. Fighting off blood thirsty mosquitoes and trying not to disturb any hornet nests was an ongoing problem. The days usually passed without too many incidents, and soon Dad was there with the speeder to take two tired pickers home. Cleaning the berries was a painstaking task, blowing out the leaves and extra shrubbery by the light of a coal oil lamp.

For a couple of summers we attended the Church of The Nazarene summer camps in Red Deer. I spent many memorable summers at "Pine Grove Farm," my mom's parents, the Brockmans. These summers were fun and a lot of hard work. The horses were my favorites—the team, Jim and Joe, and June, the only riding horse on the farm. Then there was Lindsay, the bull. Those were the days!

I left school in 1941. Much to the chagrin of my parents; I did not do well in school. WWII was in full swing at this time, and the spirit of adventure got to me. I accepted the challenge to help "do in" Adolf Hitler, and when he was defeated I returned home in August 1946. My mom was waiting at the bus for me. What a happy

reunion! During my first enlistment, I was stationed in Canada, England, and then off to the CMF which was the invasion of Sicily, then to the boot of Italy. From Italy I went to Northwestern Europe, then came the Army of Occupation. During this time, I asked for leave to visit the Feys of Menin, Belgian. They had lived at the "Cache" prior to WWII. That was a visit to remember! Returning home, I tried civilian street and it did not treat me too well, so I re-enlisted in October of 1948. Of course I went back to the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and became a world traveller. Some of my travels took me to England and Northwestern Europe. The best posting I received was to the United Nations, in the former Belgian Congo. At this time Ann, my wife, got a flip to Brazaville in the French Congo which was just across the Congo River from Leopoldville where I was stationed. What a way to get a holiday! All these good times came to an end in 1973 when I retired from the Service. After that I went to Calgary where I worked in the oil-patch for ten years, and then full retirement in December of '83. I still live in Calgary with my dog, Brandy, and I'm active in a couple of seniors' clubs. I visit my "home town" quite often and brag about Rocky Mountain House as often as they allow me.

I was the second child in a family of fifteen children. I had six sisters before Mom and Dad presented me with a brother—the total was eight girls and seven boys. There is further information on the Brockman/Paskall family in the publication "Days Before Yesterday." This account was researched and written by Alfred W. Paskall with assistance from his sister, Rose Anne.

Editor's note: For more information on Alfred's parents and siblings read the Paskall Family story.

PAYNE, Alfred
as told to Annette Gray

In the spring of 1919 Ed Steinback got flooded out. Discouraged, he left the country and never came back. So my father, William Payne, bought his place for back taxes. The land lay eight miles west of the town of Rocky Mountain House, on the opposite side of the North Saskatchewan. Dad used Ed's waterlogged house for a workshop and built a new house just east of Crimson Lake, above the river. It was a beautiful location. Beside the home place, we had two more quarter sections of land. One cornered the parcel of land where the house sat, and mother had a third quarter farther north. We had twelve milk cows, a few head of young stock and two teams of horse. Mother always had chickens and a big garden which kept us in fresh produce.

Alfred Payne.

My mother, Verda (Brooks) Payne, was born in Lyons Head, Ontario, and my father came from England as a young man. They met, married and raised us five children on the Steinback place. There was my brother, Bill, my sisters, Edna, Blanche and Neta and myself, Alfred. There was no school in the vicinity so when it was time for my older brother and sisters were ready to attend school, they were sent to town to live with my grandparents. There they went to the Confluence School in Rocky Mountain House. However, I started school by correspondence, then later attended the old Crimson Lake School which used to sit beside the north-south road.

We saw a lot of my mother's parents in those days as they used to come across the river by ferry for regular visits. One day (I believe it was in 1932), Grandpa was staying with us while my father was sawing logs. My dad had a sawmill to make a little bit of lumber to use around the place. However, this particular day, he was having difficulty getting a log centered to feed into the saw. Grandpa and my mother were sitting watching the proceedings until grandpa got to his feet. "Can I help?" he asked.

No one tried to stop Grandpa because he was as nimble as a cat and often lent a hand. But this time, as he stepped up on the platform, a board broke under his feet and he fell across the saw. There was nothing anyone could do...and there sat my poor mother taking it all in. Father sold the mill after that, and never sawed another stick of lumber in his life.

PAYNE, William Peary

William was born at St. Albens, Hertshire, England, December 17, 1889. From St. Albens the family moved to Surbiton, Surrey. He left England in 1908 on March 31, and arrived in Calgary April 1908, at the age of 18. William's brother, Guy, who was 13 at the time, also made the trip. The boys settled around the Gadsby Lake district (St. Albert region).

William met Verda Brooks and they were married in the Lacombe Methodist Church on December 19, 1919 (age 30). The marriage took place after a short correspondence and a five-day courtship. Following the wedding, William worked on the railway on the Caster-Erskine line from 1920-23 and on the Sylvan Lake-Rocky line.

He rented land about nine miles northwest of the present day townsite of Rocky Mountain House, for about five years. He eventually bought about 60 acres near the North Saskatchewan River and built his house and barn. After this five-year period, William built another house and barn located east of the Studinger house. Their new farm location was about a quarter of a mile from the North Saskatchewan River.

William and Verda mixed farmed and raised a family of five: William Jr., Meta, Alfred, Elda and Blanche. On December 24, 1945, Verda passed away (cancer of the spine). The Presbyterian Church built the first hospital in Rocky and William P. Payne felt obligated to the church after Verda spent many a day and night in the hospital. Following her death, William moved to Kelowna, B.C. and Alfred took over the family farm.

William worked for a friend (Mrs. Morn). During this period he rekindled his friendship with Mary, their daughter. Mary (born 1911 or 1912) had been previously married. In February, 1947, William and Mary were married. William remained an avid gardener, and grew huge tomatoes and other vegetables. At the age of 86, he fell on some steps and suffered a concussion. Following this fall, he tended to have some memory loss and problems identifying people and passed away on January 2, 1978, at the age of 88. His ashes are buried beside his first wife, Verda, in Pine Grove Cemetery, Rocky Mountain House.

"My memories of my grandfather are few, seeing him only a few times in his lifetime. I do recall him as being a short, sturdy man, with a cane and bald, not too friendly to 'little people.' But I always remember him as the man who sent us 'kids' silver dollars every Christmas." Veronica Payne (Grover), 1997

PEARKES, General George Randolph

A. Gray - taken from information submitted by Cameron Kirby

For fellow homesteaders, it was hard to imagine their neighbor, a twenty-four year-old Dovercourt bush-farmer, was destined to become a distinguished army officer, a Provincial Cabinet Minister and Lieutenant Governor.

George Pearkes was born near London, England, on February 26, 1888, and came to Red Deer in 1906 to the Berkamsted Farm, a school designed to give young Englishmen an introduction to farming. After spending nearly three years in Alberta, working at the school and a private farm, George filed on his Dovercourt homestead which was situated on the west side of the Clearwater River. He lived in a one-room log cabin that he built himself. It had a dirt floor. Packing boxes served as chairs, and his bed was a bundle of spruce boughs.

A year later, his mother, a sister and a brother came from England, and together they moved into a larger house built by Ernie Ross. George often socialized with the Baylys, Hankinsons and the Sinclairs. He had much in common with Bertie Bayly who had attended the Berkamsted School for Boys in England. The Baylys had a large home on the river flat and liked to entertain their guests with music and poetry—on these occasions George would recite verses from Kipling.

In 1912 George's mother and sister moved to Vancouver. Similarly, Bertie and Gladys Bayly moved to the coast in 1915. George joined the RCMP in 1912, and on March 1915 he enlisted in the army and was sent to France. After fighting in the Battle of Paschendale, he was awarded the Victoria Cross for leading his men in an attack while seriously wounded.

In 1918, he made a life-altering decision; he sold his Dovercourt property to Ralph Sinclair in order to pursue a career in the armed forces. Saying goodbye to the Clearwater country, he focused on climbing the political ladder, winning for himself multiple honours. On his death in

1984, he was accorded a state funeral in Christ Church Cathedral in Victoria, B.C.

PELLETIER, Gerry and Joan

Gerry and Joan Pelletier moved to the community of Nordegg in 1994, and it is a privilege to admit our connection with this beautiful area. In the first years we were both employed at the Nordegg Resort Lodge and spent many hours over coffee with our friend, Dennis Morley, hearing tales of the early days in Nordegg, stories of kids sledding down the main street plus parades, dances and other social gatherings. We listened with interest to the real life stories of the miners, their hard work and hard times—times that have never been forgotten.

Joan had a "heyday" with her camera, capturing her vision of Nordegg "then and now" on film. Gerry was employed with the Municipal District from 1997 until March 2000, and he contributed much to the Nordegg Historical Society. He was instrumental in returning the old church bell to its original home in the church tower, and successfully placing a donated Canadian National Railway boxcar on the boxcar loader at Brazeau Collieries historical site. Gerry conducted many summer tours of the minesite, knowledgeably relating interesting facts and stories of the mining operation to visitors and school students, alike. Nordegg has a special place in our hearts and we continue to return often.

PENNER, Peter and Edna
submitted by Edna Penner

In the beginning, Peter left his home in Hepburn, Saskatchewan, May 22, 1942, and enlisted in the services. He did his basic training in the hills and mountains at the military base in Vernon, British Columbia. Edna worked in Saskatchewan at Jackson's Tailors and Furriers. After resigning her position to make plans for her wedding, she went home to the Champion district where the wedding took place on December 21, 1942, after Peter obtained his furlough and marriage leave. Peter and Edna lived in Vernon, Nanaimo and Quesnel, B.C. Then in the spring of 1944 came the big trip overseas. However, after a short stay, Edna found herself going back home to deliver the couple's first child, born September 8, 1944. With the help of family, a three-room house was constructed for

Edna, Peter, Faith (left) and Gloria (right).

Edna and the new baby. Peter returned home after the war's end on March 21, 1946. Now it was time to embark on work back home. North Battleford was the first stop. Next came Saskatoon where Peter attended normal school.

On July 30, 1953, a second child was born. At this time the Penners were living in Wetaskiwin, Alberta. Then in August of 1954, they embarked on a twenty-year stint, teaching school on the Big Horn Reserve west of Nordegg. In 1964, they transferred to Hobbema, to the Samson Day School, and in 1970 they returned to the Big Horn and spent two more years with the Stoney people.

Here are just a few of their activities on the reserve. Peter's full-time teaching job was in a classroom where he taught all grades from preschool through grade nine, plus shop. Adults came after school and evenings to learn the basics of English, initially to learn how to write their names. It gave the adults great pride to be able to sign their own cheques. In later years, some parts of the Stoney language was put to writing, and Peter and Edna's daughter, Gloria, worked on this project at the Morley Reserve.

Edna was required in the classroom to teach music, singing, health and home economics for the older girls. After school she taught household science (two days a week) for older girls

and any women who wished to attend. She showed them how to bake everything from donuts to fruitcake, how to cook chicken and turkey. Edna was also in charge of the dispensary and was on call every day of the week, and any hour of the night.

Peter and Edna retired to Red Deer, then to Lynn Valley to an acreage with lovely trees. It was a great place! Here Peter died, February 1999. Edna now lives in Rocky Mountain House to be near her youngest daughter.

PERRY, Jack, Mary and Family
written and submitted by John C. Reid

Mary and Jack Perry (center).

Jack Sterling Perry was born in 1924 near Elnora where his family farmed. In 1943, he enlisted in the Infantry Division of the Canadian Army in Calgary. After basic training in Grande Prairie and advanced training at Currie Barracks in Calgary, he went to England in 1944. After WWII he came back to Canada in 1945 and was discharged in 1946. He returned to Elnora to live and work on the farm until 1949 when he first came to the Rocky district.

Mary Maude Wilson was born in 1931 at Rocky and was raised on the family farm in the Hardindell district. She completed grade nine in Hardindell and grade ten in Rocky. From 1948 to 1950, Mary worked at the Rocky Hospital and at the Modern Café. She lived in Rocky until her death in October 1996.

In December 1951, Jack and Mary were married in Rocky where they continued to live, work and raise their family. Their honeymoon was a

Jack and Mary Perry. From Camp 15, 1958.

trip to Calgary with her dad's pickup and $40 cash, a gift from Jack's brother. Mary had always wanted a train ride, so later that year, Jack arranged to take her from Red Deer to Rocky on one of the trains. It took several hours, stopping in every hamlet to drop off and pick up boxcars, mail and other freight or to sit on a sidetrack waiting to pass another train. It also stopped between stations to let people off or to pick them up near their homes. Mary was not impressed with her first train ride, which was also her last.

They had two daughters, Jacqueline (Jackie) was born in July 1953 and Donna in March 1956. Jackie contracted encephalitis after having measles at four years of age. With the disease, she became progressively more disabled and was never able to attend school. She always lived at home and preferred staying there rather than going on family outings. Jackie loved watching TV. "Another World" was her favourite "soap." the Edmonton Oilers and Toronto Maple Leafs were her favourite hockey teams, and the Toronto Blue Jays were her favourite baseball team. Wayne Gretzky was her idol and she could get pretty upset if somebody tried to hurt him. When she was watching any of these programs on TV, no one dared change channels on her. Jackie enjoyed her room, which was beautifully decorated by Mary and was filled with a great collection of stuffed animals, Barbie dolls, jewelry and keepsakes often given to her by visitors. Jackie passed away in February 1997—four months after her mother.

Jack and Mary Perry with their two children.

Donna attended school in Rocky, graduating from Grade 12 in 1974. She worked for Fisher Lumber for two years before moving to Calgary to attend SAIT where she took the Medical Laboratory Technology program, followed by a practicum. In August 1979, she married Richard Burton who had also lived in Rocky (with his parents George and Pat Burton). Donna and Richard moved to Red Deer in 1980 where Donna worked in the Regional Hospital. In 1994, they moved to the Leduc area where they still reside. Donna now supervises the lab in the Leduc Hospital. She and Richard have four children: Chelsey born in 1984, Brittany born in 1987, Kylie born in 1990 and Jared born in 1994.

Jack served on the Legion executive and Mary served on the executive of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Legion for many years.

Mary Perry was well known for her ability to cook great food in large quantities, assisting as a volunteer in the Legion kitchen for many years. She ran the restaurant in the Parkland Oil and Gas Service Station for a year (about 1972). She also worked in the guardroom for the RCMP on an as-needed basis for about twelve years in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Then she and Jack did the janitorial work at the Legion from 1985 until her passing in 1996. Mary also worked as the staff cook at the Legion for 3 or 4 years in the late 1980s.

Jack Perry hauling logs for Bill Brierley in 1959 to Sawmill.

Jack Perry and his friend, Frank Silbernagel from Elnora, traveled to the Rocky area in 1949 looking for work. Art and John McKervey (near Ricinus) needed someone to haul mine props to East Coulee (near Drumheller) so Jack and Frank bought a '46 Ford 3 ton and were in business. The mine props were round, green logs of various lengths that had been cut from fire-killed timber. They were very dirty and heavy and needed to be loaded by hand.

In the winter of 1951, Jack bought a truck of his own from the McKervey brothers. It was a 1946 KB6 International 3 ton and he used it to haul mine props from Ray Long's camp northwest of Crimson Lake, to Charlie Bruce who was buying them in Rocky. In 1952, Jack bought another single axle 3-ton, this time a '52 Ford from Ross's Garage. With this truck, he hauled lumber from Johnny Gibson's mill near Rat Lake (which is near the present Keyspan Gas Plant). The following summer, he put a gravel box on it for work in the Red Deer, Penhold and Prentiss Creek districts.

In 1954, he switched to a '53 Chev 3-ton that he would use for the next 3 years. In winter, it hauled lumber from Bill Brierley's mill north of the Baptiste River and, in summer, gravel for the Local Improvement District. In 1955, he doubled his fleet with a '55 Dodge 3-ton from Carter's Garage and tripled his workforce by hiring two drivers to work with him. Jim Adams took the Brierley haul while Joe Hagen and Jack ran split shifts to haul lumber from Atlas Camp 15 near Harlech. In the winters, Jack continued to haul

from Camp 15 until 1965. In 1959-60, he also hauled logs into Bill Brierley's sawmill near Burnt Timber Lake, south of Caroline. These were very small logs, usually yielding only 2x4 lumber. In the summers, he continued to haul gravel, asphalt and soil cement all over Alberta.

In 1967, Jack bought his first tandem truck (blue in colour) from Macfarlane Goodacre Motors in Red Deer. Over the next several years, he used it and a single axle highboy to haul lumber out of the Atlas/Revelstoke Camp 16 east of Mount Shunda in the Colt Creek area (north of the present Beaver Dams Campground). Access was up the Filipowicz Road, which had a very difficult grade they called "Bren Gun Hill." It had a bend at the bottom that prevented getting a good run at it when going in empty. Sometimes it was so slippery that he spun out even with chains on all of the driving wheels. Coming out loaded required extreme caution to prevent having a runaway with that bend at the bottom. Silvie Overguard also had his truck on the same run.

At Camp 15, there were no mechanical loaders as there were at Camp 16. Instead, the lumber was piled in load lots on bunks that were up on ramps. A block was wedged under each side of a load to prevent it from sliding down the ramp until a truck was in place to receive it. The trucker would then remove the blocks to allow the load to slide down the ramp onto the truck. If the block was removed from one side of the load before the other—as when one man tried to do it alone—the load could twist as it slid down and create a real problem. The average load was about 10,000 board feet of green lumber, which was quite a heavy load for those trucks.

In 1972 Jack sold his trucks and went to work for Vic Gale at Vic's Parkland Gas and Oil service station. From 1973 until 1985, he hauled equipment for Speight Construction. After that, he and Mary did the janitorial work at the Legion until her passing in 1996, when Jack "retired." He still drives the Legion bus on occasion and transfers vehicles around the province for local auto dealerships. He also finds time for golf, curling, square dancing and bowling.

PETERSEN, Edward and Marie

Edward Jens Petersen and his wife Marie were born in Denmark, both in 1887. They immigrated to Canada in 1924, settling in the Bentley area, then later homesteading in the Oras district, east of Rocky Mountain House. Here they farmed until their retirement to Rocky Mountain House in 1952. They were regular attendants at the Memorial Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Petersen was an ardent craftswoman. She was a member of the Presbyterian Women's Guild and the Rocky Mountain House W.I.

Edward and Marie Petersen have four children, Elsie, Kjeld, John and Paul. Elsie became a teacher. She married Alfred Erdman of Barons, Alberta in 1943. They have three children: Douglas, Sandra and Tom, all of Barons, where they all farm.

Kjeld chose farming as his profession and continues to farm on the home farm. He married Barbara (Becker) Balance in 1952. Their family consists of Brian, Graeme (deceased in 1969), Allan and Marie.

John became a grain buyer for the Alberta Wheat Pool and is still employed by this company. He married Peggy Wickens of England in 1945. They make their home in Calgary. John and Peggy have one daughter, Wendy.

Paul was an enthusiastic ball player and played on local teams during his school years. He was picked up by the Brooklyn Dodgers and spent five years playing with their "farm team" at Edmonton, Alberta; Bisbee, Arizona; and Billings, Montana. Paul married Rosemary Corliss of Anaheim, California, in 1950. He brought his bride to Rocky Mountain House, where they farm a few miles north of town. They have one daughter, Patricia, married to Thad Rear. They have three children and live on a farm close to her parents.

All three sons of Edward and Marie Petersen served in the Armed forces. Mr. Petersen passed away in 1962 and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery. Mrs. Petersen at the age of 92, lives in the Claresholm Auxiliary Hospital.

PETERSON, Marvin

My story begins in the Little Horseguard district, where both my father and my mother's parents settled. Grandpa and Grandma Peterson, Peter (P. O.) and Anna, arrived about 1909 and Granddad and Grandma Kirby arrived later, about 1914. More on the Kirbys later.

Grandpa Peterson stood very tall in the community, literally and figuratively—six feet, three

Peterson Family Portrait.

Christmas 2000 at Freemans. Marvin with new 'Polka King' accordion.

inches, in his bare Norwegian feet. He was very talented, and played an important part in the development of the community. On his farm he had a saw mill, blacksmith shop, steam engine, threshing machine, hay baler, well driller, grain cleaner and all types of farming equipment. They also had a smoke house and an ice house, so smoked jerky was always available as was ice for homemade ice cream in July and August. P. O. was president of the Lutheran Church, foreman of the road building crew, member of the school board and a general resource person. In his spare time he built many houses in the area. He also played the fiddle for the local dances and parties. Needless to say, Grandma was involved in all these pursuits.

My father, Oscar, was the oldest in the family of five. He worked on the farm most of his life, operating and maintaining equipment. He ran the threshing machine, hay baler, and well driller. Oscar drilled many water wells in and around Rocky. One water well my dad drilled, that I remember, was that of the Ernest Ross family. Mr. and Mrs. Ross lived on main street in Rocky Mountain House directly south of the Presbyterian Church.

My maternal grandparents, Tim and Lizzie Kirby, also homesteaded in the Little Horseguard district. They came from the States, as did my great-grandparents, Thomas and Mary Kirby who came in 1914. Granddad, known as T.S., was a very good hunter and could shoot a bird out of the air with a rifle. They moved to Alhambra in 1921 where they operated a blacksmith shop for many years. The Kirbys had a farm in the Arbutus district from 1928 to 1934. They then moved to Rocky and started another blacksmith shop, which operated until the early 1960s. Grandma was also a very capable blacksmith. I think there was only one other woman blacksmith in all of Canada. She said she would rather operate an acetylene torch than a "tater peeler or a floor mop.

Oscar married Maggie Kirby in 1932. Maggie was the fourth in a family of thirteen. I was born at the farm in 1933. The doctor arrived from Eckville in a homemade snowmobile which had skis on the front and some type of caterpillar track on the back. I think it was a converted "Model T." My sister, Doreen (Peterson) Jessop, was born in 1934.

I grew up on the family farm and attended Little Horseguard School. In grade one I walked 2½ miles to school, mostly through the woods, all by myself. All of the other school kids lived on the other side of the school. In 1948 I went to Rocky to attend high school and lived with the Kirbys. This was an education in itself. One of my first impressions of Rocky was the amount of noise. On the farm the nights were very quiet, except for the odd owl hoot and coyote yelp. The Kirbys lived across the street from the Atlas planing mill which ran 24 hours a day. I wondered how anyone ever got any sleep.

After high school I worked for a couple of years for the Alberta Government, then two years

Peterson Family Portrait.

on seismic crews in Alberta and Northern BC. In 1956 I started working as an apprentice for Boyden's Sheet Metal. One of my jobs was to pick up 100 pound propane cylinders from homes where people had propane ranges. I would fill the empty tanks using a hand powered propane pump. At first we didn't even have a scale and had to guess at the weight. After filling the tank, I would take it back to the customer, hook up the gas line, check for leaks, and light the pilots. Total charge including propane and two trips was $3.00, one dollar for the propane, one dollar for the boss (he supplied the truck) and one dollar for me. Boyden's shop was directly across the street from the old telephone office. Mrs. Hughes was the agent at that time. When the weather was nice, I used to thread pipe out in the backyard and usually there was no one in the office. If a call came for Boyden's shop, Mrs. Hughes knew there wasn't anyone in the office to answer the phone. So, she dashed to the front door and waved a white flag. I was no dummy back in those days, I knew that as soon as I ran into the office, the phone would ring.

In 1961 my partners Bill Jessop, Carl Haupt and I formed our own company, WestView Plumbing & Heating, which operated until 1991. We were very busy as the town was installing water and sewer to most of the town, and were especially busy when natural gas arrived. It was an interesting and challenging job, with a lot of variety; for example once we had to get a horse out of a lady's basement. Another lady called to see if the batman was in, because she wanted me to remove bats from her basement.

I have been involved with music since I was five years old. The first wedding dance I played for was for Lorne and Katie vonHollen in 1948. My uncle, Norman Peterson, played the banjo, Gusty vonHollen played the accordion and I was at the piano. I have since been fortunate enough to play for their 25th and the 50th anniversaries.

I married Ruth Weeks of Penticton, B.C., in April of 1960. Ruth received both her formal and nursing education in B.C. She came to Rocky in 1958 and worked on and off at the old and new hospitals for over 30 years. We also took in boarders and operated a Bed and Breakfast for several years. We have had over 300 people live at our house in the 42 years of marriage (not all at once!) It was fun.

We have five children: Kevin, Warren, Paul, Rhonda and Carla.

Kevin is married to Colleen Heimbeckner. They have two children, Travis and Hannah. Kevin works for Challand as a pipe-fitter and Colleen works at the Credit Union. They live in Rocky Mountain House.

Warren is married to Lise Baich. They have two children, Colin and Abbey. Warren works as a welder for Challand and Lise is a teacher at St. Matts School. They live west of Rocky Mountain House.

Paul is a welder and works for Pollitt Construction and lives in Rocky Mountain House.

Rhonda works for the Social Services, Children's Ministry and lives in Victoria, BC.

Carla works for the government of New South Wales, and lives in Sydney, Australia.

PHILIPS, Arthur and Laura
by George Philips

During the years Arthur and Laura Philips lived and farmed in the Arbutus district, they saw many changes and improvements. Timber was cleared to make prosperous farms and bush trails became all weather roads and highways. Despite hard times and backbreaking work, they considered Central Alberta to be the greatest place on earth. Their strong Christian values and a keen interest in education led them to become community leaders in establishing a school and church services within the district.

James Arthur Philips was born in Westmount, Quebec, July 22, 1887. His father John Philips,

was a ship's carpenter on a sailing ship. He married Elizabeth Richie of Montreal and started a construction company. Many of the houses he built in Westmount are still in use.

At an early age Arthur made up his mind that city life was not for him and decided to become a farmer. He took his schooling in Montreal. Then, in 1907, he enrolled in a two year diploma course in Agriculture at McDonald College. The college had opened for the first time that fall. After finishing college he worked at a market garden near Montreal and later a large dairy farm in Indiana.

His first trip west was a harvest excursion in 1911. He liked it so well he went again in 1912. This time he decided to travel farther west and ended up in Red Deer. Upon hearing of land available for homesteading in the west country he got a ride with a mailman to Pitcock's store, later named Hespero. From there he walked west until he found suitable land open for homesteading. This was SE-13-38-6-W5th, a few miles south of Alhambra. There were times he walked to Red Deer for supplies and his mail. After proving up on this land, he sold it and bought the NW22-38-6-W5th. On July 3, 1916, he married Laura Gardiner and they moved to the Gardiner home to care for Laura's invalid parents.

Laura was born in Pembina County, North Dakota, March 25, 1897. She came to Alberta in 1912 with her parents, Jonathan and Maria Gardiner. The first winter the family lived near Evarts. Then, in 1913, Jonathan took up a homestead in the Arbutus District, the SW27-38-6-W5th. Laura was a special lady, a true pioneer. She lovingly cared for her parents while raising her own six children. Her home was always open to family and visitors. Traveling ministers and many neighbourhood children enjoyed her Sunday dinners. Large numbers of family members and neighbours gathered at her home for Christmas celebrations. Even in hard times she was able to provide generous meals for unexpected guests.

Arthur Philips was very community minded. He was Secretary Treasurer and Trustee for the Arbutus School District. From the opening of Arbutus school on July 3, 1916 (the day Arthur and Laura were married), Arthur was always willing to assist with school activities. He supplied the material and donated his time to build the stage for the Christmas concerts. When it became necessary to relocate the school to another location, he offered expertise and time to make the move using horses. At the end of each school year he assisted with the annual community picnic.

For many years, Arthur was a councilor for the Raven Municipality. He spent many hours walking the district roads to assess needs and lobbying the government for money to upgrade the Arbutus road. However, despite his efforts, money was slow in coming. In 1948 he canvassed the district to raise money to put a thin layer of gravel on the first mile from #11 highway, raising $275.00. He was elated to see the first class paved road which now runs past his gate.

Making a living on a bush farm was quite a challenge for Arthur. He supplemented the farm income by hauling timber to Rocky and Alhambra and doing custom work for his neighbours. Arthur Philips was one of the first farmers in the area to use modern farming methods. He introduced clover and alfalfa forage crops and practiced crop rotation. Over the years he built up a fine dairy herd. He was always anxious to attend any Agricultural Field days in the area

In 1926 he began building a round barn with a silo in the middle and cattle stalls around the outside. The heat from the animals kept the silage from freezing in winter. This round barn was a land mark in the community for nearly seventy years. Its picture has appeared in several books on barns. Arthur died May 7, 1972, and Laura died February 28, 1958. Both are buried in Pine Grove cemetery. Arthur and Laura had six children, Archie, Willard, Walter, James, George and Jean.

Archie (1917-1994) married Irene King (1926-1999); they had a daughter, Donna.

Willard (1918-1983) married Beatrice McNeil (1924); they have two children, David (1949-1983) and Keith (1952).

Walter (1920-1990) married Meta Tonhauser.

James (1922) married Grace Randall (1928-1994); they have four children, Evelyn, Paul, Amy, and Christine. James's second wife is Ada (1933-2000).

George (1927) married Dawn Brierley in 1932. They have four children: Barbara, Beverly, Garth, Valerie.

Jean (1932) married Norman Newstead. They have five children: Marilyn, Carolyn and Eddy Michaels and Laura and Robert Urquhart.

PHILIPS, George and Dawn
by Dawn Philips

My husband George and I have lived all our lives in the Rocky Mountain House area. George is the youngest son of Arthur and Laura Philips. He was born in Calgary, July 23, 1927, and raised on his parents' farm in the Arbutus district. I am the youngest daughter of Chester and Mabel Brierley. My birthplace was my parents' farm three miles west of Rocky Mountain House which is now a National Historic Site.

George took his elementary education at Arbutus school. He recalled hearing of a time the temperature was minus 50F inside the school. Just north of the school was a large slough. It made a good swimming hole every spring when the snow melted. It was quite a challenge to sneak out of the school grounds, when the teacher wasn't looking, and head for the pond. Many of the students accidentally took a dip with their clothes on, then had to sit all afternoon in wet clothes. Sometimes the teacher was soft hearted and sent the wet child home for dry clothes. That student was the envy of the whole school as it was hard to sit in school on a warm spring day and concentrate on school work. The highlights of the school year were Christmas concerts and community picnics in June. After he finished school at Arbutus, George attended Olds Agriculture College for two years, graduating in 1945. The experience of going two years to college and living in residence was a great change from going to a country school, but George found it to be rewarding and valuable training. The friendships he made there have lasted for nearly sixty years.

After college George worked on farms at Ponoka, High River and Benalto. In the winters he worked at Bill Brierley's lumber camp and drove truck for Harry Salmon. Later, he did road construction on # 11 highway east of Rocky and # 13 near Killam and Sedgwick. From these jobs he saved enough money to realize the dream of owning a farm. In 1947, he purchased the SW22-38-6-W5 for $500.00. The terms were $50.00 down, no interest and payments whenever he had the money. The reason the terms were so flexible was the land had been homesteaded by several different people and then let go back to the municipality for taxes. The municipality was anxious to sell the land under any terms, so they could start collecting taxes. This piece of land had an interesting history. It was first homesteaded in 1909, but before Charles Kennworthy could prove up on it, he joined the army and was killed in WWI. After that George's aunt and uncle filed on it. They later gave it up and returned to the States. Over the years this same pattern continued until the government turned it over to the Raven Municipality which owned it until it was sold to George in 1947.

The entire quarter was covered with timber, except for about four acres in the northwest corner which George's aunt and uncle cleared with oxen around 1915. However, this had started to grow back to trees. So, George decided to increase the cleared acreage to 20 and hired a contractor to cut the heavy timber with a cutter attached to the front of a caterpillar tractor. To save money he did the lighter stuff by hand. Later, he saved enough money to hire someone to do the cutting and piling. Then, with a heifer he bought from a neighbour and a horse named Lightning, he was ready to begin farming.

George and I began farming in earnest when we married on July 3,1954. We cleared a spot for a house, purchased a few beef and dairy cattle and 100 chickens. Then, with the pig we got for a wedding present, we were in business. We lived in an 8'x16' skid shack which we rented for $10.00 a month, until we could build a house. This proved to be quite a challenge as it rained every day that summer. There was no well on the place, so we had to haul water from the neighbours'. George dug a hole in the swamp near the shack for a cool place to put the cream, milk and butter. Eventually we were able to clear and break more land with George's Model-D, steel-wheeled, John Deere tractor. Looking back, I don't know how we did it. Our farm records show the farm income between 1955-67 averaged $1961 a year. George took odd jobs to supplement this by working for Cliff Brierley, clearing seismic lines, working at Baxter's garage, buying livestock for Red Deer packers and working with a vet vaccinating cows for brucellosis.

Like his father, George was very community minded. He served on the advisory board for the

UFA for many years. He is an elder in the Presbyterian Church and served on the Board of Managers. In 1967 he was elected as a trustee to the Rocky Mountain House School Division, retiring in 1980, after serving thirteen and a half years. As a trustee, he was in charge of the busing for the schools in Rocky. This took many hours of organizing bus drivers and traveling the area, mapping out routes. He was also the board's representative on the Recreation Board. At Klondike Days in 1970 we were presented with the Alberta Farm Family award. Then, in 1995, the Rocky Chamber Of Commerce honoured us with the Humanitarian award.

Many times George has commented that he is pleased with the progress which has taken place in the area. He is appreciative of the service of our modern hospital, ambulance service and schools—a far cry from days gone by. As he drives to town on the newly paved road, he can't believe there are no mud holes.

I was born on my parents' farm, Easter Sunday, March 27,1932, the seventh child in a family of nine. At an early age I learned to ride horses, care for horses and drive horses. This prepared me for the many adventures I encountered while growing up. The fact that I was a girl made no difference to the tasks I was expected to do. At age ten, seated on a steel wheeled hay mower, I drove a team of horses 32 miles from the farm to our ranch. The next year, I took four horses to one of the Atlas camps north of Buster Creek. My instructions were to go as far as the Ben Olson farm and stay there overnight. It was dark when I arrived. Their barking dog brought Mr. Olson to the gate inquiring what I wanted. He hesitated when I asked if I could stay the night. At that point I began to cry. When I identified myself, the Olsons took me into their home, fed me supper and made me feel most welcome. My father had neglected to check with the Olsons before he sent me on my way. The next morning I met my father at the Saskatchewan River where he assisted me in taking the horses across the river. The river was near flood level, so we had to swim the horses across. Later I drove eighty head of cattle from our ranch to the farm. I was fortunate to have a good cattle horse who knew more about chasing cattle than I did.

I received my elementary education at Garth School, a one-roomed country school 1½ miles from home. Many times our lunch was frozen when we arrived at school, so we had to thaw it out on the airtight heater at the back of the room. My most vivid recollections of Garth school was the "Rock Pile." For punishment we had to pack the rocks from the pile and put them around trees and make paths from the gate to the school. The same teacher who gave us this chore made us line up along this path, girls on the right, boys on the left, then march military style into the school. The next teacher didn't like the rock paths, so she made us pack them back to the pile.

Most children had puppies or bunnies for pets. I had a pet moose. During the war my father was in charge of the logging operations at the Atlas camp where German prisoners of war were working. One day they found a baby moose struggling for its life in a creek. They rescued it, took it back to camp and fed it with a bottle. When it came time for the men to go back to Lethbridge to the concentration camp, they asked my father to look after the moose. My father brought it to the farm. "Moose," as we called him, grew quickly, but died suddenly before he reached maturity.

When I finished grade eight, my father said, "If you want to go to High School in Rocky you will have to make the arrangements yourself." With that he gave me a blank (signed) cheque to pay the necessary tuition. So, I saddled my horse and rode the three miles to Rocky to the secretary treasurer's house and wrote a thirty dollar cheque for the year's tuition. We were able to rent a barn for my horse, but in warm weather I preferred to ride to the school and tie him to a tree on the south side of the school yard.

After high school, I enrolled in the Faculty of Education at the University of Alberta. In the fall of 1951, I was packed and ready to return to University for another year when I met the school superintendent in the street. He offered me a teaching job with my choice of six schools. When I informed him I didn't have a teaching certificate he replied, "Don't worry about it. Show up Monday morning and I'll get you a certificate." I chose Hardindell. Thus began my teaching career.

Hardindell was a great school with 13 pupils in Grades 1-10. The students were hard workers and there were no discipline problems. My

biggest problem was the condition of the road. Had it not been for the help I received from truck drivers and three local men, I would not have made the year. I will be eternally grateful to Tom Workman, Joe Crutchfield and Joe Day for getting me through mud holes and back on the road. One week that winter it turned very cold with temperatures hovering around -40 F. Water, sitting in a bucket near the stove, froze. Despite the cold, the pupils all arrived at school. It was too cold to work, so I'd mark the register and take the children home in my car, then return to town to report my plight at the school office. However, there was no one there to hear me as everyone was at the curling rink participating in a bonspiel. After several days of this, the parents came to school with dry wood and cleaned the chimney. Then a chinook came. It got so hot in the school, I had to open the windows and door. About this time the superintendent walked in. He greeted me with "I understand you thought it was cold in here. I don't know what you are complaining about. It seems warm enough to me."

The next year I transferred to Garth School. It was closer to town and the roads were good. There was bus service I could use, and on nice days I rode my bike. After my marriage to George Philips on July 3, 1954, I taught at Arbutus. The road conditions were worse than at Hardindell, but I was close enough to the school to ride my horse. While raising my children, I substituted and taught temporarily. I was the first kindergarten teacher in Rocky, and kindergarten was held in the Presbyterian church. After my children were in school, I took a position at Leslieville School, developing and teaching programs for special needs children. From there I transferred to Pioneer School to teach a community entry skills program, retiring in 1981.

I am an active member in the Presbyterian church as an elder, pastoral care coordinator, and choir member. For the past two years I have been giving presentations on my parents' contribution to the area at the National Historic Park. My spare time is spent writing family history and locating my mother's lost relatives. Since retirement George and I have enjoyed camping in the west country and doing presentations on the fur trade and pioneers at local schools and at our granddaughter's school in Edmonton. This is always the highlight of the year and an opportunity to brush up on local history.

George and I have four children: Barbara, Beverly, Valerie and Garth. Barbara, a distant learning teacher, is married to Dr. Jeffery Hankinson. They have two girls, Brenna and Marina, and live at Barrhead. Beverly works for the Edmonton Public School Board in the Head Start Program. She married Leo Mangano who is employed with Weatherford Oil. They live in Edmonton with their three daughters, Sarah, Leah and Emma. Our youngest daughter, Valerie, is working in Stony Plain as a travel consultant, and our son, Garth, works for British Petroleum at the Ricinus Gas Plant. Garth married Debra Von Hollen, and they live in the Arbutus district with their three children, Bret Philips and Traci and Clay Stevenson.

PHILIPS, Jim and family

Arthur Philips came to the Arbutus District in 1912. He married Laura Gardiner in 1916. In 1922 their fourth son was born and named James Albert Philips. Jim attended school at Arbutus, finishing Grade 8 there. He then stayed at home and worked on the farm. During the winter, the family cut timber which they sold to A.P. Fisher Company to be used as mine props. In the spring and summer months, the family put crops in the ground, tended large gardens, kept bees, milked cows and cut hay. It took a lot of work to make enough money to put food on the table.

In 1946 Jim married Gay Randall. They built their home on the south side of the home quarter where Jim farmed with his dad until Arthur's passing in 1972. Along with farming, both Jim and Gay drove school buses for 10 years. They both enjoyed the kids on the bus and competing in bus rodeos.

During Jim and Gay's marriage they raised four children. The oldest, Evelyn, is married to Barry Christian and lives in Tumbler Ridge, B.C. They have six children and three grandchildren. Jim and Gay's son, Paul, is married to Donna King and lives in the Arbutus district. They have three children and nine grandchildren. Jim and Gay's second daughter, Amy, is married to Art Willard, and they live in Lacombe. They have two children. Jim and Gay's youngest daughter,

Christine, is married to Fred Heap, and they live on the family farm at Arbutus with their 3 sons.

After Gay's passing in 1994, Jim spent one year on the farm by himself. He then met and married Ada Wheeler from Red Deer. They moved into Rocky where they lived until Ada's passing in 2000. Jim still lives in Rocky where he keeps busy as an active member of the Nazarene Church. You can also find him visiting and drinking coffee in the Co-op cafeteria.

PIDHERNEY, Mervyn, Earlyne and family interviewed by Annette Gray

Pidherney Family Portrait.

Some of the best known Rocky Mountain House residents/entrepreneurs are the Pidherneys—Mervyn, Earlyne and family. Many of us remember Mervyn as a youngster going to school at Leslieville Elementary. Thinking back, who could predict this rather shy kid would grow up to make such a dent in the history of our area. From a very humble beginning with one truck, a 1964 Chev-60series with a six-yard box, Mervyn and Earlyne have built their firm into the booming construction business we see today on Highway 11, southeast of town. Having outgrown the facility in town (still open for concrete operations), the Pidherneys officially opened their beautiful new 26,000 square foot facility in October, 2002. At the grand opening they were congratulated in person by Ty Lund, our MLA/Provincial Minister of Infrastructure, as well as a host of well-wishers—friends, family and fellow businessmen.

Mervyn Leslie Pidherney was born January 8, 1945, at Coronation Alberta to Pete and Marg

Mervyn.

Pidhirney (spelling correct) and moved with his family to Leslieville two years later. Merv has three sisters: Elaine (Rudyk), Maxine (McColman), Beverly (Mulholland); and three brothers Dale, Wayne and Brian.

Mervyn married Earlyne Persson in February 1967. Earlyne was born in Rimbey, Alberta, to Frank and Dorothy Persson in June 1949. She moved to Leslieville in 1963 with her grandparents, Earl and Florance Stewart. Earlyne had two sisters, Debby (Gale) and Amber Ogilvie, and two brothers, Greg Persson and Robert Ogilvie. Her sister, Debby, passed away August 2001.

Mervyn and Earlyne have three sons: Shane Leslie (December 25/67), Clint Alexander (April 9/70) and Robert Troy (February 18/72).

Shane married Jennifer Richardson April 20, 1990. Shane and Jennifer's children are Araiea (July 29/90) and Cassandra (May 23/92).

Clint married Tami-Joe McNabb on May 4, 1998. Their family consists of four children: Autumn and Autavia Markle, and Sheyde (March 31/96) and Chandler (April 1/97).

Troy married Tanya Demarce on May 18, 1996. They have three children: Tarron (May 13/94); Tyler (December 17/97) and Trace (November 24/00).

The Pidherney family are very sports-minded; besides their involvement in hockey, Mervyn and sons have always been hot contenders in truck and snow machine racing. On the local scene, the Pidherneys have taken home trophies from the "smash-up-derby." Business or pleasure, as time goes on, we expect to see this industrious family making more history in the Rocky Mountain House/Nordegg area.

PIIRAINEN, Anna

Anna Piirainen was the eldest child of Pekka and Marjia Piirainen. She was born in Finland in 1903, where she lived with her mother and grandparents while Petka came to America to establish a home in the coal mining town of Ceimberland, Wyoming.

When Anna was three, her father came back to Finland to get them, and they lived in Wyoming for about three years before coming to Canada to claim a homestead in the Taimi district. Pekka had saved some money working in the coal mines in Wyoming, so they were able to start pioneer life with a team of horses and a cow. While their house was being built, Marjia, Anna, and baby Ida lived with a family at Eckville. The first building to be made of hewn logs was a bath house which doubled up as a bunk house for sleeping, and also allowed the working men frequent saunas. The swede saw, used for cutting down the pine, and an axe for hewing the logs were the main tools used. The men also needed to cut timbers just to get to their land, as there were no roads to their property. In those days neighbors assisted newcomers to help get them settled.

For a few years life was filled with simple pleasures. Getting to know people in the community, enjoying school days during the summer months, having another sister, Elna, born into the family. All went well. Pekka worked on the new railway line, and was away for periods of time, but also cleared the land and raised hay.

When Anna was twelve, tragedy struck, as her mother slipped on the ice while drawing water for the livestock. She was six months pregnant. The little baby boy came too soon, and both he and Marjia passed away.

Anna had loved learning to bake and cook, always asking how to make things. This is why it was not too difficult to take over the tasks of the home at twelve, and neighbors were kind to give advice when it was needed. The biggest sacrifice Anna had to make was to end her formal education at twelve. However, she always read and, in this way, never seemed to lack for knowledge. She did insist, though, wherever they were to live, that it must be near a school. The hunger for education, still seems to be a family tradition.

Another tragedy occurred when their home and all their belongings were burned in a fire. The community held a benefit dance, and neighbors were kind, but many of the things burned were keepsakes that could never be replaced.

Pekka had continued working out, so the three sisters were left with doing chores, and if someone offered to get groceries from town, they could buy them only if their father had sent money—if not, the offer was not accepted. Sometimes the food was scarce, and on one occasion Anna tried to make an apple pie using potatoes! Needless to say it was a waste of their home grown potatoes, sugar and spices.

At twenty, Anna married Claude Sims, and she moved to the groom's farm at Beaver Flats. Anna's two sisters moved there as well. Claude had a new home built, although as a veteran from the First World War, he had a back injury that did not allow him to do heavy lifting.

Anna's sisters at fifteen, and seventeen, worked out and moved to Vancouver, where they both met their future husbands. By this time Anna and Claude had three of their nine children, Veral, Roy, and Maurice. In the years following, Viola and Larry were born.

After a few years of frost, Claude planned to make a move to higher land, and the family moved to the Frisco district. Here Claude had another large house built, needing space for the growing family and hired men that were needed to clear the land. Picking roots, carrying water, chopping wood, market gardening; all were healthy pastimes for the large family. During the depression Claude opened up his home to his sister, Muriel, husband, Ted, and their son, Ernest. Eleanor was a baby at the time. Two years later Thelma was born, then Bruce, and a few years later Sharon was born to complete the family. During World War II, the two oldest children enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force, and Roy was killed in a tragic air force training accident. Anna said, "You may think you have too many children, but lose one, then you know you did not have too many."

Veral settled into farming after the war. He married Irene Hurst from Calgary. They have six children, eight grandchildren, and three great grandchildren. They left the farm last fall to make their home in Rocky Mountain House. Maurice lives with his brother, Larry, who has the original farm at Frisco. Viola married Ted Broughton

who passed away in 1994. She lives in Edmonton, is remarried to Saul Rabinovitz, and has five of her six children living, and eight grandchildren. Eleanor married John Richmond, lives in Sherwood Park, has three of her four children living, and has one grandchild. Thelma, was married to Joe Carlson. She has passed away with cancer, but was mother of two, and grandmother of three. Bruce married Margaret Shantz, and has four daughters, seven grandsons and one granddaughter, to date, and is living at Creston, B.C. Sharon married Jack Wilson who has passed away. She has two sons, one daughter and one grandson, and is living at Brooks. Anna was a mother that could relate to the Proverb, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" Here is a poem that expresses Anna and Claude's life together:

Little Buttercup written for Anna's eulogy by her daughter, Viola

When he called you his little buttercup
You could not really see,
The beauty of this flower,
That blooms so commonly.
If only a comparison had been made,
To a wild rose or a lily so fair,
Or a rare lady slipper, or a wood violet,
Fragile and fragrant, and worn in the hair!
Buttercups grow close to mother earth's brow,
They are hardy, with a waxy bright form,
They survive the trampling of many feet,
And can weather the wildest storm.
The facts that are often true about us
Are never accepted for what they are,
For her life was lived out like a buttercup,
And not like a shooting star!
So God reached down and took "Buttercup" home
Together at last they will be,
The storms of life now blow over their heads,
For their hearts were prepared for Eternity.

PLATHAN, John and Family
submitted by Cameron Kirby

John Plathan was born in Helsinki, Finland. As a young man he went to Russia to play in the Russian State Orchestra and worked on the railway, probably as a conductor. During that period he once travelled to Siberia. He had to leave Russia and Finland (leaving behind his wife and two daughters, Katy and Karin) for spreading propaganda against the Czar.

Alex Plathan.

He stayed briefly in Marquette, Michigan and Port Arthur and Butte, Montana where he learned that the Co-op in Eckville, Alberta, was looking to hire someone who could speak Finnish. He was hired by Mr. Lundburg, who was probably the manager of Eckville Co-op.

During World War I, he joined the 50th Battalion (Calgary Regiment) as a stretcher bearer and also played in the Regimental Band. His wife died while he was in France and before he returned to Eckville after the war, he married a Welsh lady, Winnie. His two daughters joined them later. He was hired by Central Creameries, taking a Dairy Science course to become a butter maker. He transferred to Rocky Mountain House when the Creamery opened there in 1924.

In 1927 John organized the WWI Veterans' Armistice parade with his band, which became a tradition, starting at 6:00 a.m. on Nov. 11th

Alex Plathan with homemade chair on skis.

John Plathan and Charlie Wayman, skied from Rocky to Nordegg.

John Plathan working with blacksmith.

and entertaining in front of local veterans' homes, through the downtown and into the hotels. This tradition was carried on by his son, Alex, for several years.

When he came to Rocky he started a band which included boys from the Taimi area and some town boys including Del and Art Coghlin, Garnie Stroh, and a girl, Arvilla Wawnch, on the coronet. This band lasted until the early 30s. In 1934-35 another band was started in which the first members were Merlin Smith(Brown), Wes and Willis Teskey, Ronald Saad and son, Alex Plathan. In a year or two the numbers grew to around 30 members. They entertained at community events, parades and went to Calgary when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visited there in 1939. They travelled to Calgary on Gordon Sorenson's bus, leaving early and stopping in Red Deer where they gave an impromptu performance which must have been an occasion in itself.

In Calgary they performed at 10th St. and 16th. Ave. N W and played "God Save The King" as the Royal entourage drove by. It must have been an exciting time for the whole group as they were treated by John's employers at the dairy,

John Plathan Family.

Alex Plathan with Walter Bakka with "Skipper."

Family in front of car.

and were able to see some of the big city—although the two youngest members became lost and later were located in the downtown area. John continued with the band, but the majority of his musicians joined the armed forces and the group gradually disbanded.

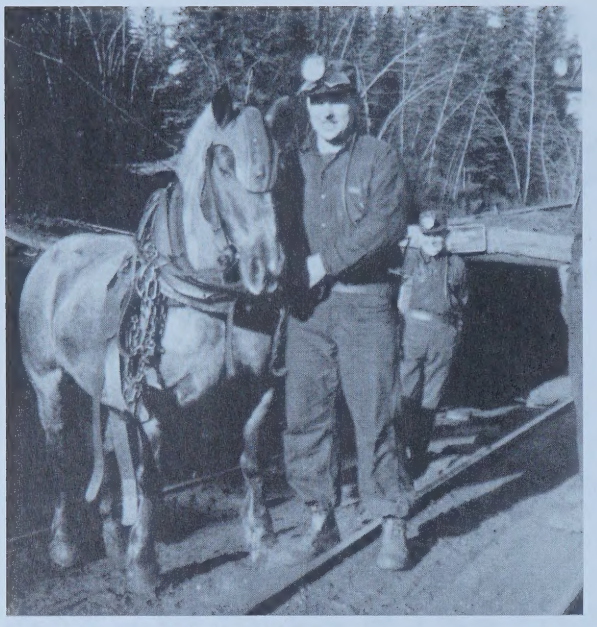
John was very involved with the community. Among other things he built a slide in the C.P.R. field west of 54th St. for the use of local young people. The Plathan cabin at Crimson Lake, the Chateau Dief, was the summer headquarters for Alex and his friends. John manufactured float skis which provided a lot of fun for everyone. They also had a dog "Skipper," bought from Rollie Lewis. Skipper attended all community functions and became quite famous, as without any prompting he was where the action was.

John was an expert skier, having learned this sport in Finland. He retired from the Creamery (where he had won many, many awards for butter making) in 1937 after managing Central (United) Creameries and leasing for one year. After retiring he skied to Nordegg and back three times. The family owned property and lived in two locations round 50th Ave. and 54th Street. He died in June 1949 at almost 72 years of age. Mrs. Plathan moved to Jasper Place to live with daughter, Joan, and died in 1965. Joan is still living in Edmonton. Alex is alive and well and living in Red Deer at the present time.

POSCENTE FAMILY
and their journey to Nordegg, Alberta
submitted by Geno Poscente

Phillip and Victoria Poscente.

In 1910, a young couple landed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, from a small town in central Italy. They still had a long journey ahead of them by rail to Calgary, Alberta, where other families and friends had settled some years before. Philip and Victoria Poscente, like the others, had great



Geno Poscente with "Shorty." Smaller horses were used in the mine and wore protective gear.

expectations in this new country and were willing to work hard to achieve their goals. Philip and Victoria settled in the Riverside District of Calgary, where most of the newcomers from Italy made their homes, as did other nationalities from different countries of Europe.

Philip worked for Calgary Iron Works for some time and later as a labourer in the construction of the Centre Street (Lions) Bridge in Calgary. Victoria worked for some time in a laundry in the Riverside District. As years went by they raised five children, four girls and in 1921, myself, a boy. One of the girls, Teresa, died with the Spanish Flu. After the First Great War another girl, Ida, died as an infant and is buried in Nordegg.

Work was getting hard to find, so shortly after I was born in 1921, we moved to Nordegg, a coal-mining town, where my dad started work in the mines. After a decade of the great depression, the Second Great War broke out in 1939. The mines were working two shifts, six days a week. I was in my late teens, so along with most of my male classmates, we all started to work in the mines.

On October 31, 1941, there was an explosion in #3 mine, which took 29 lives. Later in the 1950s, fire destroyed the tipple and briquette plant. It took over a year to rebuild, but the future of the coal mines was unsure. Nordegg closed in 1955 and became a ghost town. By now I was married to Kay, and I had a daughter, Victoria. We moved to Calgary in 1951 to start a new life. We had three more children, Judy, Michael and Lorraine. I am retired and still live in Calgary with my wife and family.

PREEPER, Harry and Betty

Harry was born and raised at Rocky and served four and a half years overseas in World War II. We settled in Rocky for a short time. After the war he moved to Edmonton where he worked for Mannix Co. Harry passed away November 20, 1999, after a lengthy illness in Glenrose Hospital. Besides his wife, Betty, he leaves one son, Kenneth and wife Helga in Calgary. Daughters, Janice (and Alan Norman) live in California, and Sheila (and Doug Shipley) live in Edmonton. Grandchildren are Ben and Baylea Norman, Linda and Carol Shipley. Harry was predeceased by son Barry.

PROSKOW FAMILY, John and Grace
submitted by Grace Proskow

Shelley and Murray Hopkin's family. Justin, Shelley, Jayna, and Murray.

"1967-2002 Rocky Mountain House" "1967" A year of "Centennial" projects! A Move from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House was in the works for John and Grace Proskow and family (a personal centennial project).

Grace was born to Bill and Martha Grigat, in the Leduc area, during the depression in the 1930s. Leduc was the heart of a large farming district, a community later to become the talk of

John and Grace Proskow with children, Jack, Shelley, and Codey,1975.

big business in 1947 when oil was discovered there. It was a town that went from outdoor biffys to a city, in a relatively short time. The renowned International Airport landed just a few miles from the Grigat farm.

John is the eldest son of Mike and Anne Proskow. He was also born in Alberta, but moved to Saskatchewan at a very early age. After finishing school, he moved to Ontario, working there for a number years. Hearing of the Leduc oil strike, he came from Toronto to check out the prospects in the oil industry.

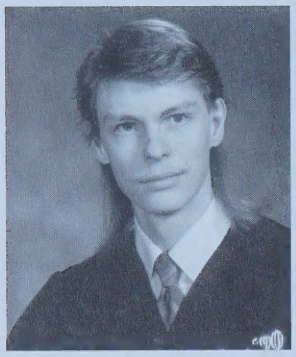
It was in Leduc (dubbed "a wild oilpatch town") that John and Grace met in early 1952, married in December 1953 and resided until 1959. They then moved to the short grass country of Cessford, Alberta (Brooks, Hanna area), another branch of the oil and gas industry. On to Red Deer in 1964, and the centennial project move in 1967, arriving in Rocky during May of that year. They were here in time for the centennial celebrations, to wish Canada a 100th Happy Birthday, and to cheer on the local voyageurs as they departed from the Old Fort down the North Saskatchewan River. A team of ten representing the provinces and territories would re-enact the voyageurs of the fur trade, arriving in Montreal 104 days later. Mayor Helen Hunley and The Honorable Judy LaMarsh sent them on their way with a fine official farewell. A lovely memory! This was the Proskows first taste of Rocky Mountain House hospitality.

Jack and Colleen Proskow's family. Back: Colleen, Jennifer and Heather. Front; Jack and Cameron.

Another experience worth relating is the first shopping trip for groceries to Cony's store. What a sight to behold! It was a glimpse from the past; Grace shopping as a child with her mom in the "good old days" in Leduc. Rocky did have other grocery stores, but having Margaret Cochrane fill this first order was a joy. Anyone who knows Margaret can truly relate to her unique way of giving her customers full attention. A new friend had quickly been gained since arriving here. Later, it was learned the Cony store had the best ever Christmas candy, something only seen before in a small store at Wardlow, Alberta (while living at Cessford). It seemed to show up only at Christmas time.

History is always on the move and they certainly didn't know at that time that, all too soon, the Cony Mutual store on Main Street would become only a memory. Shortly after arriving in Rocky, the Proskows experienced what it means to have flames licking nearby. A forest fire, on the outskirts of Rocky, was certainly a new adventure. They had witnessed a prairie fire a few years earlier, in southern Alberta. So the saga begins with a River, a Store and a Fire, certainly interesting material for a new life experience.

Grace remembers her mother telling about the good old school days in Great West School at Nisku, Alberta around 1910. The teacher would instruct the children to draw a map of



Codey Proskow, Graduation 1990, Will Sinclair High School.

Alberta, filling in rivers and places of interest. Her mother said the first place she would print on the map was Rocky Mountain House. It being a long name, she was sure it looked like she had accomplished something most impressive. Having a very inquisitive mind, Grace's mother enjoyed learning about this area even though it seemed to be a million miles away. Years later she visited Rocky many times, always marveling at the chinooks and scenery, updating her childhood visions of canoes flowing in a large river past trees, forts, furs and teepees. She often said, "God made no part of the country more beautiful than this." When John's mother came to visit and found herself in the middle of an abundant blueberry patch, picking berries and wild mushrooms at the same time, she made a very similar statement. How right they were! That evening John's mother arranged a bouquet of wild flowers for the dinner table. The menu? Butter fried mushrooms and blueberry shortcake, anything else is not important enough to recall.

Over the years many changes have taken place. Not just the huge growth of the town, but there have been changes to the municipality as well. It is interesting to look back at the road conditions—oh, the roads! Muskeg turned into pavement right to the farm gate. Oilfields and gas plants developed, land was cleared, dairy and grain farms prospered. Many new roads were built where travelling was not possible in the past. The business section of the town took on a whole new look. Main Street grew north to the top of the hill as many new buildings were added. Highway 11 south had a real "face lift" with many fine businesses being opened. A whole new industrial area was developed in the east part of town. It seemed suddenly there was a new hospital, swimming pool, and a new arena. Schools and a new library were built. Churches and new homes sprang up in all directions. Westview Lodge, with an addition and renovations, became a lovely updated facility for our senior citizens. A new museum was recently opened where visitors from all over the world sign the guest book.

It seems that "Big Rock" suddenly moved into town. Big Rock is one of those places that simply goes on building great memories. It is nice to think of the many former students, grown and scattered, perhaps all over the world who belong to that special "Big Rock Mutual Society." How they enjoyed the short school field trips to Big Rock! (A story is told that an aboriginal leader, who lives in our area, is the descendent of a baby that was born in the shelter of Big Rock one cold windy night.)

The golf course has improved with an added nine holes and a new clubhouse. During this phase of development, in the 1970s, John helped with the landscape work amongst the beautiful scenery. Although John has played many fine golf courses over the years, the conversation usually turns to the beauty of the Rocky Mountain House golf course (Pine Hills Golf Club).

When John came to the Rocky area in the early 1950s, pipe-lining, he also did some hunting, but prefers to take his aim and shots using a camera. In winter, animals take on a life of their own in Proskow's yard with John out sculpting in the snow banks. However a lovely chinook can wipe out a whole herd of his ice sculptures in record time.

Having read many interesting stories of Rocky Mountain House since moving here in 1967, the Proskows find it has been an education unto itself. Suddenly David Thompson became a real

John and Grace's 40th Anniversary in 1993. Codey, Grace, John, Jack and Shelley.

person, with a descendent still living in the area. As this story is being written, an excellent book called, "Where The River Brought Them" by Pat McDonald has just been launched and added to Rocky's fine collection of written history. Rocky has indeed been fortunate to have a very fine library over these many years. The pioneers were so dedicated, volunteering many hours, as well as years of work to develop it. Most of the first volunteers who Grace met in the late '60s, are now gone, However, they are well remembered for the friendliness they showed newcomers. Today, the bookworms of Rocky are still greeted to a lovely modern facility by a very capable and patient Librarian, Myrna Speers, and her helpful staff. To the young people of today, let's say, "Soak up the history of Rocky Mountain House found in this book. Many of you will be here in 2067 to tell of the history that is now in the making." We are confident many of the pages in this book will find their way onto the Internet. The library is well equipped to help out in this area as well.

Living in the present year, deer and moose are jumping the fences. The coyotes are having a rather wild party at night. There are many other wild animals and birds, even an occasional red fox. Dogs with porcupine quills and skunk scents are not alien to rural areas. Peeking at the Rockies in the distance, a person can follow the seasons; listen to wild geese, watch ducklings and their mothers swimming proudly on a pond; spend time watching the many colors of the lovely sunrises and sunsets. Those who are fortunate enough to live away from the bright city lights can enjoy the not-to-be forgotten aurora borealis and the Milky Way. Happily some things never change! The peace and joy these sights offer outweigh the loss of a few winks of sleep during a coyote jamboree. It has been a most enjoyable "centennial project '67". To have the mountains, fishing holes, winter sports and all the history right in one's backyard; who could ask for anything more? (true pioneer families with their long history in the Rocky area are to be envied.) However, this family's pioneer roots belong to another place—It is certainly proud of those roots as well.

John and Grace have three children who all graduated from Will Sinclair High School. Shelley, born in Edmonton in 1955, graduated in 1973. She attended Red Deer College (Business Adm.) and later married Murray Hopkins, son of Gordon and Polly Hopkins who also lived for a number of years in Rocky Mountain House. Shelley and Murray have two children, Justin and Jayna. Shelley enjoyed being a "stay at home mom" for several years. At present she is working high above the skyline in downtown Calgary. Murray has worked in the oil industry since attending N.A.I.T.

Jack, born in Brooks, Alberta in 1961, graduated in 1979. He attended N.A.I.T. (Earth Resources), and later married Colleen McKay, daughter of Tom and Hilda McKay of Red Deer. They have one son, Cameron. Jack also has two stepdaughters, Colleen's daughters, Jennifer and Heather. Jack is involved in the oil industry and has travelled a fair amount. Among his memories is the "Egypt Adventure," -the Egypt oilpatch, culture, food, pyramids and camel riding. Further travels took him "off shore drilling" off the coast of Nova Scotia. This included survival training, being dropped from a helicopter into the ocean, which he claims he thoroughly enjoyed. Working in the oil business section of downtown Calgary, with more travelling, keeps life interesting, but busy for Jack. Colleen enjoys being a much appreciated full time wife and mom.

Codey was born in Eckville, Alberta in 1971, graduating in 1990. He attended S.A.I.T. (Auto tech.) and is enjoying the single life, his work and leisure time in Calgary. The latter is taken up with a great deal of recreational dirt biking. His interest in biking began at a very early age when Santa brought him a bright yellow Suzuki 50. A trip to Daytona, Florida for the NASCAR races in February of 2001 was a dream come true. However the jubilation was marred by the death of racing legend Dale Earnhardt during the race.

Raising children, watching them grow up (all too fast) and turn into fine families with loving children has been the greatest blessing in life. Because the children and grandchildren live in Calgary, travelling highway #22 as often as possible is pure joy. Forever standing out in memory are the times when the family got together for a sleep-over. Activities were created on the spur of the moment, ending the day with fireworks. Even though the family has expanded, the house

has not, but no matter how the family increases there is always room for one more as long as John and Grace are here. Over the years we have attended the Lutheran Church and are members of the Rocky Mountain Evangelical Lutheran Church (elcic). We live on a small farm east of Rocky and enjoy good health and a quiet retired life.

It has been said, "If you like where you came from, you will like where you're going." So true! Nearly thirty-five years ago we arrived in Rocky Mountain House and in those years have met many fine people who played a very large part in the heart and soul of this community. We remember the doctors, nurses, teachers and clergy who served this community—past and present. We are thankful to them as they served our little family well. Thanks to the many long time residents, such as Edgertons and Brockmans to name a few, who are still building and are concerned for the future of Rocky Mountain House. The years have gone by, community life, volunteering and employment provided friends of many diverse nationalities. Thanks Rocky Mountain House; you are indeed a place anyone would be proud to call "My Hometown."

PROTSACK, Wally
written by Nathan Moore

Wally Protsack was not born in Rocky Mountain House, yet he and his family have become like any quality import product. Add them to your community and after a while you wonder how you ever did without them. Nicholas Protsack, Wally's father, was born in the Ukraine in 1899 and immigrated to Canada in 1912. His mother was originally a Marsinuik from Saskatchewan, and was born in 1909. He is the fourth of six children: Marvin, Olga, Elsie, Wally, Martin and stepbrother Ronald. Only Wally and Olga reside in Rocky Mountain House. Wally was born in White Beech, Saskatchewan in 1937. When he was 5 years old his family moved from Saskatchewan to Geraldton, Ontario, where Wally received his early education.

After completing Grade 11, he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1954, serving as an electronics technician for two years and then remustering to officer training as a pilot. He held that job and position until 1963. He was offered a permanent commission with the military, but chose to leave because he wanted to start his own business. His service time included postings in France and Germany during the time the Berlin Wall was being constructed. Wally remembers that those who lived through that were sure the wall would be the cause of World War III. During his service years, specifically while training to fly the Harvard in Penhold, Alberta, he met and married Carla Schneider, whose father was the John Deere dealer in Red Deer at the time. It was only two weeks after he was married that he was transferred to Germany.

By 1964 he had left the Air Force and purchased a convenience grocery store in Grande Prairie, Alberta. His wholesaler at the time was considering new stores in Golden, B.C., Rocky Mountain House, AB, and St. Paul, AB. He applied for the Rocky position and was granted the right to own and operate the I.G.A. store. Wally and Carla both felt that Rocky was the nicest town to choose to live in and one that offered the best long term potential. When they arrived in Rocky the population of the town was approximately 2,600. They built the first supermarket (6,500 square feet) that was huge for the town at that time. Over the years they have seen the town grow slowly but steadily and they expanded the store and business accordingly.

The Protsack family includes their son, Craig, and his wife, Debra. Craig was born in Germany, while Wally was stationed there with the RCAF. Craig began his schooling here in Rocky. He graduated with a degree from the University of Western Ontario. Susan was born in Red Deer and has degrees in Nutrition and Kinesiology from Simon Fraser University. Presently, Susan resides in Kelowna, B.C. and is married to Jim Denton. The family now includes five grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. As a family they have enjoyed sailing, golfing and travel. Wally's abilities as a pilot have allowed them to fly privately throughout Mexico, the United States and the Caribbean. They have also sailed their sailboat from Vancouver to Mexico and back, and now spend a good part of the winter in Mexico.

Wally's involvement in the town extended to areas other than business. He has been a member of the Kinsmen Club from 1966 and is now a member of the K-40 club, the senior

organization of the Kinsmen Club. He founded the Rocky Mountain House Flying Club in 1966 and organized the Centennial Fly-In, at the airport in Rocky, as part of the Centennial Celebrations in 1967. This Fly-In was the largest ever held in Canada to that date and was visited by many notables, one being Max Conrad, the famous single engine long-distance, round-the-world flyer. Judy LaMarsh, the Federal Minister of Health and Welfare, was the representative from the Federal Government. Wally met her at the Airport and remembers that her Air Force helicopter landed in the dark at the airport. Wally met her at the door as it opened; she peered out into the dark and remarked, "Where the hell are we?"

Wally also served as President of the Rocky Chamber of Commerce for two years in the early 70s and on the Alberta Aviation Council in the mid seventies. He was President of the Howse Pass Association for two years promoting the David Thompson and Howse Pass Access Highways. He has also served on the National Board of the Canadian Federation of Independent Grocers and was a founding member of the Alberta Grocery organization, "Independent Retail Grocers Association." His wife served several years organizing and working with the Rocky Community Band and donated time to many of the local charitable and service organizations. Carla played an important part in developing their business over the years. Other than their food business, they also are the principal owners of Sentinel Self Storage that offers 18 sites across Canada, in Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario. Presently, Wally serves as a Director on the Sentinel Board and as Deputy Chairman on the Board of Carrington-O'Brien Investments that is the operator and owner of their food and investment operations. In 1986 Wally semi-retired, turning his responsibilities over to his son, Craig Protsack. Wally still continues in a Directing and advisory capacity.

The Protsacks feel proud of their accomplishments here, building what they believe, even to this day, is the biggest and best grocery facility available in a town of comparable size in this province. The Rocky community has always been so supportive that it has made the Protsacks' contributions well worth the time. This support has also made the decision to build the current market, second to none in the province, an easy one to make. Wally and Carla have always felt proud of their 38 year association with Rocky Mountain House and have never regretted their move here. They still consider it the best place to live and call it their home.

QUINN, Bernie
submitted by A. Gray

James Bernard (Bernie) Quinn was highly respected in the Rocky Mountain House area. A quiet man with an easy smile, when he spoke listeners sat up and took notice for his words were always seasoned with wisdom and compassion. His encouragement and down-to-earth business sense helped many a young entrepreneur along the road to success. Bernie also supplied employment for hundreds of Rocky workers for twenty three years, from 1970 to his untimely death on December 17, 1993. Bernie was born in Smith Falls, Ontario, on April 12, 1933. He was involved in farming, mining, lumber and hydroelectric operations before entering into the oil, gas and petrochemical industry. In 1970 he moved to Rocky Mountain House with his wife, Mary Beatrice (Bea), and sons, Jim and Shane, and founded Quinn Contracting Ltd.

QUINN, Jim and family

James (Jim) Quinn was born on November 10, 1957, in Blind River, Ontario, and is a third generation Canadian with a predominately Irish ancestry. Jim, his father and paternal grandfather, all carried the name of "James Quinn." Jim's father, James Bernard (Bernie) Quinn, left home in Ontario at an early age and moved to Cranbrook, British Columbia, to work. There he met his future wife, Mary Beatrice (Bea) Osborne. The couple were married in 1956, and have two children, Jim and Sean.

Bea was born in Cranbrook. Her parents, Harry and Della Osborne, were born in Ontario. Jim has many wonderful memories of times spent in Cranbrook. The family usually traveled to Cranbrook during Christmas and summer holidays and enjoyed their visits with relatives and friends.

When Jim and his family first moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1970, his parents set up their own business under the trade name, Quinn Contracting Ltd. The company specializes in gas

plant maintenance. Jim started working with the company as a teenager, working after school and during summer holidays—gradually working his way up to his present status of president. Jim's younger brother, Sean, also worked for the company and is currently attending university to get his MBA. Sean is married to Janice, a Calgarian.

The first job undertaken by the Quinns was maintenance at Gulf Strachan, then at Aquitaine (now Husky Oil). In time the company grew, until now it has approximately 1000 employees who are busily employed across western Canada.

When Jim was a child, the family was constantly on the move, due to his father's job in the oil and gas industry. Some of the towns they lived in are: Fort St. John, Rimbey, Ponoka, Cranbrook, Pincher Creek, Stettler, Estevan, Saskatchewan, and two years in Ontario. After the family moved to Rocky in 1970, Jim attended Will Sinclair High School. He was on the football team along with track and field, and was noted for being a fast runner. A concept he learned in high school, as a result of being President of the Students' Union, was to stand up for yourself. Another was that in order to make changes you must take risks.

Jim had many high school friends. His favorite high school memory was graduation—a bittersweet memory. Although the graduates were happy to launch into new experiences and careers, it was equally sad to see everyone go their separate ways. After graduation, Jim went to Calgary to university where he took a two-year course in general arts. Later, he went to SAIT and earned his carpenter's ticket.

Jim met his wife, Diane, in high school, and they remained friends. Jim says that, "After a five or six year courtship, we were married in 1981." Jim and Diane have two children, Kristin and Courtlin, who are currently attending high school. The family's pastimes include trips in their motor-home, touring Alberta and the States and camping during the summer holidays.

In an attempt to "give back" to the community, Quinn Construction Ltd. supports many community events and fundraising drives. The company employs many people and have encouraged others to get into business for themselves. Quinn Construction Ltd. also participates in apprenticeship programs such as RAP (registered apprenticeship program) because Jim believes youth need to experience the real world at an early age. As president of the company, Jim looks forward to the future and plans for steady growth over the next five years.

Jim hopes that he and his family will be remembered as hard workers. He believes that people should be honest and forthright, and tries to exemplify these traits in his business and personal life. Through his experience he realizes that nothing comes easy. In the thirty-two years the Quinns have lived in Rocky, they have built a thriving business and continue to play an essential role in the development of the town.

RAHKO, Matilda and Andrew
written by Violet (Brown) Evjen

Andrew and Matilda on their wedding day, June 3, 1907.

My grandparents, Matilda and Andrew Rahko, had a farm south of Oras. Their two-story frame house was nestled in spruce, pine, birch and caraganas at the end of the road. There

Andrew and Matilda Rahko (at burial of infant son, May 1909).

Audrey and Ted Rahko with Margaret Speight, February 1952.

was also a sauna, shop and outhouse in the yard, and beyond these buildings lay the swamp—a forbidden place of mystery to us children. We would sit on the fence at dusk on warm summer evenings, listening to the cry of the whippoorwill and the haunting call of a hoot owl.

A huge, hip-roofed horse barn was in the center of the barnyard. The horses were lovingly cared for; they were the machines of the day, used for plowing, disking, harrowing, seeding, cutting, binding and pulling great loads of sheaves to the threshing machine, grain to the granaries and hay to the wonderful smelling hay loft. They were also the main mode of travel to Rocky, a trip of thirteen miles, and they faithfully took the children to school.

The chicken house lay between the horse barn and cow barn, keeping the chickens, roosters and

Irene and George Archibald, in 1952.

Ina and Ed Tiihonen on their wedding day, January 1932.

Uncle Walter in his uniform, home on leave. Ina, Irene, Eddie and Ellen, 1943.

Alex and Irene (nee, Archibald, nee Rahko) Sippola, 1979.

turkeys warm and cozy even in the cruelest of winter frosts. The cow barn was a warm place the for cows, Pansy, Rose and Lily, who gave milk, cream, butter and beautiful doe-eyed calves each spring. The pig house was set close to the swamp where the sows loved to wallow in the mud. There were several granaries and a blacksmith shop, Uncle Stainor's special domain, where horses were shod, tools forged and machinery repaired. The well was enclosed by poplars and in its depths hung pails, holding milk, cream, butter and cheese—fresh and cold. There was a large vegetable garden, bordered by purple flowers and several rhubarb plants and a row of raspberry bushes. Uncle Walter made a hot house; it had large, wooden bins with rich soil and glass partitions. It provided tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, squash, melons and strawberries. The barn cats were always busy as were the farm's faithful collie-cross dogs.

The smells of the farm remain vivid: warm baked bread and cinnamon buns, clean clothes taken in from the clothesline, smoke from a wood burning stove, damp autumn leaves, wild strawberries and blueberries, fresh vegetables—and horses. I loved it all!

Ina and Ed, 35th Wedding Anniversary. Ellen and Eddie, 1967.

George, Violet, and Florence at the farm in 1943.

Violet, Ester, baby Vivian, Walter, Florence, and Richard, 1947.

My grandmother, Matilda, was a good manager, overseeing a household of fifteen people, who seemed to be happy, busy, each doing his or her particular daily chores.

I have gone ahead in my story, for it really began in Finland where my grandparents were born. My grandmother, Matilda Laastika, was born in Kalajaki and my grandfather, Andrew Rahko, was born in Oulu. As young people, they immigrated to the United States, to Glencoe, Wyoming, coming from Finland by steamship, an extraordinary and exciting aventure. Once in Glencoe, Matilda worked as a maid for a wealthy family, and Andrew worked as a miner in that area. My grandmother was a blue-eyed, strawberry blonde; Grandfather a handsome dark-eyed, young man with a mustache. They met and fell in love. Later they married and began their lives together in Glencoe where they resided until after the birth of their first children (twins) Sule Ina and Nielo, who were born in January 1909. Sadly, Nielo died at the age of four months. After this terrible tragedy, they decided to immigrate to Alberta, hoping to acquire land of their own.

They boarded a train and traveled north to the Manyberries area in Southern Alberta where they stayed with friends for several months. How desolate and sparse the country seemed. So, they journeyed to Lethbridge, staying with friends and investigating the possibilities of farming in that area. The next summer they traveled to Red Deer and found homestead land they very much liked, near Oras. Thus began their life in Alberta.

Their beginnings were humble: a small, one-room house and a cow. Grandfather went to work in the coal mines at Nordegg, and Grandmother stayed behind, caring for her child, her house and the farm animals. That spring, on May 26, 1911, Ester (my mother) was born.

With a great deal of hard work—and Grandfather's wages—they were able to buy seed for a crop and garden, more cows, some pigs and poultry, plus a team of horses, named Lady and Paul. There was machinery to buy, a plow, disc, harrow and seeder. Our neighbors had a threshing machine which traveled throughout the community during harvest time. Threshing time was exciting for us children. All the neighbors came, and Grandmother, Mom and my aunts prepared great feasts and the house was full of visitors for three or four days. We children had the task of carrying lunches out to the field at coffee times, and we felt very important.

Over a span of nineteen years, five more children were born: Nielo (Nick), December 1912; Stainor, November 11, 1914; Terho (Ted) October 27,1917; Walter on August 8, 1921 and Irene on June 1, 1928.

My aunt Ina helped on the family farm until she married Ed Tiihonen in January 1932. They lived in the Oras district for some time before moving to the Marianne district, near Sylvan Lake. Prior to leaving, they took their log house apart, log by log, and hauled the logs to the train, and these were taken to their new home-site. This was a tremendous task; there were no cranes, so the work was all done by hand. They also moved their cattle to their new farm by horseback. Ina was an expert at crocheting and many of us still have the lovely doilies and runners she made. She loved plants and had a wonderful sun porch full of them. She also had cats, some in the house and many more in the barn. Later, they had two children, Eddie and Ellen.

My mother, Ester, also helped on the farm until she married my father, George Brown, in October 1939. They had six children: Violet, Florence, Walter, Richard, Vivian and George. My grandfather passed away the year before I was born. So, Mom and Dad stayed on the farm and helped Grandmother until she passed away in 1946. My mother was a talented artist, painting

many pictures for us. She loved sewing quilts and made them for all of her children, grandchildren, relatives and friends. She loved raising turkeys(and farm animals in general), and was an excellent cook and baker.

Uncle Nick built a sawmill to use on the farm, and later this was his family's livelihood. He met and married Aili Hynonen who lived in the Benalto district. They had four children: Mary, Fredrick, Margaret and William. They moved from the farm to Rocky and Nick set up his sawmill near Strachan, and then Nordegg where he was killed while operating the mill. Aili and the children continued to live in Rocky.

Uncle Stainor did not marry. He spent many years farming after Grandfather died. He also worked with the sawmill. He, along with Uncle Nick and Uncle Ted, worked on the Alaska Highway, going north each year until it was completed. Stainor assembled machines to assist in daily chores, including a loom for Grandmother for weaving rugs which my cousin Ellen still has and uses. He also created beautifully crafted violins, and received many awards for his playing through the years. He invented a mechanical apparatus with pulleys to assist him to move from his house to his shop after his knees failed. He still resides in Rocky at the Westview Lodge.

My uncle's violins bring to mind our Saturday night saunas—an evening of socializing. Many neighbors came; mothers and children bathed first, the men later. Afterwards, Grandmother's cinnamon buns and coffee cakes were served, Stainor would play his violin and everyone would sing. My dad loved to tell jokes, and he always had an endless supply. It was a special part of my Finnish heritage.

My uncle Ted married Audrey Rodtka in February 1952; they had five children: Gloria, David, Iris, Stan and Eldred. They lived in Rocky for several years, then moved to Ft. St. James, B.C., where they reside still. Uncle Ted worked for the sawmill and later owned and operated cats in B.C. As a young man, he was known as an excellent hunter and woodsman.

Uncle Walter was a great gardener. As a young boy he was able to tame wild animals and had chipmunks, squirrels and rabbits for pets, making intricate cages, wheels and toys for them. In May 1943, he joined the army and was killed in active duty on December 23, 1944, in Ortanna, Italy, where he is buried with his regiment.

My aunt Irene worked for the Co-op store in Rocky where she met and married George Archibald, a banker. They have two sons, Charles and Daniel. Irene is a gifted artist, painting pictures with India ink on curved glass and also tinted photographs. She continued to work in the grocery business, mainly cutting meat. She lived in Caroline for several years, separated from George. Later she married Alex Sippola, an oilman and tank-truck owner. They resided in Red Deer, Bentley, Caroline and now live in Rocky.

This is the story of my grandparents and their children. Today, I still have aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews in the Rocky area. I am proud of my Finnish background and consider Rocky and the surrounding area a part of my heart and heritage.

RAHKO, Fredrick (Fred) Niilo

Fred Rahko was born January 9, 1942, and died March 19, 2001. The eldest son of Nick and Aili Rahko, he was born in Eckville and, at the time of his passing, lived in Rocky Mountain House. Fred was a licensed body mechanic and worked mostly free-lance. He married Karen Berquist in 1967 and they were divorced a few years later. They have three children, Teresa Lynn and twins, Tracy Leanne and Stacy Allen.

Teresa (Terri) Lynn Rahko was born on February 10, 1968. She lives in Edmonton with her friend, Brian, and had three children. They are Crystal Rose Rahko born September 10, 1989 and twins, Bailee Rose and Brandee Lynn Barrs, born January 18, 1994. However, Bailee died of SIDS at the age of two and a half months. Crystal lives with her legal guardians, Roy and Marg Windle, and Brandee lives with her father, Darryl Barrs.

Tracy Leanne (Rahko) Leslie was born on July 7, 1970. Tracy married Larry Wendell Leslie on July 27, 1991, and they live in Innisfail and have three children. Kevin, from Larry's first marriage, was born July 4, 1983; Melissa Aili Dawn was born Dec. 4, 1989 and Trevor James (TJ) was born January 2, 1994. Larry works for his father, driving trucks, and Tracy is a stay-at-home mom for the time being. Both Tracy and Larry enjoy camping. Kevin is finished school and is

working in a tire shop. Melissa enjoys school, swimming, horses and outdoor sports. TJ enjoys school, swimming and outdoor sports.

Stacy Allen Rahko, born July 7, 1970, lives with his friend, Michelle, in Rocky and works for Husky Oil, just outside Rocky Mountain House. They both enjoy camping, skiing and dogs.

RAHKO, Margaret (Marg) Irene Rahko Windle and husband, Roy Windle

Marg is the youngest daughter of Nick and Aili Rahko and was born May 11, 1945, in Eckville, Alberta. Her early childhood was spent in Sylvan Lake, but halfway through grade one, the family moved to Rocky Mountain House where she finished her schooling and graduated from high school in 1964. After graduation, she moved to Red Deer and commenced working at the Provincial Training School, now known as Mitchener Centre. Marg graduated from the three-year nursing program in 1968.

She met Roy Windle who was on temporary duty in Penhold and they were engaged in September of 1968 and married on June 28, 1969. Roy was stationed in Rivers, Manitoba and was in the army (RCEME—Royal Canadian Electrical Mechanical Engineers) and employed as an instrument electrical technician on aircraft. They lived in Rivers and Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. Later they lived in Lahr, West Germany, before moving to Edmonton where they reside at the present time.

Having been released from the military, Roy works for Nexinnovations as a service technician. Marg still works as a nurse with the mentally and physically handicapped. Both Marg and Roy enjoy camping, traveling and attending Edmonton Eskimo football games.

They became legal guardians to their grandniece, Crystal Rose Rahko, in September 1997. Since they didn't have any children of their own, Crystal has added a whole new dimension to their lives. Crystal enjoys Pathfinders which is a stage of Girl guides; traveling; camping; attending Camp Caroline; church activities and was baptized in 2001.

RAHKO, Mary Ellen (Rahko) Gunderson

Mary was the eldest daughter of Nick and Aili Rahko. She was born on January 24, 1939, in Rocky Mountain House. She started school in Sylvan Lake and on entering grade one, spoke only Finnish and had to learn English very quickly. After that English was the only language spoken at home, so she soon forgot Finn. Later she moved with her parents to Rocky Mountain House where she continued her education.

After graduation from high school, she accepted a job with the Treasury Branch in Rocky Mountain House and later transferred to a branch in Red Deer where she met her future husband, Jack Gunderson. Jack was in the RCAF and stationed at Penhold. They were married in June of 1961, and in October Jack was transferred to Marville, France, where Anita, their eldest daughter, was born.

They also lived in Ontario where their daughter, Terry, was born, as well as Summerside, PEI; Mont Apica, Quebec, and Prince George, B.C. While in Prince George, Mary and Jack separated and Mary and the girls moved to Surrey, B.C.

Mary was a lady of many talents. She cooked, baked, sewed and enjoyed a number of crafts. She was a gracious entertainer and dancer as well as being competent outdoors, doing home repairs, renovating and landscaping. She loved to travel and found time to round and square dance at least three times a week, but mostly she loved to spend time with her daughters.

Mary redesigned her home and converted it from a one-and-a-half story house, to a larger two story home. She worked in the x-ray department at St. Mary's Hospital in New Westminster and often walked to work from her home in Surrey across the Pettella Bridge because it was faster than driving to work.

Before Mary passed away from cancer on February 12, 1991, she willed the house to her two daughters, Anita and Tonya.

Anita Jo-Anne Gunderson was born August 14, 1962, in Rocky Mountain House and commenced grade one in Prince George, later graduating from high school in Surrey, B.C. She lives with her friend, Gord, in Surrey.

Mary's youngest daughter, Tonya Margaret (Gunderson) Bennett, was born on March 20, 1964. She lives with her husband, Al, and their two dogs, a cat and two birds. Al (Alfred Bennett) was born December 20, 1964. Tonya and Al have recently bought Anita's share of the house in Surrey and have taken up residence there. They have made many changes to the house and it

looks great. They both love to travel and a favorite destination is Mexico where they enjoy the warm climate.

RAHKO, Family

Nick and Aili Rahko on their wedding day in March 1938.

Niilo (Nick) Elmer Rahko: Nov 23, 1912 – Dec. 19, 1961

Aili Helen (Hyvonen) Rahko: May 3, 1914 – Oct. 15, 1994

Nick was the third child and eldest son of Andrew and Matilda Rahko of Rocky Mountain House. The family lived on a homestead south-east of Rocky. Nick married Aili Helen Hyvonen in 1938. She was the youngest daughter of Ilmar and Ida (Kinnunen) Hyvonen of the Benalto district. After their marriage, they lived on the Rahko family homestead and later moved to Sylvan Lake before moving back to Rocky where they resided until their passing. Nick and Aili had four children: Mary Ellen, Frederick (Fred) Niilo, Margaret Irene and William (Willie) Elmer.

Nick worked at various jobs, including the construction of the Alaska Highway. He also worked as a sawyer at lumber mills west of Rocky and for several years owned and operated his own mill. The lumber used to build his house in Rocky came from his own mill. Nick was killed in a lumber mill accident in December 1961.

Back row: Irene, Aili, Ester, baby Walter. Front row: Frederick, Florence, Mary and Violet.

Aili was a "stay-at-home mom" and enjoyed traveling, gardening, making granny squares for her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She passed away on October 19, 1994 and the following eulogy was delivered by her son-in-law, Roy Windle:

Mame, Mamie, Mom was a loving mother to her children. She would always put them first in her life. This love continued with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren and she spent a great deal of her time raising her grandchildren, Terri, Tracy and Stacy. Aili got the name "Mamie" from her first granddaughters. They called her Mamie so everyone would know which grandmother they were referring to: "Mamie" Rahko or "Marmie" Moore.

When Jack (her son-in-law) was transferred to Prince George, British Columbia, Aili's daughter, Mary, and the girls stayed in Rocky for four or five months while waiting for military married quarters. That Christmas, Mamie received ninety percent of her cards addressed to Mamie Rahko versus Aili. So, the name, Mamie, stuck to this day.

Friends and neighbors also got to know Aili as a caring and loving individual. Mamie always looked for "the good" in people and overlooked their faults. The coffee pot was always on and conversation was warm and friendly. Mamie loved her coffee!

Nick, Aili, Ester, Ted, Matilda, Irene, Stainor and Walter, 1939.

Once Mamie, Mary and Anita took a motor home to visit relatives in Montana. Marg thought they had gotten lost, so Mamie and Anita went down a country lane to ask for directions. Mary and Marg waited and waited in the motor home. As time passed and no one returned, Mary said, "I hope Mom didn't stop for coffee." So, Mary and Marg drove to the farm house and sure enough, there was Mamie having coffee—she had found some of her relatives.

Aili was also known as "Mom" to her children's friends and later parents of her grandchildren's friends called her "Mom."

Mary and Marg often took Mamie visiting friends and relatives across the country. Sometimes Mamie would complain about being dragged around, but once she got to her destination, she always enjoyed herself. Then it would be hard to get her back in the vehicle for the trip home.

Mamie had a love for the Lord. This was evident by the number of Bibles she had—eight in English and one in Finnish. Looking through them, I found hundreds of underlined passages which must have had special meaning to Mamie. She also had a large number of pocket books, all of which reflect on the way she followed the Lord and dealt with her own challenges.

Mamie endured a lot of hardship in her lifetime. She lost her husband, Nick, in 1961 in an accident and was left to raise her youngest children, Margaret and Willie. In 1966, the Lord took her son, Willie, and in 1991, her eldest daughter, Mary, was called home. In 1994, her great-granddaughter, Bailee, passed away. Through all this, Aili looked to the Scriptures for peace and comfort, knowing someday she would be with them again.

As in John 14: 1-4, when Jesus was comforting His disciples—and this is true for us today—'Let not your hearts be troubled; you believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? ... I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also.'

Today Mamie, Mame, Mom, Grandma, Aunt Aili, Aili is at eternal peace and at home with the Lord and her loved ones who went before.

RAHKO, William (Willie) Elmer Rahko

Willie, the youngest child of Nick and Aili Rahko, was born in Eckville, Alberta, on November 16, 1950, and died August 15, 1966. He attended school in Rocky Mountain House and, prior to his death, completed grade ten in Rocky. He was an active member of the Sea Cadets and won a trip to Comox, B.C. While at Comox, he became ill and died from meningitis at the age of fifteen years, nine months. He enjoyed sports, traveling, visiting and staying with relatives.

RAIVIO, Clarence Dennis – Memories

Betty Raivio with her dad, guide Rennell Speight. Her first elk, 1963.

My first memories are of being born in the hospital in Rocky Mountain House on August 9th in 1939. My mother Myrtle Lillian Raivio (Sands)(1914-1982) was holding me and my father Niilo (Nick) Abraham Raivio (1909-1948)

Alec Erchuk with Niilo Ravio in front of store run by Robert Kay.

Back row: Dale Atwater, Clarence Del Raivio, Clarence Raivio. Front row: Coral, Shawn, and Theresa Atwater, Betty Raivio, Lacy Atwater.

was still pacing the room. They had been married three years earlier in Red Deer on November 23, 1936. Brother Kenneth Niilo was born August 30, 1941. Dad's parents, Abraham and Amanda Raivio (nee Randala), came from Finland with Amanda's father, Jacob Randala. They arrived in North Dakota in 1888. They started their homestead in the Oras area in 1909. My dad, Niilo, was the oldest of four brothers: Verner, Elmer and Wayne; and three sisters, Astrid, Einie and Nellie. Great-grandfather Jacob was a shoemaker in Finland and Grandpa Abraham was a skilled woodworker, so all of my uncles and aunts had shoes to wear in the winter and a well built hand-hewn squared log home. Abraham helped neighbors build some of their homes and some are still standing today nearly 100 years later. One is on the Rodgers' farm west of Leslieville.

My mom's father, Clarence Sever Sands (1883-1952), was born in Wisconsin and came west to settle in the Evarts district in 1902. He married Mabel Agartus Werner (1988-1918). Mom was the second oldest of four children, Carlyle, Gertrude and John. In 1918 Grandpa Sands moved his family and homesteaded west of Rocky Mountain House, on the banks of the Baptiste River, where the Sunchild Reserve is today. Since Grandma Mabel passed away in 1918, Grandpa Sands remarried Loretta Eleanor Soles. I gained six more uncles and one more aunt from this union: Sam, Chester, Marion, Bill and Larry Sands; also stepsons, Nelson Hickob and Prentiss Sands. So I clearly remember having eleven uncles and five aunts in the immediate family. Grandpa was forced to sell his homestead to the government when the Sunchild O'Chiese Reserve was formed in approximately 1930. He then moved his family ten miles farther up the Baptiste River where Grace Creek joined it. He acquired the homestead rights to two quarters of land and later on purchased a third quarter of land.

My father worked for CN Railways on the section crew. He was promoted to foreman and then Branch Crew Chief. So my childhood was spent west of Rocky. We lived in Saunders, West Saunders, Lamoral and Phoenix, all rail stops on the Rocky to Nordegg rail line. I started school in Saunders, then to Ferrier, Nordegg, Rocky and a short stretch in Marengo, Saskatchewan, where my Dad was killed in a train wreck in February 1948. A snowplow engine in which he was riding ran-head on into a stalled freight train. Five men were killed in the tragedy.

My mom first started cooking for Grandpa Sand's guide and outfitting business in 1932. She was Alberta's first lady licensed guide and outfitter in 1949. In 1947 Mom became partners with a cowboy named Del Wing (1902-1957), a man who was a guide and outfitter from Ponoka. He and a friend, George McKeddy, started the Ponoka Stampede. Del was a man of many talents; among these were rope and leather

Hunters and Guides: hunter, Bill Sands, hunter, Clarence Raivio, hunter, and Cliff Lernerd.

braiding, harness and saddle-making, bronc riding, outfitting and ranching. He promoted several rodeos in the Rocky area and lived on the rodeo grounds, when they were down in the bush, east of where Cole's Auction Mart is today. In the mid 1950s Mom and Del had over one hundred head of horses working in the mountains between Banff and Grande Cache for oil company geologists. Some of the outfitters, now famous, who worked for Mom and Del back then were John and Myrtle Vecchio, Jerry Verhaeghe (Saunders), Dewey and Neva Browning, Ed and Millie McKenzie, Tan Jameson, Cecil Gill and Charlie Regnier (Caroline), Ed Favro, Jim and Ted Colosimo (Nordegg), all of the Sands boys, Del's son, Darrell Wing, and, last but not least, the great Native guide, Isaiah Crawler.

We lived in what is now called Misty Valley, three miles east of Saunders when I started school. We had to walk to school (as the old saying goes, uphill both ways in deep snow). There was ten of us kids, ages six to ten years old: Chris, Yvonne and Roland Larson, Walter and Art Verhaeghe, Wesley and Lorne Yarbrough, Bob and Margaret Cowley and myself. We had our choice of which way to go to school. We could go up the road and across two small creeks in deep gullies with steep hills on both sides, or the railway tracks, which had three high trestles to cross. To take the tracks we would have to climb the very steep hill up an old wagon road to get to them. So we usually took the road to town and the tracks coming back. The rule was we all stayed together, with the older kids in charge. The noise ten of us made, laughing and talking, there sure wasn't any wildlife on the road.

Later we moved into town where every night all the kids from four to fifteen or sixteen years old would choose sides and play run-sheep-run, red light, green light or our favorite kick the can. What was so great about this was that no one was ever left out. Everyone who wanted to got to play. At that time I think there was only one bicycle in town and it belonged to the mine manager's son, Glen Morgan, who was the same age as I was, six years old. Glen would let all of us younger kids have rides on it, and as none of us could reach the pedals we used to push it part way up the very steep hill to the mine and then take turns coasting down the hill through town. You could take your choice and go on the road either left or right at the bottom of the hill. We soon got so we could start at the top of the hill and coast all the way through town. There was also a very sharp right hand turn at the bottom of the hill that no one ever tried. One day they talked me into trying it, and I said I would, but only from half way up the hill. They let me go, but I lost control and ran smack into the big log ice house at the bottom of the hill and bent the front wheel on the bike. It never got fixed before we left Saunders, so that was the last ride.

A few of us kids had another favorite game to play. The windows in the hotel beer parlor were about three to four feet off the ground, and in warm weather they were left half open and the miners sitting next to them would put their glasses of beer on the ledges to keep them cool. Us kids would wait until dark then dare each other to sneak up outside and steal a drink of beer. During the summer we did this quite a few times and never got caught. Ten years later I ran into one of the miners and he said "I remember you, you're one of the kids who used to steal our beer at Saunders." So much for never being caught.

In the summer of 1949 Del Wing and Mom purchased a homestead quarter next to Grandpa Sands' ranch on Chambers Creek, which they named Elk Horn Ranch. It was great fun and fascinating to ride our horses over to Grandpa Sands' ranch and watch Uncle Johnny Sands showing all his younger brothers and sister, Marion, how to train trick horses. They had worked out an act with Johnny's favorite horse, Flicka, as the star. All their horses would bow, count, play dead, teeter totter and do tricks high

on a small three piece platform. You would swear they were all one unit with their horses knowing exactly what they were telling them to do. Their act was a crowd pleaser at all the rodeos they performed at.

There are so many memories of school days in Rocky it would take a book to even list them all. But some are: playing baseball with Jack Killick coaching; playing in the band; curling in junior high school when our junior team, myself, Lawrence Murgatroyd, Phillip McMillan and Leonard Mottus beat the high school team in the playoffs. We went on to win second place in the Central Alberta playoffs losing to Sylvan Lake. I remember the dances at the old Legion Hall with our local band "The Four Aces" playing, with Orlo Rundle and Bob Stronach on the trumpet, Bob van Kleek on Saxophone and Neil Charlton on drums. Most of the time they were joined by Tina McCabe or Mavis Becker at the piano. The big old school bell we always used to try to ring on Halloween, the list goes on ...

Leaving school I became the youngest Class A Guide in Alberta. At that time the Alberta Government required all guides to have three years experience as a horse wrangler to write the test for a Class B license with two registered outfitters signing for you. Then you had to have three years experience as a Class B to write your test for a Class A. The outfitters signing for me were the legendary Dewey Browning and Tan Jameson. I received my Class A license in 1960 at the age of 21. That is also the year Mom made me a partner in her outfitting business.

I was married on June 22, 1963, to Elizabeth (Betty) Lorraine Speight (1945), daughter of Rennell Paul (1922-1984) and Helen (Ella) May Speight (1911-1974) of the Cow Lake area. It was a day of memories. We were married in the Presbyterian Church and it snowed about four inches of heavy wet snow. The reception at the Anglican Hall went well, but the dance to follow was at the Hardindell Hall. The old gravel road happened to be under construction for a mile from the Everdell turn-off, west toward Hardindell. So the guests had a choice, to be pulled through the mud with a caterpillar or go all the way around through Everdell, Strachan and then back to Hardindell. The best man (brother Ken) and bridesmaid (Audrey Bensmiller, nee Speight) were driving my 1952 Dodge car that I had planned to use for the honeymoon. While taking the long way to the dance they were in a head-on-collision. No one was hurt, but my car was a write-off. Mom had gotten sick and was taken to the hospital right after the reception. I borrowed Rennell's 1959 International pickup truck to go on our honeymoon. Well, halfway to town the high gear went out of his truck, so we only made it to Rocky instead of Red Deer where we were going to spend the first night. We got a room at the Mountview Hotel and at 1:30 in the morning there came a tap at the door. It was my aunt Marie Sands saying my mom had taken a turn for the worse and wanted to see me. I opened the door and the room filled with people for an old-fashioned shivaree. Needless to say we never got to bed on our wedding night and had to borrow Mom's 1956 Ford car to go on our honeymoon the next day.

After marriage, Betty helped me in all my work, cooking on the pack trail or in logging camps where I worked until I acquired a sawmill of my own. We outfitted until 1984 when I had to retire for health reasons. We also ran a PMU barn for eighteen years, and now we are operating the Kootenay Plains Campgrounds with fourteen years as campground operators.

Betty and I have two children, Theresa Lorraine (Dale) Atwater and Clarence Del Raivio, three grandchildren, Lacy, Coral and Shawn Atwater. We still live on the old ranch on the Sunchild road, thirty miles west of Rocky.

Having lived in and around Rocky Mountain House for over sixty years, I have seen enormous changes in the town and surrounding country. I can honestly say that pretty well all my memories have been really good ones and in all my travels I have never seen a place I would rather live.

RAIVIO, Myrtle
Alberta's First Woman Guide and Outfitter
by A. Gray

On the afternoon I visited Myrtle Raivio's final resting place in Pine Grove Cemetery, a chill west wind cut through my jacket and hurled dry leaves among the headstones. Yet on this blustery October day the wind had little to do with the way my eyes were watering. No, remembering Myrtle and realizing this was the time of year she would normally be in the

Pack string on very rough trail McDonald Creek in 1964.

mountains filled me with deep sadness. The words chiseled in the granite slab read, "Lady Guide Of The Hills." What truth those five words hold because, not only was Myrtle the first woman guide and outfitter in Alberta, she was every inch a lady.

I recall the many times she came into our mechanic shop to have repairs done on her truck. I can picture her now, the curled-up brim of a western hat shading blue eyes and sandy eyebrows, asking in that undemanding way of hers, "Have the boys got time to look at my truck, today?"

At such times I would gladly leave my book work to visit while her truck was being readied for the rough roads she so often drove. Over a cup of coffee she quietly pondered over a wide range of local and international events. And believe me, she spoke intelligently on a wide range of subjects. Environmental issues held a special place in her heart. I well remember my husband and I attending a forestry meeting with Myrtle and afterward thinking she was far more knowledgeable about "timber management" than the evening's guest, a smooth talking college graduate.

Myrtle with Pinto Lake Trout.

She loved the mountains. For over fifty years "Shorty," as she was called, guided both Canadian and American hunters into the west country—and this was no small endeavor. The hunting season was three months long, September 1st to November 30th. Other clients, geologists and sightseers, traveled throughout the summer. Regardless of the duration of the trip, a minimum of fifteen to twenty-five head of horses were required for each party of travelers and two guides and a cook accompanied each party.

In the fall of '55 Myrtle operated fifteen camps simultaneously in the mountains west of Nordegg. All told, she used 103 head of horses and had a packer and cook at each camp. Later on, while continuing to guide, she owned and operated a large PMU barn at her permanent headquarters and a trapline in the mountains. At one time she had her own sawmill, cutting and skidding the logs herself. She also built a trapper's cabin—an unusual accomplishment for a woman. It was fourteen feet wide, twenty feet long and made with timbers, squared on three sides, which she raised with a minimum of assistance.

Yet even as Myrtle competed in what has traditionally been a male dominated occupation, she retained her femininity. Friends and neighbors remark on what a "fine-looking woman she was." They remember her as "dignified, as always being appropriately dressed and "never gaudy." In 1962, the community

demonstrated their admiration by electing her Queen of Central Alberta Light Horse Association. And what a beautiful queen she made!

Still, the question remains, why did this petite blonde choose to work in such a difficult and dangerous male oriented occupation? To find the answer we go back to her childhood.

She was born Myrtle Sands in Evarts, Alberta on July 21, 1914. Shortly after birth, she moved with her parents, two brothers and a sister to a cabin on the Baptiste River, 45 miles north-west of Rocky Mountain House. Her father, Clarence Sands, originally chose this remote home site to set up a trapline. Then in 1919 he began guiding big game hunters into the mountains. Although the area had an abundance of wild game, the Sands family were a long way from civilization. So it was that Myrtle's first school was the great outdoors where she learned geography and biology first hand in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

Life was anything but easy in the early 1900s, especially for the young Sands family who lived so far from town. Yet they learned to be resourceful, producing their own food, clothing and tack for their horses. Roads were poor and tragedy struck when Myrtle was four years old and her mother died of appendicitis on route to the Rocky Hospital.

Perhaps it was her mother's untimely death which fired in young Myrtle a fierce sense of independence and forced her to learn the skills of trapping, hunting and carpentry. She often told about her first trapline which consisted of small rabbit snares set among the willows next to the family's log cabin. She tended these traps daily, knowing how important each pelt was to the welfare of her family. Myrtle also became an ardent horse woman, riding and memorizing every landmark in the timbered country adjacent to what is still known today as the old Sands' Ranch.

When her father remarried, Myrtle became a mentor to five more siblings and, after some formal schooling in Slocan City, British Columbia, she began cooking in the camps her father set up for hunters. In 1932 she married Niilo Raivio who predeceased her in 1948. Two sons, Clarence and Ken Raivio, were born to this union and later the boys worked with her on the trail.

In 1949, after six years of apprenticeship (partly served under her father), she acquired her own Guide and Outfitters' license, embracing a career which spanned over fifty years. In this capacity, she often found herself traveling great distances to events, such as the annual convention organized for the preservation of wild sheep. This conference hosted by the Foundation of North American Wild Sheep, not only helped Myrtle keep abreast of current big game policies, but also supplied her with many new clients. Attending these functions in Wyoming, Nevada and Louisiana, she met other guide and outfitters, as well as hunters and conservationists, from all over the world. Other trips took Myrtle to Montana, Wisconsin and Hawaii. Was it any wonder she was able to speak so knowledgeably on international issues?

Most people in the region knew Myrtle as a capable business woman. Few knew of the work she quietly accomplished as a volunteer. When Myrtle's mother-in-law, Amanda, and brother, Carlyle, suffered lengthy illnesses, they were confined to Rocky Mountain House Hospital. Myrtle became a regular hospital visitor and was considered a ray of sunshine to both staff and patients alike. Once or twice a day Myrtle went to the hospital to dress, feed or run errands for various convalescents on the ward. She was never happier than when she was pushing a wheel chair for a needy shut-in or running downtown to buy books or greeting cards for those who couldn't shop for themselves.

She was also an excellent seamstress, making the western shirts she wore when accepting the trophies. She seldom, if ever, used a "store-bought" pattern while sewing for her family and friends. She simply took the recipient's measurements and tailored the garment to fit. Once, when a group of little girls joined dance classes, Myrtle made each a pretty made-to-measure dance costume. On another occasion, when a young pregnant mother could not afford a new dress to attend a wedding, Myrtle saved the day by whipping up a stylish maternity dress. She also made tack for her horses, crafting leather and nylon into bridles, martingales and halters.

Myrtle won many trophies during her years of guiding, perhaps her finest award being the Rocky Mountain Trophy for registering the largest animals taken each season during a five year

period. Of this trophy, Myrtle humbly remarked, "I won it with goat, sheep and moose. It's really a very attractive thing."

In her many years as a guide and outfitter, I never had the opportunity to go on a pack trip with Myrtle, but those who did give glowing reports of their experiences. Except for personal items, Myrtle supplied all the necessities for a well run camp and scheduled the day's activities to suit the needs of her clients. She was known to pay attention to details, making sure travelers under her care, whether human or equine, were safe, comfortable and well fed.

However, ensuring the safety of others meant that Myrtle frequently put her own life on the line. Her son, Clarence, remembers one such incident in the spring of 1957, when she narrowly escaped drowning. Clarence, a teen-ager at the time, was working with his mother guiding a group of geologists in the country south of Chetwynd, British Columbia. Because the geologists needed rock samples from a fairly large area, it fell to Myrtle to get her charges safely across two rivers, the Sukunka and the Pine. The spot Myrtle chose for the crossing was just above the confluence of these rivers. She assigned the men and supplies to boats, while she, alone, planned to swim the horses across the Sukunka to a gravel bar. Once there, she intended to rest the horses before swimming the more placid Pine River. "I told Mom it wouldn't work," Clarence recalls. "It was spring and the Sukunka was running deep and fast, but Mom was determined."

Myrtle started into the water on her saddle horse, driving the other seven head of horses in front of her. Seconds later, all eight horses were down and were carried by the current to where the Pine tumbled into the Sukunka. Clarence still shudders as he remembers the scene of horses struggling in the giant whirlpool made by the meeting of the two rivers—heads bobbing, feet thrashing as the frenzied animals fought their way to shore—but, to everyone's horror, there was no sign of Myrtle. Presently her body surfaced some distance downstream and a boat went to her rescue. When pulled from the water she was unconscious—more dead than alive—having been struck on the head by her horses' flailing hooves. Yet, a few days later Myrtle was back on the trail, directing the camp as if nothing had happened.

Did she enjoy her work? To use Myrtle's own words, she wouldn't trade her life for any other. "Sure it's hard work," she said. "This fall the weather's been miserable, but I just love it."

Yes, except for days of wet snow, Myrtle's career was fashioned to her liking—a career cut short by her death on August 8, 1982 while she was awaiting heart surgery. Reflecting on Myrtle's life, Ray Atwater paid her this tribute. "If you had seen her in that pretty blue serge suit with white hat, shoes and gloves to match, the day she and brother Carl climbed on board the plane to Wisconsin, you would have thought the same as I, that Shorty, call her what you may, was indeed the "Lady Guide of the Foothills."

RAUCH, John and Berta

50th Wedding Anniversary, April 1980. Back row: Erwin, John W., Evelyn, Warner, Otto. Seated is Berta and John Rauch.

John B. Rauch immigrated to Canada in 1928 from Ebusbach, Germany. He worked on farms in the Calgary area. In April 1930 he was joined by his bride-to-be, Berta Epple, from his home town in Germany. They rented land near Cochrane until 1933, but in order to get land of their own they decided to go homesteading. After some investigating they decided to head for the Rocky Mountain House area. In June 1933 their few belongings were loaded on wagons and the livestock was herded behind. One week later they arrived at their homestead NW 3-38-6-W5 in the Dovercourt district. A previous settler had built a small log cabin on the land, and Rauchs lived in it until 1937 when a frame house was built. They stayed on the homestead until 1944 when they moved several miles west to the

old Stevens place which they had purchased from Jimmy Lampard.

John and Berta had one daughter and four sons. Evelyn married Waldo Bertagnolli; they have three children: Otto, Teresa and Frank, and six grandchildren. Warner married Hazel Scott from Ricinus; they have five sons: Philip, Wylie, Hugh, John and Mathew, and six grandchildren. They farm at Butte. John W. married Joan Greer from Rocky; they have five daughters: Roberta, Carol, Patty, Lisa and Pamela, and eight grandchildren. They farmed in the area until 1990 when they moved to Creston, B.C. to farm.

Otto married Marilyn McGhee from Rocky; they have three children: Tony, Calvin and Noreen, and nine grandchildren. They farm in the Dovercourt area.

Erwin married Shirley Titford from Rocky; they live near Innisfail, and they have three children: Patrick, Ryan and Chelsea, and two grandchildren.

John and Berta celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary April 26, 1980, at St. Matthew Catholic Church in Rocky Mountain House. They also made a trip to Germany to celebrate with relatives who live there. Berta passed away May 1984, and John in October 1991.

RAWLUK, Nick and family
submitted by Paulina Kessler

Jim Rawluk, Polly Rawluk, Katy Rawluk, John Plathan, Nick Rawluk. Early 1930s.

Nick Rawluk was born in Kadobestie, Romania, in 1894. In 1910 Nick came to Canada with an uncle and settled in Winnipeg for a few years. Getting restless, Nick worked his way west through the prairies and Northern United States. Nick arrived in Nordegg in 1916, where he worked in the coal mine until it closed. In 1955 Nick, his wife, Katy, and daughter, Karin, moved to Rocky Mountain House.

Lydia Slemko, fourth from left, Katy Rawluk, others unknown, all worked in boarding house.

Katrin Plathan was born in Helsingfors, Finland, in 1907. Katy and her sister, Karen, came to Canada in 1925 on a ship, Frederick VIII. They traveled to Rocky Mountain House by train, where they lived with their father, John Plathan, stepmother, Winnie, and their siblings, Joan and Alex. Katy moved to Nordegg to work in the Boarding House where she met Nick. Nick and Katy were married in 1928. First born were Jim in 1928, Paulina in 1929, John in 1934 and Karin in 1944. There was a son (William) born before John, but he passed away a few months after birth.

Nick had a great love of the outdoors and would think nothing of packing a heavy lunch, tying it behind his saddle and trekking off for a night and a couple of days to fish and sleep under the stars. One of the most memorable times was when he had bought a big sorrel horse from the local RCMP constable and claimed the horse could walk at seven miles-an-hour. Nick bet the train crew that he could leave Nordegg the same time as they did and be in Rocky Mountain

House before the bar closed, and "loser buys the beer." The day arrived and off they all went. Nick made Rocky Mountain House twelve hours later, at 9 PM. He had had to swim his horse across the North Saskatchewan River and walked into the bar soaking wet. Needless to say the train crew (who made the bet) paid off. This took place in the early 1920s, before Rocky had a ferry.

Katy spent her time looking after the family. She played the mandolin and was an avid reader. Her home cooking was the greatest and she was always there for us.

After Jim finished school, he joined the navy (along with Jim Duncan and Howard Oja) in 1946, for a five-year hitch. He married Beatrice King in Victoria on May 5, 1951. Jim and Bea have two children. Their daughter, Darlene Clark, resides in Calgary and their son, Bill, resides in Edmonton. Jim and Bea have seven grandchildren. Jim worked as a telegrapher with the E & N on Vancouver Island. Later he worked on the mainland for CNR at a number of different locations before working for the Federated Co-op. Jim is a ham radio operator, and both Jim and Bea keep themselves busy with family. Jim retired in 1992 in Salmon Arm and resides today in Calgary.

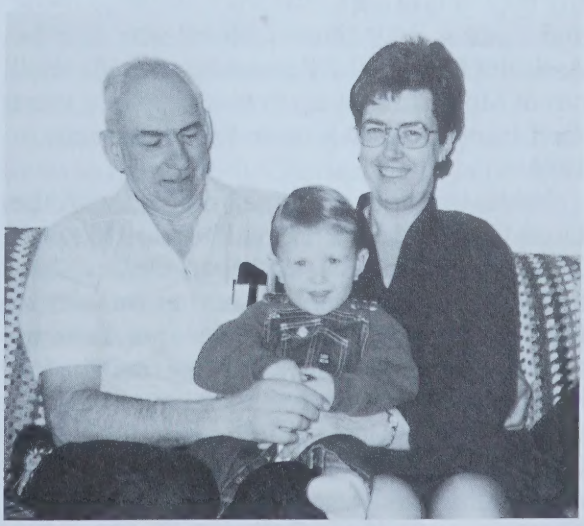
After completing high school, Polly took a comptometer course and worked in Calgary, before ending up in Nechako, B.C., where the Mannix firm was constructing the Kenny Dam. She met Ben Kessler there, and they were married in Nordegg on Dec. 17,1952. Polly and Ben have two children, Dawn Hermann and Grant. Dawn resides in Richmond, B.C., and Grant in Calgary, Alberta. Polly and Ben have seven grandchildren. Ben's work with the construction company moved them around many times. And as a result they got to see many different parts of the country. Ben retired in Calgary in 1993.

John lived in Edmonton where he met Tillie Billey. John worked for the Alberta Highways for a number years before joining the Edmonton Parks Department where he worked until he retired. Tillie passed away in 1993. John now resides in Red Deer. Son Kurt and daughter, Debbie, reside in Edmonton. John spends as much time as possible roaming around the Nordegg area, enjoying the countryside.

Karin worked for the telephone company and ended up in Medicine Hat, Alberta, where she met Norman Ziegler. They were married in Calgary on Oct. 5, 1963. They resided on a farm in Hilda, Alberta, before their work with the Alberta Wheat Pool took them to other locations in Alberta. Eventually they settled in Medicine Hat. Karin is the artist in the family with a number of her paintings acquired by others. Karin and Norm have three sons; two reside in Edmonton and one in Medicine Hat. At this time they have a granddaughter.

Katy passed away July 16, 1971, and Nick on April 11, 1982. I have many memories of growing up in Nordegg: climbing mountains; swimming in Fish Lake; horse back riding; picking berries in the summer time; bob sledding; skating on the lake. Halloween brought "Gate Nite," which didn't make the outhouse dumpers too popular. At Christmas, all the children of the town got a present from the Miners' Union. New Year's was for setting off fire crackers and any noisemakers handy (including the rifle). And we liked running up to meet the train which came three times a week. All in all, it was a great place to grow up in and accumulate lasting friendships.

REA, Clifford and LaVerne (Weaver)



Clifford and Laverne and granddaughter, Brook.

I was born in Rocky Mountain House Hospital
Time: Too long ago to remember
Weight: A lot heavier now
Parents: Genevieve and Withrow Weaver

Wes, Laverne and Clifford, 1997.

I attended school in R.M.H. and on May 20, 1972, married Clifford John Rea. We lived on his dad's farm near Caroline until October 1972, when we moved to R.M.H. where Clifford was working at the Co-op Home Center.

July 14, 1978, our son, Wesley Matthew, was born. On February 1980, Clifford accepted a transfer to Federated Co-operative's office in Vancouver, where he worked as a Retail Adviser until the office closed in September 3, 1981. Clifford then accepted a transfer to Mossbank, Saskatchewan, as a General Manager of the Mossbank Co-op. We very quickly became active members of the Mossbank Kinsmen, Kinette and skating clubs there. Clifford was also the Assistant Fire Chief. After making a viable retail out of Mossbank Co-op in two years, we were then transferred to Cupar, Saskatchewan, in 1984.

While in Cupar we were involved with the Lions Club and Beta Sigma Phi. LaVerne purchased an existing gift store/Sears Order Office. In 1986 Clifford accepted another transfer to Regina, as the Home Center Manager. LaVerne continued operating her little store until the following June, so Wesley wouldn't have to change schools mid-term, commuting from Regina to Cupar every day. At the end of June, she closed out her store and accepted a position at Regal Greetings and Gifts in Regina. In October 1988 Clifford accepted a transfer to Canora, Saskatchewan. He started working there, but LaVerne and Wesley stayed in Regina until the sale of their house. On December 27, LaVerne and Wesley joined Clifford in Canora. December 18, 1989, we were on the move again, to Wetaskiwin, Alberta. Clifford had accepted a transfer to the Wetaskiwin Co-op Association as the Home Center Manager. He very quickly became director on the Wetaskiwin Chamber of Commerce and, through the Chamber, he founded the Friends of Wetaskiwin Society, a non-profit organization whose mandate is to assist youth in Wetaskiwin. The Friends of Wetaskiwin is a very small organization which sponsors two major functions per year. The first in early March is an international dinner, dance and silent auction, to raise funds to host the second function. The second function is Wetaskiwin's kick-off to "Christmas, Gingerbread and Glitter." All proceeds from that go to Secret Santa, the Food Bank, and any new equipment the Wetaskiwin Hospital may need (eg. an Apnea Monitor). A must see for all ages! In February 1990, LaVerne accepted a position at Wetaskiwin Stationery where she worked until May 1993. The local Chamber of Commerce offered her the treat of managing the local campground for the summer. That was the same year Wetaskiwin hosted the Summer Games. She absolutely loved that employment. Meeting people from all over the world was a great thrill. In October 1993, she accepted the position at the Sears Catalogue office. In October 1994, Clifford, LaVerne and Clifford's parents bought an acreage, just to the east of Gwynne, Alberta. July 1998, LaVerne was named the Sears Catalogue Manager at the new Sears Dealer Store.

November 26, 1998, a precious little girl was born to Wesley Rea and Jessica Huber. The name given to her was Brooke Elizabeth Emily Rea. On May 16, 2002, a new bundle of joy was brought into this world; her name is Jennifer Jennine Rea. Wesley is currently working in Wetaskiwin at the Co-op Gas Bar. In 1994 Clifford was made a director of the Central Community R.E.A., becoming president, and then resigning his position in 2001. On October 2000, LaVerne accepted a position at the Wetaskiwin Garden Market IGA, and in February 2001, she accepted a transfer to Camrose Garden Market IGA as lead meat wrapper. In June 2002, LaVerne was offered, and accepted, a position at Sears Dealer Store in Camrose where she has been employed as Assistant Manager.

REDBEAR Gerry/ BIGCHILD, Ruby
as told to Carrie Mason

Ruby Bigchild was born April 29, 1954, at the Rocky General Hospital. She has lived all her life on the Sunchild Reserve and attended the old Mennonite School until the Stelfox School was opened, where she completed her elementary education. She later went on to receive her Community Health Representative Certificate in 1992 at the Lac La Biche Community College. She has received various certificates for other courses related to her job as CHR at the Sunchild Health Centre where she has been employed for many years.

Ruby's father was Tom Bigchild who passed away in January 2000. Her paternal grandparents were Suzanne and Paul Bigchild who basically raised her. Ruby is married to Gerry Redbear who was born on June 30, 1950 at the Rocky Hospital. He also was raised on the Sunchild Reserve and began his schooling at the Mennonite School. Gerry works for O'Chiese as a Cultural Representative in Community Healing Programs; he has also served on Sunchild Band Council from time to time.

Gerry's parents were Violet Redbear (nee Spence), who was born at Moose Lake, Alberta, and Jim Redbear who was born in Coutts, Montana. Violet's father was Scottish and her mother was Cree. Jim served on Sunchild Band Council, following in his father's political footsteps; his father, Jim Yelloweyes, had served as Chief of Sunchild Band from 1947 to 1952. Gerry's father, Jim Redbear, had many interesting stories which had been handed down from his father, who was a direct descendent of Chief Crazy Horse. He was able to tell of the final military and political discourse that occurred in Montana in the late 1800s. Gerry recalls some of these stories depicting their familys migration north to Canada as being fairly accurately recounted in a movie titled, "I Will Fight No More."

Gerry's brothers and sisters are Walter, Elizabeth and Doreen. Ruby and Gerry have seven children who all go by the Bigchild name, which is traditional. Josh was born July 22, 1971; Jake August 18, 1973; Melanie May 14, 1975; Terrance August 29, 1978; Loretta July 29, 1981; Cordelia February 20, 1983, and Gabriel May 04th, 1989. All were born in the Rocky Hospital. Ruby and Gerry are also raising their grandson, Cylas, who is 5 years old. Melanie graduated at Will Sinclair High School in Rocky; Loretta and Cordelia graduated at the new Sunchild School. Melanie is employed at the Headstart Program on Sunchild; Loretta and Cordelia are attending Red Deer College, Loretta majoring in administration and Cordelia studying to be a legal assistant. Terrance was doing quite well in the rodeo circuit, winning trophies and cash as a bull-rider, until he was stomped by a bull and was seriously injured. Gabriel is now riding steers and is also an aspiring bull-rider; he will be riding in Taber, Alberta, in November 2002.

All the boys have enjoyed playing hockey and have played in many tournaments; the girls have enjoyed karate. All the children have grown up speaking Cree; however, they all speak fluent English. Ruby and Gerry have made a fine contribution to their community.

REDCALF, Alice
as told to Carrie Mason

Alice was born March 12, 1949, in the Rocky General Hospital. Although she has been a single mom with a physical handicap, Alice has overcome many obstacles and looks very content in her job at the Sunchild Health Centre.

As a child, Alice began her education at the old Mennonite school on the Sunchild Reserve. Years later she would go back to school, upgrade to a high school level and then go on to get her Life Skills Certificate and a Social Work Diploma from Grant McEwan College.

Alice has had eleven children. They are: Ivan (lives in Edmonton), Charles, Yolanda (attending U of A in Legal Studies), Cyrus (deceased), Rhonda (lives in Calgary), Mavis (Secretary at the Sunchild Health Centre), Phyllis (who serves on the History Book Committee and is a hairdresser, living in Rocky), Lori (attending UCCEP, taking Criminal Justice), Jonathon (lives in Sylvan Lake), Karen (attending UCCEP, doing her College Entrance Program) and Cory (does slashing and lives at Sunchild).

Alice's parents were James Redcalf and Mary Bigchild. Her father, "Jim" Redcalf, was born in Rockyboy, Montana in 1910. When he was a young boy, his parents moved to Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, where he later married Mary Bigchild in 1938.

Like many other Native men, Jim worked in

Yolanda Redcalf at Avoca Beach, NSW, Australia.

logging camps. One of the camps Alice remembers is Swanson's Camp which was located close to the O'Chiese Reserve. Jim had a team of horses which, in those days, was equivalent to a truck. He cut and hauled rails and posts. In the winter his team pulled a sleigh, and in the summer they pulled a wagon. Alice's mother, Mary Bigchild, also moved from Rockyboy, Montana, to Maple Creek. She and Jim migrated to Alberta and settled on the Sunchild Reserve where she lived until she passed away in 1959.

Mary's parents were Paul and Susan Bigchild who both passed away in the early 70s. Paul's brother, Albert Little Bear, was very well known as a Medicine Man in the Native community throughout Alberta and the United States.

Jim and Mary had 5 children: Edna (married to Delbert Anderson), Alice, Wayne (who works for Sunchild Public Works), Agnes (who is a Liaison Worker at the Sunchild School) and Gladys (who is currently attending UCCEP).

Alice recalls her mother sewing a lot when she was growing up. She made all of their dresses and blankets by hand. Mary also tanned hides to take in to Rocky Mountain House to trade for food. The round trip to town would take four or five days by team and wagon; in the winter the trip was made by sleigh and only the men would go for supplies. In the summer time the whole family would go by team and wagon and camp while they picked their winter supply of berries. They used ten pound Blue Ribbon lard pails for picking and would empty them into wash tubs. They mostly picked blueberries and cranberries but they did pick some raspberries and strawberries. Later on, when they owned a car, Alice remembers them camping to pick pine cones that were sold to buy food.

Alice remembers her "Mooshum" (Grandfather, in Cree), coming home with 100 pounds of flour, 25 pounds of oatmeal, 25 pounds of sugar, 2 big pails of lard and a big can of Blue Ribbon tea. This would last them a month until they went back to Rocky for more supplies. They would also bring a pail of coal oil for the lamps and for starting fires.

Mary would make a lot of dry meat; however, some fresh meat would be stored underground where Mary had dug a deep hole. Alice also remembers the Mennonites giving them canned meat. The Mennonites also picked them up and took them to their home where they would have a Sunday church service and then a nice meal afterward.

When the children were younger, Alice used to enjoy making traditional dance outfits for them, so they could dance at Pow-wows. She also enjoys going to Round Dances and remembers how they used to go to Sundances every year when she was a child. Alice is now fifty-three and enjoys her job at the Sunchild Health Centre.

REED, Joseph and family

Joseph (Joe) Reed (July 14, 1889—May 11, 1950) was born in Walkerton, Ontario, and initially moved west to Saskatchewan with his brother, Robert, and another friend. Robert returned to Ontario, but Joe established a homestead in Saskatchewan after marrying Elizabeth (Lizzie) Willoughby (1896—April 2, 1924)

Their first son, William, was born on the homestead in Saskatchewan, before the family

moved to East Central Alberta. Joe was employed as a farm laborer for some time in the Halkirk area. Additions to the family were Pearl, John, Leonard, and a baby who was adopted out when Lizzie died from complications of childbirth. Rocky Mountain House had by this time become home for the Reeds. The baby's adoptive family, the Saduskys, named the baby," William."

As life continued Joe married again, this time to Grace Jones (Jan. 22, 1904—May 11, 1985) and two additional daughters, Alvina and Audrey, completed the family. Audrey, however, was a victim of scarlet fever and passed away in Nordegg where Joe had found employment in the mines.

After this, Joe and Grace made their home in Rocky Mountain House for good. Here Joe often joined with his two younger brothers, Nelson and Melvin, in their many ventures, such as the timber industry; cartage and hauling of most anything; buying and selling such things as farm machinery and rabbits sold to eastern provinces for fox or mink food.

Joe became a carpenter of some renown and practiced this trade after Nelson moved to Hythe to farm, and Melvin moved to Nordegg to establish a service station, coffee shop and cabins. Joe was an integral part of the construction of Melvin's operation in Nordegg. He often helped Melvin with various projects, but maintained Rocky as his base until he passed away.

For a number of winters during the 1940s Joe operated a trap line south and east of Nordegg to the Saskatchewan River and his nephews remember him heading out with a backpack, big enough to sustain him for a month at a time. Maybe this is not too surprising when you think of his love of hunting big game. In Rocky he was instrumental in raising public interest and funds for construction of the first curling rink, and was caretaker of the ice rink and curling rink. Joe also helped raise funds for the first Rocky Mountain House Co-op Store, and he sold a significant number of shares for this project and took great pride when the store opened. Of Joe's family, William and his wife, Mary, live in Kimberley where Will worked in the mine before retiring. Their daughter, Frances, lives in Surrey B.C. and raised three girls. Dona lives in Edmonton and raised a son and two daughters, while their son, Joe, lives in Sparwood, B.C., and raised two sons. John was killed in Europe in World War II and is buried there. Contact with Leonard has not been possible since his adoption and William Sadusky has been a resident of the United States for years. Alvina married Dick Slaymaker in Rocky and presently resides in Red Deer where they raise their family.

REED, Melvin and family
by Robert Reed

Reed's Garage, the expanded building.

Melvin (Mel) Reed (Oct.12, 1900 – Oct. 5, 1980) came to the Rocky Mountain House area from Ontario. He was born in the town of Walkerton, Ontario. His father, William A. Reed (March 29, 1843 – June 5, 1925) was also born in Ontario, in York Township. Melvin came west with his brother Joe by riding a boxcar to work the harvest in Eastern Alberta and he finally took root in Rocky Mountain House. Both Mel and brother Joe had a taste of coal mining, Mel at a mine at Harlech, just east of Nordegg and Joe at a mine in Jack Fish Coulee about half way between Rocky and Nordegg. Neither had much liking for underground so turned to other pursuits.

Melvin married Rosa Morley on March 22, 1926. Rosa (June 21, 1905) was born in Easington, Durham, England the 10 of 12 children born to George Henry Morley (June 1, 1866 – April 30, 1946) and Clara Ann Brocksopp (Oct. 31, 1869 – May 14, 1938). Rosa came to Canada on the "Empress of Ireland" which sank in the spring of 1914 in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on its return trip. Her first home was in Coalhurst, Alberta, where her father and brothers worked in the mine before enlisting in World War I. After the

Reed's Garage, the original building, Nordegg.

war her father worked at the Lethbridge Exhibition grounds before moving to the Rocky district to farm east of town.

Rosa and her sister, Clara, were out working at age 14 as "au pairs" or as they are called now "nannies" but their duties would include everything that they could possibly do in the household. At this age they were required to send all their money home to help support the family and they were sent clothes and other needs in return. Rosa graduated from this work to being a maid in the Mountview Hotel in Rocky, and at Sangsters and Fullertons boarding houses in Nordegg where she eventually got to work in the dining room at Fullertons.

Rosa and Mel were married on March 22, 1926, in Rocky Mountain House. Their four children, Bernice, Donald, Frances and Robert were all born there. In Rocky, while Rosa was raising the children, Mel was into a number of things. He spent a number of years in the timber industry, in cutting, sawing and shipping larger timbers such as railroad ties, telephone poles, fence posts and mine props to various buyers. His men were known as the "jack pine" crew and they were used generously in building both the Presbyterian and Catholic Churches in town. Mel was also among the many townspeople to assist in hauling sand to Crimson Lake to make the beach and lake an excellent place to picnic and swim. At some time during a winter in the thirties when there was a large rabbit population in the country, Mel was involved in buying rabbits and shipping them off for mink food. It is understood that he handled these by the boxcar full.

Mel operated a trucking service and hauled gas from the Turner Valley field while he operated a garage on the southwest corner of the bottom of Main Street. One of the interesting events while, trucking happened, when they were forced to drive over the ice in winter since ferry service was impossible and one of his trucks broke through the North Saskatchewan River ice. The driver jumped clear but didn't have time to shut off the lights or anything else before the truck slid completely under the ice. As there was little snow at the time, they could see the lights through the ice some distance down stream where the truck had stranded on a gravel bar. The ice was chopped away and the truck rescued to run again.

Near tragedy came to the family when Donald inhaled a peanut into one of his lungs when he was two years old and had to be rushed to Calgary for treatment. It was the first time that he scared the life out of both his mom and dad; there were more scares to come.

In 1939 the garage operation was sold to Strong and Parsons and the family made the move from Rocky Mountain House to Nordegg. As was predictable, the children missed their friends such as Barbara Strong, Maxine Urch, Ken and Carman Fuller, Marshall, Roxy and Maxiene Mortimer and the Taylor girls, however there were new friends to be made in Nordegg.

At this time it is difficult to understand why the move was made, as Nordegg was 60 dirt road miles away from Rocky and, to cross the North Saskatchewan River in summer, you took a ferry and in winter you would drive over the hopefully frozen river. During the fall freeze up and the spring thaw you were simply isolated or you illegally drove over the railroad trestle if you wanted to drive out. Train service was available, however, three days a week. For years later the road was a major obstacle and you never left home without a shovel, ax and chains to help you through the always present mud holes. The common rule was that you always helped anybody else in trouble and if passing anybody you always made sure they were safely back on the road.

The town of Nordegg was a "Company" town controlled by the Brazeau Collieries and thus was virtually "closed" to all others. The property for the Reed's Highway Service Garage

was just at the edge of the town, actually leased from the Alberta Government. The Collieries were against the establishment of any additional businesses as they had complete control of everything in the townsite and there was already a garage in town. With this control no electricity was made available and, since the town at this time had not grown down onto the flat land in the valley, no water system was made available either.

Company control was extended so far that Mel had to enlist the aid of the Government to allow the family access to the Post Office, C.N. Station and to get the children enrolled in school, but he did prevail. During the first number of years the senior management of the Collieries made every effort to limit trade with the upstart competitor, but the miners union did not allow this control over union employees and the Reed's business stayed and prospered.

The early years were difficult, using kerosene lamps and hauling water from a spring about a mile or so down the road, first in barrels on a stone boat then in the back of a panel van. Mel always had a truck and in the first struggling years would haul in hay and oats to sell to local people and to the Stoney Indians as most everybody had horses. The Stoneys became an important part of the business as they were hunters, and fur buying was added to the business as well. They made buckskin jackets, gloves and moccasins that were expertly beaded. Mel bought these to sell at the garage.

Eventually the lunch counter was opened with nine stools and Rosa did all the cooking and most of everything else connected with it. It was difficult as the Second World War was on and meat, butter, and sugar were rationed. Rosa would make pies, up to 50 or 60, for a weekend if the weather looked promising and she would save the few boxes of chocolate bars available for weekends or sports days. One of the original menus listed, pie at 10 cents a cut, and coffee at 5 cents. The town residents would often go for a walk and stop at the lunch counter for a treat.

The early years without all the conveniences made it necessary to be innovative and Mel and his friend and employee, Harry Fentiman, were pretty good with challenges. Every few years there was a need to replenish the wood supply, so they would gather some old motor and parts from anywhere and build a buzz saw and of course when the wood was sawed, the saw would be sold. The need for an ice saw with which to put up ice for summer refrigeration was another project that was completed, then a concrete mixer was built; it mixed many yards during its life time, a real back saver. A portable electric welder was on the list and Mannix Construction rented this unit for years.

Mel and Harry were also good fishing buddies and, with the assistance of anybody that could be rounded up on short notice, they carried cream cans of fish into lakes and streams. One lake of note was Goldeye and this was long before any road was into the lake. It was a long haul up there.

It took some time for the Collieries to release the tight controls they had, but a change in general managers brought forward a newer and brighter future for the Reeds and they were able to replace the 32 volt electrical generator, which they had purchased and used for years, with 110 volt power supplied through the Collieries. The Collieries themselves became very good customers, and, as time went on were the best customers.

The advent of the search for oil and gas in the province brought more business to both the garage and lunch counter. The crew chief would often precede these projects to arrange for their supplies and to be sure the crews could be fed. Rosa was always willing to help. She would often be up early for the breakfasts, sometimes made lunches for noon, sometimes having the crews back for both lunch and supper. When this new activity started, the family moved from the original building (that housed the family, the lunch counter and the garage) to the cabins, which had been built as tourist accommodation (tourism was limited or non existent at this time). The lunch counter and garage office space were then both expanded.

The Collieries expansion into strip mining was also a boon to the garage which became the supplier of gas and diesel fuels and other services to Mannix Construction, the major strip mining contractor. These additional activities also made it imperative that the road to Rocky was improved and this really opened up the country. There was a strong push to have the road completed to the Banff Jasper Highway

and of course Mel was a strong supporter of this endeavor along with many other people along Highway 11.

The town of Nordegg suffered some tragedies that were of prime concern. The first traumatic one was the explosion in 1941 that took 29 miner's lives and left the entire region in shock. Shock of losing fathers, husbands and relatives and the distinct possibility of the mine ceasing operations could thus affect the future of everybody including the Reeds. Fire was the next tragedy, as the school was lost, as well as the Bighorn Trading Store, the bakery next door, and one of the boarding houses. The really serious fire of the Briquette Plant again left everybody shaken and their futures in doubt. The, Collieries, however decided to rebuild giving everybody another breath of life.

The Miners' Union always treated the Reeds kindly and allowed them access to all the facilities for sports and included them in the annual Christmas celebrations,free movie and gift for each child in town. In return an annual donation deemed equivalent to what the union members would pay was made by the Reeds.

Living in Nordegg allowed everybody some things that should not be forgotten such as, being able to climb to the top of the mountain where Mr. Petersen or Leo Letourneau would be pleased to see you; visiting the "Rock Crusher" to collect fabulous fossils; seeing in person the Stoney Indians' Sun Dance; the most beautiful chinook arches and the equally dazzling displays of Northern Lights. Fish Lake was also a place that probably affected everybody as it did the Reed children. The Collieries and/or the Miners Union had provided a nice pier with an upper and lower diving board. In the summer a full time lifeguard lived there to assist children in learning to swim. The fact that none of the Reed children became good swimmers was no reflection on the intentions of the help, but could easily be blamed on the temperature of the water.

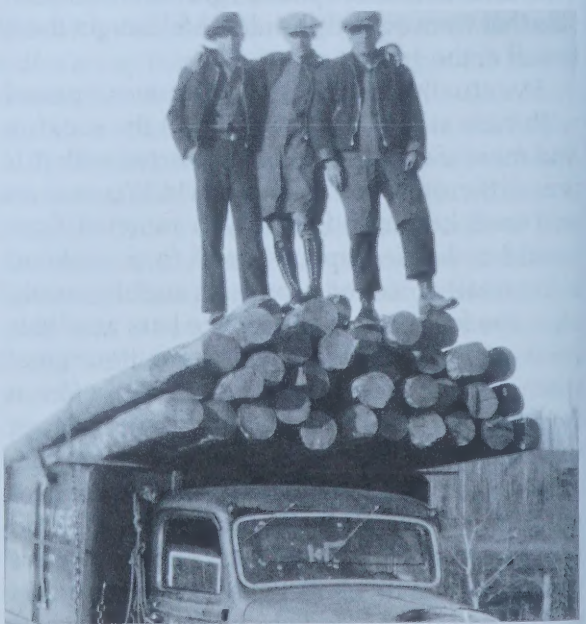
REED, Nelson James and family compiled in 2001, submitted by Bessie Bertram

Nelson (Nels) arrived in Rocky Mountain House early in 1920 with his older brother, Joe Reed, and they were followed by their younger brother, Melvin. Nels easily found work in the

Nels and Joe Reed with truck load of rabbits.

timber and lumber mills. All the Reed boys were healthy and strong, having grown up in Ontario working in their father's limestone quarry. Soon after arriving in Rocky Mountain House, Nels married Aleathea (Letty) Benson, and they lived in Rocky until 1928. Their departure was planned in 1927 when Nels received news that homesteads were available in the Peace River country, and he wanted a chance at farming.

In the early spring of 1928, they packed up the car and their two daughters, Bessie and Aleathea, and started the long and treacherous trip north. The road became so poor after leaving Edmonton that it was decided that Letty and the girls would travel the rest of the way to Grande Prairie by train, while Nels brought the



Nels, his nephew John Reed and Charlie Richardson.

Nels and Joe Reed.

car. When Nels finally arrived in Grande Prairie, winter had set in. So, he again found work in a lumber mill near Grande Prairie where they wintered.

When spring arrived, Nels got a homestead seven miles north of Hythe, and they moved there, improving it until the depression year of 1934. Along with the depression years, more misfortune struck. Their youngest daughter, Aleathea became very sick. After giving the situation a lot of thought, they decided to leave for Edmonton to seek medical help for Aleathea. The trip from Hythe was made with a covered wagon. They arrived in Edmonton on July 4, where Letty's mother lived. Because Aleathea was still very ill, it was decided that Letty and Aleathea would stay in Edmonton, and Nels and Bessie would continue on to Rocky Mountain House. In Rocky, Nels was able to rent a small house and work with his brother, Melvin, while regaining his footing. In November Letty and Aleathea joined them. However, Aleathea passed away in March 1935.

In 1935 Nels purchased a truck and started Rocky Mountain Cartage and by 1939 he had three trucks. He was able to work with both his brothers, Joe and Mel, in this cartage business. They would haul just about anything: fence posts, telephone poles and lumber, as well as the general items. Nelson was also into collecting and shipping rabbits for fox food and worked with Mel in this work as well.

Once again the love of farming overtook him and, in 1939, he loaded one truck with possessions and some farm machinery and went back to his homestead, north of Hythe. Farming was a struggle, but the Reed boys were used to struggles. During the winter months, Nels worked off the farm as did so many others trying to make a go of things. The Second World War and the decision by the United States to build the Alaska Highway was a break for Nels. He was hired by the U.S. army as a truck driver and in this way was able to supplement the farm income. The farm continued to improve, and in 1956 Nels had three quarters of land and was able to ship the first registered seed oats out of Hythe.

1957 was not a good year as Letty passed away. Bessie had married earlier, so she and her husband moved to their own place, leaving Nels alone on the farm which he found really hard—So hard in fact, he sold the farm and moved to an acreage near Hythe. The new place was appropriately called the "Hotel Deluxe," and served as his home until his death in 1970.

His daughter, Bessie, and her husband, Bernard Bertram, now live in Enderby B.C. Their three sons, James, Blaine and Richard and their grandchildren (which number seven) are all near enough to get together reasonably often.

REHN, Vic
submitted by Vic Rehn -owner, manager Rehn Cartage Ltd.

Moving a heavy vessel from Cremona to Harmattan Gas Plant. Roads very icy. Three large trucks and a D7 cat kept tank moving. Rehn Cartage Ltd. moved the whole plant.

The first time I was in Rocky was the spring of 1943. We (Rehn Cartage Ltd.) were hired by Dowell Inc. to haul two tank loads of acid to the Chungo, thirty miles northwest of Nordegg. We loaded up at midnight in Okotoks and drove to

Rocky Mountain House. Most of #2 highway was gravel as well as #11.

We arrived in Rocky about 5:30 a.m. and found a restaurant on Main Street. We were certainly hungry and had a lunch made up for the road. After gassing up the trucks, we got away about 7:00 a.m. We had travelled about twelve miles when our lead truck slid off the grade into the ditch. The road was dirt—no gravel and blown in with snow. We had to guess where the road was. We sent a fellow down the railway track on foot to Nordegg to get Dowell Inc. to come out and break trail and pull the truck out.

We decided to try to get the truck and tank out by using our winches and snatch blocks. I waded through snow three feet deep, pulling two winch lines and snatch blocks to tie on trees. This took a number of tries. Log chains had to be tied around a number of trees, so we wouldn't pull them out. To no avail would that truck and tank come out. We loosened the chains on the tank and let it slide off the side of the truck, then we were able to pull the truck back on the road. We moved the truck ahead and winched the tank back on the road and reloaded it. All in all it took all day. We were off again and came to a tie camp about 8 p.m. They fed us and put us to bed and dried out our clothes. About 11 p.m. the Dowell truck came along, so we got up and followed it to Nordegg and breakfast. Gassed up and traveled to the Shell Camp, arriving about 6 p.m., three very tired people. The well was acidized the next morning, and we headed back home. Rocky sure looked good as well as the better roads.

A week later we headed up there with five trucks and tanks, stopping at Rocky for gas and food. We hired highway gas haulers to help us. They were used to shifting gears, while going up the hills, which was not the method to use on those sharp hills, and there were many hills. The main ones as I remember were Big Coulee and Jackfish Coulee. The gas haulers missed their gears and went backward into the rhubarb (ditch), and we then had to winch them out. That got tiring and time consuming. I gave an ultimatum, either they shift at the bottom of the hill into first gear, or we wouldn't pull them out. That ended our problem. We arrived at Nordegg about 9 p.m. and had to beg the hotel restaurant to feed us.

We bedded down 'til 6 a.m., breakfasted, gassed up and took off for the Shell Camp. Got there about 8 p.m., ate and went to bed—all very tired. Next morning we put the acid in a storage tank and headed for Rocky. Those lights sure looked good. I've had a warm spot in my heart for Rocky Mountain House ever since.

We moved many oil rigs around the Rocky area. One morning while sleeping in the hotel (about 4 a.m.), we were awakened by a horrible crash. A trucker (not ours) had left his truck up on a hill facing the hotel. He didn't put his truck in first gear, but just had the air brakes on. The air bled off, and the truck rolled down the hill into the hotel dining room and into the basement. We didn't eat our breakfast in the hotel that morning.

We moved many buildings in and around Rocky. Our relationship with the people and the town was always amicable. It does me good to remember experiences in my life. We moved the business to Red Deer from southern Alberta in 1955, and a few years later bought eleven acres in the Golden West Subdivision next to Travellaire. We had a number of buildings constructed for rental purposes, beside what we used for ourselves. We operated Bonanza Movers until about 1970 when our foreman, Swede Tronnes, took over the building moving. We sold our trucks after 28 years of service.

My wife, Mabel, had a cousin, Harry Cooke (from the Caroline area), who lived in the Westview Lodge for a few years. As we visited him, it was with appreciation that we observed the excellent and thoughtful care he received. I sold the business in 1969 and now, at 82 years of age, have relatively good health and love the Lord for his untold blessings.

REID family histories

Three Generations: Three John Reids

submitted by John C. Reid

My grandfather, John Reid, moved to our farm in 1931 with my grandmother and their four children. Dad, at five years of age, was the third eldest of those children. They all attended the Beaver Flats School. When a new teacher discovered that he had three Johns in his class, he called them," John, Johnny and Jack"—John Thompson, Johnny Reid and Jack Vanson—names that stayed with them for the rest of their

John C. Reid and his grandfather, John Reid Sr. circa 1950.

lives. Even after I came along, Dad continued to be called Johnny and I was always called John.

In the summer of 1958, I decided that my signature would be John "C." Reid. Mrs. McCabe had recently taught us to write—not print—our names in her Grade three class. My grandpa had passed away three years earlier but Dad was still receiving mail addressed to John Reid "Jr." I realized that I was going to have a problem if I thought that I was John Reid Jr. too.

I was the first in the line of John Reids that had been given a middle name (my great-grandfather had also been a plain John Reid). When I was born, my mom had asked Dr. Greenaway what she should name me. He answered, "He

William Ferguson Reid, RCAF.
Thomas Alexander Walter Reid, Canadian Army.

John and Edith Reid, Christmas 1952.

John Reid Sr. and Johnny Reid with Dodge truck, circa 1947.

Tom, John, Bill Reid, Spring 1940.

should have his father's first name, and I'd be honoured if his second name was Clayton, the same as mine." So I was named John Clayton Reid and have signed my name as "John C. Reid" ever since I learned to write. It was definitely a good decision as Dad was still on some old mailing lists as John Reid Jr. at the time of his death in 1996.

REID, John, Donna and family

John Clayton Reid was born in Rocky in 1949 and was raised on the family farm (S 1/2-25-39-6-W5) east of town. He attended school in Rocky and graduated in 1967, representing the high school on the town's Centennial Committee in his final year. He attended Red Deer College then transferred to the University of Alberta in Edmonton where he received a BSc degree in Agriculture in 1971. Summer jobs included three seasons with the Alberta Forest Service in Rocky, one in construction, one on the farm, and one with Agriculture Canada in Regina. In October 1971 he became a District Agriculturist with Alberta Agriculture. After postings in Fairview, Manning and Peace River, he transferred to Rocky where he served as D.A. from 1980 to 1982.

Donna Lynn Jackson was born in Red Deer in 1952, as her family lived in Sylvan Lake at that time. She took grades one to five in Beverly (now part of Edmonton) and then moved to Sherwood Park. She graduated from Salisbury High School in 1969 then attended the University of Alberta where she received a BSc degree in Home Economics in 1972. Her first work as a Professional Home Economist was at Keg River and Paddle Prairie where she met the legendary Dr. Mary Percy Jackson. In 1973, she became a District Home Economist with Alberta Agriculture and served in Manning and Peace River.

Donna and John were married in Edmonton three days after Donna's convocation in 1972 and moved immediately to Peace River. Later that year, they moved to Manning. In 1975, they moved back to Peace River where they lived until moving to Rocky in 1980. Their daughters, Tara and Amy, were born in Peace River in 1975 and 1978, respectively, but took all of their schooling in Rocky.

The nest is now empty with both girls living in Edmonton. Tara works as a medical secretary while continuing her studies in professional writing. Amy works for the Provincial Government after completing a Bachelor of Arts degree in Canadian Studies and in French Language and Literature.

For the first three years in the Rocky area, John and Donna lived in a rented house near the farm. They built a new home and farmyard on the NW-29-39-5-W5, doing much of the construction work themselves. In late August 1983, they had an eventful moving day. Donna's mother (Winnie Jackson) and sister (Judy Weppler) moved everything that they could handle in a van while John and Donna hurriedly installed cedar paneling in the living room. The carpet-layer was catching up to them and they wanted to have the job done before he was ready to do that room. By 4:00 p.m., the wall was completed, Winnie and Judy were finished and left for Edmonton, and John took the round baler across the highway to bale a field of straw. As he adjusted the machine, a lever slipped and seriously injured him on the top of the head. He flagged down a passing vehicle for a ride home. Donna ran him to town where Dr. Hein assured her that he could only see red matter—no grey matter—and put in a few stitches. Within an hour and a half of the accident, he was back in the field baling.

John's father, Johnny, took over the baling and his brother-in-law, Marc Spencer came to help move the larger furniture. While John and Marc were catching a bite to eat in the new house, they looked out to see smoke bellowing from the tractor and baler across the highway. With visions of Johnny trapped in the machine, they went to the scene as fast as possible while

Donna called the Leslieville Fire Dept. Johnny had managed to pull the burning baler out onto the highway—to prevent the fire from spreading in the field—and to unhitch the tractor from it. The baler was lost, but no one was hurt and the tractor not damaged. By 10:00 that night, the burnt baler was back in the yard, the carpet was installed, the furniture was all in the new house, and everyone sat down for a coffee. Judy and Winnie had only been gone for six hours and no one could believe everything that had happened since their departure.

Family life was molded around farm work and the other jobs that John and Donna have done. Tara and Amy learned to work with the cattle and machinery and some of their trips to the farm are still timed to coincide with major work bees. Music lessons, school bands, and participation in Northern Crossing programs were the major extra-curricular activities while the girls were growing up. Holidays were infrequent, but usually the family would get to Edmonton or Calgary for a few days during Teachers Convention in February—a little fling before the 24-hour workdays of calving season began. When Expo '86 was in Vancouver, a lengthy trip was taken to the west coast and in 1991 another major trip was taken to Ontario and Quebec. Hiking daytrips in the west country continue to be a favourite—but too rare—activity.

Donna became the Coordinator for the Rocky Further Education Council in 1982 and has continued in that position to date, although it is now called the Rocky Community Learning Council. Besides organizing hundreds of adult education classes, she has also been involved in the introduction of the Internet to Rocky, the setting up of adult and family literacy programs, the organization of numerous wellness promotions such as the annual Alive & Kicking Conference for seniors and community CPR blitzes. Her latest undertaking with the RCLC is the development of a learning centre in their office. It includes a small computer lab connected to the Supernet. Donna organized the first annual Women's Conference in 1984 and is a founding member of the Rocky Women's Committee. She has been a much more public figure in Rocky than John and, although he grew up here, he has been introduced as "Donna's husband."

John has had two complementary careers since 1980, one as a farmer (busiest in the summer) and one as professional Agrologist (busiest in the winter). He was a Nutritionist for Great-West Feeds in Red Deer in 1983-84 until the feed mill burned down. In 1984-85 he was a Financial Management Specialist for the Dairy Division of Alberta Agriculture. From about 1985-95, he taught Farm Management courses and did individual consultations under contracts with Alberta Agriculture in Central Alberta. From 1986 to date he has been a contractor to the federal Farm Debt Mediation Service and Farm Consultation Service; and since 1985 he has also done private consulting with farmers and greenhouse operators. A substantial number of days are spent each year in professional development activities, this being a condition of membership in the Alberta Institute of Agrologists and in the Canadian Consulting Agrologists Association, which entitle him to use the designations "PAg" and "CAC", respectively. In 2001, he served as the president of the Red Deer Branch of the AIA. His specialty is the planning and analysis of agricultural enterprises.

The farm "career" has been a joint one with Donna as his partner. They began by working with John's parents who slowly reduced their involvement in the farm. John has tried out many marketing methods and has grown hay, barley, oats, fall rye, winter wheat, and canola at one time or another. In 1984, he joined the newly formed Grey Wooded Forage Association, as he was interested in developing a forage based farm system suited to the soil and climate of this area. In 1996, a big step was finally taken when the cropping machinery was sold. Since then, the whole farm has been operated as a "controlled grazing" pasture. The most important pieces of equipment now are the high-energy electric fences that are used to control the cattle and the above ground pipeline system that distributes fresh water to every part of the farm. The technique used would be best described as high-density/short-duration grazing where a relatively large number of animals are allowed to graze a fairly small paddock for a short period of time (commonly one day). They are moved across other parts of the farm and are not permitted back into a paddock for several weeks, allowing the plants sufficient time to recover well. The

system is not without its challenges, but it has permitted the annual grazing season to be extended from barely five months per year to about eight, thus reducing the winter feeding period substantially. The "harvest" goes on whether rain or shine, and the family is now more able to get away during good weather than during poor. Most of the cows are now bred to calve in June when the days are long and warm. Custom feeding is arranged for the coldest months and feed is occasionally bought to supplement the pastures in spring and fall. Unlike his contemporaries who rely on quads, John is frequently seen riding a mountain bike to check the cattle and commute between farms.

REID, John and Edith and Family

John Reid was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1894 and emigrated to Canada in 1912 with his mother, five brothers and a sister. In Calgary, they joined his father, who had arrived earlier. John and his brother, Jim, took up homesteads at Benton (near Oyen) in Southeastern Alberta. When WWI broke out, he and three of his brothers joined the army. He served with the Yukon Motor Machine gun battery and was wounded twice. After the war he returned to his homestead.

Edith Gale was born in London, England, in 1896, and emigrated to Canada with her family (she was the eldest of six children) in 1908. The family arrived at St Jean, Quebec on July 1 and settled in Strathcona, Alberta (now part of Edmonton). She was then twelve years old and went to work as a children's companion for Dr. and Mrs. Archibald. He was a CPR doctor and his family traveled extensively with him, providing Edith with trips across Canada and down to New York and San Francisco.

In March 1921, Edith went to visit her sister Margaret (Dolly) Evans who had married a homesteader near Oyen. At the local St Patrick's Day dance she met John. They were married in Oyen in June and began family life on the Benton homestead. Their four children were all born at Oyen: William Ferguson (Bill) in 1922, Thomas Alexander *Walker* (Tom) in 1924, John (Johnny) in 1925 and Edith *May (Edie)* in 1928.

The drought of 1929 resulted in their leaving the prairies and moving to Calgary to be nearer John's family. However, they found that jobs were scarce there and they felt that life would be better on a farm. In April 1931 they moved to the SE-25-39-6-W5 in the Beaver Flat district near Rocky Mountain House.

Their two eldest sons enlisted for WWII. Bill joined the Air Force and served overseas as a Rear Gunner with the 75th Royal New Zealand Squadron. He went missing on a bombing raid over Duisburg, Germany, in May 1944, and has no known grave. Tom was a Dispatch Rider in the Signal Corps of the Canadian Army. He was killed by a land mine while in action in Italy, in January 1945, and is buried in the Commonwealth Cemetery near Gradara, Italy.

John had been in WWI and had a pretty good idea of the conditions his sons would be experiencing overseas. Their deaths brought much anguish to the family. In 1962, a cousin visited Tommy's grave and brought back pictures. In 1994 John C. (Tom's nephew), Donna and Amy Reid visited the grave, and a few years later, Jack and Edie Nielsen (Tom's sister) also visited it. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission ensures that the war cemeteries are well maintained. The visits by family to Gradara have helped to bring some closure. Unlike his brother, Billy was "Missing In Action" so there has never been the same finality. His name is included on the Runnymeade Memorial in England for missing Allied service people with no known graves.

John and Edith's third son, Johnny, stayed on the farm and married Norma Paisley. Their daughter, Edie, married Jack Nielsen who was born in Rocky and raised in the Dovercourt district. Jack's career in the army took the Nielsens to live in the Northwest Territories, Ontario, England and back to Ontario. They are now retired in London, Ontario, where both of their sons live. Jack and Edie's eldest, Ian, was born in the Territories and their second son, Larry, was born in Rocky.

Edith and John moved into Rocky (4515-48 Ave.) when their son, Johnny, took over the farm in the early 1950s. They were very active in the Legion and Edith was a charter member of the Ladies Auxiliary. Both were life members and served on their respective executives for many years. John passed away in March 1955 aged 60 and Edith passed away September 1972 aged 75.

REID, John (Johnny), Norma and family

John (Johnny) Reid was born in Oyen, Aberta, in 1925, and moved with his family to SE-25-39-6-W5 in April 1931. He attended the Beaver Flat School with his siblings until he graduated from grade nine in 1941. At that time, his two elder brothers were enlisting for the war and he was needed to help run the farm. When he was sixteen, with his first paycheck from a local threshing crew, he bought a guitar. Over the years, he would play it so much that his fingers would wear grooves into the wood between the frets. His sister, Edie, became good friends with Norma Paisley whose family had moved onto a farm two miles down the road.

Norma Fay Paisley was born in 1927 in Nipawin, Saskatchewan. She arrived in the Alhambra district with her family in the spring of 1945. She worked and lived in the Rocky Hospital for about a year and a half. Visits to her family home usually involved riding the CPR train from town to the farm where it would drop her off near the house. Because her father could not run the dump-rake very well with his artificial leg and she was the eldest in the family, Norma took time off work during haying season to drive the horses that pulled the hay rake and other equipment. She also spent a year in Edmonton working at a Macleod's store where her uncle, Dick Chapman, was the manager.

In December 1947, Johnny and Norma were married at Memorial Presbyterian Church in Rocky. They had three children: John Clayton born in 1949, Leona Anne born in 1951, and Beverly Fay born in 1953. Johnny and Norma lived on the farm except for two winters in the mid 1950s when they lived in town. Their first home was rented from Honans on the SE-19-39-5-W5 where they caught suckers in the Horseguard Creek and canned them for year-round consumption. Johnny would build a trap and Norma—in her bathing suit—would chase the fish down the creek into it.

Soon after that, a small house was built for Johnny's parents in a clearing in the trees about 200 metres west of the family home on the SE-25-39-6W5, so that he and Norma could move into the main house. In 1953, after the senior Reids had moved from the farm to a new house in town, the original farmhouse was separated into pieces to be used for farm outbuildings. The little two-room house in the trees was moved down onto the site of the original home where it was put on a cement basement. About 1958, the house was doubled with an addition to the north that resulted in three bedrooms, a kitchen and a living room. What an amazing amount of space—all 800 square feet of it!

About 1960, John and Norma bought the quarter immediately west of the home quarter from the Braden family, resulting in a half-section farm.

Telephone was the first modern utility, arriving in 1951 as part of the "Alhambra Mutual" system. A large wooden crank telephone was mounted on the wall over the Reid's kitchen table where it delivered solid thumpings to many heads. The phone lines were built and maintained by the local men and the central switchboard was in Wolfe's store in Alhambra. More than twenty families each had their own distinctive signal involving a series of long and/or short rings determined by how long the crank was turned on the caller's phone. Reid's ring was a long and three shorts and a long. The code for fire was a very long ring followed by the ring of the family that had the fire. Not everyone remembered the fire code. One day there was an unusually long ring followed by three short rings and another very long ring and another three shorts. Reids answered the phone to discover that there was a fire at Cochrane's, whose ring was three shorts.

Electricity was the next modern utility, arriving in the fall of 1961. It was such an exciting time, as coal-oil (kerosene) was no longer needed for lighting the house and barn at night. With the flick of a switch there could now be light in every room of the house, not just the room that the coal-oil lamp was in. A television was soon purchased and "Hockey Night in Canada" could be seen at home. Everyone got electric lamps for Christmas. Life for Norma became a little easier with an electric powered wringer washer—no more fighting with gas motors on the washing machine.

1963 brought a propane furnace and central heating, freeing the family from the chores of getting wood and from mornings where the house could be cold enough to freeze the drinking water in the bucket on the kitchen counter. Water continued to be drawn by a piston pump

at the well near the house, but the pump handle was replaced each summer by a pump-jack that now had an electric motor on it. The water was all carried in and out of the house in buckets. The joke was that they did have running water because somebody was always running in or out with a bucket of water. The water was heated in the stove's reservoir and in a large canner for the weekly Saturday night bath. Going from the youngest to the oldest, everyone in the family took their turn bathing in the large galvanized tub brought into the kitchen for the event.

In the fall of 1970, real running water and—probably more significantly—a sewage system were installed. With an indoor flush toilet and a permanent tub, there were no more cold trips to the biffy, and baths were no longer a once a week production. About 1975, propane was replaced with natural gas when the Rocky Gas Co-op brought gas lines through the area.

Johnny and Norma worked on the farm together with their children. Everyone had a part in the daily chores as well as seasonal work such as haying. For many years, a substantial sheep flock was kept and Johnny did all of the shearing. Most of the wool was sold but a few fleeces were always kept for Norma to use for knitting. She spun the wool by hand, first using the treadle sewing machine (which one of the children would pedal) and later using a store bought spinning wheel. Sometimes she would dye the wool, but usually it was left plain for mitts and socks. Her largest undertaking was a striped blanket that she knitted for John C. Until the early 1960s, they kept milk cows, selling cream to the Rocky Creamery and feeding skim milk to calves and pigs. The humans also consumed a lot of milk with scalloped potatoes and puddings being common menu items.

In the mid 1950s, Johnny piled lumber at Edwards Lumber in town and drove fuel trucks for Willis Teskey. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, he worked in construction on the David Thompson High School, the Will Sinclair High School, the Voyageur ice arena, and the Liquor Store (now the Pioneer Centre). He also helped various farm neighbours do renovations and build basements. From 1963 to 1967, he apprenticed as an automotive mechanic at Edwards Garage and continued there until about 1969. In the early 1970s, he worked at Wildwood Esso and Vic's Parkland Oil and Gas. After that, he only worked on the farm.

Norma never worked out until the children were older. When she was hired to work with Margaret Gaetz at the Rocky Credit Union, the staff doubled. She later worked at the Westview Lodge for a year and a half, but is most well known as a clerk in Alpine Drugs where she worked for twelve years.

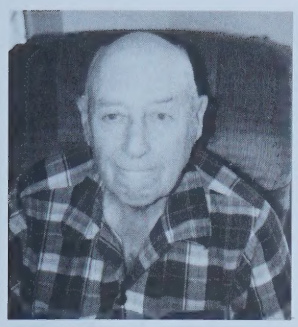
Johnny and Norma participated in sports such as hockey and ball when they were younger and curling and square dancing later on. They would try to get out fishing with the family a few times each summer. Johnny played the guitar and either sang or accompanied himself with a harmonica in a holder. At age sixty, he started taking violin lessons from Claudia Schieve and learned to play the fiddle to his satisfaction.

Johnny was diagnosed with polycystic kidney disease in 1967. In 1981, he began to dialyze three times per week, using a machine installed in his home. In 1987 he received a successful kidney transplant that served him until his death in early 1996. During the years that he was on dialysis, his condition had a profound impact on family activities. When he received the kidney, one of his grandchildren was heard calling across the street to her cousin that "Grandpa can pee again!"

Norma moved into town in 1998. Their son John C. and his wife, Donna, continue to manage the farm. John C. and Donna have two daughters, Tara and Amy. Leona married Duane Lougheed and, later, Hugh Gold; she has five children: Christina, Carolyn (Cari), Bradley, Trevor and Angela. Cari is a member of the RCMP and has been posted in Dease Lake and Kelowna, BC. Beverly married Marc Spencer and they have two children: Marc Jr. and Danielle. Marc Jr. married Corrine VandenBrink in 1995 and they have three sons: Cameron, Cody and Daman. Danielle received an education degree from the University of Lethbridge and is presently teaching at Chard, near Fort McMurray.

REID, Robert and Dorothy
information submitted by Dorothy Reid to Annette Gray

Robert (Bob) Reid was born in Red Deer in September 1913 to Robert and Mary Reid. In 1918 the Reid family moved to the Alhambra



Robert Reid, September 2001.

district, where Bob's parents purchased the north half of 16-39-5-W5th. Bob grew up on the farm, attended school at Alhambra and, in due time, married a pretty seventeen year-old, named Dorothy Elizabeth Lachmund. Dorothy was born in Alhambra in June 1922, and took her schooling at Alhambra. After Robert and Dorothy were married in March of 1940, they lived on the Reid family farm which Robert inherited following his parent's deaths. (Robert Sr. died in August 1943 and Mary died eighteen months later.)

Bob and Dorothy continued to farm at Alhambra until 1948, at which time they sold their cattle and machinery and moved to Rocky Mountain House where they have lived ever since. Bob is a man of many vocations: brush clearing with his own caterpillar tractor, wire-lining for oil companies and, for several years, he was the manager of the Marshall Wells store in Rocky. Prior to retirement, he delivered gas for Willis Teskey for one full year and six summers. Bob is also one of the original members of both the Rocky Mountain House Co-operative Association and the Rocky Credit Union—both got their start on the same day, at the same meeting in 1944. The idea for these cooperatives came while Bob and Bert Titford were having coffee at the Modern Café. They decided to call a meeting, at which Bert Titford, Martin Borstad and Bob Reid bought the first three Rocky Co-op shares.

Dorothy has always been an "at-home" type of person who loves to clean house. "My mother said that even when I was very small, I always had a dust cloth in my hands," Dorothy says. Both Dorothy and her daughter, Shirley Tessmer, were members of the Rebecca Lodge and at various times held the title of Noble Grand.

When Bob retired from his full-time job, the Reids wintered in Mesa, Arizona, for twenty years and, although Dorothy never learned to swim, she became the leader of an aquatic exercise group which met from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. each morning. Dorothy also took part in various crafts, making such things as vases and brightly colored bolo ties. She and Bob also went square-dancing in Mesa and made a lot of new friends. "In the summer, we've always had a very nice garden," Dorothy says. However, due to recent bouts of arthritis, she prefers to work indoors and leave the gardening to Bob.

The Reids raised five children: Patricia (Pat), Shirley, George, Laurie and Brian. Pat contracted leukemia and passed away at the age of forty-seven. She had one son, Terry. Shirley married a local man, Melvin Tessmer, and they have two children, Trent and Cheryl. George has a step-daughter, Dawn, and wife, Beth; Laurie has a daughter, Trisha, and husband, Art. Brian and his wife (Patsy Adrian, a local girl), have two children, Nicole and Travis. Bob and Dorothy also have three great-grandchildren.

Dorothy's sister, Vi, married Eugene Hill whose son, Randy Hill, is well known in the Rocky Mountain House area. Randy has two daughters, Daniel and Candice. Dorothy's sister, Anna Rose Kumtula, had two daughters, and her brother, Jim, passed away over thirty years ago, leaving four children.

RHEIN, Robert and Phyllis

Robert and Phyllis Rhein and their daughter Judy moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1954, after working on the forestry trunk road west of Nordegg for the previous two years. They lived in rented houses for three years, until building their home at 5335-53 St. in 1957. This is still the family home. Bob had owned heavy equipment in partnership before coming to Rocky, and when they moved here, he bought his own cat and remained in the oil field construction business for the next 33 years. Three boys completed the family: Gordon in 1956, Glen in 1958 and Jim in 1961.

Phyllis was kept busy raising their family, but still found time to volunteer at the I.O.D.E. library and lead a C.G.I.T. group. Bob and Phyllis were always civic minded and were involved in many community activities. Badminton, curling, and golf as well as Cubs, Boy Scouts, Kinsmen, K-40 all received time and attention. Bob was a member of the Masonic Lodge and later a Shriner. Dancing was always a favorite, and all of their children were given music lessons, Gordon having the musical ear and Jim the dancing ability. The family attended the Memorial

Presbyterian Church and gave generously to further these activities. In 1987 Bob retired and used his shop in the industrial area for hobbies and loaned it frequently to others.

They enjoyed retirement and spent some winters in Arizona, as well as visiting relatives in B.C. Bob's health failed and he died on July 24, 2000. He and Phyllis had been married for 53 years.

Judy (Judith) Louise Rhein married Kenn Rudd in 1970, and they have two children, Chad and Nancy. Chad has two children, Tyler and Tiara. Nancy (Mrs. Bernie Lublinkhof) has two children Danna and Rayna. Judy received her education in Rocky Mountain House and then her nursing diploma from Red Deer College. She worked as an R.N. at the Rocky General Hospital until she and her husband moved to the Leslieville area from their farm at Oras. Judy and Kenn lived and raised cattle in the Leslieville area until 1999 when they moved to Saskatchewan and now ranch in the Cypress Hills near Eastend.

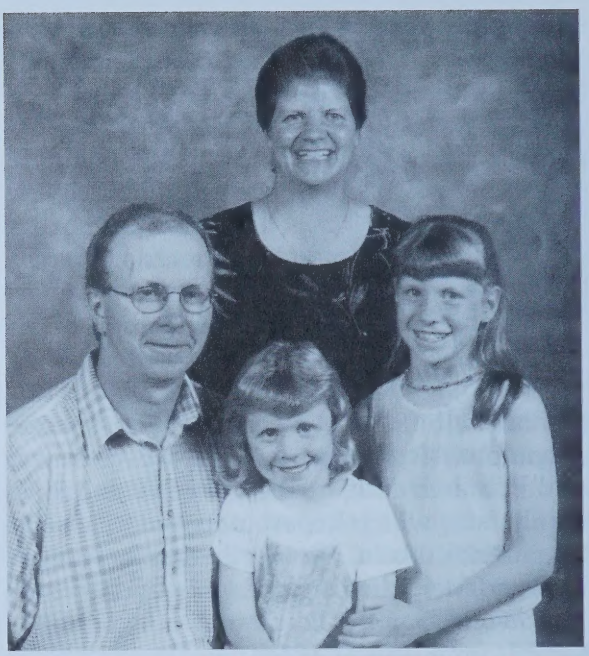
Gordon Robert lives in Rocky Mountain House and has his journeyman insulators designation, but prefers to work outdoors, in the mountains if possible. He is an avid hunter and fisherman, and always has a warm smile and generous heart for his friends.

Ernest Glen lives in Rocky Mountain House. Glen worked summers at the local tourist booth, and the Alberta Treasury Branch. He went to S.A.I. T. and took commerce after high school. Later he moved back to Rocky Mountain House where he worked for Quinn Contracting for one year and then for Gulf Canada Resources for fifteen and a half years until he was injured.

James Clarence lives in Rocky Mountain House and has two children: Amanda Lynn(1988) and Edward Paul(1989). Jim is a journeyman insulator and works at the Husky Ram River Gas Plant. His life is very busy with raising two children, working and enjoying all his hobbies. Jim likes anything with a motor especially cars, motorcycles and boats. He also enjoys working with wood and building projects.

RICHARDSON, Barbara

I was born in Lethbridge, Alberta , on November 11, 1935. My parents were Paul and Lillian Jones, and I was the oldest of four children.



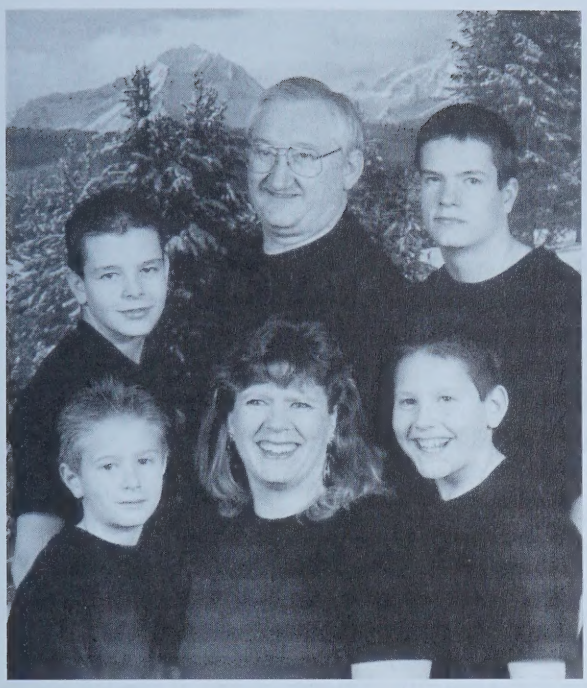
Back: Chris Richardson. Front: Archie Richardson, Paige and Royal.

There was myself, Barbara, and three brothers, Kenley, Elwyn and Perry. Due to serious illness Kenley and Perry passed away at ages three and seven, respectively, while we were living in Calgary.

We lived in the Wrentham area, near Taber, Alberta, until I was five years old. Then in 1940 we moved to Calgary. I went to school in Calgary before moving to Bowness where I completed Junior High School, then took high school at Mount Royal College. Following that I graduated from the Calgary Business College as an executive secretary and worked in various offices for forty years.

I loved the career I chose and have been employed in some very interesting positions. My first position in 1953 was as a secretary for the American Consulate in Calgary as well as for the CPR. We moved to Leslieville in 1956 where I was employed as secretary to Harold Potter at the Treasury Branch. In 1957 I moved with my family to Portland, Oregon, and we lived there for two years, before returning to Leslieville in March of 1959.

Upon returning I obtained a position at Edwards Lumber where I was secretary, and most important that is where I met my husband, Roy Richardson. Following a short courtship, Roy and I were married on April 1, 1960 at



Back: Jesse Whitton, Bryan Shippelt, Jason Whitton.
Front: Jaryd, Paula and Justyn Shippelt.

Immanuel Lutheran Church, which was then on Highway 11 (near Alhambra). Roy was a cat-skinner and the first year we were married we travelled extensively in the Northern Peace River area for several months. We returned to Leslieville in November of 1960 and took up permanent residence. On April 8, 1961, our only son, Archie, was born, and in June of 1964 we adopted our chosen daughter Paula. Archie and Paula both attended Leslieville School and graduated from David Thompson High School. On December 18, 1974, my husband, Roy, was killed in a tragic vehicle accident, and our lives were changed forever.

My children, Archie and Paula, both live in Rocky Mountain House, are married and have given me eight beautiful grandchildren. Archie, my son, is married to Chris (Walroth) originally from Carstairs, Alberta. She had two daughters, Michelle and Dawn, and they have since added two more daughters, Royal and Paige.

Archie is employed with Beyond Petroleums as a heavy duty mechanic. He serves as the volunteer Fire Chief for Rocky Mountain House and is active in Immanuel Lutheran Church here in Rocky. His wife, Chris, is a "stay-at-home" wife and mother, and she too is active in the Church.

Paula is married to Bryan Shippelt and she has given me four grandsons: Jason Whitton, Jesse Whitton, Justyn and Jaryd. Paula is a "stay-at-home" wife and mother, although she spends a great deal of time baby-sitting. Her husband, Bryan, is a partner in the A & W Restaurant here in Rocky.

I have been widowed for twenty-seven years, and spend most of my time as a volunteer. I was presented with the "Volunteer of the Year" award in 2000 by Mayor Soppit, and feel very honored to have received this recognition. At present I am the volunteer treasurer of the Rocky Museum where I continue to do what I feel called to do, "Volunteer." I am also very active in Immanuel Lutheran Church where I teach Sunday School and lead adult Bible studies. I have been doing this for many years.

I love Rocky Mountain House and area, and I cannot imagine living anywhere else. It is truly God's country. The people are the best, the weather is the best, and the scenery is most definitely the best the world has to offer.

RICHARDSON, Mabel (Oja)
by Barbara Richardson

Mabel was born in Minot, North Dakota, on February 7, 1910. She moved with her family to the Rocky Mountain House area in 1919. Mabel attended school in Rocky, walking around the north side of the swamp area north of town. Later she worked for Slim Melton as a waitress at the hotel.

Mabel was the oldest of ten children born to John and Teckla Oja. John was well known in the area for his log building capabilities. The family moved to the Beaver Flats area where they resided until their passing. Both lived to see their 90th birthday.

In 1929 Mabel married Archie Richardson, a farmer from Leslieville, Alberta. Archie was the first white baby born in Lacombe on November 14, 1902. Alberta was not a province at that time and was known as the Territory. His parents, William and Laura, came with their family of eight children from Kansas. William was a farrier on the well-known Chisholm Trail. They came to Leslieville in 1915.

Archie and Mabel resided at Leslieville the rest of their lives, first on the family farm where the school now stands. In 1947 they sold their

farm to Pete Pidhirney, and in 1948-49 they built the Leslieville Hotel. They ran this business very successfully for thirteen years. Then they retired to the "Doc" Cummerford homestead northwest of Leslieville. They resided there until their passing, Archie in 1990 and Mabel in 1999.

Mabel was a very kind, caring and hard-working woman. She took great pride in her large garden. Life for her had been hard as she had no power or water on the farm.

Three children were born of the marriage; Vivian (Bill) Kult, Roy (Barb) and Violet Joy (Lester) Fontana. Roy was killed in a vehicle accident in December 1974.

They had eight grandchildren, fifteen great grandchildren and six great-great-grandchildren. Mabel was never happier than when a new baby arrived. She was an avid crocheter and made at least 148 afghans. Every one of her descendants got an afghan, as well as many, many more people in and out of the area—some as far away as Oregon.

Mabel leaves behind a treasure of memories and history as she loved the land, the creatures and most of all her family.

RIDDLE, Jack, Betty, Joan and families, by Betty (Riddle) Bowman

Clearwater River School 1925. Back row: Tom Bertagnolli, Jack Riddle, teacher Esther Mast, Elsie Young, Betty Riddle, Alec Bertagnolli. Front row: Joan Riddle and Irving Wilson.

The Riddle family arrived at Rocky Mountain House in September, 1924. We travelled by train from Cereal, Alberta, staying overnight at Stettler and travelling the final nine miles to the

Jack Riddle and the log farm house about 1926.

farm by horse drawn vehicle. My parents had bought the Ringrose farm on the Clearwater River, nine miles south of Rocky on the old Dovercourt Road. The children, Jack, Betty and Joan were delighted at the sight of trees, and the next morning after our arrival we set out to find trees to climb. We each found one to our liking. Mother loved it at Rocky after life on the desolate prairie and really enjoyed gardening and the view of the Rockies.

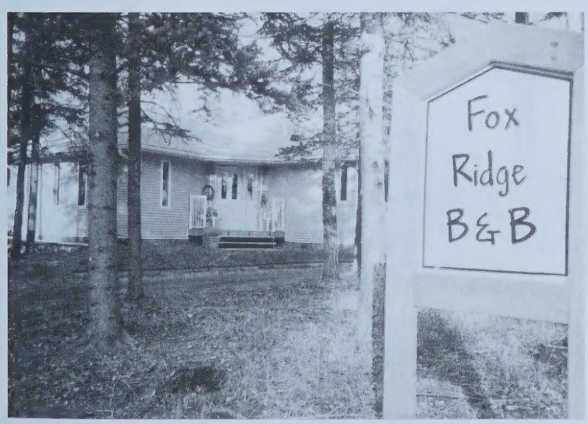
The Clearwater River School had recently been built across the road from our home, so that was a plus. Imagine country kids just having to cross the road to go to school! It had its drawbacks too. Sometimes we went to school too early to escape doing chores at home and Dad came after us and made us go home to finish our chores, much to our embarrassment. We often had the added chore of starting the school fire to warm the school before classes began. We also carried pails of drinking water from our well to the school.

About the time of the depression Jack was ready for High School. The one room country school taught only to Grade VIII. He rode horseback nine miles to attend the Rocky School. When the weather became very cold he stayed with the Horne family in Rocky. The following year Betty was ready for the "Town School" and Dad bought a second hand 1926 Essex car, so Jack could drive us both to school. We had many adventures with that Essex. We had an arrangement to pick up some of the McBride family who lived on what is now known as the Vic Morgan place. In truth we picked up many others, so the little car was always crammed and frequently

had broken springs. Dad was convinced that he had bought a "city" car that was not meant to travel on rough ungraded roads. Little did he know the load it was carrying. The Essex had more power in reverse gear, so if we had difficulty climbing a muddy hill, Jack simply turned it around, and we went up the hill backwards. Joan and Mother usually left the vehicle at this point and preferred to walk up the hill. I, through either bravado or laziness, usually stayed with the vehicle. I recently saw a similar Essex, 1928 Model at the Reynolds Museum at Wetaskiwin. It brought back many memories.

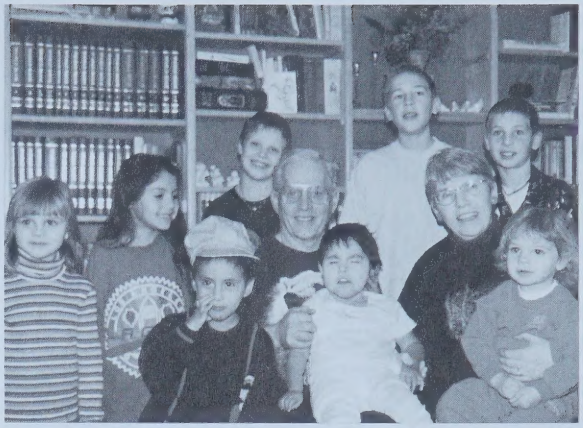
It is many years since I have seen our old place, now occupied by the Titford family. Mother and Dad retired to Rocky about 1947. Mother died in 1950 and Dad in 1973. Jack died in 1971. His widow, Wilda, and son, Bill, and family are still in the Rocky area. Other members are living in various places in Alberta. Joan died in 1984. I (Betty) am living in Edmonton with my husband, Sandy. We have one son in Calgary and one daughter lives in Edmonton with her husband and two daughters.

RIEDER, Agnes and Delmer



Fox Ridge B& B.

Were we destined to move to Rocky Mountain House? We became restless for a new home for our children, Suzanne, Greg, Barb and Shannon because the economy in Port Alberni, where we were living in the early 70s, had taken a downturn. Del and a friend, Jerry, arrived in Rocky Mountain House in January 1976. Del phoned home excitedly to tell me of the property he'd found near Rocky on the west side of the river.



Agnes and Delmer and their grandchildren, Erica, Kaiti, Andrew, Cody, Clinton, Nicky, Delmer holding Savannah, Agnes holding Emily.

However, our move to Rocky was not to be—at least not then. A message waiting for Jerry took us to Annaheim, Saskatchewan, for a funeral. While attending the funeral, we discovered that property was less expensive in Saskatchewan, so we lived there for twelve years. Two of the twelve years were spent in Gambia, West Africa, when we volunteered for "Volunteer Int'l Christian Service. In 1990 we sold our home in Saskatchewan and volunteered again, this time to the tiny island of Tarawa, capital of the Gilbert Islands of Kiribati.

In Tarawa Del's "jack-of-all trades" talent was put to good use, and I taught typing, English, accounting, sewing and was the librarian in a boarding school. Our children and two grandchildren visited. One's perspective changes when working in a Third World Country where family and people are more important than material goods. In 1992 Del expressed his desire to get to know his aging father, so we spent five years in Chilliwack BC. At 86 Dad remarried!

We finally bought our Rocky Mountain House property in 1996, and Christmas of 1998 we moved to Rocky Mountain House to be near daughter, Suzanne, and son-in-law, Ron Spierenburg, and two grandsons, Cody and Clinton.

Our son, Greg (a teacher), married Evelyn Enns (Conditioning Therapist) from Carrot River, Sask. They live in Regina with their three children: Andrew, Erica and Emily.

Barb (a nurse and mom), raising Kaiti and two foster children, Nicky and Savannah, lives on a farm in Manitoba. Shannon (college

daycare) married Bryan Sullivan (a Loomis driver) in Abbotsford, BC.

We began to build our home on the two-acre wooded lot behind the Plant Ranch. Del was hired as Maintenance Supervisor at the Walking Eagle Hotel. I worked for West Country Family Services doing Home Care. Spring and summer of '99 brought rain and pumping water out of the foundation. Slowly but surely "Fox Ridge Bed and Breakfast," our retirement plan, is no longer just a dream. Thanks to the friendly people and the beautiful surroundings, we're happy to call Rocky Mountain House our home.

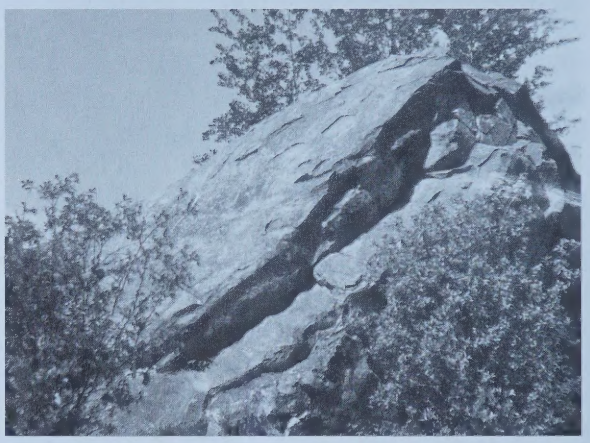
RINGNESS, Carl

Carl Ringness was one of the best known men in Rocky Mountain House the 1970s through 80s. Sadly, he passed away December 20, 1988, as the result of a tragic two-vehicle accident on the outskirts of town. Carl grew up in Calgary and moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1970, with his wife, Bette, and children: Carl Jr., Kristina and Mark. Soon after they came to Rocky, the family built a new home in the sand hills west of Rocky, next door to Carl's sister and brother-in-law, Gene and Bob LaRose.

Carl was well-liked for many different reasons, not the least of which was his willingness to pitch in and help his neighbors whatever the circumstances. He was very active in the Boy Scout movement and on occasion helped organize camping events for the Rocky Mountain House Girl Guides. Other benefactors were the Chamber of Commerce (Carl was an active member, serving two terms as president), Rocky Kinsmen Club (a past president of Kinsmen and member of K-40 Club), Rocky Curling Club (served on the executive for many years, including the presidency). He was one of the originators of the Rocky Farmers' Bonspiel and served 18 years on the Rocky Volunteer Fire Department. He was an avid outdoors man and spent several years on the National Rifle Team. He was a charter member of the local association of Friends of the Park and was instrumental in bringing the bison herd to the Rocky Mountain House Historic Site (known as the Old Fort). He was also a delegate and treasurer of the National Affiliation of Co-operating Associations, was an active member of Pine Hills Golf Club, and served on numerous other boards and committees.

Besides working with benevolent organizations, Carl operated a successful insurance firm, Helen Hunley Agencies, was engaged in a farming operation and was a director of the Walking Eagle Motor Inn.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Early days



"Big Rock" north edge of town by the highway.

Original fort chimneys with Robert Williams (left) Don Williams (right) from Delburne, Alberta. Photo taken in 1937.

Rocky Mountain House Ruins, RMH, Alberta.

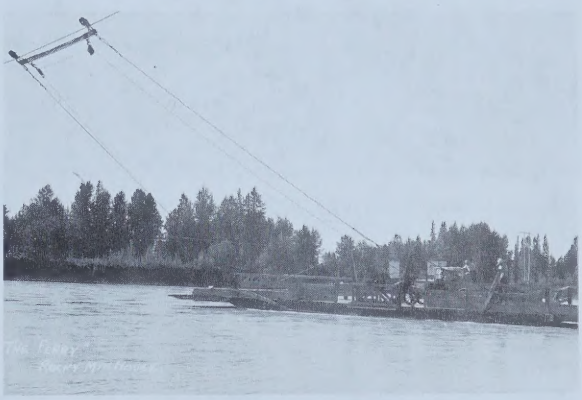
THE FERRY OVER THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN

Tom Gray's newly built home west of N. Saskatchewan River, 1907.

Tom Gray's home—here Tom operated the area's first store in 1909.

Tom Gray's home from 1907-1939 (living quarters and store in the south portion of the bldg were rented to the Killick family in 1912).

Government Ferry, RMH. Likely taken in the early '20s.



RMH Ferry.

Tommy, Filomena and son, Keith Gray, on RMH Ferry. Note: Pump for pumping water out of hold, 1944.

The N. Saskatchewan River (note the ferry annually beached prior to freeze-up).

THE CYCLONE

Ruins after cyclone, July 1927. Melton Hotel and Pool Hall.

TOWN OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE
(established in 1912)

Elvera Turnquist in front of Club Cafe before 1913.

E.S. Brett Hardware after the cyclone.

East side of main Street, RMH, looking north, 1950s.

Killico Stores Ltd. purchased by the Bay in 1959.

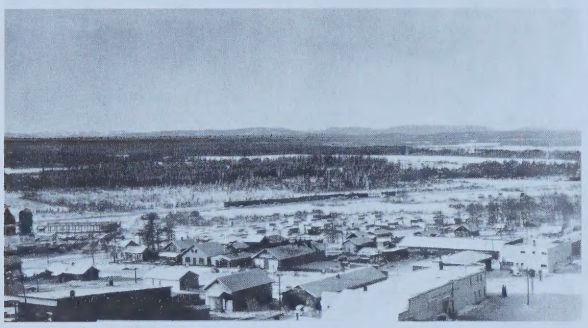
RMH Hospital built in 1938.

The top of Main Street, Rocky Mountain House.

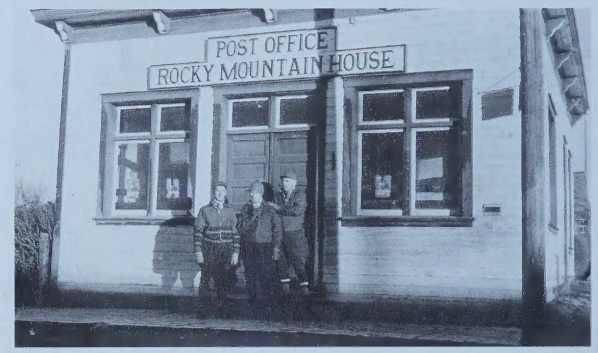
Main Street, Rocky Mountain House, 1930s.

Main street, RMH, 1950s.

Parade.



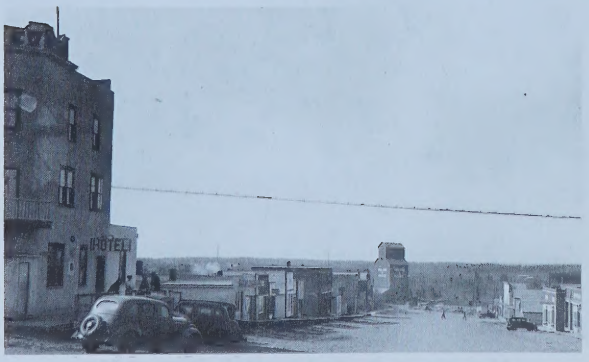
View looking southwest from the forestry tower.



RMH Post Office with Doc Celey, Ossie French, Ed Ripp.

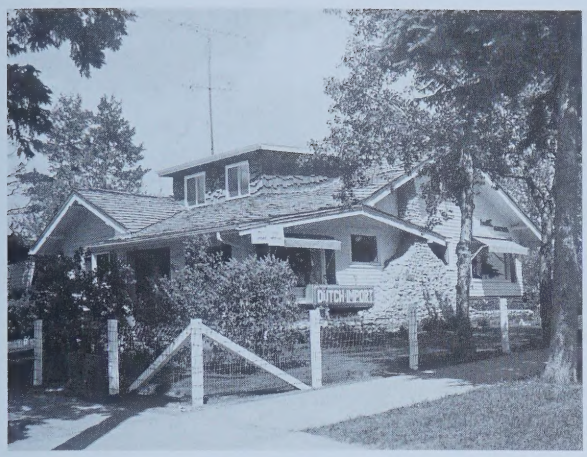
Rocky Mountain House Hospital after renovations, circa 1950.

Top of main street, RMH, Looking northwest, 1950s.



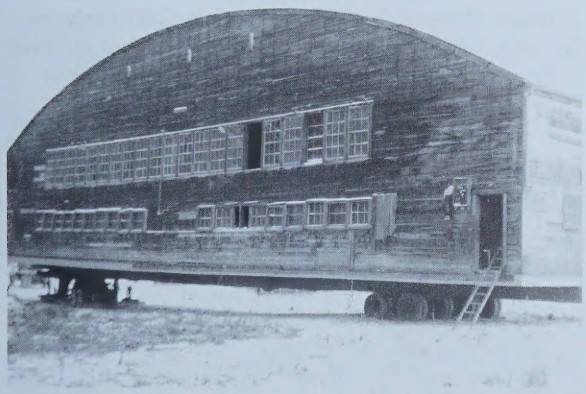
Main street, RMH, looking south, 1940-50s.

Looking west along 50th Avenue, past Rocky Elementary School.



One of the first doctor's offices.

RMH's skating arena, 1950s.



Moving the old RMH Skating arena.

Main street RMH, Mountview Hotel and CIBC in background, circa 1950.

RMH SPECIAL EVENTS

50th Avenue W., looking south towards Carter's Garage, RMH.

Rocky Mountain 5th Annual stampede Parade. RCMP Constable E. Hutchins, Clarence Sands of Horburg Guide and Outfitters, W.J. Kirby at age 85 years.

Plathan Brass Band about 1929.

John Plathan's Brass Band at Rocky fair time, circa 1928. Back row: Tauno Mikkila, John Huhtala, Del Coughlin, Garneth Stroh, (?), Art Coghlin, Unknown, Tauno Huhtala, Wenni Kohtala, Verner Raivio, Gust Korhonen. Second row (seated): Matt Latva, leader John Plathan, Fred Stewart, Wayne Randala. Front row (seated): Walter Huhtala, Walter Kojola and Elmer Kojola.

Tug-of-war at church sport's day, RMH.

Marching Band.

Alberta Outfitters Association entry in the Rocky Parade.

Breakfast at Co-op.

Nazarene Church, 1958.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE REUNION HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Museum volunteers: Back: Mary Weaver, Hazel Chambers, Joyce Brown, Millie Currie. Front: Angie Edgerton, Marian McEwen. Dresses made by Ramona Stewart.

Parade

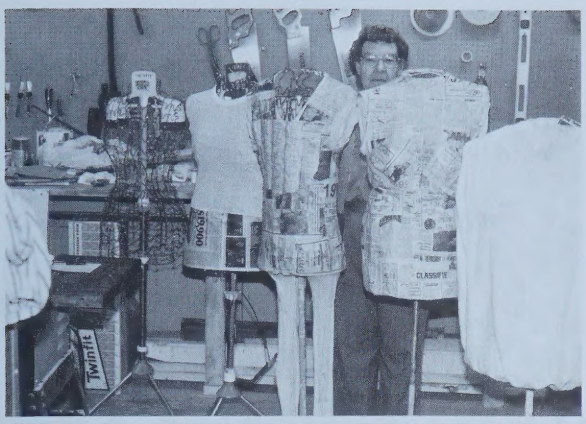
The Days Before Yesterday Book launch, August 27, 1979. Angie Edgerton, Dan Brockman and Betty Hanlan.

Lawrence Stewart demonstrates use of grindstone at new RMH Museum, 2000.

Rocky's Seniors Group.

Statue of David Thompson carved and presented to the town of RMH by Edith Umschied. Martha Kostuch, John and Edith Umschied, Mayor Soppit.

Jessie Johnston with dressed mannequins at the first Rocky Museum, 1989.



Aug. 1989. Making (newspaper) mannequins for Rocky Museum.

ALL IN A DAY' S WORK
Agriculture

Jack Perry, May 19, 1952.

Breaking ground Maconochie Home and 47th Street.

Overshot hay-stacker, 1940s.

Overshot hay-stacker, 1948.

Moving Pete Smith's barn.

Stacking Hay 1950. Nick Kohtala on stack.

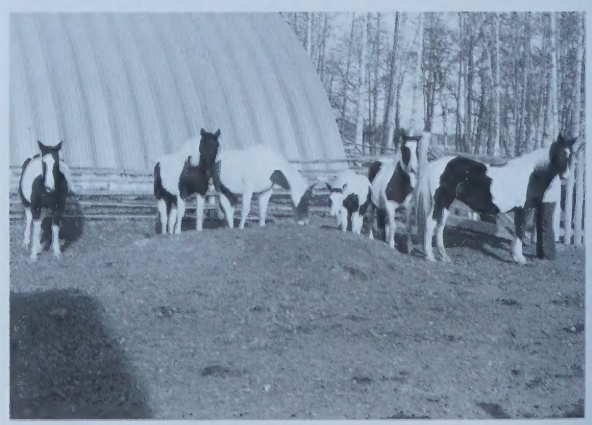
Overshot hay-stacker, 1940s.

Ewart Maconochie on hay wagon,1938.

Horses & barn on Minnkila homestead at Bingley, circa 1918.

Hay-stacker in action.

Threshing on the farm, 1945.



Lawrence & Ramona Stewart's horses, the first herd of Pintos in the country, 1979.

Threshing at Nick Kohtala's, circa 1938. James Hall outfit. Thomas Dahlgleish, Harold Turton, Douglas Meston, James Hall and George Meston Jr.

Pete Smith, mowing hay, 1926.

Pete and Phylis Smith in the hay field.

Bob Ross and T. W. Gray on hunting trip.

Tommy Gray with cabbages.

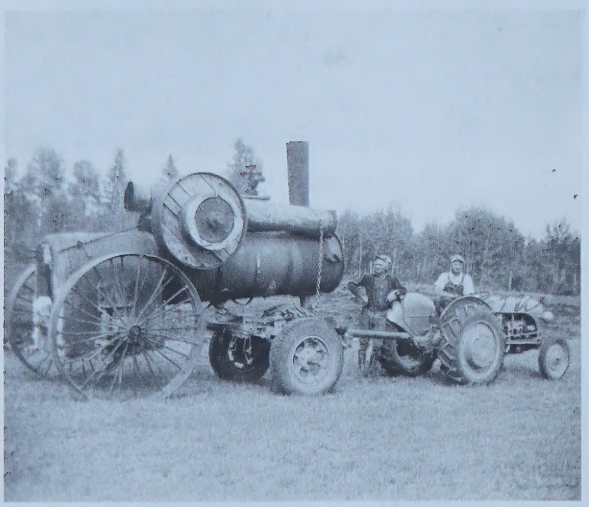
Threshing at Nick Kohtala's, circa 1938. James Hall outfit. Nick Kohtala, Harold Turton and George Meston.

Pete Lecerf's lumber camp.

Stainor Rahko in the bush camp circa 1950.

Edwards sawmill, Prairie Creek.

Sawmill at the Rahko farm, 1941.



Mr. Metter and T.W. Gray.

Hauling from Butch Long's camp, winter 1951.

Jack Perry hauling lumber from Johnny Gibson's lumber camp to Rocky, in his 1952 3-ton Ford truck.

Sawing firewood with buzz-saw, 1942 (l-r) Henry Hambleton, Bill Gold, John Reid Sr., Wayne Braden, Billie Reid, Kendal Duffy.

ROAD WORK

Oras road north of #12 Highway, 1952.

Jack Perry hauling gravel for the L.I.D. in his 1953 3-ton Chev truck, November, 1953.

Oras road north of # 12 Highway, 1990.

Tommy Gray on cat pulling grader.

Edith Umschied displays her art work.

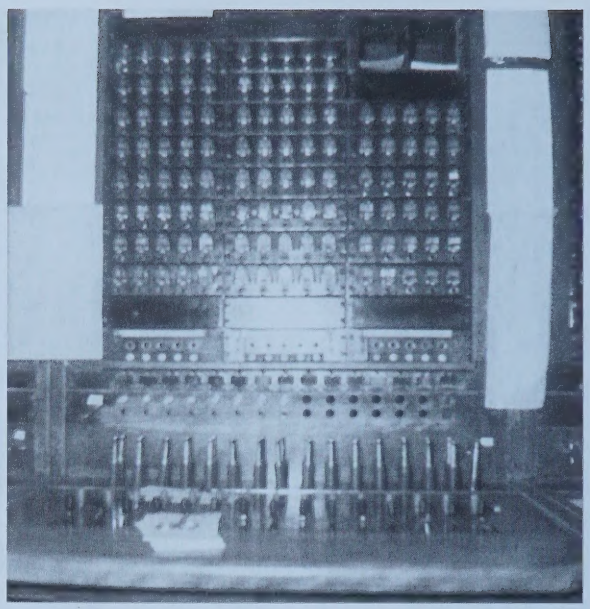
Betty & Clarence Raivio, Ross & Dorothy Graham with some of their pack string at top of Job Pass, 1984.

Auction College, Billings, Montana, attended by Russell, Clayton and Wes Cole and Cadrain.

Nursing staff of the Rocky Mountain House Municipal Hospital.

Santa hands out candy at Killico Stores, 1956.

Emily Bryant and Margaret McFadden, July 1962.



RMH telephone exchange.

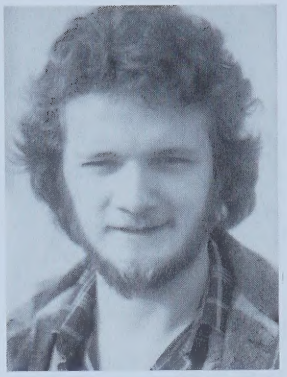
Will Sinclair, Chairman of Board of Trustees, Rocky Mountain School District #15, Oct. 1980.

John Sinclair (Will's father) working at Spoor's slaughter house, 1946.

New transfer station.

Familiar faces

Dorothy Goldstrom, Health Food Store, 1970s.

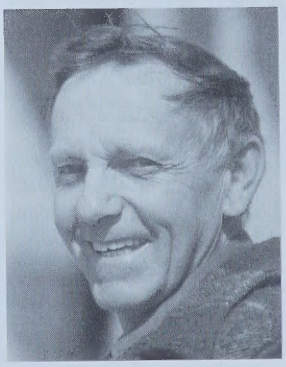


Rick Reynaud

Bernie Whalen

Bud Bergeson.

Alfred von Hollen.

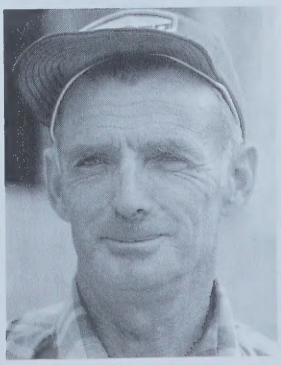


Alf Moorish.

Ken Johnson.

Mayor Lou Soppit with school children.

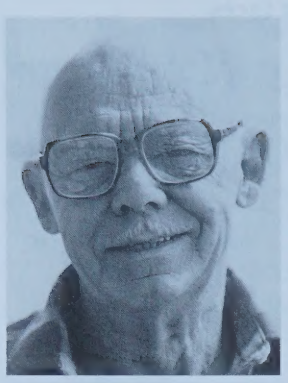
May Mason.



Ken Kirstein.

Virdie Lian.

Pat Apps.



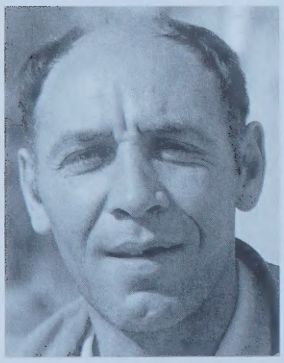
Graham Baker.

Susan Brun.

Frank Larsgard.

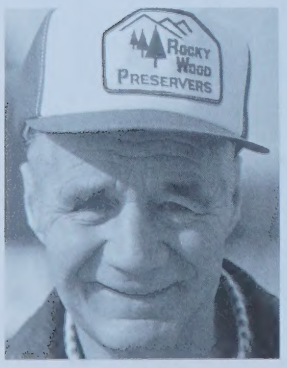
Neva Brierley.

Susan Gibson, Skip Peterson, Danny Gibson and Marvin Peterson.

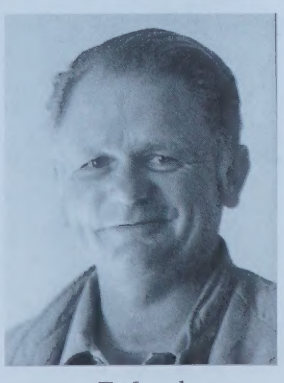


John Koenig.

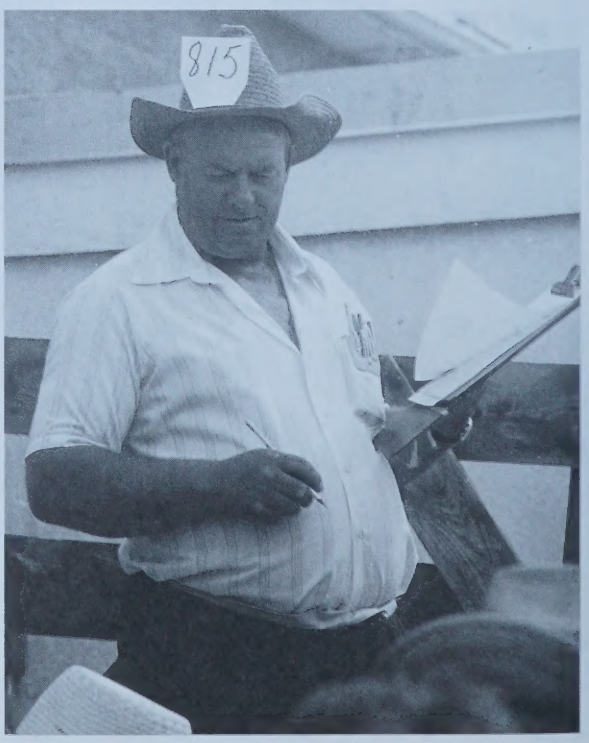
Ed Farnell.



Art Fisher.



Ty Lund.



Ken Martin, Cole's Auction.

Joe Peacock and chuck wagon driver, Orville Stanquist.

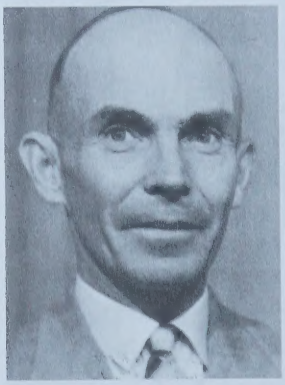
R.C. Barker (1949-1950).

E.F. Baxter (1950-1952).

RMH Mayors

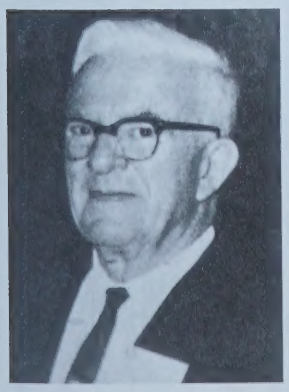
W.H. Teskey (1938-1940) (1944-1945).

W.J.T. Strong (1940-1943).



J.T. Edgerton (1953-1963).

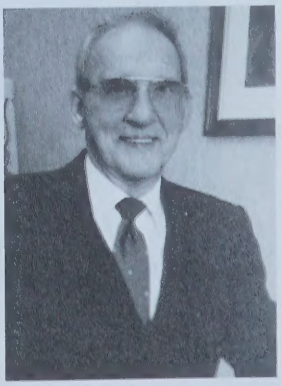
W.T. Teskey (1963-1966) (1971-1974) (1975-1977).



J.N. Cony (1946-1947).

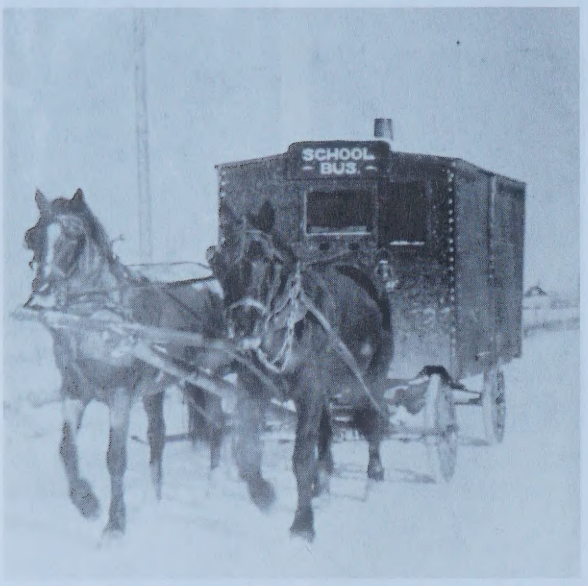
C. Edwards (1948-1949).

W.H. Hunley (1967-1971).



D.L. Soppit (1977 to present time).

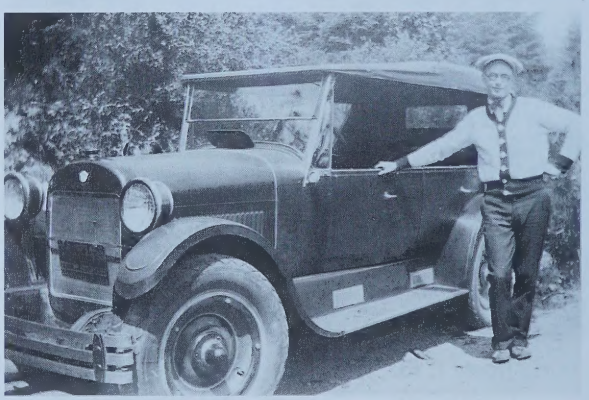
Early Transportation



Frank Schlebnig's school bus, circa 1942.

Men's bathing suit styles in the 1920s.

Bridge opening ceremonies (note log-cutting, in place of ribbon-cutting).



Harold Killick and his new car, late 1920s.

David Stefon's sleigh and dogs, March 1939.

Young men with their first car, 1937.

Peter Smith's Ford, 1937.

Parade (top of main street, south of 51Ave., two-story Ross home in background) .

Martin Borstad's Bennett Buggy, circa 1933.

The school children coming home.

The Killick family out for a drive, late 20s.

Picnic: (seated at right) June as a child, Josephine and Ira Gray, 1929.

Crossing the North Saskatchewan River - Bridge opening, 1946.

Atlas Lumber Company Truck.

Bridge opening ceremonies, RMH, 1947.

1999 Marian & Lloyd Yarbrough's 40th Wedding Anniversary: Peggy Pilgrim, Frances Yarbrough, Lloyd, Marian, Cheryl Clark and Boyd Yarbrough.

Wedding Day. Bob Cermak & Phyllis Rodtka.

Wedding Day, June 9, 1950. Presbyterian Church, RMC: Patricia Berry & John Rodtka.

Angie & Jack Edgerton's Wedding Day, RMH, Aug. 14, 1938.

Jack & Angie Edgerton, 40th Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. & Mrs. William Strong's 60th Wedding

Double Wedding at Strong's: Popsie & Elmer Osborn and Nell & Bert Parsons, April 1912.

Jack & Pearl Courtright's 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Sinclair's 50th Wedding Anniversary, Dec. 29,1983, celebrated January 1984. Patricia Rodtka, Leitha Molander, Clarice & Will Sinclair, Daisy MacDonald, Phyllis Cermak.

Cliff & Mary Olson, 70th Wedding Anniversary.

Ewart & Doris (Kobzinsky) Machonochie, wedding Photo March 12, 1943.

Ira & Josephine Gray, 40th Wedding Anniversary.

Henry & Mary Miller, 60th Wedding Anniversary.

Peter & Joan Smith's Wedding 1937.

Robert Craig & Gladys Key. Married in Nordegg Aug. 19, 1937.

Murray & Kathy Goulden's Wedding.

SCHOOLS

Bingley School.

On the road to the Hardindell School for a community picnic, 1945.

Hardindell School, 1945. At the picnic: Mrs. Herb Winchester, Mrs. Maude Bigelow, Mrs. Bryden, Mrs. Daisy MacDonald, Mrs. Frank Crutchfield, Mrs. Mary McDonald, and Mrs. Clarice Sinclair.

The teacherage at Glacier school. Spring of 1949.

Oras school children, 1939.

Pictures taken at the Pleasant School Reunion July 6 & 7, 1996.
Front row: Jean McDonald Haupt, Dorthy McDonald Williams, Meriel (Babe) Osborne Hensen, Pat Osborne Graham, Myrtle Watkins Swainson, Margaret Wigley Gurnett. Second Row: Florence Major, Betty Graham Bradshaw, Doris Kobzinsky Maconochie, Joan Osborne Smith, Connie McDonald, Vivian Bigelow Hallet, Jessie Osborne Milligan, Ruby Girard Huckaba. Back Row: Margaret Johnnson Trebtham, Merle (Speed) West, Doris Barkham Hill, Carson McDonald, Eric Evans, Marjorie Evans Love, Gladys Evans Osborne, Clifford Evans, George Evans, Don Thompson, Ken Thompson.

Mrs. Herb Winchester, Chris Rodtka, Beth & John Sinclair on the sleigh, Lil Rodtka, Will Sinclair, Phyllis Rodtka and Loretta Winchester sitting on John Rodtka's knee, Jim Winchester standing, 1939.

The New School. Front Row: Richard Gabler, Merle (Speed) West, George Evans, Eric Evans, Phyllis Smith McNutt, Don Thompson. Second Row: Clifford Evans, Ronald Gabler, Lawrence Stewart, Dorothy McDonald Williams, Sandra Graham Kay, Rene McDonald, Billy Sinclair, Jean McDonald Parker, Lorraine McDonald Stevenson. Third Row: Garth Bigelow, Jean Sinclair Stephanson, Laura Evans Nodeland, James McDonald, Miriam McDonald Carwell. Fourth Row: Shannon McDonald Evans, Phyllis Gabler Way, Murray McDonald, Shirley Sever Hamilton. Fifth Row: Marjorie Smith Furher, Peggie Grant Clarke, Marjorie Evans Love, Gladys Evans Osborne. Back Row: Audrey Sever Gaetz, Carson McDonald, Margaret Johnson Trebtham.

Dovercourt School.

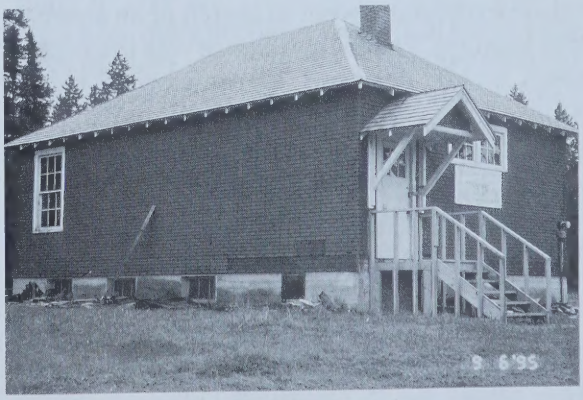
Mary McDonald's class, 1945 in New school.

Hardindell School Reunion, 1980.
John Rodtka, Phyllis (Rodtka) Cermak, Myrtle (Hudson) Goodrich, Leitha (Rodtka) Molander, Leonard Adcock, Clarice Sinclair, Laura (Hudson) McAllister, Floyd Hudson.

Beaver Flat School.

Pleasant Vale (old) School.

Grade 10 Class. Beaver Flat School.



Pleasant Vale School.

1945 Neighbor kids at Strachan: Back row: Dennis McDonald, Carson McDonald, John Sinclair, Beth Sinclair, Connie Mcdonald, Lorraine McDonald. Front: Bill Sinclair and Marian Sinclair.

RMH - MEMORIES OF GROWING UP IN A FRONTIER VILLAGE

by Cameron Kirby

THE VILLAGE: Rocky Mountain House was incorporated as a village in 1912. The site of the village was formerly the homestead of J. H. Bertrand. 1912 marked the arrival of two railways at the east bank of the North Saskatchewan River, the Alberta Central Railway, a subsidiary of the C.P.R., and the Canadian Northern Railway. They were competing for access to the coal mines known as Brazeau Collieries at Nordegg, fifty miles west of the river. Their terminal was named Lochearn. Mr. Bertrand drove the last spike on one of the railway lines on June 10, 1912.

In 1911, in anticipation of the arrival of the railways, a small business community developed near the terminal. Several businessmen, realizing how unsuitable the community site was for future expansion, went in search of an alternative location. The logical choice was the homestead of Mr. Bertrand, gently sloping to the south, situated northeast of the community. They approached Mr. Bertrand, who agreed to sell his entire homestead other than the site of his home in the northwest corner, and a cultivated field on the east side. A town site company was formed the services of T. D. Green, a retired government land surveyor were engaged to survey the town site, and a village was incorporated and named Rocky Mountain House, after the Hudson Bay Company Fur Trading Post which had been located a mile west of the North Saskatchewan River. The name of railway terminal was soon changed from Lochearn to Rocky Mountain House, and the former community then came to be known as "The Old Town."

Rocky Mountain House was isolated, its access to the outside world limited to travel by bus, car and train; each posing formidable difficulty. The fifty-mile road to Red Deer, the closest city, was simply a wagon trail through muskeg, across streams, up and down steep hills. In summer when it rained, cars got stuck in mud holes, necessitating being hauled out by a nearby farmer with a team of horses, or having to lay logs on the muskeg to keep from sinking. In winter, heavy snowfall and blizzards often made the road impassable. Later, there was daily bus service, which took three hours for the trip to Red Deer when road conditions were good. There were only a very few cars in the village and they also took three hours for the trip under the best conditions. This situation continued until 1938, when *The Mountaineer* issue dated April 6, reported "Completion of the gravel on the 14 miles of Highway 11 from Alhambra Corner to Rocky Mountain House is practically assured this year".

There was tri-weekly service by the two railways to Red Deer, on what were called "mixed trains", made up of freight cars carrying freight to and from the small communities along the way. Flat cars carried logs and lumber. Coal cars carried coal from the coal mines west of Rocky Mountain House, and an attached single day coach carried passengers. There were so many stops along the way that the shortest time for the trip to Red Deer was three hours, and generally much longer than that. It was so long at times that passengers were known to get off and pick flowers and wild berries along the way.

The village comprised a wide Main Street, running north and south on either side of which (extending for one block) were stores, Chinese restaurants, a boarding house and two hotels, the false fronts of the stores concealing their gable roofs. At the northwest end of the block, across the street corner wise - with a commanding view of Main Street, was the Kirby-Driscoll store, in the southwest corner of which was, the post office. Corner wise from the store was the Mount View Hotel, the only three-story building

in the village and owned by Mrs. Belle Anderson. On either side of Main Street were three avenues, north and south. Crossing them were three streets east and west. These were neither graded nor graveled, but were simply a cleared wagon trail through the trees. The village was heavily wooded with aspen poplar trees, except where cleared to provide open spaces for houses. Adjacent to Main Street, lots had been cleared on which there were hitching rails where farmers tied up their horses and wagons in the summer months, and their sleighs in the winter months.

I recall so well, the fresh, invigorating air, pungent with the odor of new lumber and newly cut poplar trees, inducing a sense of excitement and expectation. The sheer rawness of it was stimulating.

The surrounding countryside to the north and east was also heavily wooded with aspen poplar. In a southeast direction, there was muskeg, heavily wooded with tamarack, spruce and pine, rather dark and somber. To the southwest there was a large pond, dark and mysterious.

To the west, there was an open field, bounded on the south by a trail which led to the ferry providing service across the North Saskatchewan River. Beyond the field, aspen poplar grew along the high, steep east bank of the river. Beyond, on the far side of the river, a wilderness of forest rising gradually to heavily wooded foothills was silhouetted against the indescribable grandeur of an Alberta sunset. In winter, it was enveloped with glistening snow, frequently framed by the wonder of a chinook arch.

The houses in the village were modest, only a very few having central heating. One of the latter was the palatial home of Mrs. Anderson, outside the northwest corner of the village boundary. There was no electrical power, light having to be provided by kerosene and gas lamps; no running water or inside plumbing. The toilet facility was an "outhouse" at the back of the lot. Water had to be obtained from a well equipped with a pump. There was no radio, no TV, which had yet to be invented, and no local telephone service, which did not arrive until 1920, when a switchboard was placed in the ladies' and children's store of which Mrs. Ed Good was the proprietor. It was later moved to her living premises. Mrs. Good was the exchange operator for many years thereafter.

CHORES: The lack of these amenities imposed many duties, some of which were onerous. The lack of electric power necessitated the use of stove irons for ironing, which had to be heated to a high temperature on the kitchen stove. The use of kerosene lamps entailed the daily chore of filling them up with kerosene, trimming the wicks, cleaning the chimneys, filling the gas lamps, pumping them up to provide air pressure and frequently replacing the mantles.

Two stoves had to be kept supplied with fuel; the kitchen range and the living room heater during the winter months. Their appetites for coal and wood seemed to me to be insatiable, as it was my chore to split the wood and keep the wood box full and the coal scuttle filled with coal that I carried in from a shed at the back of our lot. In the winter months, both stoves were stacked up with coal to keep the house warm during the night, but it wouldn't last the whole night. The usual result was to find the water in the water pail covered with ice. First thing in the mornings it was my chore to remove the 'klinkers' from both stoves, empty the ashes and rebuild the fires.

The lack of running water required me to keep the water pail full for drinking, cooking and toiletry. When the winter weather was extremely cold, the pump would freeze and have to be thawed out with boiling hot water. Wastewater was put into a large pail called the "slop pail", which was emptied at the back of our lot.

Such were my household chores, but I had others – my dad's team of horses and my saddle pony to care for. These chores might seem to have been quite burdensome and, at times, I may have thought so myself but in fact they were not. Other boys in the village had similar chores to do. I derived a great deal of satisfaction from doing them. They gave me self-confidence and a sense of responsibility, which was of great benefit to me throughout the ensuing years. They also left me with respect for those who earn their living by doing manual labor.

SCHOOLS: My schooling commenced in a one-room school building, situated outside the northeast corner boundary of the village. One teacher taught grades one to eight. The school

was heated by a large furnace-like stove in the front corner of the room. Later, an additional schoolroom was added in a separate building, in which I completed grade eight.

School desks were different from those now in use. There was a shelf under the top of the desk for books and at the right hand corner of the top, there was a round hole to hold a bottle of ink; there were no ball point pens in those days.

We were subject to firm discipline. We were not allowed to leave our desks without asking for permission, which was obtained by raising our hand and snapping our fingers. If we misbehaved badly, we were marched up to the front of the class and given a strapping on both hands.

There was one great advantage of sharing the classroom with students in the higher grades. We absorbed a great deal by listening to what was being taught to the other students. I remember particularly how enthralled I was listening to "Les Miserables" being read aloud and discussed in grade nine. There was a daily routine first thing in the morning of doing rapid calculation. The blackboard was filled with figures for addition and subtraction for the lower grades above grade three, and multiplication and division for the higher grades, with a limited time in which to work them out. We learned to do these calculations with speed and accuracy; the competition was keen.

Every Friday afternoon was devoted to activities that were both educational and entertaining. The students, who designated themselves "The Willing Workers Society", organized them. There were spelling matches, recitations, readings and a singsong. In a school with grades one to eight, there was a wide diversity of talent. We always looked forward to Friday afternoon.

Valentines' Day, February 14, was always preceded by hours of feverish activity in which we all vied with one another to create the most romantic valentine for one's girl or boy friend. I can recall the hours I spent making a valentine consisting of several hearts of descending size and joined with a red ribbon. The valentines were placed in a fancy decorated box, drawn out and distributed. Your popularity with the opposite sex was supposed to be indicated by the number of valentines you received.

The big event of the school year was the Christmas concert. There was a big Christmas tree at the front of the classroom and decorations on the walls and in the windows. There was a special program consisting of recitals, reading, tableaux, short plays and of course Christmas carols. The program concluded with the distribution of gifts (which were exchanged by drawing names) and net bags containing mandarin oranges, nuts and Christmas candies. Ribbon candy was always included.

HOSPITALS: Prior to the construction of the Rocky Mountain House Hospital in 1938, there was no public hospital in the village. In the 1918 Influenza Epidemic, in response to the urgent need for hospital facilities, by dad – W. J. Kirby – offered to make our home available as a hospital. He took up residence at the Mount View Hotel, my sisters Margaret, Agnes and I went to live with the J. E. McKechnie family, and my sister Helen served as a nurse in the hospital. During the intervening years prior to the construction of the public hospital, two private hospitals, at times, served the community. One operated by "Nurse" Stewart, the other by Mrs. Adele Wunsch.

RMH - Atlas Lumber Yard
by A.J. (Gusty) von Hollen

In years gone by, Rocky was the center of a great logging and lumber operation. There were many sawmills, lumber camps, tie camps and many more types of timber harvesting camps, posts, props, etc. I believe that the lumber industry was one of the largest in the west. These camps could possibly have started in the '30s and up. Mostly west across the Saskatchewan River. The Atlas Lumber Co. had a large re-sawmill site in Rocky with a large sawdust burner to do away with sawdust and shavings from the planer. The mill site was at the bottom of main street, southwest of where the new Rocky Post Office is now (in 2003).

All the lumber from the Atlas camps plus lumber from many private sawmills was hauled into Rocky to the Atlas, re-sawed, planed and sold for construction everywhere. It went out on the railway and trucks. The lumber consisted of rough planking two and one-quarter inches to two and one-half inches thick and from four inches to twelve inches wide and eight to sixteen

feet long, then re-sawed in many cases for one-inch lumber planed. Much of it was planed as two inch planking. There was also quantities of square timbers handled here.

The pictures presented here are of the lumber piles; number 1 is taken from east, looking

west and number 2 is taken from the west, looking east. The elevator and burner are showing and the station house is a little further east on picture number 2. The lumber yard ran from where the Post Office is now, just about down

to the road that runs north and south in Old Town. A big portion was on the north side of 50th Avenue, called Day's field. There was approximately twenty-two million board feet of lumber piled in the lumberyard that year. These pictures were taken in the spring of 1948. There were four men involved in piling this lumber shown in these pictures; Doug Meston, John Peterson, Gerald Baulmer and Gusty von Hollen

In the '60s and '70s, there were two separate fires; one destroyed the mill site and another destroyed most of the lumber piles.

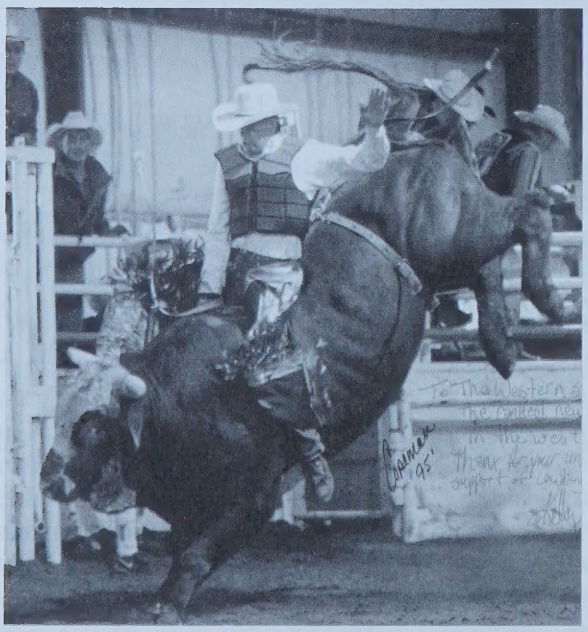
Picture number 3 shows the edge of the sawdust burner and part of the sawmill and possibly some finished lumber. Some buildings at the bottom of main street and a little west is

the elevator and the feed mill.

Picture number 4 is showing just how the lumber was piled. A five foot piece of four inch steel was twisted one half turn with two sharp prongs on the one end. The other end was run into the lumber pile. The plank was placed on the prongs then pried down to make the other end go up for the man on top of the pile to place

in position. The man on top of the pile is Gerald Baulmer and Gusty von Hollen below. Pictures number 1 and 2 were submitted by Gusty von Hollen and pictures number 3 and 4 were submitted by Doug Meston.

RMH - Rocky Bull Rider
by Kelly Hooey



Bull rider Kelly Hooey. (Photo by Mike Copeman)

After childhood, I guess I never really considered being a cowboy. Like most kids I had the boots, the hat, the guns, the rope, and even a horse. However, I spent most of my teenage years hunting, fishing, and playing football and baseball. I grew up around livestock and rodeos but until my third year of university, entering a rodeo never seriously crossed my mind. I'm still not sure why I made the decision to get on a bull, but I'm sure glad I did. It opened up a whole new exciting world that helped shape the rest of my life.

I traveled to Olds College for their weekly roughstock practice in the winter of 1992. My college roommate and good buddy Jim Terpsma, had lent me an old grass bullrope, a heavy steel bell, and a set of cheap horseriding spurs. Ty Northcott was the coach at the college and mounted me on a good beginner bull that wouldn't kill me. I guess he could tell by my costume, I was 'kinda' green. I don't remember a bunch after the gate opened. Noise, dust, loud clanging, and pain (lots of it), fought for control in my mind. Through a dislocated collar bone and neck, I managed to stay on top for eight. Boy, that was fun...I couldn't wait to do it again. After I healed up, I got on a few more bulls with very little success. In my second college rodeo, I got a toe stuck in the gate and broke my ankle. Turns out, I didn't have a clue what I was doing. I enrolled in a one-day bullriding school at Olds College, taught by Ace Northcott. After learning a few basics, I got on seven or eight bulls that day, and rode all but one.

In the summer of 1994, I competed in the Central Alberta Amateur Rodeo Association and rode twelve out of thirteen bulls. I took home the year-end saddle and moved up to Foothills, Lakeland, and Chinook Rodeo Associations. I never really drew anything tough that year and managed to make the FCA finals by staying on the mediocre ones. I rode a bull in the first round that had only been rode once in the last three years. In the second round, I rode Big Country's Snuffy (voted CCA bull of the year) for 83 points. I couldn't believe I was in shape to win my first FCA finals. However, Pengelly's Hazard planted me hard in the third round, and Northcott's Jimmy Diesel did the same in the fourth. I learned an important lesson there: skill is important...but so is luck.

The next year I went hard to LRA and FCA rodeos. I remember a weekend traveling with Roger Green in the LRA. We weren't drawn up the same so we split up Friday night, planning to meet again Sunday to go home. I hitched a ride and managed to stay on Friday and on Saturday I rode the LRA bull of the year, Homer. I was feeling pretty high until I heard stories of the bull I had on Sunday in St. Albert. His name was Night Heat and he looked like a rodeo bull. He was big and black with long horns he knew how to use. Turns out he had been stuffing them into people's mouths while they were riding him. He would walk out on his back legs and throw his head. Two people had spit out their teeth that weekend. I didn't really know how to avoid that so I just tucked my chin and nodded. When the gate opened I saw sky and horns, then dirt and more horns. Somehow I managed to miss those horns and the further I rode, the easier he got. The horn went and I shot out the back landing on the back of my head. Now, if you haven't seen a 1900 lb. bull bucking and hooking 3-4 feet away from you whilst you lie there trying to gather your chickens and eggs, you haven't seen anything. I was pretty screwed up and walked around bumping into things. I had some trouble remembering Roger's phone number, and who I was, and where I was etc. etc.

I traveled alone a lot and did my best to wear myself out. I spent a lot of nights in my truck and sometimes forgot where I was. I chipped some teeth, got a few good concussions but went back to the FCA finals and rode three of four bulls, for another saddle. That saddle means a lot to me even though the bulls I rode at the finals, weren't that great. I felt like I had earned this one, paid my dues so to speak.

Winning the FCA finals allowed me to take out my semi-pro card. Rainbow Ford in Rocky sponsored a van for us. It was a '76 Econoline that we "re-designed" and called the "Crazy Train." If vehicles could talk, that van could tell some horrific stories.

About this time, bullriding only events were starting to appear. Rodeos were fun but once you paid for gas and beer, you had to win to break even. Bulleramas were a good opportunity to get on a lot of rank bulls and actually make a little money. I went to open bullridings and World Professional Bullridings but mostly I went to the Canadian Bull Riders Association. I had the most fun at these and I think it helped me to ride better. I made their finals in '96, '97, '98, and '99. I also rode pro-rodeos in '97,'98, and '99. I had a decent year in '98 finishing third on the semi-pro list, but I never managed to "make it" in the pros. I found it was more like a job and the fun just wasn't there. My riding reflected this and I didn't ride the really rank bulls when I needed to. However, I did manage to save some good memories like the time we went Cloverdale. I rode in Caroline Friday night and we left the Long Branch in the Crazy Train. We drove for what seemed like 2 weeks but made it to Surrey by morning; the change in altitude made the Train sound like...well...a train I guess. We sputtered to the rodeo grounds and caught a couple winks before the rodeo. That afternoon I had a little bull of Girletzs' called Jersey Nut. He had been making waves that year and he made some more with me! The gate man was polite enough to let me get up before he closed the gate. From there we took the ferry to the Victoria rodeo, which is held in a small arena you could spit across. Here I had an old bull that had been to the NFR and man was I nervous. About the time I realized I almost had him rode, everything went to hell. I fell in the well beside his head, which he offered to stuff in my gut. He then reached up with a hind leg and kicked me, but hard, in the hip. This was lucky because it pulled me loose before I could start screaming. I managed to limp away with my pride semi-intact. By now I was down about $1000 in fees, gas, snuff, etc. and beginning to wonder why anyone would want to do this. I went to the Cloverdale shin-dig that night and had a big old time! It helped me forget I was slowly going broke and was still a day away from home.

The next day we had to drive to Falkland, B.C. My traveling partner at the time had found a honey to ride with and the fella that came with us to drive, well he wasn't feeling so good, so guess who drove. Up and down some of the windiest roads ever made, for 4 hours, into a dinky little logging town. I had a bull of Shane Franklin's that had thrown me off a week before. Now anyone that knows Shane Franklin will tell you, he eats barbed wire for breakfast, and craps nails by noon. He could tell I was tired and sore, so as I was taking my wrap he

whacked me on the back with his wire bull stinger and said, "Kelly Hooey, don't you dare waste this yellow bastard like you did last weekend." He made it very clear that there would be no room for excuses. So I had no choice but to scrape and scratch 81 points out of that bull, to tie for first place. This lesson was the strongest reinforcement for an important lesson rodeo teaches: *When you think you' done, try a little harder.*

I rode bulls until 2001 when at the Innisfail Pro Rodeo, I came off wrong and tore a lot of muscles in my groin and pelvis. I had attained my goals and then some, so I decided it was time to give it up. I don't think any bullrider ever wants to retire. Riding bulls is a defiance of common sense, born out of a primordial urge to conquer the unconquerable. Miles and miles of blacktop, injuries, loneliness, and lots of money are traded for freedom, friends, and challenge. The result is like a strong addictive drug

Rodeo began in North America and is the only sport to grow from an industry. It is a manifestation of power, glory, pain, happiness, speed, disappointment, and satisfaction. I feel truly blessed that I got the chance to participate for as long as I did.

Rodeo gave me some super memories, some lifelong friends, some important lessons and dammit, it was pretty doggone fun too. It helped me to meet the girl of my dreams, Angela, whom I tricked into marrying me. We currently live on our farm southwest of Rocky with our beautiful daughter Ashley, raising beef cattle, chickens, and you guessed it—buckin' bulls.

RMH - The Cache at Rocky Mountain House

submitted by Dennis C. Gray

Today, very few people living in Rocky Mountain House have heard of the "Cache," a settlement situated on the southern edge of town (south of the R.C.M.P. Detachment). Prior to 1912, when the Canadian National was laying tracks west, several food caches were scattered along the proposed right-of-way. These caches were made by setting four large timbers (upright) in the ground. The timbers were covered with tin, so no animals could climb them, and supported a pole platform on which sat a 10'X12' canvas wall tent. Food for the CN workers was kept in the tent: flour, beans, dried fruit and other non-perishables. CN employed their own cooks who traveled with the surveyors, pack-outfits and men laying track, and these caches were necessary to store the food for the men working their way west. In Rocky Mountain House, railway workers settled around the cache, and for years after the cache had outlived its usefulness—after the rails were laid and trains steamed into town—the location and the settlement around the former "store of food" was called the "Cache." For further information on the Cache, see page 11, "The Days Before Yesterday." To understand what it was like to live at "the Cache," read the Alfred Paskall history.

RMH - Centennial Canoe Races

1967 Voyageur Canoe Pageant finish line.

May 24, 1967, was a big day for Rocky Mountain House with over 5,000 sightseers lining the banks of the North Saskatchewan River. They had come from near and far to watch ninety paddlers from eight provinces and two territories embark on a 3,289 mile canoe trip from Rocky Mountain House to Montreal. The trip took 104 days and had many exciting moments enroute.

Dignitaries were on hand at the old fort (Rocky Mountain House National Historic Site) to give the "Voyageurs" a rousing sendoff. Among them were Judy LaMarsh (Secretary of State); His Honour Grant MacEwen; Honourable A. Holowach, Provincial Secretary and Chairman of the Alberta Centennial Committee; John Fisher, Centennial Commissioner; Honorable A.J. Hooke, and Helen Hunley who was then the mayor of Rocky Mountain House.

Voyageur Canoe Pageant in 1967.

The Alberta team consisted of Chief Voyageur, John Nickel (Calgary); Captain, Vic Maxwell (Rocky Mountain House); David Ellery (Drayton Valley); Bryn Thomas (formerly from Rocky Mountain House) Adam Borys (Medicine Hat) Archie Griffith (Rocky Mountain House); Ken Hardy (Edmonton); Adam Abel (Calgary); George Abel (Calgary); Dave Maclure (Drayton Valley)and Bob Poluck (Calgary). Ken Fisher from Rocky Mountain House paddled with the Nova Scotia team.

The race was won by the Manitoba canoeists whose total travelling time was 531 hours, six minutes and 15.5 seconds. British Columbia took second place, while our own Alberta team came in a proud third.

RMH - CONFLUENCE:
of the North Saskatchewan and Clearwater Rivers,
by Pat McDonald

The land of the confluence is largely a vast and important undiscovered area of our local history. For several hundred years before the fur trade, aboriginal people traversed these very lands as evidenced by the artifacts. During the fur trading era, the land between the two rivers was constantly used by both traders and the aboriginal people. The crossings were made across the Hamish Grant land, and the trails ran parallel the fort sites on the North Saskatchewan and the land on the Clearwater side. Over two

hundred years ago, Peter Pangman marked a tree on the present Mackenzie property to indicate a possible site for a fort. The first settler is buried close by on land, overlooking the Clearwater River. The first post office, Prairie Grange, was constructed on these lands. The Quinn, MacKenzie, Quintal, and Tekelenburg properties on these quarter sections have been heir to much history.

It was on these quarter sections that:

-Fur traders, Blackfoot, and Cree travelled on the way to the forts.

-Indian artifacts have been found.

-The first settler is buried.

-A cave has been discovered of possible historic significance.

-Peter Pangman's Pine was located.

-The first Post Office was built.

The land was crossed by David Thompson, Peter Fidler, and Alexander Henry

RMH- Rocky Mountain House Creamery written by A. Gray

RMH - Creamery

Regarding the Rocky Mountain House Creamery: I spoke to Alex Plathan who told me his father, John Plathan, opened the Rocky Creamery in 1924. As a young man, Alex began working at the creamery in 1946 when Chris Sorenson was the manager, and left its employ shortly after it was sold to Central Alberta Dairy in 1948.

The creamery was a subsidiary of Central Creameries Limited, and Neils Peter Pallesen from the head office in Calgary officiated at the Creamery opening. Originally, the Rocky Creamery took only cream from farmers then (after the Second World War) it accepted crates of eggs. Sometimes farmers brought in fully grown chickens which were sent to Red Deer. The creamery staff hated handling chickens because the live birds made such a mess. The Rocky CADP (Creamery) won first prize in a butter-making competition at the Toronto Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in 1973.

RMH-Rocky Mountain House Cricket Club
by Henry Stelfox

The first cricket match played by the Rocky Mountain House team was played July 26, 1925, against the Prairie Creek team at Prairie Creek. It can readily be understood just why the first cricket match of the season was played against the "Prairie Creek Eleven". I will mention that the majority of those old time homesteaders in that area had been raised in the British Isles and had received a thorough training in what at that time was, and still is, one of the Britishers very popular kind of sport. Also, while at school and in their homes, they taught the ethics of true sportsmanship.

G. Balfour, F. Miell, D. Balfour, J. Chambers, S. Findlater, T. K. Clarkson, J. Mitchell, M. Gabler, N. Scott and C. S. Osborne played for the Prairie Creek team. Their total score for nine wickets was seven runs.

On the Rocky Mountain House team were P. C. Routledge, Hudson, A. G. Smith, A. E. Pollard, J. N. Cony, J. Fuller, D. Woods, E. S. Brett, C. Dewar and Geo. Elliot. They made a total of forty-two runs for four wickets. Although I had joined in the practice game in 1925, it was not until July 24, 1926, when I played with the team in a cricket match. We then played against the Red Deer Cricket Club, who were all out for thirty-seven runs.

The Rocky Mountain House team who played that day were F. Miell, J. Frame, H. Stelfox, A. C. Pollard, C. Towler, D. Woods, J. N. Cony, E. S. Brett, G. Mathews and G. B. Elliot. The Rocky Mountain House team won with a score of fifty-eight runs.

During the summer of 1926, I became a member of the Rocky Mountain House Cricket Club which was captained by that well known sportsman and writer, "Frank Miell," of Glacier. This same cricket eleven gave many very good exhibitions of their skill as cricketers. I remember after one match, which we played in Edmonton

against the Edmonton Cricket Club & Aven, Colonel Weaver congratulated the Rocky Mountain House team on their sportsmanship and mentioned that we had given the Edmonton eleven one of the best games of the season.

Rocky Mountain Evangelical Lutheran Church (ELCIC)

Pastor Wil and Bonnie Porat, Evangelical Lutheran Church.

On December 5, 1995 three couples, Keith and Elsie Winchell, Doug and Peggy Dekinder, Russell and Adeline Campbell met to discuss their concerns about the lack of worship opportunities in Rocky Mountain House, for persons of the ELCIC background. On December 20, 1995, twenty-six persons met with Bishop Stephen Kristensen. Over time various suggestions were made by both ELCIC and Rocky residents. Bible studies followed with Pastor Reg Berg of Grace Lutheran, Bentley and Pastor Harold Erikson (retired) leading every second study.

Contact was made with Rev. Andrew Hoskin, and their vestry kindly offered the use of their facilities. By September 5, 1996, we were holding one service a month at the Holy Trinity Anglican Church. The inaugural Worship Service took place on the evening of Oct 6, 1996, with approximately sixty-five persons, including

First council of Evangelical Lutheran Church. Elsie Winchell, Doug Decider, Keith Winchell, Russell Campbell, Adeline Campbell, Pastor Wil Porat.

Bishop Stephen Kristenson and Conference Dean Rev. Don Hall in attendance. Rev. Reg. Berg presided. On January 9, 1997, the group met and felt it appropriate to begin having regular worship services each month. Worship was enhanced with the kind donation of communion ware by the Winchells, liturgy supplement by the Dekinders and Hymnals by Hope Lutheran Church, Calgary.

On February 18, 1997, with help from Pastor Hink it was decided to apply to the province for the use of the name "Rocky Mountain Evangelical Lutheran Church." April 6, 1997, saw the election of the first council of six persons. On September 21, 1997, regular weekly services began at Holy Trinity Anglican Church. On October 5, 1997, our Official Charter Night was held with the following members: Russell Campbell, Adeline Campbell, Kevin Campbell, Candace Campbell, Austin Campbell, Malcolm Cochrane, Anita Cochrane, Doug Dekinder, Peggy Dekinder, Richard Foote, Debra Foote, Ken Lyon, Erika Lyon, Floyd Olsen, Ellen Olsen, John Proskow, Grace Proskow, Keith Winchell, Elsie Winchell,

At this time Pastor Reg. Berg accepted a call to High River. We miss him, but knew God's work was being done and all things work together. Now, we were moving in new directions and becoming a growing congregation.

Early in 1998, the call process resulted in Pastor Wil Porat accepting the challenge of serving us on a part time basis from his home in Didsbury. Pastor Wil and his wife Bonnie have indeed been a blessing to us since accepting the call. We continued to hold Worship Services in Holy Trinity Anglican Church and moved to accommodations on Main Street in Rocky Mountain House. We hold regular Sunday Worship

Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Kid's Night at 6:30 on Mondays is proving to be a great learning experience for the children. The first and third Wednesdays at 7:30 a Bible study is held at the church.

RMH- Rocky Figure Skating Club
by Irene Salmon

Kurt Browning as two-time World Champion gold medalist 1990.

Figure skating actually came about because of boys' hockey. The girls were not happy when public skating time was drastically reduced to accommodate boys' hockey games and practice time, but the girls were not allowed to play hockey, so they appealed to their parents to organize a figure skating club for them.

The first attempt was in October 1963, under the leadership of Lyal Johns, Rocky's first recreation director, but only a few mothers showed up. After several meetings the club only managed to register 25 skaters, the main objection being the cost of ten dollars for lessons, plus a season skating ticket and a one dollar registration fee. With only 25 skaters, the club could not afford to hire an instructor, so the money was refunded. They would try again next fall.

Carnival performers (duet) Steven Allen and Corliss Hein.

There was a much better response at the 1964 registration, and the club was able to offer lessons under a professional instructor. Figure skating was finally a reality in Rocky. "Ice Fantasy" was the theme of their first carnival in 1966. It was so successful it became an annual affair. This year's carnival (in 2003) will be number 37.

The seventies and the eighties saw the club increase to more than 150 skaters. Among these skaters was a boy from Caroline, who joined in 1977. He appeared in the 1980 carnival with Brent and Steven Allen, and they performed a rock and roll number called the "Rocky Rockers." His name was Kurt Browning, and he was destined for fame-winning Novice and Junior Canadian championships, four Senior Canadian titles, four world Gold Medals and one Silver and

Rocky Precision Skating team.

representing Canada in three Olympic Games, in 1994 as the flag bearer. He retired in 1994 and still enjoys a very successful professional career, producing television skating specials and performing in many shows and on the Stars On Ice tour. Kurt always remembered where his career started. Fame and a hectic schedule did not prevent him from returning to Rocky as a guest soloist, in the 1984 carnival and again in 1989, to the delight of his many fans, especially the members of the figure skating club.

The club has turned out many great skaters, as well as a junior and senior precision team who brought home medals from competitions around Alberta. Some of the skaters became instructors (one girl, Lynn Hulberg, joined the Ice Capades), but mostly the figure-skaters just skate for pleasure.

The club had a rough start, but once they got organized, they never looked back. Good luck in the future!

Grand Finale.

RMH - Gate Night In A Country Town
by John G. Stelfox

Gate night is the night before Halloween, when many kids were out playing their pranks; so that on Halloween evening, they could spend all their time collecting treats. In the 1940s, indoor toilets were virtually unknown in the village of Rocky Mountain House. Every home had a one or two-seater (often referred to as The House of Parliament), about fifty feet behind the house at the edge of the lane. Even public and high schools had their two large outhouses, one for girls and one for boys.

Gate Night was a lively time for teenage boys after chores were done and supper eaten, as there were so many toilets to be pushed over. Some were really sturdy and required the assistance of a Model T or Chevrolet to push them over. Some adults had a devious mind and devised sadistic ways to outwit kids who were trying to push over their toilets. Some bolstered the four sides with angled planks or posts. The most ingenious was old Joe, who skillfully moved his outhouse three feet ahead before it got dark. When several energetic teenagers arrived after dark, three of them disappeared down the pit. That made us very suspicious of old Joe during future Gate Nights.

Mr. Gigglioti couldn't find his two nanny goats on Halloween morning, so he went to the Police Constable's house to register a complaint of theft. The constable spent several hours searching around town for the goats only to find later that one had been put in his jail cell in the back of his house during the previous night. The other one was found tied to the school principal's desk and the ink-wells in the students' desks had been filled with goat's milk. Teachers and most students wondered why the big school bell failed to ring at 0830 and 0900 A.M. on Halloween day. The mystery was solved when the bell rope was found down the boy's toilet hole.

There was always excitement during Gate Night, but the greatest thrill occurred at midnight one year. Villagers, and even those living some distance away, were awakened when a Spike Jones record suddenly blared over the loudspeaker of the Anglican Church. When police arrived at the church, they found a somewhat "bombed" fellow weaving down the church

steps. As I recall he was required to do several hours of community work to atone for his deviltry.

RMH-Girl Guides "Where Dreams Come True," written by Annette Gray

Leader, Deb Wynn, at Guide Camp, Snow Creek.

Thirty-six years ago my daughter asked if she could join Girl Guides. It was on the tip of my tongue to say "no," because I knew her enrollment would mean a lot of extra running around for me. The mere thought of driving her back and forth to meetings, and all those other chaotic things Guides and Brownies do, made my stomach twist in knots. Quite frankly, with four tiny tots and a fifth on the way, I had all the helter-skelter I could handle.

But I also knew the Girl Guide movement had a reputation for building character and, looking down at the tiny upturned face, I distinctly remember picturing my little girl fully grown—a loving, caring woman who one day might pass on these qualities to a daughter of her own. Harboring this dream, my answer, weak-kneed as it was, turned to, "Yes, you may join Brownies."

Debbie worked hard for the badges I sewed on brown (and later blue), uniforms, but as her commitment to Guides grew, so did my involvement. Volunteers were as scarce as hen's teeth, and I was soon recruited, first as a baking, car-driving parent, then as an association treasurer and, later when Debbie's guide leader moved away, I was appointed Captain. As such, I was taxed to my limits. Trying to care for my own family, while shepherding twenty-two girls was

Camp Fire.

no easy task, especially since the girls' plans often exceeded their abilities, and I spent endless hours salvaging floundering projects.

Nevertheless, I loved the girls and soon began to enjoy the weekly meetings and skating parties. To make money to fund our projects, we ran bottle drives, garbage pick-ups, staged used battery sales and every May we sold cookies. Several years we decorated a chuck wagon and rolled down the street in front of the Rocky Rodeo parade, selling soft drinks, coffee and snacks to spectators who were waiting for the parade to begin. For the most part, these projects were fun. Yet, there was one undertaking which always reduced me to a state of panic. That was camping.

Back in those early days, I was a compulsive worrier. Taking other people's daughters on overnight camps, bearing the responsibility for their welfare—this weighed heavily on my mind. But, since camping was an integral part of the Guide program, there was no way out. Each year brought a series of these harried events. There were spring camps, international camps, camps beside deep lakes and swift-running rivers all equipped with rafts suitable for drowning, but the most challenging of all were winter camps. "Survival camps," we called them! And it was always a toss-up to see whether or not we would actually survive. A typical winter camp entailed shoveling snow for fire pits and latrines in fifteen-below weather, cooking foil-wrapped food over sulky campfires which gave off great clouds of smoke, but very little heat. There were exhausting days of hiking and snow-shoeing, followed by bedding down in ice-cold sleeping bags. Often I dragged home from camps, asking myself

if the girls' learning experiences were worth my aching head.

Frustrating, too, was the attitude of some moms. I recall packing water-logged camping gear from my car to one girl's home. It had been a rainy week-end. As campers we had fared poorly, but it was obvious the girl's mother had enjoyed both a warm, dry house and a visit to the hairdresser. Instead of helping to unload her daughter's heavy bags, she met me at the front door and yelled, "Take that camping stuff around back. I've just waxed my floor, and I don't want you carting that wet stuff in here."

Yes, as I made my way home from camps to face my own neglected housework, I often felt discouraged. But then I would look at the girls in my care and notice how they were developing into self-reliant young women. All were dear to me. And time and again, I marveled at their metamorphose—a shy Brownie turned into a Guide, then a Ranger who emerged as a lovely young woman. Often, I found myself dreaming about my own daughter's future, hoping that she had been "guided" in the right direction. As the years flew by, she sprouted into a competent young woman with a challenging career. Certainly I was proud of her new role, but also a little sad, because our shared "Girl Guide" experience was over.

However, some years later, I was invited to a Girl Guide camp held at Snow Creek in the beautiful Rocky Mountains. Without hesitation, I agreed to go. Believe me when I say it was the thrill of a lifetime, camping again with my daughter who is now a Guide leader and her own daughters, Nicole and Megan, who are both Girl Guides. Once again, I took part in all those hilarious, razzle-dazzle things girls do at camps—only this time I forgot to worry. We waded knee-deep up Allstone creek, ate lunch under the fifteen-foot falls which bubbled like cold cider to a bed of huge slate-gray rocks. Then we watched eagles skimming the clouds, their calls echoing against the slab cliffs, towering above us. Back-tracking to camp we crept, through a large metal culvert which, in spring, feeds the creek into the glacial blue water of Lake Abraham.

The next day, we rode horseback along Coral Creek with the McKenzies, winding our way on mountain paths, through stands of giant spruce. We topped high ridges which sheered off to breathtaking canyons. The noises around me were those of shod hooves clattering on rocks, the squeak of leather, the soft moan of an invigorating mountain breeze and the laugher of girls. Later that afternoon we went back to camp where we raced miniature boats in Snow Creek, pitched horse shoes, sang around a campfire and then it was lights out and a tent full of sleepy girls listened eagerly to a bedtime story featuring one of my father's favorite character's, "Flossy Fairy." On this occasion, Flossy camped with a group of Girl Guides in the mountains west of Nordegg. My father would have loved that story. You see, when I was growing up he told marvelous fairy stories and loved camping, too. This was his legacy to me.

Since that time, I have been privileged to join other Guide camps: several weekend camp-outs in the Rocky area, and a thirty-six mile horseback trip from Baseline Service to the Hummingbird. When thinking about the Girl Guide activities, I am reminded of my mother-in-law, Josephine, and how she pitched in to lead the Rocky Rangers when she was in her eighties, thus designating my granddaughters to our family's "fourth generation" of Rocky Mountain House Girl Guides.

Yes, those Girl Guide days have provided me with much to reflect on. Undertaken with trepidation and self doubt, they began around a campfire thirty-six years ago, and have won a place among my happiest memories.

RMH - Hockey
by Irene Salmon

In the early sixties, Rocky had a senior team, "The Legionaries," sponsored by the local Royal Canadian Legion. There was also a juvenile team for older teens, but nothing for boys fourteen and under, until a group of young fellows (employees of Alberta Forest Service), decided to so something about it. I hesitate to mention names in case I miss someone, but as I recall they were Neil Gilliette, Andy Selas, Dick Radtke, Bill McPhail and Ben Shantz. They called a meeting for all boys, ten to fourteen years of age, who were interested in playing hockey. The response was tremendous. The only requirement was each boy had to have a season skating ticket and one dollar registration fee. The boys were divided into

Rocky Hillbillies played hockey in winter and baseball in summer.

six teams, with mixed ages on each team, and named after the six original National Hockey League teams. Next they had to find volunteer coaches. Some I remember were Bob Spoor, Harold Feys, Melvin Tessmer, Bob Stronach, John Mellon , Don Allen and George Carter; perhaps there were others.

The organizers canvassed the town for money to buy sticks, tape, etc. Donations were received from Art Fisher, Charlie Bruce, Atlas Lumber

Trails West Cowboys Hockey Team. (photo by M. McKenzie).

Company, Andy Miller, Vic Zaborsky and many others. Games and practices were scheduled among the six teams. The boys really enjoyed it, and many parents got involved and came to watch, even though the games were played in subzero weather, on an outdoor rink located at the present site of the Tamarack Motor Inn.

This hockey eventually became Minor Hockey as we know it today. We are truly indebted to those same fellows, for they were the driving force to get an indoor arena in Rocky, which we can all enjoy today.

RMH - Horse Thief
written by Annette Gray

Outlaws were few and far between in the Rocky area in 1907. For one thing, there were very few people in the area, and most of these could be described as God fearing. So, we suspect these next two stories, the first taken from the Mountaineer's Old Timer's Series, and the second told by Ira Gray, may have described the same incident, but were seen from different perspectives.

From the Old Timer's: "It was about 1907 that a horse thief, by the name of King, holed up on the west side of the North Saskatchewan River, near the present town. Two Mounties had been on his trail for two days. Then began a cat and mouse game. When the Mounties crossed the river, King would hide. After several attempts to nab him without success, the two Mounties went back and camped on the east side of the river. Sergeant Nickelson who would later become an Inspector, decided he had had enough with the shenanigans, so keeping out of sight, Nickelson under cover, left the other Mountie on the river bank and went two miles downstream. Nickelson then took off his clothes, tied them on his back, and swam to the west side. While the horse thief was intently watching the Mountie camp on the other side, Nickelson came up from behind and, much to King's surprise, was placed under arrest."

From Ira Gray's memoirs comes this story: In 1907 Tom Gray was moving from the Sunset Hills, west of Bentley, to his newly acquired property (SE 13-39-8-W5), located west of the North Saskatchewan River. Tom, never did anything by halves, so besides his wife and four sons, he had a great entourage of wagons, machinery, cattle and horses, all of which he had brought from the Dakotas the previous year. It was slow going, especially while herding livestock, so the family camped several times along the way. One night a stranger rode into camp, leading a pack horse. He said his name was Charlie Rider. He was going to "Mountain House," and wanted to ride along with the Gray party.

Tom Gray was suspicious. Why would anyone want to accompany a slow moving procession, when a man on horseback could make much better time, alone? There was also something about the stranger that made Tom uneasy, prompting him to caution his family to "Watch out for that fellow. He's up to no good!"

When the Grays arrived at the North Saskatchewan River, Ira (then a young lad of thirteen), was driving a buggy carrying his mother and younger brother, Tommy. In those days access to the river lay through a heavily wooded ravine, approximately where the #11A runs west today. The old trail was steep and narrow, and made a sharp left-hand turn just before it crossed Stump Creek and dropped down to the river. As Ira rounded the bend in the trail, he could see a tent set up near the creek and a man squatting beside it. Tents and campers were common sights, so Ira thought nothing of it. At this point, the tagalong stranger was riding directly in front of the buggy Ira was driving. They reached the creek and started into the water, when the camper jumped to his feet. There was a pistol in his hand, and he ordered Rider—whoever the "rider" was—to put his hands in the air. As it turned out the gunman was a Mountie in plainclothes, and the tagalong was a wanted man.

Rider was obviously surprised; for that matter, everyone was surprised—even the Mountie seemed unprepared. Wagons and horses came to an abrupt halt. Ira's team, still on a downhill slope, struggled to keep right-side-up, and other horses could be heard scrambling on the hill behind them. In no time at all, Ira's father came riding up, demanding to know what was holding up the procession. On seeing the stranger with his hands in the air, Tom glared. "Well, I knew you were up to no good!" he said.

A second Mountie had just set out in a row boat, intending to buy some hay from Hudson Hunt on the opposite side of the river. (The Hunts

were living in a dugout near the abandoned fort at the time). Hearing his partner calling, the second Mountie paddled furiously back. Then, and only then, was Rider allowed to dismount, and together the two Mounties, both out-of-uniform, made a formal arrest. The last the Gray family saw of Charlie Rider, he was sitting on a log, in handcuffs and leg-irons. Could Rider's real name have been "King?" Quite possibly.

At any rate, the incident left a lasting impression on the thirteen year-old. Ira often spoke of it, recalling each and every detail of the surprise which may have been exaggerated by the news media, or an ambitious young Mountie who "got his man" by chance, rather than good planning.

RMH - How The Town Got Its Start from a CBC Interview with W.J. Kirby in1959

Question: "What is your age, Mr. Kirby?"

Answer: "Ninety-three. I'm in my ninety-fourth year."

Question: "You live in Rocky Mountain House?"

Answer: "Yes, Rocky Mountain House is the hub of the Universe!"

Question: "Can you tell us how the town got started?"

Answer: "Yes, but the story is somewhat lengthy. In 1911 the CPR was building a bridge over the Saskatchewan River. The Northern Construction Co. (CNR), who were building a line to Nordegg and expecting to build another bridge, had their camp on the east side of the river. Frazer and Gaetz opened a store. We came in May 1911, squatted on the right-of-way and opened a small store and poolroom. Two or three restaurants opened up and other stores followed. Jess Lundy, who now lives in Calgary, conceived the idea that a town would develop. He contacted J.H. Bertrand who had recently been granted a patent for his homestead nearby, and the Central Alberta Town Site Co., was organized. T.D. Green, a retired government surveyor lived nearby on a homestead. He was prevailed upon to survey the site and laid out the town. I was sent to Edmonton to register the town site. Ira Gray drove me up, and it took us four days to make the trip. "The Town Site Company offered K. D. Co. all of block #14 and two lots on Centre Street to move up (from Old Town) and get the town started. They accepted the offer and moved to the new town site.

"Towler & Young from Lacombe had a general store.

Perry McDermott from Innisfail had a hardware.

Tart Turnbull from Bowden had a jewelry shop.

Cavan & Anderson had the Mount View Hotel.

Fullerto & Earnst had a rooming house and restaurant

There was a post office named, "Prairie Grange," and a bakery and some other stores opened up."

RMH - THE KITCHENAIRES
Submitted by "The Boss," Helen Brockman

The origin of the Kitchenaires Kitchen Band was a dream of mine that took place and flourished for close to 20 years. It all started when I saw a picture of the Bentley Kitchen Band in a local farm paper. I was intrigued by their unique instruments born of imagination and ingenuity and I let it be known that I'd like to start a group like that.

The first person to volunteer to be part of this idea was Kay Cantrell, who was a newcomer and had been a member of a similar group in Edmonton. She was also a retired schoolteacher. She became our conductor and her knowledge and ideas were a great help in getting started. It was important to have a pianist and the first volunteer for this position was Esther Nielson, followed by Hazel Chambers and then Joyce Brown, who also plays the accordion.

The response to this project mushroomed, and before you know it, we had eighteen enthusiastic people who loved music and loved to entertain. Our instruments were unique and fun to make. Howard and Birdie Williams made a three-piece drum set of plywood, with a large brass lampshade mounted over top for a clapper and our name painted on the big drum.

Harold Bryant's drums were two tin cake-savers mounted on a TV table. Lucille Hankinson's was a small washtub mounted upside down on a stand, painted gold, with our name printed on it. Myrtle Murgatroyd had, what we call "the gut bucket," an inverted five gallon pail with a stout pole mounted on one side and a string cord

RMH - KITCHENAIRES,1983.

extended from the top to the bucket for a very resounding rhythm. She also plays the castanets.

As well as being part-time pianist, Hazel Chambers, plays the spoons and on occasion takes her turn at the drums. Mary Hannah made a horn from a piece of tubing, coiled it and put a funnel at one end. Birdie Williams used a section of curtain rod and glued a miniature tea set on it. Marilyn Payzant attached an old fashioned dipper to a kazoo. Emma Nagel had a small gyrator and was always resplendent in a large picture hat adorned with feathers. Isabel Bryant's instrument was a pie-crust cutter, and she made a tambourine out of a foil pie plate with little bells attached to the edge for rhythm. Doris Wickie used a wok lid for rhythm and also made a set of bagpipes. Jessie Johnson played a gadget instrument and in conjunction with Doris Wickie was very adept at duck puppet dancing to "Old Macdonald's farm." Grace Irons filled a "L'eggs Egg" with beans for rhythm. Roxanna Crutchfield fashioned an egg beater into a kazoo. She also has a banjo made out of a frying pan by her husband Joe, and on occasion is one of the drummers.

My husband, Dan, made me an instrument that I call a Vacu-sax. This was made out of a broken sewer-snake covering and attached to part of a vacuum hose. I covered it with black tape and put on silver circles for keys. In later years, I taught myself to play the musical saw, and I also play the spoons for rhythm. We also used washboards for rhythm. There were other members who stayed with us for a short while and added much to the success of our performances. These were Helen Huhn, Ethel Radford, Naomi Stick, Adele Matchet and Anne Klaus. We were also very pleased to have Chris Killian, a former champion fiddler, with us for two or three years until he passed away. I have acted as MC for the majority of our long tenure. We traveled over much of Central Alberta from Edmonton south to Innisfail and Sundre, and as far east as Byemoor.

Our shows are many and attuned to whatever occasion we are invited to. Our shows consist of: Gay Nineties; Roaring Twenties; Minstrel; Hawaiian (complete with grass skirts and leis); Kitchenaires (with lovely long dresses and picture hats); Valentine's; St. Patrick's; Christmas; Small, Small World; Klondike and last, but not least, our Western Show. We also play for anniversaries, birthdays and children's programs. One special feature, and one we are proud of, is the Musical Ride. Our girls looked very authentic in their RCMP hats, red jackets and black slacks with yellow stripes. Kay Cantrell was instrumental in helping us to work out a routine that is done to the tune "Buttons and Bows."

A special highlight for us was a half-hour appearance on CKRD TV. The hostess of the Noon

Show, Bernice Phillips, said she asked us to perform because so many people phoned in, requesting our Kitchen Band. This was indeed an honor and very exciting. We have a video of that event.

One of our big shows, put on at the Pioneer Centre, was our Fashion Show. This was narrated by the late, very capable, and humorous Phil Bert. It was filmed on home video by Ralph and Henny Hayward. We all have a copy of this show.

Comparative newcomer to the band, Leda Curr, plays the violin and is a willing partner to anything that brings fun and laughter. Art and Hazel Allinson are always ready to play a part with singing duets in harmony, and Art plays the guitar and violin. One of our specialty performances is comprised of a Swiss trio, Sylvia Studer, Myrtha Varachek and Myrtha's sister, Vally Bardwell who accompanies the singers on a guitar. They have been members for several years. These girls dress in Swiss costumes, sing, yodel and harmonize in their native language. We are very proud to have them as part of our band. Before she passed away, Myrtha's mother, Anna Klaas, joined the girls with their singing and harmonizing.

Our goal as a band has always been to evoke nostalgia, laughter and togetherness with our audiences, through old time songs and visitations. We have lost several of our group who passed away, but we have many fond memories of their time spent with us. Others with health problems and family commitments have had to quit, but the rest of us will keep going as long as we can, because we love what we are doing—and that's what it's all about.

RMH - Northern Crossing Music And Drama Society – 1985 to 2003
by Judy Hacon

Northern Crossing evolved from a community choir that was organized and directed by Louise Bruns and Wendy Pallant in 1985, to perform Vivaldi's "Gloria" for a Christmas concert performed at the old gym at Rocky Elementary School. Following the very positive response from the community and the enthusiasm of the choir members, it was suggested they put on a musical play. To pay for the rights to use the play and for the expensive rehearsal material, some of the members pooled money from their own pockets and the decision was made. In 1986, under the musical direction of Louise Bruns and the artistic direction of Marilyn Strachan, Rodger's and Hammerstein's, "Oklahoma," was produced and performed for delighted audiences.

The next step was to become a registered, non-profit society within the province of Alberta. To do this they needed an official name for the group as well as a constitution and a set of by-laws that would be a testament to their goals and an executive that would handle the administrative duties for the group using the by-laws as a guide. Everyone had ideas for a name and, after much discussion, the name Northern Crossing Music and Drama Society was decided upon. The "Northern" part of the name was to represent the Northern Lights and the "Crossing" part came from the Saskatchewan River Crossing. The term "Crossing" also recalled the idea of pioneering a new frontier. Bill Mackwood, Gordon White, Steve Gin and Louise Bruns brainstormed to put together a credible constitution and set down fair and honourable guidelines for the by-laws. The first executive for Northern Crossing was Bill Mackwood, Steve Gin, Marilyn Strachan, Jan Gehrke and Gay Henderson.

In 1992 Marilyn Train and Judy Hacon petitioned the federal government to give the group a registered charity number. After a year of correspondence and phone calls this was finally achieved. The Northern Crossing Community Choir has been an integral part of the organization since its inception and has performed at various community functions such as Canada Day, Remembrance Day, Veterans' Day or the unfortunate passing of a member. The choir continues to give us our singing roots and traditions, and anyone who wishes to sing and work hard is welcome to join. The annual Christmas show has become a much loved and treasured tradition, both for the group and the community.

Enhancing our organization is the orchestra, conducted by Louise Bruns. While the number of musicians in the "pit" may vary from show to show the quality is consistent and always of the best. In 1994 Moira Milne organized and set up the Northern Crossing Children's Choir. Since its inception it has performed in all of the

annual Christmas shows, various events in our community and in music festivals in Alberta, receiving many awards and accolades. When Moira left us in 1998, Wendy Davies, a long time member of the organization, took over as the musical director of the children's choir.

"The Spring Musical" has become a much anticipated tradition and, looking back over the years, we see a splendid array of major productions. Louise Bruns was the musical director for all productions, except where noted. In chronological order they are:

1986 – *Rodger's & Hammerstein's* 'OKLAHOMA' (Artistic Director – Marilyn Strachan)
1987 – 'SNOOPY' Based on the comic strip *'Peanuts' by Charles Schulz, musical by Hal Hackady and Larry Grossman* (Artistic Director – Steve Gin)
1987 – 'FIDDLER ON THE ROOF' *by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock* (Directed by Marilyn Strachan)
1988 – *Lerner & Lowe's* 'BRIGADOON' (Directed by Bill Mackwood)
1989 – *Lerner & Lowe's* 'MY FAIR LADY' (Directed by Pat Tatlock)
1989 – *John-Michael Tebelak's* 'GODSPELL' (Directed by Bill Mackwood)
1990 – *Lionel Bart's* 'OLIVER' (Directed by Judy Hacon)
1991 – *Lerner & Lowe's* 'PAINT YOUR WAGON' (Directed by Wendy Kidd)
1992 – *Meredith Wilson's* 'THE MUSIC MAN' (Directed by Judy Hacon)
1993 – *Andrew Lloyd Webber's* 'JOSEPH & the AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR DREAMCOAT' (Directed by Bill Mackwood)
1994 – *Meehan, Strouse & Charnin's* 'ANNIE' (Directed by Melanie Cole)
1995 – *Rodger's & Hammerstein's* 'THE SOUND OF MUSIC (Directed by Judy Hacon)
1995 – Our annual Christmas Show celebrated our 10th anniversary, with songs from all of our shows and a segment of Christmas music. (Directed by Alita Hermary)
1996 - The Northern Crossing Choir performed an Easter Cantata, 'SHARE THE GOOD NEWS HE IS RISEN' *by Allen Pote* (Performed at the Christian Reformed Church)
1996 – A Youth Theatre Group, The Bunbury Company, was organized under the auspices of Northern Crossing. They performed 'THE FIFTEEN MINUTE HAMLET' *by Tom Stoppard,* a rock 'n' roll revue - 'ROCK ON' - *by Mark A. Brymer, Roger Holmes & John Jacobsen* and a controversial drama called 'THE INNER CIRCLE' *written by Patricia M. Loughrey.* With adult mentors the young teen-age group produced, directed and performed.
(Musical Directors – Bill Graham, Mary Lou Hoskin and Carol Kerik)
1997 – Lerner & Lowe's 'CAMELOT' (Directed by Anne Emery , Carole Garnick, & Alita Hermary)
1998 – 'ANNE OF GREEN GABLES', *a musical adapted by Donald Harron, with music by Norman Campbell & lyrics by Donald Harron; from then novel by L.M. Montgomery.*
(Directed by Judy Hacon) (Musical Directors – Bill Graham and Mary Lou Hoskin)
1999 – The Bicentennial of Rocky Mountain House – *A play was written by Louise Seidel* that told the history of Rocky and utilized music written by Canadian writers. *Twelve Canadian songs were arranged for choir and orchestra by Louise Bruns.* The show also featured 'WHERE THE RIVER BROUGHT THEM' *by Marg French* . This musical play was called 'CHAUTAUQUA' and was a tremendous success. (Directed by Louise Seidel)
2000 – 'BYE BYE BIRDIE' - *Book by Michael Stewart – Music by Charles Strouse (Directed by Judy Hacon)*
2000 – 'THE WINTER ROSE' *written by Mathew Bruns* (Yes, son of Louise Bruns). The play was performed as a Medieval Feast in December the two nights following the traditional Christmas Show. (Directed by Judy Hacon and Nanette Marshall)
2001 – *Jerry Herman's* 'HELLO DOLLY' (Directed by Alita Hermary)
2002 – 'LI'L ABNER' (*Based on the comic strip by Al Capp)*
Lyrics & Music by Johnny Mercer & Gene de Paul *(Directed by Judy Hacon)*
2003 – *Dale Wasserman's* 'MAN OF LA MANCHA' (Directed by Alita Hermary).

In the beginning the spring musicals were performed at the Pioneer School and then in 1989 the Rocky Lions Club with the Town of Rocky Mountain House built the Rocky Mountain House Community Centre. 'MY FAIR LADY' was performed there, as were all subsequent

major productions. While the Christmas shows were not all mentioned, these yearly programs have become absolutely necessary to all those involved in them, as well as the audiences who come to celebrate the joys of the season. Northern Crossing has produced and performed a Christmas show every year since 1985.

If you read over the programs from all the productions you will see the same names in a great many of them. These people are the mainstay of the Northern Crossing. They involve themselves in the cast, the crew and the orchestra. Without their consistent support, commitment and dedication, Northern Crossing would not have survived as an organization. In 1998 the executive set up an Outstanding Service Award for members who had contributed their creative talents and their time to the group, year after year, without receiving applause or public recognition. Past recipients of this award are:

1998 – Frank Walton – Lighting Engineer; 1999 – Delores Day – Set Design; 2000 - Greg Teskey – Sound Engineer; Carole Garnick – Treasurer for 4 years (7 years to date), acquiring grant money, sharing her exceptional administrative skills with the group, Stage Management, Producing and other jobs which needed doing including janitorial work; 2001 – Alita Hermary – Producing, Directing, Choreography, Stage Management and other jobs including janitorial work; 2002 – Judy Hacon - Producing, Directing, Choreography, Fund Raising, Executive duties including administrative work, programs and posters, wigs and make-up, history books, any and all jobs that needed doing including janitorial work.

Recipients of the Mayor's Award for outstanding volunteer service in the performing arts in our community include:1998 – Louise Bruns and Judy Hacon; 1999 – Louise Seidel and Marg French; 2000 – Alita Hermary; 2001 – Carole Garnick; 2002 – Anne Emery.

The Rocky Kinettes raised money to purchase audience risers, a track lighting system and a sound system for the Rocky Centre and Northern Crossing raised funds through Government grants and Corporate Sponsors in our community. With this money, we have purchased a new, computerized, lighting system, fifteen body-microphones, installed a fly system over the stage, built needed fixtures in the dressing rooms and other miscellaneous improvements to the Rocky Centre. Co-purchased, with the Town, were portable stage extensions and two "follow-spots." In 1995 the executive set up a scholarship fund for members who wished to pursue advanced education in the performing arts. Past recipients include (in alphabetical order): Amber Armet, Brendan Brown, Nicole Day, Richard Doran, Diane Fingler, Melissa Gray, Amanda Green, Lane Green, Janna Hoskin, Ina Kerklaan, Mark Kostuch, Rhonda Paquette, Justin Sinclair, Melanie Slofstra, Sonia Sterling, Nathan Sytsma, Sara Tjostheim, and Neil Winchell. Funds are also made available for members who take workshops so they, in turn, can share their knowledge with the rest of the membership. These workshops have contributed a great deal to the success of all the productions.

You cannot write a history of Northern Crossing without giving credit to Louise Bruns. Her knowledge of music, sharing that knowledge, her charisma and strength of character has brought out the best in us. As conductor of the orchestra and choir, and as vocal coach for the musicals, she propels all towards a dream which somehow becomes a reality. Northern Crossing has definitely woven itself into the tapestry of Rocky Mountain House. We are very proud of what we have achieved and will keep on "being the best we can be." If you wish to know more about Northern Crossing, visit our section in the Rocky Museum. There are programs, posters, history books and other memorabilia that you can enjoy. You can also see posters of all our shows in the Rocky Mountain House Community Centre.

RMH - Order of the Eastern Star
by Laureen Fisher

The Order of the Eastern Star is the largest fraternal organization in the world to which both men and women belong. It encircles the earth with over ten thousand Chapters in twenty countries. Its members consist of women with specific Masonic relationships and men who are Masons.

A group of Masons from Lochearn Masonic Lodge #151 initiated the groundwork to form a local chapter in Rocky Mountain House. Lochearn Chapter #129 was instituted on March 1, 1962, with over one hundred members from

Lochearn Chapter Order of the Eastern Star. Officers, October 2001 Official Visit. Back row: Maureen Light, Cecilia Tarnasky, Joanne Fisher, Terry Skelton, Gene Dunnweber. Middle row: Maxine Armet, Ev Walker, Shirley Leavitt, Laureen Fisher, Sue Lonsberry, Linden Lonsberry. Front row: Una Otto, Marjorie Neely, Worthy Grand Matron of Alberta, Ruth Horne, Gladys Dunnweber, Jim Armet, Corinne Skelton, Howard Canning, Worthy Grand Patron. Front center: Carrol Locke, and Kathleen Elliott.

around Alberta in attendance. Star members from Red Deer and Rimbey exemplified the work for the new Chapter. The charter members were: Frederick and Ethel Anderson, Thomas and Phyllis Bertagnolli, William (Bill) and Edna Fisher, Don and Mary McDonald, Ralph and Hattie Sinclair, Harry and Clara Thompson, Harold and Helen Williams, Joyce Hastings, Jean Gilliat, Mildred Wilson, Violet Findlay, Joyce Taylor, Joyce Anderson, Tannis Betts, Anne Halina, Elise Machan and Agnes Wright. Many more members were initiated by the end of 1962.

As with any new organizations fundraising became a priority. In 1965 the Candy Kids consisting of Edna Fisher, Toots Machan, Iona Clark, Anne Halina and Joyce Hastings made and sold 205 pounds of fudge. Over the years there have been many bake sales, cook book sales, white elephant, yard and garage sales. Furnishings, including carpet, chairs, dishes and cutlery, were purchased for the beautiful Masonic Hall. Over the years as renovations were necessary for the older building, money was donated to the Masons Building Fund. For thirty-seven years, regular monthly meetings were held on the first Thursday in the month at the Masonic Hall. In 1999 the Masonic Lodge room was built at the Royal Canadian Legion where meetings are now held. On February 9, 2002, a successful Valentine's Day Tea and Bake Sale was held as our most recent fund-raiser. Donations are made annually to the Heart and Stroke Foundation, Cancer and Arthritis Societies, and a wreath is placed at the Remembrance Day Service at the Legion.

Under the leadership of our Worthy Matrons (with assistance from our Worthy Patrons and members), Lochearn Chapter #129 has flourished. At the present time, Maxine Armet is Worthy Matron and Jim Armet is Worthy Patron. Past Matrons of Lochearn Chapter #129 are Joyce Hastings, Jean Gilliat, Mildred Wilson, Violet Findlay, Anne Halina, Edna Fisher, Iona Clark, Betty Bond, Joyce Anderson, Isabel

Ironside, Kathleen Elliot, Carol Locke, Doris Kornelson, Verna Dyck, LaVaye Ross, Sylvia Brown, Jean Kirby, Ruth Horne, Laureen Fisher, Una Otto, Mildred Rinke, Joanne Fisher, Laurene Locke and Maureen Light. Past Patrons include Ralph Sinclair, R. J. Naylor, Don McDonald, James Bond, John Elliot, Joe McDonald, Ed Kornelson, Alex Brown, Bert Kirby, Gordon Leavitt, Claus Otto, Wayne Rinke, Nick Light and Gene Dunnwebber.

Over the years get-togethers between Mason and Eastern Star members and their families have always been a source of fun and fellowship. Social activities included card parties, pancake breakfasts, bean and pot luck suppers, campouts, curling bonspiels and, in the past, the ever popular Masonic Ball. Lochearn Chapter is well known for the fine food provided after our meetings, attesting to the many good cooks in our group. Star members have catered meals for Masonic functions on special occasions. The Masons, with the help of their spouses, have provided our suppers at the time of the official visit of the Worthy Grand Matron of Alberta and other Star members from all over the province. Millions of dollars are raised around the world annually by the Order of the Eastern Star members for various projects and charities that benefit mankind. The Red Deer and District Tea was started in 1983 as a fund-raising project of the Grand Chapter of Alberta in Central Alberta. Every year since its inception, Lochearn Chapter has been a part of this event, assisting where needed by baking, selling tickets, working tables and kitchen help. Funds distributed through Grand Chapter include money for Alzheimer Research, ESTARL Awards (Eastern Star Training Awards for Religious Leadership) and research in childhood diseases, namely juvenile asthma, autism, cystic fibrosis and juvenile diabetes.

Over the years, many of our members have been active in the Grand Chapter of Alberta, bringing honor to our Chapter with both elected and appointed offices. In June 2002 Jim Armet was elected to serve as Worthy Grand Patron of Alberta for a one-year term.

Through fraternal service to humanity, Eastern Star members strive to build a better, more fulfilling way of life. On March 7, 2002, a large gathering of Star members from various centers throughout Alberta were in attendance to celebrate forty years of this very active Chapter.

RECREATION AND ENTERTAINMENT-SPORTS:

Back row: Mina Hunley, Helen Hunley, Bill Hunchak, Sally McGrath, Betty Brooks. 2nd row: Ammie Bulmer, Meggin Morgan, Truddy Horn., 3rd row: Phyllis Jarvin, Roxie Mortimer, Jean Barton and June Hunchak.

In the summer months, baseball and tennis were the favorite sports. Baseball teams from the neighboring town, Leslieville and Alhambra, came to play against the local team on evenings and weekends. There were two tennis courts, which were popular with the young crowd. There was no gymnasium or swimming pool. The only place to swim was in a small creek southwest of the village near the river, known

Ladies' softball team.

Harold Killick's Ball Team.

as "Slaughts' Swimming Hole", because it was on land owned by a farmer of that name. It was created by a dam across the creek, providing a pool not much more that forty feet in width and length, but the water was clear, clean and cool. It was the popular spot on a hot summer afternoon for the boys to swim in the nude, and it was there that I learned to swim. I remember how proud I was when I was able to swim from one side to the other. What fun we had there!

Another favorite activity my friends and I shared was hiking. Our favorite hike was to the "Big Rock" situated north of the village in the woods behind the home of Mrs. Anderson. We also liked hiking to the "Chimneys" – all which remained of the H.B.C. Fur Trading Post, called Rocky Mountain House, situated across the North Saskatchewan River about a mile west of the village. The chimneys, being built of soft sandstone, were in very poor condition from

Hockey Team.

Rocky Rockets Ball Team - Back row: Howard Steinback, Mel Austad, Harold Morgan, Leonard Teskey, Vern Slaymaker Front: Alex Plathan, Ewart Maconochie, Cliff Morgan, Dan Brockman and Vic Morgan.

weathering. The sight was of great interest to us, appealing to our sense of adventure. We diligently searched for a hidden tunnel that was said to have lead from the river in order to provide an escape route to the river in the event of an Indian attack on the Trading Post, but we never found it. In later years, the site was designated a Historical Site by the "Historical Sites and Monuments Board of Canada", who provided for the erection of a cairn dedicated to "those resourceful traders who had been associated with Rocky Mountain House." The Board also restored the chimneys and weather proofed them. There is now a historical museum there, making a visit to the Chimneys well worth while.

DOMINION DAY: July 1, "Dominion Day", as it was then called, was the occasion for a big community celebration. Often it started with a parade, sometimes known as a "Calathumpiam Parade". It was lead by a local band organized by Mrs. Wunsch, and lead by Mr. Plathan, who operated the local creamery. There were floats, some patriotic, some commercial, some representing a community organization – but all the product of individual imagination and ingenuity. Following the parade, there were track and field events for children. In addition to the usual short dashes and long runs, there were special races such as the three-legged race, the egg and spoon race or the chariot race in which you ran on your hands, while your legs were being held by another boy. And then, of course, there were the high jump, the broad jump and hop, skip

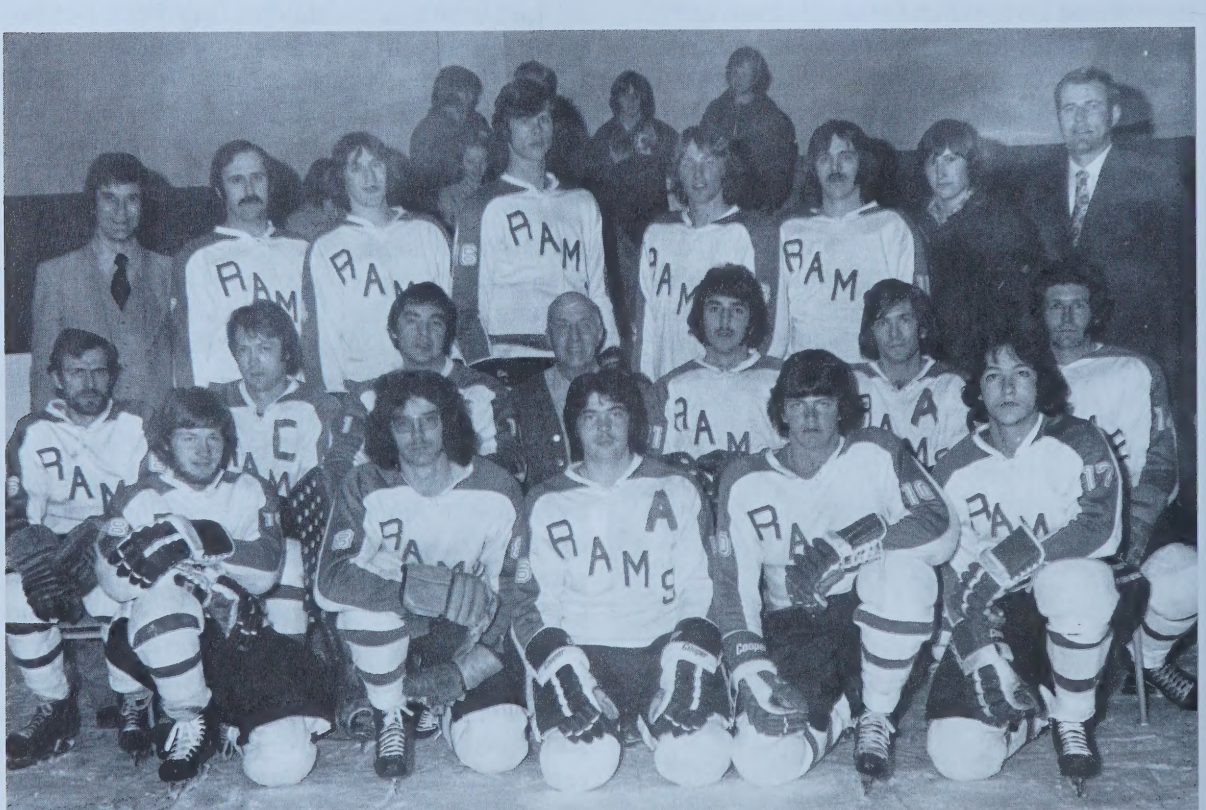
and jump. The prizes were red, white and blue ribbons together with a quarter, a dime and a nickel for first, second and third places. Later in the day there was a baseball game. The celebration culminated with a dance in the Agricultural Hall. It was indeed an exciting celebration in which the whole community participated. Unfortunately, sometimes it was marred by rain.

RMH- Rocky Rams Hockey Team
by Irene Salmon

The Rocky Rams entered the Chinook League in 1964 and played there until 1972. During that time they once won the Chinook League. In 1973-74 they switched to the Central Alberta Hockey League (C.A.H.L.) where there was much less travelling. In 1975 they were second to the Eckville Eagles, and in the next six years, they won five times, losing only to Bashaw in 1978. In all, during the ten years they were in the C.A.H.L., the Rams won five championships and were runners up four times. However, in 1984, the Rams failed to make the playoffs losing to the Bentley Generals and the team folded due to rising costs, shortage of players and the lack of fan support.

Rocky Rams C. A. H. L.- Champs.

In 1995, the Rocky Rams were back in the Chinook League with an enthusiastic young team. So far they haven't had many wins, but in 2003, they made the playoffs, losing to the Innisfail Eagles.



Back row: Coach -Jim Mulles, Alf Holiday, Reg Beck, Cliff Green, Darcy Bauer, Bill Enticknap, Manager-Dick Gust. Middle row: Ken Salmon, Dennis Armstrong, Vic Barbee, Equip. Manager-Harold Bryant, Otto Bert, Lloyd Salmon, Art Salmon. Front row: Brian Justinen, Robbie Vast, Evan Walters, Garry Levinsky and Dale Chatwood.

Rocky Rams and Executive. Back row: George Loomer, ? , John Ballsy, Art Salmon, Jim Glover, ? , Tom Plunkett, Centre row: Jim Grant, ? , Garry Pollitt, Harvey Northcott, Bob Glover, Bill Glover, John Fletcher, front row: Bob Reid, Cliff Brierley, ? , Harry Salmon, 1964-65.

RMH - First Woman Bartender
written by Nayda Hallet

Mother was working in the bottom hotel, in Rocky Mountain House, as a desk clerk. They needed another bartender, so my mother got me an interview with the manager Don King. Women bartenders were just coming in and as yet Rocky didn't have one in either of their two hotels. I didn't think I had much of a chance, but to my surprise I got the much needed job.

Joe Peacock. Bob Long, Guy Marcellus and Henry Hambleton also worked as bartenders. These were wonderful men to work with. It was about the time they opened the bars to the Indians. This made things very interesting. The laws were different then, or at least handled differently. Things got pretty wild in some of these little bars. The bottom bar was called the bucket of blood, for there were always fights and blood flying around. It's a good thing there was no such thing as AIDS at that time, for a person was always getting bruised, cut up or bitten. There were three old guys who came in right after dinner to sit and visit with one another until about four o'clock. They were as regular as the clock. There were the troublemakers—you could tell they were looking for trouble as soon as they walked through the door. There were the loud, boastful braggarts, and the timid ones who sat in a far corner and watched. There were ones who came in for a beer or two before going home. There were the Saturday people and a few old regulars who just came in to drink, avoid trouble and relax.

Jack Gill was one of these; this was a wonderful guy. I admired this colourful character. Jack was a chuck wagon driver who owned a bunch of wagon horses and drove at most rodeos throughout the country. Jack was always quiet, no matter how long he sat in the bar. He talked way down in his throat and always had lots of smiles and chuckles. On the rare occasion, he got up to go to the washroom. I would watch in sheer fascination as he stood up. He would start to rise out of his chair, uncoiling slow and easy, like a huge snake. Then he would stand there, getting his bearings. He would teeter back and forth a few times, then head out. I never saw him stagger, just move off slow and easy. The table could have been covered with beer glasses, both empty and full; old Jack would

never spill a beer. (At that time there was nothing else served in a bar but beer.) Jack Gill and Lloyd Nelson were the greatest wagon drivers I ever saw.

The guys I worked with were great. They were all good to me. I stayed at my mother's place when I came in from Nordegg to work. One of these boys would always make sure I got home okay. Long after I left the bar, Bob Long would stop me on the road to order me (in no uncertain terms) to follow him home where he and his wife would feed me and give me a bed. I would be too drunk to be on the road.

When things got a little uptight, old Joe's eyebrow would start to tick. If there was a way to get someone who had drunk too much out of the bar, Joe would try. I could talk most of the guys into moving on, so the boys usually set me up to try first. There was always some ass who would try to paw you around. Funny how the old serving tray smacked into their lips would cool them down. If they still wouldn't leave willingly, they were cast out onto the sidewalk. One night after such an incident, Joe motioned me aside. Joe says, "I've got word from King, that we can't throw those drunks out anymore; we have to push them out gently." So be it. From then on when things got too rough, Bob would call the cops.

Guy seemed so thin and frail I worried about him. Henry always had a big wad of money in his pocket. He could make change for anyone who had a big bill. I enjoyed working as a bartender and it broke the ice for women to work in bars. In a few years women were running the whole show.

RMH- Lizzie Kirby, Rocky's Woman Blacksmith

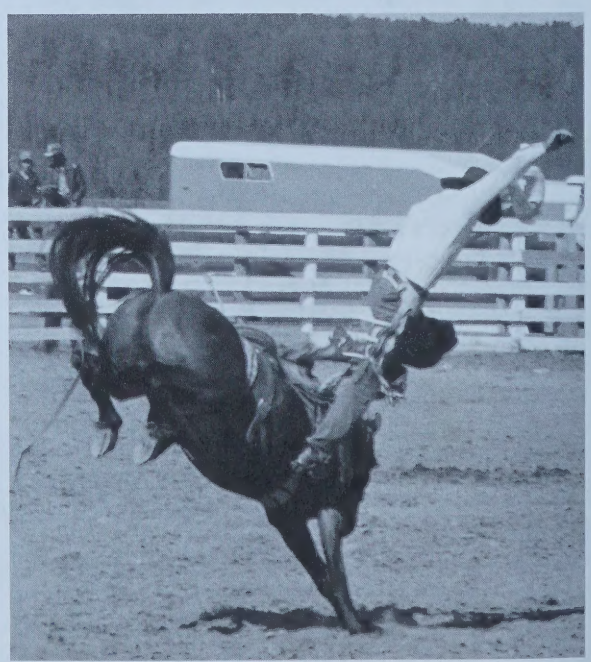
In the days of forge and anvil, before modern welding shops evolved, there was a great need for an accomplished blacksmith. Such was Lizzie Kirby. She had come to Canada from the States with her husband, Tim Kirby, a native of Tennessee. Lizzie was raised in Illinois and met Tim after he travelled to that state by covered wagon.

They married in 1904, and Lizzie gave birth to their first four children in Illinois, before the family struck out for Alberta. They arrived in the Alhambra district in 1915, where Lizzie mothered more children. At first the family farmed. Then Tim set up a blacksmith shop which he operated for eight years. Perhaps watching her husband weld gave Lizzie the desire to shape and repair hot metal, too, but such ideas had to be put on the back burner—she had thirteen children to rear.

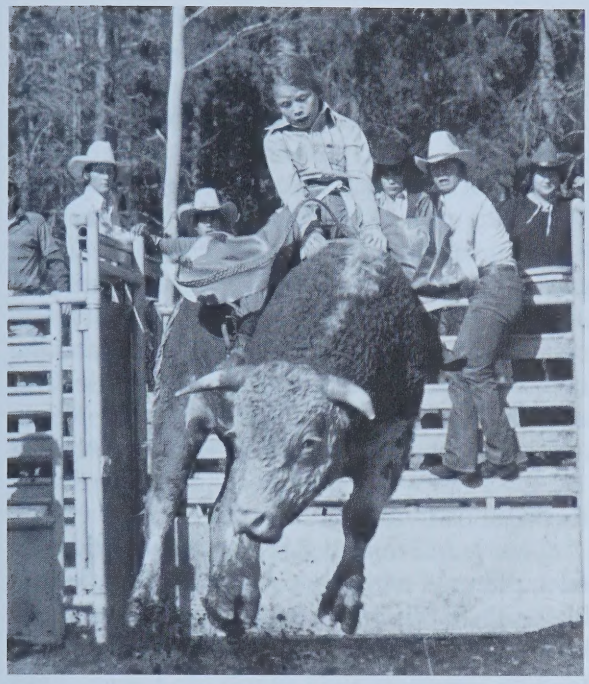
In 1935, Lizzie and Tim moved to Rocky Mountain House where Tim opened another blacksmith shop. With most of her children grown and gone, Lizzie began to help her husband in the shop, first bookkeeping. Later as Tim's work load increased, she tried her hand at welding and soon became a full time blacksmith. Old timers still recall seeing this fair-haired lady in her large bib apron, acetylene torch in hand, repairing farm machinery and shaping horse shoes to perfection. Reportedly there was only one other female blacksmith in Canada. So, once again our town can lay claim to having had a celebrity in our midst.

(Read more about Lizzie Kirby under "Marvin Peterson," in this book, and pages 484-487 in the Days Before Yesterday.)

RMH- Rodeo Entertains Throughout Rocky's History
written by Dena B. Miller



Bucking Bronc.



Kelly Crouch on steer.

The sport of rodeo is a true western phenomenon that has a long history in Rocky Mountain House. This story is written with the information gleaned from the pages of the local papers and the help of old-time cowboys. Even so, we can't say for sure when the first rodeo was staged in Rocky. Young lads used to bring their horses to town and have mini-rodeos on main street in the early years of the twentieth century, passing a hat for the riders.

The Rocky Mountain House Echo reports on a "Pioneer's Basket Picnic" scheduled for Dominion Day in 1911. Postponed to July 12 because of inclement weather, the event included races, baseball, ladies nail driving and a pony race. This was won by Eph Gray, second going to Wilfred Gray. The 1912 version was again postponed to July 12, due to rain and this year was promised to be a real "frontier sports day." Lots of events were planned, like Indian races, roping the steer, an Indian Pow Wow, chewing tobacco contests, shooting, and fireworks. Those weren't reported on, which is too bad, as it would be interesting to hear about tobacco juice flying! The paper does list M. Chatwood of Pitcox as the winner in the bucking contest and it's noted there was "fierce riding being done" by all three competitors.

The Guide covered the Victoria Day Sports held in 1913 with many of the favourite events

Rodeo Days.

including baseball rivalries and tug of war. A bucking contest and cowboy and pony races were "well contested" with prizes going to Messrs. Coffin and the Gray brothers. The First World War affected everyone and entertainment took a back bench as people supported the war effort. In 1922 *The Gazette* describes a wonderful parade held on Dominion Day. Basketball and baseball were seriously competed along with "minor events", a few horse races and one "fast auto race." The community was always ready for a great day of entertainment throughout the twenties and early thirties, as long as there were some dedicated volunteers to organize and promote events.

The rodeo events starting in the thirties were also held on the fair grounds situated to the northeast of today's Highway 11/Leslieville Highway intersection. In the early years the bucking stock was provided by various people who had animals that were not well broke, or spoiled saddle horses. Anyone who was interested or willing to try to ride provided the entertainment.

The sun shone on the rodeo in Rocky Mountain House July 2 -3, 1936. Local promoters formed a committee with Jas Wheaton as stampede manager and Art Brockman (secretary). Facilities were being constructed on the fair grounds with an exciting event planned. A parade led by a "band" and many riders, featured a real chuck wagon. There were baseball games, picture shows and dances in the agricultural pavilion. The headline of *The Mountaineer* called it "Rocky's First Annual Stampede."

July 1-2, 1937 brought a bad rain to the rodeo festivities. The all-round cowboy was Tim

Rodeo in slow motion, Ken Zeegler.

Davidson and an interesting event, the 50 yard dash for farmers over 50, was won by C. Sands.

The third annual rodeo was promoted for June 24-25, 1938 sponsored by the Board of Trade. Saddle bronc finals were won by J. Milburn and parade prizes list best dressed cowboy and cowgirl under the age of 16 as the siblings Dewey and Thelma Browning from Ricinus. Their father, Jack Browning had started the Bighorn Rodeo in 1933 on their ranch "down on the Clearwater River near the Ricinus Bridge" west of Caroline and his expertise in organizing rodeos was sought in the early days of the Rocky rodeos.

The following year the Board of Trade announced that it wouldn't sponsor a stampede due to the heavy expense and amount of work involved. But a new committee was formed with Jas Wheaton and Ernie Campbell as secretary and they planned a June 28-29 event, but cut back on the work by having no parade. A highlight was a boxer with the Van Dusen Shows.

In 1941 the Agricultural Society planned a July 30-31 event with Del Wing as the manager. Del Wing was a guide and outfitter who had some broncy horses and with the assistance of a few other guide and outfitters, who supplied untrained horses on the wilder side, the stock for many early rodeos was rounded up. The exciting program included an Indian Pow Wow and "Wagon Race."

April 1942 saw the formation of the Kinsmen Club in Rocky and this would have an impact on the stampedes for years to come. The Rocky Mountain House Stampede and Races were held August 5-6, 1942 with W.H. Schierholtz as Chairman and Jack Stronach- Secretary. Del Wing, the promoter, was again manager and brought back the Indian Pie Race, a feature in 1941, plus the real Indian Pow Wow, dances and a wild horse race. The stampede was very successful with "glorious summer weather" and the new Kinsmen Club handled the gate duties and refreshment booths.

The Kinsmen held a Kin Karnival in 1943 and 1944, but no stampede was promoted in Rocky during those war years.

Cressman Bros., well known to all in the district, planned to stage a big stampede August 22-23, 1945. It is noted that huge crowds could be expected to have a wonderful time. A midway had been signed up and the Legion boys ran the hot dog and coffee stand as well as a big dance in the Legion Hall, under the auspices of Canadian Legion B.E.S.L. Rocky Branch. In 1945 the first professional rodeo association was sanctioned under the title of Cowboy Protective Association (CPA).

In 1946 the Kinsmen decided to put on a stampede and hired Bud Cressman as manager. Ideal weather brought record crowds to enjoy the parade led by John Plathan's Boy's Band. Freddie and Gordon Fisher shared best dressed cowboy honours. Baseball games were planned and a dance platform was built on the Agricultural Society Grounds where crowds could whoop-it-up into the darkness, thanks to the electrical lights!

The second annual Kinsmen Rodeo was promoted for August 20-21, 1947, in aid of their Arena Fund. Rodeo manager was Ken Thompson of Black Diamond. Specially planned that year was the acquisition of 20 head of brahma steers. There was a huge parade, fireworks and dances. Cowboys praised the Kinsmen Club for their organization and the well constructed corrals and chutes-work done by the Agricultural Society. No rodeos entertained folks in Rocky in 1948 or '49, but there were carnivals, Elliott Shows, ball tournaments and the circus came to town.

The Kinsmen took out a full page ad in *The Mountaineer* promoting their Rocky Amateur

Stampede for July 26 and 27, 1950. Del Wing managed the rodeo events again. The midway, dances each night, fireworks, trick horses and Rocky Fire Brigade Demo made for an exciting time in Rocky.

1951 on August 1 and 2nd the Kinsmen annual amateur rodeo with Del Wing as manager and Jack Stronach as secretary drew the largest ever crowd. The oldest citizen, W.J. Kirby, led the parade and the Sands' trick horses were raved about.

The 5th Annual Kinsmen Rocky Stampede was held July 30-31, 1952 with Ken Thompson as manager. Features were a tug-o-war, Indian pie contest, cowhide race and, of course, dances. The fireworks had to compete with a splendid display of lightning, put on by Mother Nature.

In 1953 the paper produced a very informative stampede pull-out section with a huge ad for the show with Jack Browning and Bud Cressman as managers. The committee, looking for something new, asked Jack to stage the pageant he'd thought up for his Bighorn Rodeo. The "Burning of the Trapper -an Indian event" thrilled the crowd into the twilight hours as the Indians rode onto the grounds with their eerie war cries and ousted the trapper, burning down his "cabin". It was the type of display that stays vividly in the memories of those that witness it. Also new was the Kinette Club's contest, crowning the first ever Rocky Stampede Queen, Mildred Huhtula. It was decided to set a firm date for the rodeo and they choose Canada's Dominion day as they felt with school just out, most families would be eager for a good time, and it wouldn't interfere with harvesting.

Del Wing again managed the July 1-2, 1954 stampede and names very familiar to the winner's list included the Sands family, Cecil Gill, Hugh and Ed McKenzie. Mayor Jack Edgerton led the parade followed by Queen Audrey Boles and many ponies with their decked out riders. Before the fireworks, crowds were entertained by majorettes and the boxing club fight card.

In 1955 many changes came to be. The members of the Kinsmen Club bought 110 acres from Frank Williams, just across the highway north of town. They began working hard on their new project, a larger and better stampede grounds. Their intention was to expand the area to include all recreation facilities. The front two blocks were sold to help defray expenses of the project. The lumber they used was sawed from logs they had cut on site. Art Fisher and John Gillis bulldozed the ground with their caterpillars. Then the buildings, owned by the club, were moved from the old Agricultural Society Grounds. For the rodeo on June 30 and July 1, 1955, they had the rodeo grounds, bleachers, chutes, an open air dance platform, a parking lot and three booths. They built six chutes for horses, one calf roping chute and one for steers plus corrals for the animals. The main entrance was across the highway from Main Street and the grounds were about a quarter of a mile back from the road. In 1955 the Foothills Cowboy Association (FCA) was formed with amateur cowboys as the contestants on this rodeo circuit. The Kinsmen Club hired Joe Bardgett as stock contractor to provide the rodeo stock and to put on this first FCA sanctioned rodeo.

In 1956 Del Wing managed the "best ever" rodeo, so named as 3000 people were counted through the rodeo gates. Four planes circled overhead as the parade marched down the street. On the grounds were a machinery display along with the 4-H Calf Club exhibit. Winners in the Boys steer riding were Strawberry, Redbear, Beaverbones, and Reiner (tied for third).

David Thompson Days swept Rocky Mountain House in 1957 as the town was determined to give the legendary map maker his due recognition. No rock went unturned to make the celebration of the 150th anniversary of Thompson's last visit here a huge success. The parade had a David Thompson theme and sixty floats participated with just about everybody wearing the "cocked" hat, the three cornered headpiece, adopted as the symbol of the celebration. One thousand guests sat to a barbecue with such luminaries speaking as A.J. Hooke, who also dedicated the bridge over the North Saskatchewan River. Hal Rogers, the founder of Kinsmen in Canada praised the local club for winning the 1957 trophy carrying his name for "fulfilling the community's most urgent need." Henry Stelfox introduced Kerry Wood and later native dances were followed by the highlight of the evening, the D.T. pageant. Kerry Wood commentated as a most realistic Indian burning of the trapper's cabin enthralled the audience. Many

thousands of visitors filled the town and enjoyed the stampede action.

June 30 and July 1, 1958, saw the Chamber of Commerce promoting the D.T. Stampede along with the Kinsmen. The rodeo continued to grow and became too large of an undertaking. As a result, the Rocky Agricultural and Stampede Association was formed and incorporated under the Societies Act in 1967. The new committee was made up of representatives of various organizations and communities in the area, as well as people interested in promoting rodeo in Rocky Mountain House. Rodeos continued to run under the FCA format. Joe Bardgett from Cremona provided the rodeo stock for several years. In the later 1960s Harvey Northcott from Caroline was hired to put on the rodeo. In 1971 an indoor spring rodeo was held in the arena. The final FCA rodeo was held on June 30 and July 1, 1971. Neither of these rodeos were successful. Until this time the rodeos were held around Canada Day, competing with the Ponoka Stampede. In the fall of 1971, the committee decided there had to be a change if rodeo was to survive. Reg Kesler from Rosemary was hired as stock contractor and the dates were changed to the second weekend in June. The first professional Canadian Rodeo Cowboys' Association (CRCA) rodeo was held in June 1972 and was a great success.

In 1972 M. F. Wagner Shows was hired to provide a midway complete with many up-to-date rides for young and old alike. Over the years, the money generated from the rent paid by Mark Wagner Shows added to the success of the Rocky Rodeo, financially enabling the committee to make improvements to the grounds. In 1973 new bleachers were purchased and installed with seating area for 2500 patrons. In 1981 a covered grandstand was added to the bleachers. The wooden chutes and corrals were still in use for many rodeos. In 1984 the wooden chutes were replaced with 2W (heaviest gauge) steel chutes. In the coming years many upgrades were made. All wooden pens were replaced with steel panels, two office trailers were purchased, the race track and grounds were upgraded, until in 1995 a modern up-to-date rodeo grounds was completed.

As with any organization, changes are made, and in 1980 the professional CRCA became the CPRA (Canadian Professional Rodeo Association). The name (CPRA) remains the same to this day. Since 1972, many professional cowboys and barrel racers have performed at the Rocky Pro Rodeo. In December of each year, the National Finals Rodeo is held in Las Vegas. Here the top 15 competitors in the world (in each event) compete in 10 performances. A few of the cowboys who have performed at the Rocky Rodeo have gone on to become the world champions.

In 1987 the colorful RCMP musical ride was hired for five performances. Sell-out crowds were in attendance for each show. It was the only time this added attraction has performed in Rocky Mountain House, making it one of the special events that has remained a memorable highlight.

There have only been two stock contractors since professional rodeo became a reality here. Reg Kesler provided the stock from 1972 through 1984. In 1985 Wayne Vold with Vold Rodeo from De Winton was hired to provide the stock and has been the stock contractor until the present time. Lawrence Pengelly from Caroline has subcontracted stock as well.

From 1955 to 2002 the Rodeo Grounds remained at the same site. As the town grew around it, the dream of recreation facilities was realized and a swimming pool, twin arenas, curling rink and community centre were built nearby. The final rodeo held at this site in 2002, ended an era of rodeo in the Town of Rocky Mountain House. At this time, the town sold the property to the Wild Rose School Division where a new high school will be built. The rodeo grounds will be located west of the North Saskatchewan River. Work is in progress on this site to rebuild "bigger and better" in time for the 2003 rodeo.

The people of Rocky Mountain House and area are indebted to the countless hardworking and dedicated supporters of rodeo who have kept this tradition strong into the new millennium. The rodeo weekend is a much anticipated summer event with the midway thrills, bucking horses and bulls, riding and roping, cowboys and cowgirls, pony chucks and chariots and don't forget the streets lined with families to watch the parade entries. The dream of all the organizers is still being realized, to continue bringing rodeo action and keep a bit of the "wild, wild west" alive in Rocky Mountain House.

RMH- Rocky Trail Blazers and Rocky Group of Seven
submitted by Angie Edgerton

THE ORIGINAL TRAIL BLAZERS
TO COMMEMORATE THE ORIGINAL TRAIL BLAZERS
ERNEST ROSS, Sr.
E. S. (TEDDY) BRETT
MAGNUS OPPEL
WILLIAM ELLENBURGH
WILLIAM H. SCHIERHOLTZ
WHO WITH TWO VEHICLES, UNDER EXTREMELY
DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS CONDITIONS, MADE
THE FIRST TRIP FROM ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE
TO THE BANFF-JASPER HIGHWAY IN OCTOBER
1940. THE TRIP WAS 178 MILES
AND TOOK TEN DAYS.
ERECTED BY ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE REUNION
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MAY 1980

Trail Blazers Cairn.

In 1975 a suggestion was made to the Chamber of Commerce by Cameron Kirby, that a cairn be erected in memory of the group of men known as the Trail Blazers. This group of men, namely Ernest Ross Sr., William (Bill) Schierholtz, Bill Ellenburg, Magnus Oppel and Teddy Brett, did the impossible, or so many thought. They traveled from Rocky Mountain House to the Banff-Jasper highway via Nordegg, in October of 1940. This was the first trip completed to the Crossing.

Many trips or partial trips had been made prior to 1940. In 1928 Mary Ross was the first one to drive a car, a Model A Ford, through to Nordegg. In 1928 Bill Bradshaw and some friends traveled as far as Saunders by motor vehicle. Then in 1931 Mary Ross, her father, Ernie, Bill Ellenburgh and Jack Kochem made the trip leaving Rocky April 3rd and returning after ten days. Later Stan Hooker could also see the wisdom in a highway to the west, and he also made a trip over the proposed route.

However, the Trail Blazers had five days of heavy toil to cover the twenty-seven miles from Nordegg to Banff-Jasper highway. They cut trees, forded streams and hand hauled their vehicles up a high ridge where the only path was an animal trail. It took them two days to get over Whirlpool Point. Their path followed the North Saskatchewan where a thousand foot high, rocky ridge had to be crossed. With the aid of a block and tackle, their car and truck were pulled

Trailblazers at Whirlpool Point.

up and over the ridge so the journey could continue. As can be imagined, many hours were consumed in this effort.

Ernie Ross was convinced there should be a road from Rocky to Nordegg, and it became his mission to convince the government that, yes indeed, it was a must. The government said it couldn't be done, and suggested that Ernie prove to them that it was possible. If the government men could get to Nordegg on the existing trail, a road would be built. A report in the Calgary Herald in 1940 stated that "Mr. Ross badgered the government until, in the late 1920s they sent surveyors out, who went as far as Nordegg on the trail and shook their heads with emphasis." However, Mr. Ross would not listen to such pessimists and with his friends started out to prove that a road could be built. He proved his point that a trip by motor vehicle was indeed possible,

Cairn and Group of Seven, 1980.

Cameron Kirby and Hazel Chambers.

and continued his campaign. He organized work parties to help with the road work, whenever they could spare time. The government finally built and paved this scenic highway, with the official opening August 2, 1975, and it is known as the David Thompson Highway.

There were many stories to be told and retold. Apparently when Bill Bradshaw left on his trips, it was always with a supply of stew, a tent and gas stove. The stew was probably breakfast, lunch and supper. Stan Hooker told of a tree he cut that had cable marks grooved into it. The marks were the result of vehicles being winched over Whirlpool Point. The stump was saved and given to the Rocky Mountain House Museum.

Thus was born the Rocky Group of Seven. The seven individuals comprising this group were Hazel Chambers, Bill and Julia Duhamel, Bill and Pat Graham, and Jack and Angie Edgerton, all members of the Rocky Mountain House Reunion Historical Society. In 1975/76 the Society agreed to erect a cairn dedicated to the Trail Blazers who were instrumental in the building of Highway #11 west. Confirmation was received from the Minister of Transport of Alberta, Hugh Horner, that the cairn could be erected at an appropriate place chosen by the Society. As Whirlpool Point had been such a test of strength and endurance by the five men, whose foresight and adventurous spirits rivaled that of David Thompson, it was decided Whirlpool Point be the site of the proposed cairn.

During 1980/81, Hazel Chambers was president of the society, and a decision was made that work would begin on the cairn. July 18th to the 21st, 1980, the weekend of construction, the women carried water and rocks from the river. Bill Duhamel was the mason and was assisted by Bill Graham. If you are visiting the site, notice the heart shaped rock with vein-like lines running through it; it was found and placed there by Velma Day. Other "special rocks" were collected for the cairn by Helen Hunley, Hazel Chambers, Jack and Angie Edgerton and Pat Graham. It took five years of negotiations and planning to reach the completion of the cairn.

With much discussion and a government grant, a plaque design was picked and engraved with the names of the trail blazers - Ernest Ross, Bill Ellenburgh, Magnus Oppel, Edward S. Brett, and William Shierholtz and the story of their early trips. On October 12, 1980, there was a dedication service performed by Rev. Gordon Cunningham. The plaque was unveiled by Mary Ross, daughter of Ernie Ross and Betty Nigro, daughter of Teddy Brett.

The Rocky Group of Seven: Hazel Chambers, Bill and Julie Duhamel, Bill and Pat Graham and Jack and Angie Edgerton are to be commended for their contribution in recognizing and paying tribute to the men who would not give up a dream—the David Thompson Highway.

RMH- The Rocky Mountain Whirlaways Square Dance Club
by Joan Beaudin

The Rocky Whirlaways Square Dance Club began in 1952, when local district agriculturist Eion Chisolm and his wife Thelma approached

Angie and Jack Edgerton, Charter Members of Club.

50th Year Anniversary, Whirlaways Square and Round Dancers, 2002.

three other couples to join them in a square dance club. These couples were: Jack and Angie Edgerton, Berne and Helen Hubert and Tom and Bertha Brownlie.

This group soon attracted over one hundred members for the new club. Initially the dancers were taught by Eion and Thelma Chisolm and Archie Huhtala of Eckville. Dancing was done to records in the IOOF Hall, and later in the upstairs of the skating rink, W.I. Hall, Rocky Elementary School gym, Lochearn School Gym and for the past number of years at the Pioneer Center.

The first hired caller was Rene Begin from Wetaskiwin who called for two seasons. Following callers were: Doug McCall, Jim and Marie Hopkins, Mel and Norma Ruhl, Ray Tomkins, Bill and Mary Morgan, Franklin and Lorraine Smith, John and Dorothy Mellon, and currently Neil and May McKnight.

In 1970, the club began dancing at the Big Horn Dam as part of the summer camp-out. Dancers can earn their "I Dance Best By A Dam Site" badge. This trip is made every five years to add a bar to the badge.

At times there was insufficient funds to hire a caller and records were used. In 1971, the club membership was down to eight members; but through their efforts they were able to attract new dancers. Some of the charter members are still living Rocky Mountain House and dancing here. However, Jack and Angie Edgerton have continued to dance for the fifty years the club has been in existence. They have been very active members. It is through their untiring efforts that the Rocky Whirlaways is the successful club it is today. In 1981, Jack and Angie were presented with life-time memberships by the Rocky Whirlaways.

October 20, 2002, the Rocky Whirlaways celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the club. A gala event was held at the Rocky Community Centre, drawing guests from all over the province. Square and round dancing was called by Neil McKnight, assisted by guest callers. Chris Bourne, club president, welcomed all the visitors and guest callers, as well as many charter members. Greetings were extended by Major Lou Soppit from the town, by Max and Mary Andersen, from the Central Alberta Square and Round Dance Association and by Wayne and Helen Lowther from the Alberta Square and Round Dance Federation. Bob McMillan brought congratulations from the Callers' Association. Al Turton presented a brief history of the club.

As the only members who have danced for fifty years with the club, Jack and Angie Edgerton were honored with a presentation of flowers. They were asked to cut the anniversary cake, surrounded by the other charter members in attendance. A catered dinner followed the dance.

ROBERTS, Alvin and family

Al was born in 1943 at Vulcan, Alberta, and lived his young years at Arrowwood, Mossleigh and Carseland in Southern Alberta. He married

Dianne Ward of Dalemead, Alberta, on April 17, 1965. Dianne was born in Calgary in 1945 and spent her childhood at Dalemead. They worked for Atomic Energy at Pinawa, Manitoba from 1964, and in 1965 moved to Calgary, Alberta, to work in the oil patch.

Al first came to Rocky in December 1969, to help select a plant-site for a new gas plant to be built by Banff Oil. He spent 1970 clearing the site, building roads and securing a water supply for the Ram River Plant. He transferred permanently from Calgary to Rocky on January 1, 1971, to join five other Banff Oil employees. Soon after the Company changed hands and became Aquitaine Company of Canada. There was no housing available at that time to buy or rent. Dianne, Tammy (3 years old) and Tracy (1½ years old) moved to Rocky in the spring of 1971 to a rented basement suite. Shortly after moving into the basement suite Todd was born in the old Rocky Hospital on May 15, 1971. The hospital staff had pots in the hallway to collect the water leaking from the roof during the frequent rain storms.

The basement suite was home until the family could buy a lot from the town in a new pasture development, later building a house at 5608 -52A Avenue. In 1975 Al moved his family to Rainbow Lake and returned to work at the Ram River Plant in 1978. The family lived at 5612-56A Avenue in Rocky Mountain House until purchasing an acreage from Peter Funk in 1981. Aquitaine sold out and Canterra Energy Ltd. was formed in 1982 and all employees were retained. In 1988 Husky Oil purchased Canterra and once again all employees were retained.

During the years 1987-1991, the Roberts family owned and operated the "Downtown Carwash" across the street from Glenn's Sports Line. Al retired from Husky Oil on January 31, 2001 and started Cinder (Rocky) Consulting Ltd., which he still operates. In April 2001, they sold their acreage and moved back to town.

Tammy married Brent Blake and has two children, Jay Allan and Jana Lynne. They live west of Rocky on the old Dr. Watson farm.

Tracy married Gordon Magnus and has two children Eric David and Shannon Marie. Tracy and the kids live in Rocky Mountain House.

Todd married Twyla Green and has one son, Lane Brandon. They live in Rocky Mountain House.

ROBINS, Peggy (Edwards)

I was born in Edmonton, Alberta, the eldest child of Margaret and Edward (Ted) Edwards. On July 1, 1937, my family moved to Rocky Mountain House. The first thing we saw when we arrived in town was a horse and rider coming out of the Mountview Hotel. The move was a big shock to a teenager—no running water and no electric lights—but it didn't take long to adjust and make new friends who I still keep in touch with. My father and uncle built our home across from the cemetery where my parents lived until the mid sixties when they moved back to Edmonton.

Mom passed away in February 2000, at the age of 100 years and 11months. Dad passed away in November 1978, at the age of 84.

When in high school, I worked after school and Saturdays for Harold Killick in the Drug Store. When I finished grade twelve, I went to work for Joe Cony in his general store doing books and clerking. I was there less than a year when I joined the R.C.A.F. (WD) as a clerk in Administration. I was fortunate enough to be one of twelve girls chosen to attend the World's Air Training Conference in Ottawa. I received my discharge in 1945. I went to college in Edmonton and worked there a year. I was offered the position of secretary to H. Hall, Superintendent of Forestry in Rocky Mountain House, which I accepted. The office staff consisted of the Clerk, Ben Sutherland (deceased); Radio Man, Sam Yacinchuck; myself and Mr. Hall.

I met Jack Robins (Robby) on the first day of my new job, and one year later we were married. Jack left the Alberta Forestry one month after we married and went to work for the Federal Forestry with the Entomology and Pathology Department.

In 1959 our only child, John Edward Robins (the joy of our lives), was born. He attended UBC and graduated with a degree in geology and now has his own business in Vancouver B.C. He married a Vancouver girl in 1991 and has three children, two girls and a boy.

Until retirement, Jack was in charge of the field staff for Western Canada, Yukon and the North West Territories. It was a great life. I travelled with Jack in the summer. In the winter I worked in Calgary, our winter home. After Jack took early retirement in 1975, we moved to

Chase B.C. where he built a beautiful home on the bend of the South Thompson River where I still live.

Jack passed away in July 1999, after fighting cancer for many years. I keep busy golfing, bowling, gardening, reading and fiddling with the computer—a busy lady!

ROBSON family
submitted by Grace Proskow

In 1906, the Robsons, (parents of Bessie Mofford) came from Tyne, Northhumberland, England, and settled in Calgary where they ran a dairy farm. Mr. Robson also did some carpenter work. Mr. Robson fought in the First World War and, upon his return to Canada in 1919, he and his family moved to Rocky Mountain House where they ran a creamery for a couple of years.

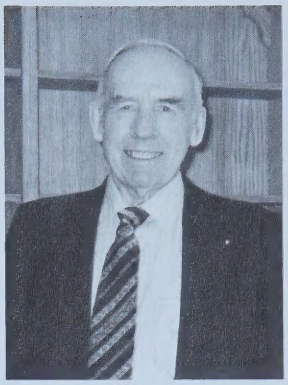
In 1921 the family moved to a farm in the Crimson Lake district. Mr. Robson built the first house at Crimson Lake for Robert Graham. This was where Mrs. Graham taught school. The Robsons had five children, Mary, Edith, Fred, Bessie (who married Charlie Mofford) and John who is the only survivor of the family.

Of Charlie and Bessie's thirteen children, four have passed away. As of 2001, three are still living in the Rocky Mountain House area. Gerald married Anne Budden. They live on an acreage a few miles east of Rocky Mountain House. Kathleen married Melvin Fink, and they live on an acreage west of Rocky. Betty married Harold Hicks, and they live in Rocky Mountain House. The remaining children live in various parts of Alberta. Bessie Mofford passed away in September of 1966. Charlie Mofford passed away in October of 1996. Both Charlie and Bessie are buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

ROBSON, Sandy

My name is Alex T. Robson (known as "Sandy"). I was born on a farm near Youngtown, Alberta. My parents were James and Jean Robson and I had one brother and three sisters. My father was born in Scotland, my mother in Nova Scotia. I joined the army in 1943 and served overseas mostly with the Edmonton Regiment in Italy.

After WWII, my brother (who also served overseas), and I farmed for several years in the Lindale area, during which time I met and married my wife, Marjorie. During this time, I also worked part time in construction and in the oil patch. In 1954, I took some training to become a tax assessor and we moved to Edmonton. After a year of working as a farmland assessor for the Department of Municipal Affairs, in several areas of the province including Leslieville, I had the opportunity to become an "inspector" in charge of one of 13 inspection district offices located in unorganized areas for Alberta. These areas were under the direct administration of the Department of Municipal Affairs.



Sandy Robson.

We moved to R.M.H. in March 1956. My office was on the west side of Main Street in the upstairs of the T.B. Building. Most of that space was occupied by the Forestry Department, but I had one very small office (the building is still there). My job at that time included tax collection, assessment of all kinds of property including sawmills, and even drilling rigs, and appraisals for the Public Trustee. I had no secretary for the first year, so I had to type my own correspondence, reports, etc. I was never so busy in my life! However, it was very interesting work and I enjoyed it. I was in charge of I.D.S. 58, 65, 68 plus 69.

Marge and I had been members of the Salvation Army and we wondered what church we

Robson family.

should attend. We found out that there was a Nazarene Church and that they held street meetings. Since we were used to taking part in street meetings with the Salvation Army, we decided to join the Nazarene Church. I've been a member of the Nazarene Church ever since. After a year, I was able to hire a secretary, which made it possible for me to finally get caught up with my work. Later, I was also able to hire an agricultural field man who was a great benefit to the farming community. Bernie Butterwick, who still lives in Rocky, was field man for the last few years that I was here. I was transferred to the same position in High Prairie in 1964, for "career development" reasons. That term really meant that I was not sufficiently enthusiastic in my support of M.L.A., Alf Hooke, who was also Minister of Municipal Affairs at that time. After my wife died in 1995, I spent a couple of years in White Rock, B.C., with my daughter and her family. I decided I liked Alberta better, so I moved back to Rocky in 1999. I expect I'm here to stay.

My hobbies are reading, picture framing, and music. I sing with the West Country Gospel Men's Choir and also the Nazarene Church Seniors' Choir. These are activities I enjoy very much. I also have a motor home and enjoy camping holidays with my friend, Jim Philips, or with family members. I have also been a member of Gideon's for many years. Part of my responsibility as a Gideon is to try to make sure there are Bibles in all the motels. I enjoy living in R.M.H. I have many friends here—some from 40 or more years ago—and many new friends I've met since I came back.

RODTKA FAMILY
by Patricia Rodka

The Rodtka family name appeared in Canada when three brothers, Ferdinand, Gustav and Fredrick, arrived in the year 1864 from West Prussia, Germany. Gustav and Fredrick settled in Ontario.

Ferdinand married Christine Slumske on March 8, 1885. They had the following children: Jack, the first born, arrived on February 26, 1886, and remained a bachelor; Dave and Albert were twins, born on November 28, 1889; Their son, Christopher Columbus, was born on February 2, 1891; Ludwig (Louie) was born June 2, 1893; Julius was born on July 23, 1894; Christine died as an infant; Charlie was born in 1896 and remained a bachelor. Fredrick was born on November, 1899; Lizzy was born in 1903, in Alberta, and Jacob was born in 1909, also in Alberta.

Ferdinand and Christine Rodtka came to the Everdell district in 1901, bringing with them an army of big healthy sons and one daughter. All but one of the sons filed on homesteads, improved them and played a large part in the pioneer settlements of this area.

Chris, Charlie, Julius and Fred were experts with saw and board axe. If neighbors needed a house, barn or other buildings, the Rodtka brothers were asked to do the job. They worked hard and were dependable pioneer folk. The Rodtka name became a permanent fixture in the Rocky Mountain House area. Ferdinand and his wife returned to Dryden, Ontario, in 1918 with their two youngest children, Jacob and Lizzie.

RODTKA/SALMON family history

Cecil and Shelly Anderson Family. Standing: Cee Jay, Curt, Cecil and Shelly. Seated: Calynda and Ronie.

Shirley Salmon married Arnold Rodtka in 1956. They purchased property in the Cow Lake area in 1965 and, raised their family, moving to Adams Lake, British Columbia in 1982 where they currently live. Shirley traveled with Arnold when the kids were out of school. When school was in, she had a very busy house full of children. Arnold and Shirley's house was open to

Ron and Trish Rodtka family. Jenelle, Kevin Semograd, Trish, Cleve, and Cassie.

everyone. There was always lots of good food and many laughs.

Arnold started working at the age of thirteen for Ben Johnson, logging. In 1948 he worked for Foothills Construction, building Highway 11 from Rocky to Sylvan Lake. Once the highway was completed, he went to work for ECI seismic in 1949. In 1953 and '54, he worked at the Nordegg Coal Mine. In 1955 he worked for GSI Seismic company around the Nordegg area. In 1956 he began working for Elmer Salmon Logging. In 1966 he worked for Ken Winters Construction. Shortly after that, he purchased equipment and started Rodtka & Son Constuction. In

Connie Berkley family. Chad Monks, Connie Berkley, Steve LaRose holding Austin Monks, Jennifer Wong, Joshua and Joelene Berkley.

Ronda Gomolchuk Family. Amanda and Ronda Gomolchuk, Doug Docken, Andrew John, and Samantha Gomolchuk.

1979 he completed his welding apprenticeship program and started Rodtka's Welding in 1982. In 1982 he worked as a mechanic and welder for a logging company at Adams Lake, B.C. In 1990 he worked as a ditcher operator and mechanic in Northern British Columbia.

Children: Connie born in 1957, married John Berkley in 1977. Their son, Joshua, was born in 1978 and their daughter, Joelene, was born in 1979. They lived west of the Cow Lake Store until 1990, at which time Connie divorced John and moved to Kamloops, B.C. with Steve LaRose and began working as a Land Title Agent. Joshua completed Grade 12 at Kamloops Senior Secondary School in 1996, and he moved to Grande Prairie, Alberta, with Jennifer Wong, where he is currently completing his welding apprenticeship program. Joelene completed her Grade 12 at Westsyde Senior Secondary School in 1998. Joelene and Chad Monks recently had a son, Austin, born in 2001. Shelly born in 1959, married Cecil Anderson in 1980 and lived on the original home place west of Cow Lake. They currently have their own business, Ce-Shel Enterprises Ltd. Both are owner-operators, operating water trucks, gravel trucks and backhoes. Their daughter, Marcinda, was a SID's baby, born in 1979, and taken from us in 1980. Calynda was born in 1981 and currently lives west of Cow Lake. She is employed as a truck driver for her parents. Calynda has a daughter named Madison, born 2001. Curt was born in 1984; Cee Jay was born in 1985; Ronie was born in 1997. All are still attending school and living at home.

Arnold and Shirley Rodtka Family. Standing: Trish, Arnold and Shirley. Seated: Ronda, Shelly and Connie.

Ronda, born in 1964, married Lance Gomolchuk in 1986. Samantha Joe was born in 1986; Amanda, born in 1987; Andrew John, born in 1988. All are still attending school and living at home. Ronda divorced Lance in 1996, and currently lives in Ponoka with Doug Docken and operates a local school bus.

Ronald born was in 1964 and married Trish Schockenmaier in 1987. Ron and Trish lived at the home place and Ron worked as a welder and machinist in Rocky Mountain House. Their daughter, Jenelle, was born in 1985; Cassie Lynn was born in 1988; Cleve was born in 1990. Ron and Trish moved to Fort St. John, B.C., in 1995, where Ron started his own welding business. Ron was killed in a motor vehicle accident, in 1996. Ron truly loved his family. In the short time he spent with us, he taught us to love and appreciate the wilderness. Ron also loved hunting, fishing etc. etc. etc., and always lived life to the fullest. Very sadly missed! Trish and the children (who are still attending school), currently reside in Fort St. John, British Columbia, with Kevin Semograd.

RODTKA, Chris
written by Patricia Rodtka

Chris, an army cook, returned from the war in 1919. Lil, a war bride, was married to Chris on November 28, 1919. Lil had a young daughter, Clarice, four years old. They homesteaded on the NW 23-38-8 –W5th, farming in the

Chris Rodtka and his war bride, Lillian, with her daughter, Clarice Thompson, 1919.

summer, and in the winter Chris cut mining props on the Lake Block. The props were hauled with team and sleigh to Rocky and sold to Strong and Parsons. He also worked in sawmill camps to support his family.

On August 13, 1920, a son, John Norman, was delivered by a midwife, Mrs. Frank Crutchfield. Five years later on February 26, 1925, a daughter, Phyllis, was born. The family

Chris Rodtka at his homestead with children, John, Phyllis and Clarice, 1930.

Chris and Lil Rodtka, Will Sinclair, Clarice and Phyllis Rodtka in front.

flourished in the depression years, but had many disappointments too.

The children went to the Hardindell School which was built by the Rodtkas, Charlie Hudson, Robert Adcock and Mr.Grand. The first teacher was Miss Kay, followed by Mrs. Bagsted and Mrs. Joe Chambers. John Rodtka who was thirteen, shot prairie chicken with a sling shot for Mrs. Chambers. Letha, who was a cousin, and John and Paul Adcock would go fishing for suckers and would supply the teacher and their families with fish. Many of the children went to grade eight, while some of them would drop out of school. Others went to school in town, providing the parents could afford to send them elsewhere.

Phyllis and John Rodtka and Clarice Sinclair, 1937.

Front row: Patricia and John Rodtka. Back row: Wade, Randy, and Terry.

John left school after grade eight to work with his father in the bush, cutting logs with a swede saw. He became an excellent woodsman. He cut logs for Charlie Edwards, Jimmy Spence, and also for Karl Rodtka, when the power saw came into being in 1952. John worked hard in cutting one hundred logs a day. The wages were not very high. John later bought a big truck to haul lumber from various sites in the area. Four years in the trucking business, and it became too expensive to operate, so he sold his truck to Laurence Scott.

Due to Lil Rodtka's ill health, Chris sold the farm and they moved to town. A small two-bedroom house was built by John and his father. It was situated across the street from Helen Hunley's residence. In September of 1946, Lil passed away at the age of fifty-three, leaving the family devastated.

Clarice married Will Sinclair and lived in the Prairie Creek area. Phyllis married Bob Cermak, and John and his father lived in the house alone.

Chris continued to work out as a cook in Charlie Edward's lumber camp, and John worked as a log cutter. When saw-milling was over, Chris got a job as janitor at the post office with Mr. Kirby. He also sorted mail and filled mail bags, so the mail could be sent to Red Deer. After Karl Rodtka quit the sawmill business,

John Rodtka on the farm.

Uncle Louis moved in with John and his dad for company.

In 1948 or 1949, John met a shy looking blonde who was attending Rocky High School and also working at Brownlie's pharmacy on Saturdays. I guess it was love at first sight, as John and Patricia May Berry were married on June 9, 1950. From this union, Terry Delynn was born on May 13, 1951 (a Mothers' Day gift). In 1953 a second son, Wade Cameron, and in 1954 on November 5, Randy Norman was born. John worked in the bush for the first eight years for Karl and Bob Cermak. Then he went on his own in 1955, renting a sawmill from Mrs. Johnson whose husband had passed away. Uncle Louie was tail sawyer for John, and Uncle Fred hauled the logs from the bush. After that, John sawed for Bob Liner. In 1959 John purchased 162 acres from Mr. Stelfox, where a shack was built so the boys could go to school in Rocky. Land was cleared for farming, and soon a small dairy farm was born. Cows were milked by hand for seven years, and then a milking machine was bought. We continued this for another two years. John's health was deteriorating, so the farm was sold in 1975 to Bill Speight and Bob Soppit. John continued to work for the town, building shelters for the park.

In 1979 he went to work for Carson Construction, cutting bush from power lines and building leases for oil rigs with Randy who was foreman. In 1982 John retired. Patricia worked at the Mountview Hotel from 1971 until 1979, and then worked at the Rocky Hospital until 1985 when she retired due to poor health.

Randy quit Carson's Construction in 1984 and started working at the gas plant at the age

Clarice, Lil, John Rodtka, Chris Rodtka, and Phyllis in front of Chris' house.

of seventeen. He also worked on the sulfur block with Mr. Matchett. After leaving the sulfur block, Randy was made foreman looking after well heads. He left the plant suffering from sulfur fumes. Terry Wade and Randy went to work for Speight Construction for about two and one-half years doing seismic lines and leases for oil rigs.

All the boys are now working for Jamac Drilling. Terry and Wade are drillers, and Randy is a roughneck. As for John, he retired and enjoyed ice-fishing at Cow Lake in the winter and quadding in the summer. He also enjoyed sightseeing with the boys.

Terry married Donna Altwater on December 31, 1978, and they have two boys: Delynn William John, born on November 20, 1978, and Tyson Christine, born on February 19, 1981. Wade and Randy are still bachelors.

John had two strokes; the first one was minor. However, the second one was more severe and left him unable to walk without a walker to assist him. On February 22, 1995, John passed away after suffering a massive blood clot while in the Red Deer Hospital. John was a hard working, dependable and honest man. He was my hero, and I miss him a lot. He loved his "family."

RODTKA, Dave
by Patricia Rodtka

Uncle Dave arrived in Rocky Mountain House in 1917, to homestead in the Everdell district. In 1927 Uncle Dave with Lena (Speight)

Aunt Lena, Eldred, Audrey, unknown, Lola, Uncle Dave, and Rita.

Rodtka, along with her seven children, Floyd, Elmer, Neal, Rennell, Pearl, Lillian and Ruth, made a trip to the great Peace River country. They travelled by horse and wagon, leaving their homestead and hoping to find good farmland to start anew. Due to poor water conditions, and several other problems, they decided to return to Everdell. Four more children were born: Eldred, Lola, Reta and Audrey. In 1941, due to the ill health of Aunt Lena, they were forced to move east to Hanover and Elmwood, Ontario. However, in 1949 they decided to move back to Rocky to retire. Their little home was located near Rainbow Ford.

Eldred remained in Ontario; Lola married Henry Kraft; Reta married Art Smeltzer and Audrey married Terho (Ted) Rodtka.

Christine Slumske, born December 23, 1866, died April 15, 1943. Ferdinand Rodtka died February 24, 1925, at 61. Jack, born February 26, 1886, in Dryden, Ontario, died at the age of 55 years. Dave and Alberta were twins, born November 28, 1881; Dave died November 7, 1960, and Albert died December, 1975 in Dryden, Ontario. Christopher Columbus, born February 2, 1891, died on March 7, 1975. Lil Rodtka (Thompson), born October 4, 1894, died in September 1947, at the age of 53. Louie, born on June 2, 1893 (bachelor), died in Ontario, in April 1975. Julius, born July 29, 1894, in Ontario, died June 23, 1979, at the age of 85. Christine died an infant. Charlie, born in 1896 (bachelor), died April 7, 1971, at 86 years of age. Fredrick, born November 12, 1899, in the Rainy Creek District, Ontario, died January 24, 1985, age 86. Fred's wife, Rose, died on May 25, 1980. Lizzy, born in 1903 (birth and death dates are unknown). Jacob, born in 1909, died November 12, 1986, at the age of 77.

Chris came back from the war in 1919 and was married on November 28, 1919. His stepdaughter, Clarice, was four years old.

RODTKA, Fred

Uncle Fred Rodtka was born in Dryden, Ontario, on November 12, 1899. In 1906 he moved with his parents and brothers to the Everdell district to homestead. On his own, in 1917, he followed work through Alberta and Saskatchewan. He met Rose Alma Robidoux, and they married on March 7, 1933, in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Shortly after, they returned to homestead in the Everdell district where their three sons were born: Alfred, Raymond and Arnold.

The family then moved to the Cow Creek district. It was heavy bush country, and the land was cleared by using horses, grub hoes and axes. Uncle Fred worked out in the summer in the construction of roads and in the winter worked in the sawmill camps, to support his family. After a number of years Uncle Fred and Aunt Rose sold their homestead to Jack Munro, retired and bought a home in Old Town. Uncle Fred guided for the Rocky Outfitters for five years.

Uncle Fred spent his later years working at Cole's Auction Mart. He enjoyed hunting and fishing until his passing on January 24, 1985, at the age of 86. He was survived by his three sons, their wives, 13 grandchildren, 12 great grandchildren and one brother in Elmwood, Ontario. He was predeceased by his wife, Rose, on May 25, 1980.

Jacob, the last remaining brother, passed away on November 12, 1986, at the age of 77 years.

ROLLIER, Louis and Lois
submitted by Kelly Kirstein (Rollier)

Louis Albert Rollier was born on May 18, 1935, to Marion and Clara Rollier at Withrow, Alberta. He attended school at Alexo, Garth, Alhambra and Rocky Mountain House. At the age of 14, Louis started work with the Alberta

Louis and Lois Rollier Family.

Forest Service. He worked in logging camps falling timber and truck driving. In 1959, at the age of 24 years old Louis had a power saw accident and had the misfortune of losing his right eye. At this time Louis started his own slashing line business. At 26 years old, he met and married Lois Isobel Hall.

Lois is the daughter of Harold and Doris Hall. She was born at Oyen, Alberta, October 20, 1941. Lois attended school at Oyen until 1955. The Halls left Oyen and moved to Rocky Mountain House that year, where Harold was the superintendent of the Rocky Mountain School Division. Lois graduated from grade twelve at Rocky Mountain House.

After Louis and Lois were married they had three daughters: Sheryl Danita Cossette (Ron); Kelly Lou Kirstein (Lenord); and Jackie Lynn Rollier. They also have five grandchildren: Nikkita Eva-Marle Cossette, Keira Shaylee Cossette, Jesse Harvey Louis Cossette, Delyn Richard Kirstein and Floyd Lenord Kirstein.

Lois worked at the Alberta Forest Service for 20 years. After retiring in the early '90s, Louis and Lois have enjoyed spending their leisure time at their acreage at Rocky Mountain House. They also travel and enjoy spending time with their children and grandchildren.

ROLLIER, Marion and Clara
submitted by Kelly Lou Kirstein (Rollier)

Marion Grant Rollier (Aug. 6, 1909 - Aug. 28, 1973) In 1910, at the age of 6 months, Marion and his parents, Albert and Eliza Rollier, and numerous brothers and sisters moved to James River, Alberta, from Stroud, Oklahoma U.S.

Marion and Clara Rollier wedding, 1933.

They came to Canada by train. They homesteaded at James River until around 1917. Then, at the age of eight years old, Marion and his family moved to Enderby, B.C.

At the age of 15, Marion left home and worked in various logging camps in B.C. In 1928 (at 19 years of age) Marion and Jim Hill came from B.C. to Rocky Mountain House on a motorcycle. At Garth School, Marion met Clara Marie Fitch (Feb.7, 1916 - Dec. 28,1980). They were married in 1933 and had four children: Marie (Quinlan), Louis, James and Ray.

During his life Marion worked in various logging camps, was a "rope rider" in the mine, had a trucking business, owned a logging camp, ran cat, slashed lines and farmed. One of Marion's many accomplishments was running a cat in the late '40s through to early '50s for the Alberta Forestry to help build many of our well traveled roads. Some of which include, the road from the Clearwater Ranger Station over the Corkscrew Mountain; the road from the Boundary to the Clearwater Ranger Station; the road from Boundary to the Red Deer Ranger Station and the road from Red Deer Ranger Station to the Ya Ha Tinda Ranch. Many Rocky residents remember the Rollier farm, which was located just out of town on the west side of the old bridge. In 1967 there was a barn dance held at the Rollier farm to commemorate the Centennial, and other dances were to follow.

Throughout the years there were also many working men who roomed and boarded at the

Rollier farm. A few of the many fond memories Marion and Clara leave with their family are of Grandma's wonderful cooking and baking; Grandpa leading new colts around Grandma's kitchen table; Grandpa dipping the babies soothers in sugar when no one was looking; and the fun we had as children when the whole family got together to dig potatoes and were treated to Grandma's home cooked supper when the work was done.

ROOKE, Richard (Dick) & Fern
submitted by Fern Rooke

Dick and I moved to Rocky Mountain House in October 1972 and truly enjoyed our twenty-seven years there. While in Rocky we won several garden yard awards and Christmas light awards. We celebrated our 30th, 40th, and 50th wedding anniversaries in Rocky Mountain House.

It was with a deep heartache that Dick had to be moved to the Mewburn Veteran's Hospital in Edmonton on December 15, 1997. He really enjoyed his stay there, fighting many cases of pneumonia. I sold everything in May 1998 and moved to an apartment in Edmonton, only six minutes from Dick, and I remain here. It is a very friendly apartment building and close to everything.

Dick passed away at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton on July 17, 2000. He is buried in Rocky Mountain House, and I return as many times as possible as I still consider it home. Thank you Rocky for the best twenty-seven years of our lives.

ROSBACK, Mrs. L. G.

I am Mrs. L. G. Rosback (nee Wilson). My father was George Wilson. I was born in Calgary, Alberta, on November 12, 1923, and lived with my parents in Rocky Mountain House until September 1939.

My parents, Helen Wilson (nee Duncan) and George Wilson, settled in Burnaby for a short time before moving to Vancouver. I moved to B.C. with them and later made my home in Port Renfrew, B.C., where I had two offspring. My first child, Anetha, was born on July 3, 1942, and her father, Arthur H. Berg, is now deceased. I am sorry that Anetha died in February, 1992. She leaves two daughters: Karen Anetha Bork, born March 20, 1975, and Lisa Marlene Bork, born January 1, 1977.

My mother with grandchildren, Anitha, Theressa, Nola and Bill.

My second daughter, Theressa Maxine Rosback, was born on August 7, 1943, and her father, Arthur Arvid Rosback, is now deceased. Theressa is now Mrs. Cole. Her husband, Laurence Gene Cole, was born in Saskatchewan on April 22, 1943. They were married in Bellingham, Washington, United States, in the Faith Lutheran Church on April 27, 1964. Their daughter, Leah Maxine Cole, was born on November 3, 1964, and their son, Eric Christian Cole, was born November 28, 1967. (Eric is single.) Leah is married to Brian James who was born in Vancouver, January 14, 1963. They have two sons: Edward Lawrence Thomas, born October

Garda Rosback taken after the war.

Dad and Mother when they lived on Napier Street in Vancouver, B.C.

20, 1989, and Gary Glyn Thomas, born November 13, 1991.

I attend the Faith Lutheran Church in the northern part of Burnaby. My sister, Mrs. Nora Smith, lives in Renfrew B.C., and my youngest sister, Alice May Lakti, lives in White Rock.

ROSS, Ernest and Lilla

Mr. Robinson presenting Mr. Ross with plaque (25 years with Ford Motor Company of Canada).

Ernie and Lilla Ross were both born in Ontario and grew up there. They came to the Everdell district in 1907. Shopping was done in Red Deer, the trip being made by team and wagon or sleigh. Mr. Ross helped many new settlers, and in 1912–13, he built a school which became a center for community activities. One winter he and his brother, Fred, built a house for George Pearkes who was then a homesteader, but later became the Lieutenant Governor of BC.

Ross Garage, 1997.

In 1925 the Ross family moved to Rocky Mountain House where Ernie bought a garage. He and his son, Robert, and daughter, Mary, operated the garage for many years. Ernie and Lilla took an active part in community affairs in the Everdell District and later in Rocky Mountain House. Ernie served as a school board member, the Board of Trade secretary, a hospital board member, a councilor and magistrate. He was an Elder of the Memorial Presbyterian Church and a Past Master and Past Deputy Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge. Mrs. Ross, a life member of the L.O.B.A. and member of the Women's Missionary Institute, was always ready to lend a hand when help was needed. She passed away in 1972 at the age of 90 years. Ernie died in December of 1963.

Ernie and Lilla Ross had three children, Mary, Josephine and Robert (Bob). Bob had three sons, Bob, Terrel and Ernie who grew up in Rocky Mountain House. Mr. Ross helped lobby the government for a highway west from Rocky Mountain. Partly due to his efforts the David Thompson Highway was built, and in August 1969, a mountain overlooking the Kootenay Plains, was named "Mount Ernest Ross," in his honor.

(For further information see page 619, in the Days Before Yesterday)

RUDD, Elmer and Gertrude
submitted by Kenn Rudd, Jan Austad and Pat Karpan

Elmer Rudd was born on the family farm near Webb, Saskatchewan, on Feb.22, 1915. He moved to the Camrose area in the fall of 1937 with his aunt and uncle, Pearl and Carl Jenson,

to farm. He returned to the home farm to help in the summer of 1938 and stayed until the fall of 1940 when he returned to Camrose. Elmer found winter work in the lumber camps near Rocky.

While in this area he met Gertrude Stelfox. She was born at Morningside, Alberta, on December 3, 1921. Gertrude (Toots) worked in the local hospital for a time, and then enlisted and served in the armed forces until receiving an honorable discharge. Elmer and Toots were married July 2, 1946, in Rocky Mountain House. The Rudds began married life, farming in the Camrose area. They were made welcome by all the neighbors with a shivaree as soon as they moved. Their first three children, Kenneth Elmer, Donna Marie and Judith Colleen, were born here. They moved to Alhambra in 1951 and rented land from Allan Scott for a year. John Theodore was born in Eckville while they lived here.

In 1952 the family moved to land at Oras, SW 22-39-6-W5. The youngest children, Janice Pearl and Patricia Irene, were born after this move. Elmer was kept very busy with farming, milking, and chores, as well as planting a shelter-belt. Gertrude (Toots) was busy raising the family. Most of the children were taught to milk a cow at an early age and help outside with chores. Donna and Judy were able to help their mother in the house, as well as baking bread and cleaning. The cream cheque was their only regular cash income while the children were young, since crops were uncertain on that lower land. There were many years of too much rain, or late spring frosts, or early frosts in the fall or even summer. Elmer tried raising sheep, but the coyotes were always hungry, and so he bought cows instead. They did persevere and progress did come. The farm grew to three quarters of land. The power arrived with lights and a fridge. Then, in the fall of 1967, they moved into a new home with all the luxuries.

The oldest children started school at the Oras #2 country school, while Jan and Pat attended school in Rocky, after the country schools were closed and the buses started. Elmer was always very fond of baseball, playing the game as a young man and later coaching local teams. He was an avid curler, skipping for years and then curling with his son, Kenn, in the local Farmers' bonspiel. Elmer was a leader of the 4-H beef club and was always interested in the many projects his children and grandchildren were involved with. Toots was an exceptional gardener with an astounding knowledge of plants. She liked nothing better than a trip to the bush to pick berries, and she always found the best patch. Elmer and Toots were married for 51 years and lived for 45 of those years on the farm at Oras. Toots died on January 30, 1998, and Elmer remains on the farm, with the land being rented out.

Kenneth Elmer married Judith Rhein in 1970 and they have two children: Chad Kenneth and Nancy Louise (and four grandchildren).

Donna Marie Rudd has three children: Norine Emma, Ellen Fern and Vickie Lynn (and seven grandchildren).

Judith Colleen married Delbert Korth in 1973 and has three children: Roger, Delbert and Robert.

John Theodore married Mary Swart in 1974, and they had two children: Wade Clinton and Lee Elmer. John died in 1982.

Janice Pearl married Murray Austad in 1972 and has two children: Marilyn Dawn and Michael Lee (and two grandchildren).

Patricia Irene Karpan has three children: Jody Lee, Cindy Lynette and Marcia Louise (and two grandchildren).

RUTHVEN, Pearl (Readel)
submitted by Lawrence Stewart

My mother, Pearl (Readel), was born March 2, 1897, in South Dakota, and my dad was born January 18, 1893, in Sioux City, Iowa. My mother came to Empress, Alberta, from South Dakota about the same time as my dad came to Empress from Iowa. This was in 1913 and both were teenagers emigrating with their parents. They were married on October 29, 1918, and two of their four children were born while they lived at Empress.

Due to dry weather, grasshoppers and dust storms my parents were forced to move, leaving three quarters of land to the bank—in order to cover their $450.00 banknote. My mother said the wheat would grow about three inches tall, then the hot winds would come and the plants would whither and die. It was very discouraging!

From Empress they moved to Stettler in 1926 and rented land for a few years where my younger sister and I were born. My dad still found times hard because of dry years. He wanted his own land and since he could not afford to buy it, he came to Rocky Mountain House in 1932 or '33 and homesteaded a quarter, one mile west of where the Cow Lake Store sits, today. Our family moved out in 1934, traveling one whole week by team and wagon. We rented Apperson's place, which was located on the same quarter as Pleasant Vale School (the same spot where Graham's saw mill is, today). We lived on the Apperson place for one or two years before we built our own log house.

Dad was a hard worker, never worried about anything and was always kidding, especially when we had company for dinner. He always told us to eat lots—it would cost the same. After leaving the farm, he was a handyman around Sylvan Lake for many years.

We children were: Naomi, Kenneth, myself (Lawrence) and Muriel. Naomi Carrie Stewart was born in 1920 and passed away at the age of 24 years old. Kenneth Owen Stewart was born September 24, 1923, and passed away July 24, 1997. I was born April 26, 1930 and my younger sister, Muriel, was born in 1933. Muriel passed away in 1936 at the age of three years old.

My mother was a good cook, a good manager and encouraged me to believe in God, to be a good worker and honest in my dealings. She had a hard life. I only wish she could have had some of the modern conveniences we have today.

RUTSCHKE, Elaine (Rangen)

I came to Rocky Mountain House as "new" teacher in September 1961. I had grown up on a farm in the Leslieville area, so I had many early memories of the town. I taught Grade 7 (Social Studies and Language-Arts), in the basement of the south end of the old high school building. Heather (Smith) Loomer and I had the only classes in the basement rooms. We each had nearly forty students, so the rooms were crowded! Mr. Ed Halina was the principal of Grades 1-8, and Mrs. Tina McCabe was the vice-principal. They were wonderful help to us "beginning" teachers.

What wonderful memories I have of students and the learning experiences of those first years.

Rutschke Family – four generations. Brad holding Erin, Clara Rangen and Elaine (Rangen) Rutschke.

I taught for two terms, 1961-62 and 1962-63, in Rocky. After that, I moved to Red Deer. In August 1963, I married Leslie Rutschke, and our wedding party went to Bert Hopp's photo studio to have our wedding photos taken. The studio, as I recall, was on the east side of main street in Rocky. That year I taught in Innisfail, Alberta. I then taught for the City of Red Deer for a year, then moved to the country south of Benalto and taught at Spruce View School for many years.

Our son, Bradley, was born in 1969. Brad began working in Rocky at Rainbow Photo in the spring of 1997. His wife, Angela, accepted a position teaching kindergarten at Caroline the fall of 1996, so they left Calgary and moved to Caroline. Brad had experience working at photo labs at Sylvan Lake and Calgary during and after his years of college. He continued to work at Rainbow Photo until August 2000 when he left to attend SAIT, to take computer programming. Brad comes home to Caroline to visit his family at weekends, whenever possible. Angela is teaching grade four at Caroline School for the 2001-2002 term.

My husband, Les, passed away in December of 1996. I remained on our acreage at Spruce View until December of 2001 when I moved into Caroline. I am presently a "retired teacher" and I continue to learn from my fascinating granddaughter, Erin, who is going to be three years old in the spring of 2002.

I have various memories of Rocky Mountain House. It was probably the spring of 1962, main street seemed absolutely empty, with few vehicles and people. Forest fires were raging that spring and every able-bodied man was expected

to fight fire. It was amazing to me that such a busy main street was almost a ghost town for what seemed like weeks. I remember attending weekend movies in Rocky when I was in high school at David Thompson School.

A memorable day was curling in a Rocky High School Bonspiel during a chinook when the ice surface began melting in the afternoon. I am quoting from the 1958 David Thompson High School yearbook, The Explorer. "Joyce Granlund skipped the first David Thompson High School team to take part in the Rocky Mountain High School bonspiel. The team consisted of Lorraine Biswanger, lead; Elaine Rangen, second; Orlen von Hollen, third. On the morning of February 22 the team lost its first two games to Rocky rinks by a very narrow margin. The next game was won by default. The final games at 8:00 p.m., were played on soft ice covered with water. Only the strongest members of the teams could get their rocks into the house. Although the rink had no practice, they managed to win second in the fourth event." We were proud!

I still shop in Rocky and am amazed at how the town has grown. Highway 22, with all the trucks, is a challenge every time I drive to Rocky. Hopefully in the future I shall hear from, or see former students of mine from the early 1960s—forty years ago! I always enjoy visits with former students.

RYAN, Agnes (McGinn)
submitted by her niece Sharon M. Turner

"Aunt" Agnes as she was fondly known by many, was born in Stirling, Scotland, August 27, 1906. Her father, James, immigrated to Canada along with his two brothers in 1909 to work in the coal mines. The following year her mother, Kate, brought Mary (1903), Agnes (1906) and Kathleen (1909), to Coleman. Agnes's brothers, James (1911) and Francis (1912) were born in Coleman. James Sr. died in 1915 as the result of head injuries sustained in a mine accident. Thus, Kate was left to raise the family alone. Kate died in 1944.

Agnes started her nursing career at the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, in 1925. It was short lived. Being a strong willed, red headed young lady, she bobbed her hair along with most of her classmates, and they were expelled. Out to Vancouver she went and re-entered nurses' training at St. Paul's Hospital. She graduated in 1929.

She returned to Coleman to work in the hospital and then took charge of the doctors' offices. She was also the health nurse and gave all the school children their immunizations. She met and married Sidney (Paddy) Ryan in 1930 or '31. She was a founding member and president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Coleman Royal Canadian Legion and remained a lifetime member. She was active (a Brown Owl) with Brownies and Guides, and in the bridge club and curling club.

Paddy died of leukemia in 1953. In 1956 Agnes moved to Calgary to live with her sister, Mary, and work at the Holy Cross Hospital. In 1958 Agnes moved to Rocky Mountain House and began working as assistant matron to Emily Wood. She became matron in 1960 when Emily left to marry Grant McLeod. Agnes loved nursing and delivered many babies throughout her career. Although she never had any children of her own, she was special to many nieces and nephews and other children. She made many friends with her unselfish dedication, good nature and sense of humour.

Her years in Rocky were very dear to her. She was the founding president of the Catholic Women's League in 1960. Their first meeting was held in the basement of the old hospital. She was also an active member of the curling club, enjoyed square dancing, playing cards and helped with catering at events.

She purchased her cabin at Crimson Lake (7-7) in 1960 and enjoyed entertaining all her friends and co-workers out there. She loved picking berries, making fabulous pies, swimming, walking and visiting, reading and relaxing.

Retiring on August 27, 1971, she moved back to Calgary. In 1978 she settled in Kanerva House. There she was president of the social committee for many years. She was also very active in the Forest Lawn Senior Citizens' Association. Between the two, she was busy with Kitchen Band, Choir, Scarf Dancing and Drama Club. Whatever the activity she was there. She enjoyed attending all her great nieces' and nephews' activities, including concerts and hockey games. She loved travelling and went on numerous trips with her friends and relatives. She always tried

to spend her summers (from the May 24th weekend to the October, Thanksgiving weekend) at her beloved Crimson Lake.

Agnes moved to Fanning Centre July 1995, following hip surgery. She remained busy doing ceramics, baking, singing, dancing, and attending all outings including Calgary Flames Games.

She was a very special lady who had a long full life and a special death. As she lifted up her hands, she opened her eyes and left us with many great memories - January 7, 1998.

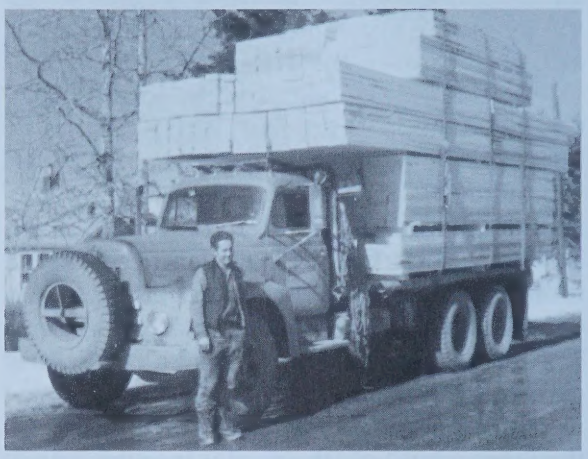
SAARI, August and daughter, Nelmi (Saari) Torstie
information by Donna Clark

August Saari emigrated from Alajarvi, Finland, to Ely, Minnesota, and lived there several years before coming to Alberta in 1911. He took a homestead along the North Saskatchewan River near Crimson Lake. Having lost his wife in Minnesota, August brought with him a young daughter named Nelmi. They did not stay many years in the Crimson Lake area before moving to a farm near Hespero where the Sutelas, August's sister and her family, lived. August also had friends in the Hespero area and later married a widow from Finland, Mrs. Hilda Kivimaki. She had one son, Arne, who took over the farm at Hespero when August and Hilda retired to Sylvan Lake. August was in his 80s when he died. Mrs. Saari and Arne have also passed away.

Nelmi recalled the time she and her father spent along the North Saskatchewan River. She remembered the river flooding in the spring, the many wild animals and how she had learned to handle a gun. She was a hard worker, as was her father, and she helped him with whatever had to be done. In time she married Jack Torstie, and she and Jack farmed in the Hespero district for many years. When they sold the farm, they moved to Eckville and were widely known for making beautiful hand-loomed rugs on a loom Jack built. When they left Eckville, Jack and Nelmi moved to Westview Lodge in Rocky Mountain House. Later they moved to Valley Park Manor in Red Deer. Jack died in December 1980, and Nelmi died in September 1982. Both are buried in Hespero Cemetery, near their daughter Aili.

Jack and Nelmi had two children, Aili and Clarence. Aili worked at Eckville hospital and died of cancer in May 1947, at the age of nineteen. Clarence lives at Fort St. John, B.C., with his wife, Delores, and children, Lorrie and Douglas, and their families.

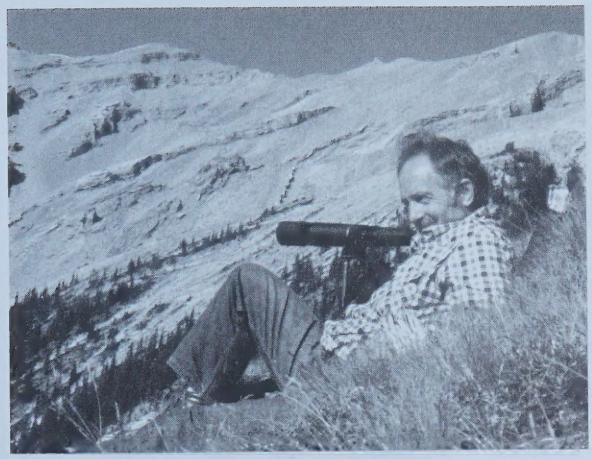
SALMON, Arthur Allan



13,000 bd. ft. of lumber from Elmer Salmon's mill at Prairie Creek in 1967.

Arthur Allan Salmon was born March 2, 1946, delivered by Doctor A. C. Greenaway in the first Rocky hospital. He is the eldest son of Harry and Irene Salmon. Art graduated from Will Sinclair High School in September 1964 with good marks and could have gone on to college or university but had no desire to do so. He already knew what he wanted to be. As a small boy he would load up his wagon with scraps of

Arthur Salmon Hockey Trophies. Left: M.V.P Rocky Rams, 1963–64. Center and right: Best Defense Eckville Eagles, 1970-71.

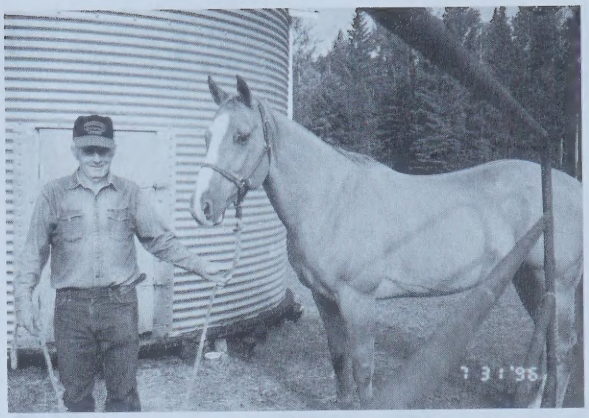


"Sheep Hunter", Arthur Salmon. Whiterabbit Creek, September 28, 1989.

lumber, fasten them down with a short chain and mini bear paw that his Dad had gotten him, and haul it around the yard, unloading and reloading. He went with his Dad in the big truck every chance he got. As he grew up, he was a big help to Harry as a swamper, but he wanted to be a truck driver like his Dad.

Art started driving right out of high school in 1964 in his Dad's 1952, L190 International tandem truck. In the summer he hauled a variety of loads, small cats, scrapers, buggies, small buildings, farm machinery etc., but in the winter he hauled lumber for his uncle Elmer Salmon and others from Prairie Creek area to Rocky. By 1967 he had saved enough money to buy the car of his dreams- a 1967 Pontiac Grande Parisiene which he still has and keeps in storage.

Arthur Salmon's Kenworth truck hauling D8 Cat, 2001.



Arthur Salmon and his favorite horse, Buck, 1996.

Eventually he went into partnership with his Dad and they changed to bigger trucks with low-bed trailers. Nowadays Art mostly hauls heavy machinery, cats, graders, backhoes, loaders, bridges and logging equipment. He has been driving for 38 years and still enjoys meeting people and seeing the country.

As a young boy Art joined Cubs and Scouts and had some fun times under the leadership of Akela (Helen Hunley) and Baloo (Hazel Gillis). Then there were Red Cross swimming lessons at Crimson Lake where at age 14 he earned a bronze medallion and on test day swam from the south side of the lake to the island. Like his brothers, Ken and Lloyd, he was interested in sports. He played baseball on some of Harold Killick's Bantam teams, but hockey was his first choice and Montreal Canadiens his favourite team. Doug Harvey, Bernie Geoffrion and Guy Lafleur were his idols. Art played defense with the Rocky Juveniles, Rocky Legionaries, Rocky

Arthur Salmon, skidooing at Revelstoke, B.C. in the spring of 1999.

Arthur Salmon and Zeke. Pack trip on the North Ram River.

Rams in the Chinook leagues, Eckville Eagles and Rocky Rams in the Central Alberta Hockey League and the D .T .Voyageurs in the Commercial league winning several trophies.

After hockey he tried triking in the west country, but decided he would prefer to see the country from the back of a horse. In 1982 he bought two quarter horses, Buck and Nickers, to ride. They will always be his favourites. Art enjoys going on pack trips to the mountains with friends and family and now has seven horses and four mules, one of which is his pal, Zeke. With so many horses he needed pasture, so in August 1990 he purchased 45 acres from Lawrence and Cathy Thompson (NW 21-39-7-W5) located just west of the company shop on Highway 11A.

In winter it's snowmobiling with friends and nephews Ryley, Cody and Jessie. He is always wishing for more snow and if we don't get it here, he is off to B.C. Deep snow might make trucking tougher, but he doesn't seem to mind.

Arthur is single, so can come and go as he pleases, but he has four sisters, Anetha Glover, Judy Lougheed, Terry Gray and Tina Wasik who keep an eye on him. Since Harry passed away August 2000, Art has run the business with the help of his sister, Terry, as bookkeeper. H. A. Salmon & Sons Trucking has been in business continuously for 56 years in the Rocky area.

SALMON, Harry Arthur
By Irene Salmon and Arthur Salmon

Harry and Irene Salmon. Wedding photo, 1943.

Harry was born May 7, 1914 on the family farm about eight miles northwest of Leslieville. There was no doctor so a neighbour lady, Mrs. Alex Schroderus (Hilda), delivered him. Harry was only three months old when his father had a stroke and died. He had three older brothers: Elmer, Oliver and Norman and a sister Gertrude, but they were ten to twenty years older Harry he grew up as an only child with just his mother. It was a lonely life; he spent a lot of time exploring

Harry and Irene Salmon's 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1993, Everdell Hall.

Harry and Irene Salmon Family. Tina, Terry, Judy, Lloyd, Ken, Art, Anetha, Irene and Harry Salmon, 1993.

Salmon Trucking in business from 1946 to the present time, 2002. Trent Tessmer, Art Salmon (Kenworth), and Harry Salmon (Western Star).

the woods, studying the animals, birds and bees. He knew all about plants and trees and did a lot of reading; he was very knowledgeable about nature.

In 1923 his brother Norman's wife died leaving Norman with two small children, three-year-old James and three-month-old May. They came to live with Harry and his mother.

The Salmon farm was located in the middle of four school districts: Leafland, Golden Heights, Blueberry and Washington Heights. Harry attended whichever school had room for him, either on horseback or by walking.

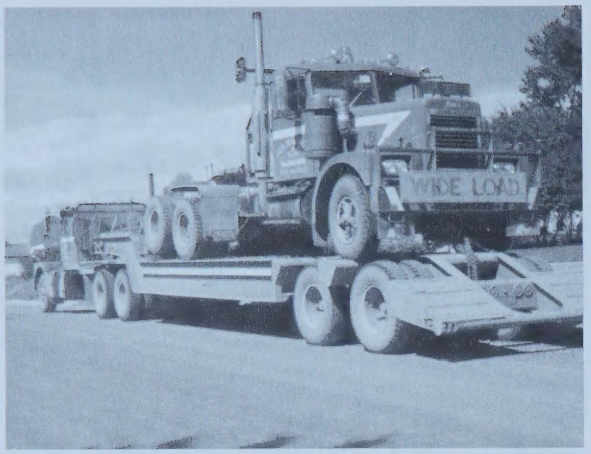
When Harry was about twelve years old his mother decided to move back to Washington where some of her family lived. She sold the farm and moved. Things did not go as planned. She said the children caught every disease going around, so after a few years she returned to the Leslieville area and built a house on land she owned about six miles north of Leslieville.

Harry Salmon building road for Atlas Lumber Co. from the O'Chiese turnoff to Baptiste River and beyond, 1944.

When Harry had finished grade school, he took correspondence courses on diesel mechanics, electricity and steam engines, all the while working on the farm, helping neighbours at harvest time and working in logging camps in the winter. By 1936 James was able to handle the chores with Grandma and May's help, so Harry went in search of work, always returning to help with spring and fall work.

He worked a variety of jobs operating machinery in the camps on the coast, construction on the Alaska Highway and the dam at Kananaskis. He was also a partner in a welding shop at Taber. The fall of 1942 he applied for a job with Atlas Lumber Company in Rocky as a mechanic, welder or truck driver whichever was needed. There he met a local girl, Irene Allen, who was also employed by the Atlas Lumber Company as a cook at Camp Seven. They were married in May 1943. Irene was the eldest daughter of Jack and Elvera Allen. She had three older brothers: Bill, Donald, Cameron and Clifford (who died in infancy) also two younger sisters, Alice and Agnes.

Harry continued to work for the Atlas Lumber Company, and in 1944 we were able to purchase the property where I still reside. It consisted of five lots with a four-room house and outbuildings for $700. The property taxes were only $25.15 per year. Our first child, Anetha, was born in February 1945, followed by a son, Arthur, in 1946. That same year Harry bought his first truck, a KS5 International, from Chet



Harry Salmon hauling Art Salmon's truck home after Art blew his turbocharger.

Only try this on the first day of spring. Equinox, March 21, 1994.

Brierley for $2,200. From then on it was trucks and children.

About this time my brother, Bill Allen, returned from serving five years overseas driving truck in the army. Bill and Harry went into the trucking business hauling lumber, ties, gravel etc. There was always work in the winter, but the summers were so wet and the roads so bad they could not haul, so Bill decided to give up on trucking and moved to B.C.

Ken was born in 1950, Lloyd in 1952 and Judy in 1954. By now we needed a larger house, so in 1956 my Uncle Allan Turnquist built the house that I am living in today, just in time to welcome two more girls, Terry in 1959 and Tina in 1964.

I have always been a stay-at-home mom but also helped with the business by doing the books, running errands, hauling the gas from Opi Thompson's and making meals at all hours for hungry drivers.

The children all finished high school and went their own way except for Arthur. Anetha married Bob Glover and they have four children: Gordon, Geneva, Glenda and Ginette. Ken married Colleen Fisher; they had five children: Klark, Kenda, Kimberlee, Kalyn and Kelsey. Unfortunately they lost Kimberlee to SIDS. Lloyd married Janet Dyer; they have a daughter, Lindsay, and a son, Scott. Judy married Melvin Lougheed; they have one son, Kyle, but lost two girls, Jody and Jade, to heart conditions. Terry married Denis Gray Jr. and have a daughter, Melissa, and a son, Jessie. Tina married Myles Wasik; they have two sons, Ryley and Cody. Arthur drove truck for his Dad and eventually they went into partnership. The trucks got bigger, so they could handle the huge machines used in logging, oil and pipeline business.

Harry continued to drive until he was 75 years old, but his trucking days ended when he required major heart surgery in 1989. Harry remained active keeping track of things around the shop, doing errands, consulting and doing small repair jobs. He could fix almost anything, be it plumbing, electrical, mechanical or welding. He now had time to go ice fishing with friends, quadding up the mountains to check the lookouts, camping with family, travelling around Alberta, B.C. and Saskatchewan or just meeting friends for coffee at the Co-op.

Harry passed away August 30, 2000 at the age of 86 years and is buried at the Garth Cemetery. Arthur Salmon carries on the business Harry started the year Arthur was born fifty-six years ago.

SALMON, Ken and family

My mom and dad (Irene and Harry) lived in Rocky, but because of two doctors preferences, I was born in Eckville in March on the half century. My first years I spent a lot of time sick, having rheumatic fever in grade one and again in grade five. About this time I discovered sports and after that sickness was not much of a problem. Playing just about any kind of sport was a good time for me, but Mom had this idea that all us kids were going to learn to swim and she made many a trip to the freezing Crimson Lake. Once she took us in the L 190 IHC tandem truck

Standing: Colleen, Klark, Ken. Seated: Kalyn, Kelsy and Kenda Salmon, 1988.

when the car was broken down. Eventually Mom got her way, and we all learned to swim.

Sports has always been a passion of mine and, with Leigh Machan, Allen Jameson and Howard Painter we had many road hockey games in the winter. When we got street lights we played all night. I have a lot of good memories, one was getting five goals on our coach Bob Stronach when he was forced to play goal. That's when the rink was where the Tamarack is now. In the summer we played football in the big field south of Machans' house. I remember playing on some good hockey and baseball teams, probably the last Rocky Juvenile Team when we won the league. I played for the Rocky Rams fastball team in the late 1960s when we won several Foothills League Championships usually against our archrival, Kevisville. I played with Rocky Rams hockey team when we won the league in 1976. Then I played with the Hillbillies hockey team winning the Commercial League in 1977 and 1979. I also played with the Hillbilly fastball team winning the league in 1981.

Growing up was not all fun and being a son in a trucking family I spent many hours pumping gas into those thirsty IHC trucks. But with the advancement of overhead tanks I thought things were going to get easier. I was wrong! Somehow I got promoted to chief tire-changer. I knew it was going to be a bad day if I heard

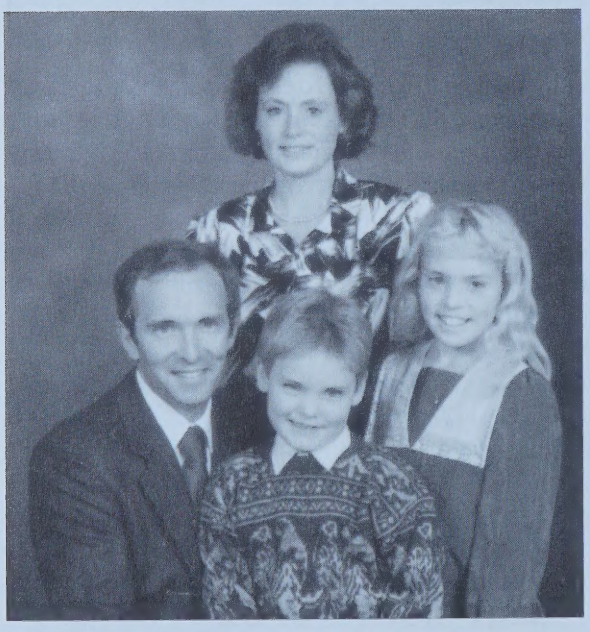
Ken Salmon and children.

Dad headed for Nordegg because the road seemed to be studded with nails and grader blades, and lots of times he would come home with three flats. When the fun of sports ended, I decided to go to NAIT and take up a trade. I graduated from Heavy Equipment technology in 1973. While going to NAIT, in the summer, I cruised timber with the Alberta Forest Service, but after NAIT I went to work for Dome Petroleum as a mechanic at Willesden Green. Shortly after NAIT, in June of 1973, I married Colleen Rae Fisher, and we rented the house on the corner next to Will Sinclair High School. We lived there for about a year, then bought a trailer and moved to the Salmon land just west, across the 11A bridge.

Then the kids started to come along. First Klark in '74, Kenda in '76, Kimberlee in '78, Kalyn in '81, and Kelsy in 82. In the winter we seemed to be on the go all the time. Klark liked hockey and football, and Kenda liked figure skating. As Kalyn grew she enjoyed basketball and volleyball. Kelsy (unlike her dad), is like a fish and enjoys swimming. In the summer we spent a good deal of time camping with the family and the Hillbillies Club. 1980 was a sad year when we lost Kimberlee to Sids. In 1990 Colleen and I were separated, and we were in for some big changes. But the kids seemed to handle things and now they have all graduated from Will Sinclair High School. Klark has graduated from Mount Royal College as a commercial pilot and is working out of the Okotoks airport. Kenda graduated from the University of Calgary with a Bachelors Degree of Science and is now touring around the world. Kalyn has been working

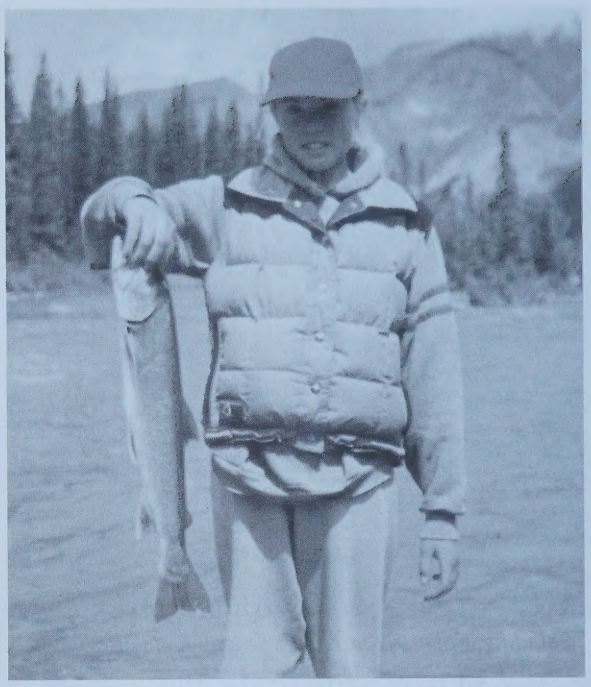
at Zellers and Kelsy works at Shoppers Drug Mart. For the last thirty years I have worked with three companies, Alberta Transportation, Alberta North, and Ledcor repairing graders and plow trucks. Nowadays, I spend my fun time fishing with Steve Haupt, skidooing, golfing and hiking the west country with my kids and my family. I also spend quite a bit of time fixing my girls' cars to keep them on the road.

SALMON, Lloyd, Janet and family submitted by Lloyd



The Salmons. Jan, Lloyd, Lindsay, and Scott, October 1988.

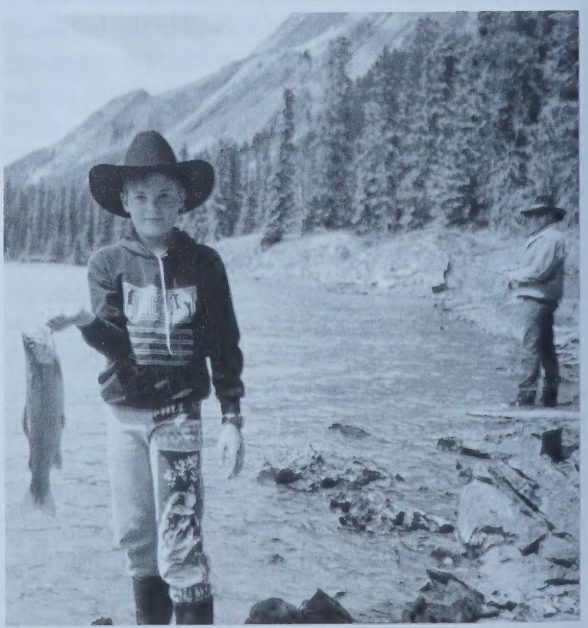
Lloyd Arnold Salmon was born on November 27, 1952, in Eckville, Alberta, the fourth of seven children born to Harry and Irene Salmon. Lloyd spent many hours riding in lumber trucks with his dad in his brand new tandem International. Weekends were spent on family camping and fishing trips in the west country. Lloyd loved sports and played hockey, baseball and football. There was always an ice rink in the back yard and the lawn always had some game going on it. Lloyd hounded his parents for a horse, he always played with a stick horse when he was young, and finally his dad presented him with "Lucky," a black horse, and a saddle that he still owns. He practically wore the legs off Lucky who was kept on the 12 acres across the river. Lloyd attended Rocky Elementary School,



Brazeau River at Arete. Lindsay Salmon.

then the first class in the new Lochearn School in 1958, and then graduated from Rocky Jr.- Sr. High School in 1970. He returned to High School the following fall to obtain more courses and that is when he met Janet Dyer. Janet and Lloyd were married, October 17, 1972.

Janet Lee Dyer was born July 1, 1953, in Calgary, Alberta, the second of three children



Scott Salmon at Brazeau Lakes.

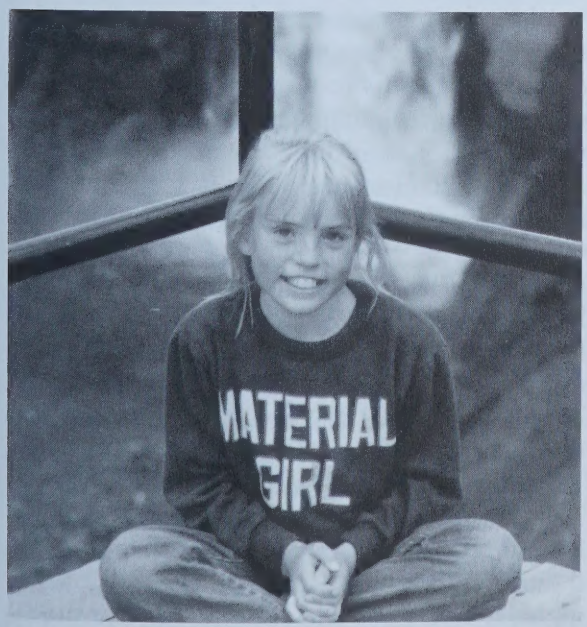
Scott Salmon at Grandma Dyers picking strawberries, 1993.

born to Harold and Dorothy Dyer. At that time the Dyer family were living in Cochrane, Alberta, but shortly after moved to Devon. When Janet was four years old, they moved to Fort St. John, BC, where they lived until 1970 when they moved to Rocky Mountain House. Janet studied ballet for ten years, but mostly joined her two brothers in their activities and could be found playing in the neighbourhood scrub games of whatever sport was going on at the time. She was 16 when her family moved to Rocky. She

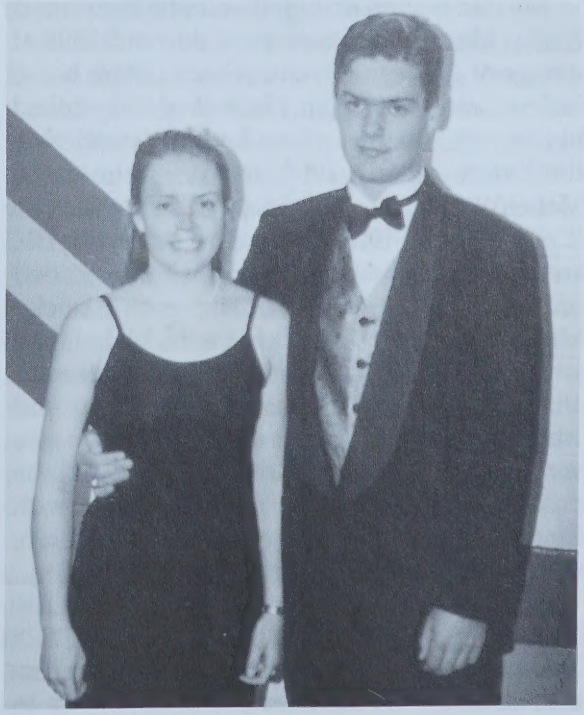
Earl and Lindsay McLaren.

attended Rocky Jr.-Sr. High School where she played on the basketball team and graduated in 1971.

Lloyd was employed as a field operator, and then he started working at the Ram River Gas Plant owned by Aquitaine Dec. 17, 1973. The company changed to Canterra and then became Husky Oil in 1988. Lloyd loved hockey and he coached the Bantam team, at the same time playing for the Rocky Rams Hockey team, which was in the Chinook League. He played center, and at one point he and his brothers, Ken and Art,



Lindsay Salmon at Ram River Falls.



Scott's 1999 Graduation (here with Lindsay).

all played on the team together. Lloyd was the captain of the Rams and after an injury to his leg became coach of the Rams for five or six years. Janet worked at the local Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce from July 1971 to December 1976.

In 1975 Lloyd and Janet bought a quarter section of land in the area northwest of the Cow Lake Store. They worked at clearing up the brush piles and moved a mobile home on the land in 1977. That year also brought their first child, Lindsay Anne Salmon, born November 23. Four years later, when expecting their second child, they built a new home on the site; that year Scott Arthur Allen Salmon was born November 17, 1981.

Gradually they built up a cattle herd and there were always more than enough horses around as Lloyd never lost his love of horses. Most family outings were camping or when the children were old enough many adventures on horseback in Banff and Jasper Parks.

SANDS, Bill, Clarence and Loretta
submitted by Bill Sands

This is a bit of history about my parents, Clarence and Loretta Sands, and myself, Bill Sands, better known as "Wild Bill."

My dad was an early settler in the Evarts and Rocky Mountain House area. Around 1898 at the age of eighteen, Clarence Sands left his home in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. He walked and worked his way to Alberta, where he homesteaded in the Evarts area in 1900. In 1906 he married Mabel Werner. They had four children: Carlyle (Carly) born in 1908, Gertrude (Gertie), Myrtle and Johnny. Around 1914 my dad homesteaded on the Nordegg River, northwest of Rocky Mountain House. In 1921 his wife, Mabel, had an appendicitis attack and Dad had to take her all the way to Red Deer with the team and wagon. This was almost a hundred miles—a very long trip. Her appendix ruptured, and she passed away in Red Deer. This left my dad with four kids to raise by himself, ages thirteen, ten, nine and four.

In the 1920s the native reserve took in my dad's homestead, so Dad had to move. In 1925 Dad moved to Baptiste River to a quarter section of land that had belonged to Jasper Fry. In 1928 he married Loretta Hekob. She had two sons, Prentiss and Nelson. Together they had five more kids: Sammy, born December 28, 1930; Chester, born December 13, 1934; Marion, born February 28, 1935; Bill , born May 31, 1936, and Larry, born December 2, 1938. All of us were born at home as there was no hospital in Rocky yet.

We were all raised on the farm on the Baptiste River. How we all survived is really something. When I was seven years old, they sent me to school in Nordegg, Alberta, west of Rocky Mountain House about sixty miles. Dad's ranch was about thirty miles west of Rocky Mountain House and twelve miles north of Horburg. They took me to Nordegg where I was to stay with the Innacento family. Being a country boy, I had a lot of trouble adjusting to life in town. It seemed like every boy in school had to test me, so I got into lots of fights. There was one boy, about ten years old, that would beat me up every time he saw me.

I went home for Christmas and worked skidding log for my dad. Marion and I rode the skid horses back and forth to the sawmill; Dad would hook up the logs for us. We did this for eight hours a day. I earned 1¢ a log, so when I went back to school I had about four or five dollars. Dad put me on the train in Horburg and sent me back to school in Nordegg. When I got off the train a big boy asked what I had done while I was gone. I told him I had earned lots of money working for my dad. He asked me to show him my money, so of course I did. He beat me up and took all of my money. I went to the place I called home, feeling pretty sad. I got up the next morning at 5:00 A.M. so I could catch the 6:00 A.M. train to Horburg. I had to walk about 15 miles to Dad's logging camp. It took me most of the day to get there. When I got to the camp, Dad said, "What in the world are you doing here?" He gave me a good tune up and sent me back home with my brother, Johnny. The next morning he put me on the train again. This time I managed to stay in Nordegg two days, and I was back on the 6 A.M. train for home again. This time I was lucky and didn't have to walk. The same brother was in Horburg, unloading a load of ties. He had to take me back to camp as the train wouldn't be coming back till later at night. When I got back to camp, dad was pretty mad at me, but he didn't send me back to school.

He said, "If you won't stay in school you will have to work."

I went to work skidding slabs from the sawmill. I was so tired at night I couldn't eat supper. At 6:30 A.M. I had to get up to feed my horse and have breakfast and back to work again. I cheated a little; I got Charlie Proden to harness my horse for me. That horse was just too tall for me to reach. That's the way it was in those days. Times were tough and you did what you had to, to survive.

It seemed like I always got the horse nobody else wanted to ride and the cows that were too hard to milk. We were pretty gutsy kids. We had to bringing the milk cows home from pasture. We would walk out to the pasture, but we had one cow we could jump on and ride home.

Chester and I used to hunt horses all summer. We would take a few sandwiches in our rain slickers and be gone five or six days at a time. We would eat berries and kill wild chickens with sticks. Anything to survive.

I came so close to drowning so many times. I always seemed to have the horse that didn't swim very well. There are horses that swim high in the water, and some swim real low. The ones that swim high are easy to ride. The ones that swim low are real hard to ride because you are sitting on the horse, and only your head and shoulders are sticking out of the water. When you are crossing swift water there is so much force on your body you can't feel your horse under you. It's kind of like riding a fish, only bigger.

Chester saved me a couple of times, and Sam pulled me out a time or two. I crossed the Baptiste River lots of times, but one time in the spring of the year I got in trouble. The ice was going out of the river, but there was still ice on the banks. My horse hit a ridge of ice and upset in the river. I lost my horse, but I was able to grab some willows and pull myself out. I was on the wrong side of the river, and my horse went home with out me. I started walking up the river and saw an ice jam, so I crawled out onto it. I had no idea if the ice would hold me up to get across the jam. The jam was about a half mile long, so I crawl from one piece of ice to another. There was a big tree that had fallen into the river and I thought if I could get to it I'd be all right.

Marion spotted my horse in the field all soaking wet, and she knew where I was going. She was scared I'd drowned. She rode down to the river calling me. I was out on the ice jam afraid to take a deep breath for fear the ice would let loose. I made it to the broken tree and to shore. I start up the horse trail just after Marion went by, and just in time to catch her coming back. I stepped out in front of her, and she thought for sure she had seen a ghost. She didn't think I had made it this time. This is a little bit of what our life was like growing up on the Baptiste. What we didn't try wasn't worth trying.

Dad had over 100 head of horses. There wasn't anything we couldn't do with horses. We trained trick horses and took them to rodeos and fairs. We trained them to lay down so you could get on or off, and we even taught them to teeter-totter. We had one little mare we called "Girlie." She would come in at 6:00 A.M. every morning. We would give her some oats, and then we would jump on her with no bridle or anything and go fetch the milk cows. She seemed to know where the cows were and would go right to them and round them up and bring them home. One day she mired in a swamp. We got her out, but couldn't save her. That was a sad day! Even our mom cried. We were never able to train another horse like her.

In 1948 we built a rodeo arena on the ranch. Every night, after the work was all done, we would get the horses in and pick the one we wanted to ride. We had to pick a different horse every night because that was Dad's rule. In 1951 we took the trick horses to the Leslieville rodeo. Dad wouldn't let me ride in the rodeo, but a friend of mine, Leonard Phelps, let me ride his bare back bronc. He just wanted to ride cows, but you had to enter the bare back event to be allowed to ride a cow. So he rode the cow, and I rode the bare back bronc. That's the way the rules were in those days. Someone else could ride your stock, but they rode under your name. This was where I got my start in rodeo.

In 1952, when Dad passed away, we all started rodeoing. At one time there were five of us "Sands" in the same rodeo: Sam, Chester, Marion, myself and Larry. Marion was one of the first women to compete in rodeo in the rough stock. In 1953 she opened the rodeo, at the old rodeo grounds at Rocky Mountain House. In

1955 they formed the F.C.A. Rodeo Association. In 1956 we held F.C.A. finals at Rocky Mountain House in the new rodeo grounds. Hugh Mackenzie beat me out of the bronc riding event.

I took up boxing because I seemed to get a lot of practice around the dances and rodeo. In 1957 I won the Golden Gloves and, in 1958, I was the runner up for the Provincials. I rodeoed in the summer and boxed in winter. I was always in shape. I always worked four or five events in the rodeo. In 1960 "Wild Bill" won the Saddle, Bareback, Bull Riding and Wild Cow Milking events. I was the "All Around Cowboy" for that year—one of the few to win that many events in one year. I don't believe there has ever been anyone else in Rodeo that has won that many championships in one year. There are three cowboys in the F.C.A. who have filled their charts with Championship wins. The late Dave McDonald, Harvey Northcott, and myself, Bill Sands.

In 1958 I married Florence Brown. We had five kids, four boys and a girl: Billy Jr., Clarence, Cody, Sammy, and Phebe. All of my kids took part in rodeos. In 1983 Florence and I separated. I remarried in 1991 to Agnus, but she passed away in 1996 with cancer. I have known Doreen Gilbert (Grosso) since our childhood days, and we were married on December 28, 2001. We are very happy and live twelve miles west of Rocky. I have lived in several different places, but to me Rocky has always been home. I'm glad to retire in this area.

There are only four of us kids left now: Chester, Marion, myself and Larry. Prentiss died in the Second World War; Johnny died December 25, 1951, and Nelson died in '52. The day of Nelson's funeral our dad passed away. Carly died January 1, 1983; Myrtle, August 1982; Gertie, June 13, 1987; Sam, June 2, 1991. My son, Billy Jr., passed away November 2, 1980, and I lost my infant grandson, Mitchell, in July, 1982.

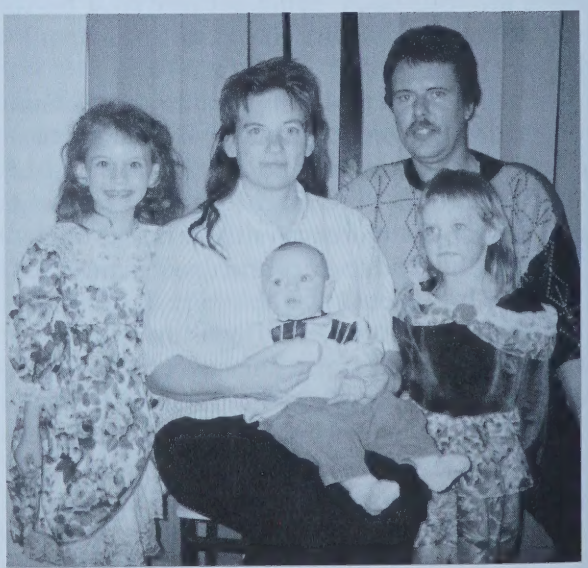
SANDS, Chester and Dorthy

At the time I was born, back in 1933, there were several of—I guess what you could call—wilderness families in the Rocky Mountain House area. We were no doubt one of them. My first recollection of seeing many strangers, came in the late fall hunting seasons, when hunters from the east central parts of the province came

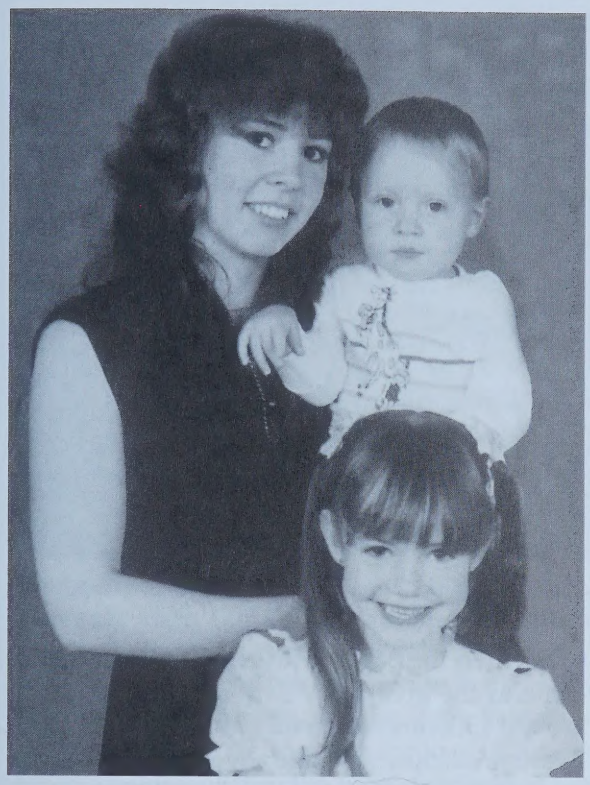
1956 Pack horse. Chester and Dorothy.

with their horses, pulling sleighs and wagons, heading for the woods, to try to get moose and mule deer for their winter supply of meat. Many stopped and camped overnight at my father's homestead ranch, which was located twelve miles northwest of Horburg, where Chambers and Grace Creek empty into the Baptiste River. At that time the twenty-eight miles (from Rocky Mountain House to what is now the Sunchild Road), was horse travel only.

Among the hunters was a family from Bentley, Alberta, named Brown. They built a hunting cabin on Brewster Creek, another ten miles to the northwest. They came every fall and became good friends. The cabin got named "Bentley Cabin."



Stacy, Connie and their children, Brittany, Ashley, and Ryan Sands.



Wendy, Dustin, and Carla Watson.

Our family consisted of eleven children. My father, Clarence, and his first wife had four kids: Carlyle, Gertrude, Myrtle and Johnny. My mother, Loretta, had two boys from her first marriage: Prentiss and Nelson. When my father, Clarence, and mother, Loretta, married, they had five more of us: Sam, Chester, Marion, Bill and Larry. I was born at the home of Chester and Mabel Brierley, on their farm at the old Fort west of Rocky, on the west side of the North Saskatchewan River. Mrs. Brierley was midwife to my mother when I came along on December 13th. I was named after Mr. Brierley, and was told that seven days later I was loaded onto the horse drawn sleigh and taken home to the Baptiste River Ranch.

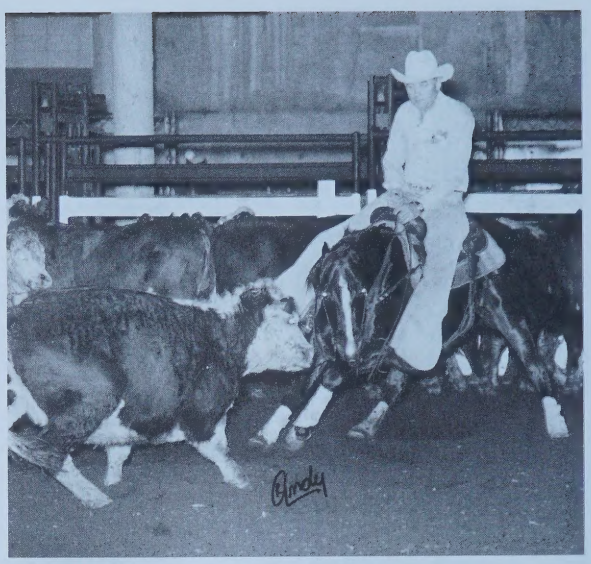
We only had one neighbor within six miles. This was William and Bertha Burr who lived one mile away and they had a son, Billy. Mrs. Burr was a retired school teacher. As the closest school was "Garth," twenty-five miles away, the government paid Mrs. Burr to teach her son, as well as Billy, Sam, Marion and me for a few years. I went to Burrs' from the time I was five until I was eight years old. I passed into grade four, and that was the extent of my schooling. I would not want to go through life in this day and age with so little education, but a lot of us did back then, as schools were just not available to everyone.

Chester and trophy ram.

Along with cattle and pigs, my dad raised horses, hundreds of them. That was our main means of travel, so naturally we all became cowboys and cowgirls at an early age. As I grew up I worked at the ranch and at Dad's logging camps in the winter, and on the pack trails in the fall, learning to pack horses and guide hunters which led to my outfitting career of forty-four years. As of this time of writing, this is my fiftieth year of guiding. My dad passed away in 1952 and I started outfitting in 1954 when I was twenty years old. In 1955, I married Dorthy Barnes, whose family lived at Ricinus and had originally moved there from the Kevisville area, where Dorthy was born in 1934. Her parents were Bill and Ione Barnes. They had seven children: Frank, Willy, Violet, Dorthy, Jim, Charley and Kathy. Her father, Bill, worked for Dezall and Hart Lumber mills out of Caroline for many years.

Dorthy took most of her schooling in Caroline. From the time we met until we were married, she worked as a nurses' aid in Vulcan and Rocky Mountain House Hospitals. She worked with me

Stacey and Chester Sands with trophies.



Larry Sands riding "Striponita Red," 1984 Canadian Finals Rodeo (Champion).

on the pack trails (outfitting) until 1961, when our daughter, Wendy, was born. Then we took Wendy with us for two seasons, when she was three and four years old. By the time Stacey, our boy, was born in 1969, we had purchased four quarters of land in the Oras district. Three of these were brush quarters, two of which we cleared and worked up into farm land. Then, as well as the outfitting, for many years we raised beef cattle, Shorthorns and Hereford-cross.

We are now pretty well retired. We still have the registered trapline in the Ram Mountains and Meadows area, which we have worked for twenty-four years now.

Our children live close by. Wendy has been teaching piano music for over twenty years, and has two children, Carla and Dustin Watson. Stacy is a licensed auto mechanic. He and Connie have three children, Brittany, Ashley and Ryan.

We enjoy our children and grandchildren. We spend a lot of time together, visiting, traveling and especially camping and riding in our west country. Although we have done a lot of traveling, we have never lived anywhere else and don't intend to. Rocky Mountain House and area has been good to us, and is our home.

SANDS, Larry
written by Larry Sands

I was born in 1938 at the Sands Ranch located 12 miles north of Horburg Junction between where the Grace Creek and Chambers Creek meet the Baptiste River. My dad, Clarence, came to the area from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, around 1906, and originally homesteaded in the Evarts area (close to where I live now). He moved west of Rocky where he lived until his passing in 1952. My mother, Loretta Soles, came from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and lived in the Garth district until she married my dad. She helped with the guiding business and cooked in our lumber camp through the winter months. She passed away in 1984.

We hunted wild game for survival and generally lived off the land, doing most of the work with horses. Here, with a large family of siblings, I learned to love horses, country music, and the sport of rodeo.

Besides guiding and ranching the family also operated a sawmill in the winter months. I remember the teams of horses hauling railway ties to the Horburg Junction. Later on we had an old flat bed truck to haul the ties and lumber. Also some winters we would saw mine props and deliver them to the coal mines in Saunders Creek and Alexo.

Once every week or so, we would go by horse to Horburg to pick up the mail and to hear of any news which the Gillis family (who ran the post office) may have heard. Once my sister, Marion, and myself rode to pick up the mail and a pair of registered Plymouth Rock chickens my dad and brother Chester had ordered from somewhere. Well the train was way late and did

Johnny Sands and Flicka, his favorite trick horse, 1949.

not arrive at Horburg until 11 o'clock p.m. Marion and I carried the chickens along with the other mail on our horses (bareback) for the 12 miles in the black of the night. We arrived home around 2 a.m. missing a few feathers. There are many humorous incidents and stories that unfortunately space won't allow.

The trips by horse and wagon to Rocky each month or so for groceries and supplies were always fun for the sibling that got to go with the folks. The rest of the clan would remain at the ranch and fend for themselves. Each one of us played some kind of a musical instrument, and we surely enjoyed the hoe-downs when we all got playing good old country music. My dad would host a party once a year, when the roads were dry (or frozen), and a great number of folks would come from Rocky and area. Some of these parties went on for two or three days. Folks always looked forward to the Sands Ranch parties.

Although not a rodeo rider, my dad supported us when we built a bucking chute and a pine pole arena to practice bronc riding on our unbroke pack horses. We all became pretty good hands. At one time siblings, John, Chester, Marion and myself, hired out a troupe of trick horses to the rodeos. From around 1950 to 1954, there would be four or five of the Sands boys entered in the weekend rodeos. As time went by the older brothers quit rodeoing, but when the FCA Rodeo Association was formed in 1955 brother Bill and I joined up and competed together until 1962, winning a few championship buckles. Bill carried on for many more years before he retired.

When my dad passed away I was just coming thirteen years old. I worked with the older brothers, horse jingling and guiding in the fall. Mom moved to town a year or so later. I chased rodeos in the summer, guided in the fall, and worked for various lumber camp operators through the winter. I played with a country music band most weekends to earn some extra cash to help me rodeo (and eat).

In 1960 I married my first wife, Sharon Braucht from Caroline. From 1962 to 1979, I worked the oil fields in northern Alberta. We had three children: Dwain, Sherrie and D'Arcy. Dwain and his wife, Pam, presently live at Black Diamond. Dwain became an accomplished musician and has a small recording studio. Sherrie is at Gainford, Alberta, and has three children. Sherrie was on the Alberta Quarter Horse team in 1979 and won the Canadian Team Championship in Toronto. D'Arcy and his wife, Leona, live in Calgary and have two children. He works at SAIT and plays drums occasionally for weekend bands.

In the early 1970s my love for horses kicked in again, and I started raising purebred quarter horses with my focus on "the cutting horse." In 1979 I moved to Calgary, started an oilfield consulting business and became seriously involved in cutting horses. Of all the awards I've won over the years, the most gratifying was in 1984. I won the Canadian Open Cutting Horse Championship at the Canadian Finals Rodeo in Edmonton. It was a dream come true—and I won it on a horse I raised from a baby (Striponita Red).

In 1986 I married Brenda Dahms (parents Art and Gwyneth Dahms), of Rocky Mountain House. We lived in the Airdrie area until 1992, then moved to Raven, east of Caroline, where we continue to raise and train cutting horses as well as operate a road dust control business.

In 1980 I wrote a country song called "Rocky Mountain Memories" which reflects the growth of the town over the years. Of all the memories of so many wonderful friends that I met in the area over the years, my fondest memories were made at the old Sands Ranch west of Rocky Mountain House.

SAULTEAUX, Kathryn/BEAVERBONES, James

as told by Curtis Saulteaux to Carrie Mason

Curtis was born in Edmonton on September 22, 1967. He was raised off-reserve spending several years in both Edmonton and Red Deer while

returning intermittently to the Paul Band Reserve near Edmonton, to visit his mother's family.

His favorite years were spent at the Mackinaw Camp, from 1975 to 1979. There he learned to live without all the modern amenities, cutting and carrying wood, carrying water and heating it on the stove for bathing and laundry. He learned to hunt and snare for food, picked a lot of berries and studied the Native Culture in general. During this time Curtis learned ceremonies such as the Trading Dance, Sweats, and story-telling from the Elders. They would travel to other Reserves, including Sunchild and O'Chiese, to attend Sundances, Round Dances and Pow-wows.

While he was attending Red Deer College, he received his Teacher's Assistant Certificate, a Certificate in Administrative Scoring and one in Clinical Interpretation. He also attended the Nechi Institute and achieved his first year Addictions Counseling Certificate. He is now enrolled in the Early Childhood Development Program; he has his Level One Certificate and is going for his Level Two. He has also received training under the RCMP for suicide prevention.

James Beaverbones, Curtis' father, was raised on the O'Chiese Reserve; however, much of his life has been spent working off-reserve, logging and working in sawmills. In 1993 he returned to live on the reserve and became involved with logging operations on O'Chiese; he also served on Band Council for eight years.

Kathryn Saulteaux, Curtis' mother, was born in Caroline, Alberta, on October 13, 1948. She grew up around Caroline, and in 1965 met her life-time partner, James Beaverbones. Curtis says Kathryn was a good mother and home-maker. James and Kathryn had seven children: Curtis, Ben, Jim, Vincent, Jennifer, Rebecca and Courtney. Curtis noted that, strangely enough, the children all speak Cree, Saulteaux and English, yet their mother is from Paul Band, which is Stoney.

Kathryn's father, George Saulteaux, was from the Paul Band and her mother, Violet Ironbow, was originally from O'Chiese. Kathryn's brothers and sisters are Donald, Sarah, Marie and Norma Saulteaux. Some of Curtis's favorite stories came from when he was working in the Rocky Hospital, caring for the Elders. One of his storytellers was Jim Yelloweyes who served as Chief of the Sunchild Reserve from May 1947 to June 1952. He told stories about battles between the Cree and Blackfoot Nations that took place in Central Alberta when vying for hunting territory. Old Jim told stories about how it used to be and how things have changed. He spoke about the difference in child-raising and how children's attitudes have changed.

Another excellent storyteller that Curtis spent time with in the hospital was Mary Alice Whitecalf. She talked about Reserve life, past and present, and how tragic the affects of alcohol have been on the lives of many families. She told Curtis how many of the people of both Reserves originated from Saskatchewan or the United States. She also told him how many of the names came to be, some had to adopt English names just to get registered as a Band Member. He noted that the name O'Chiese means "fly."

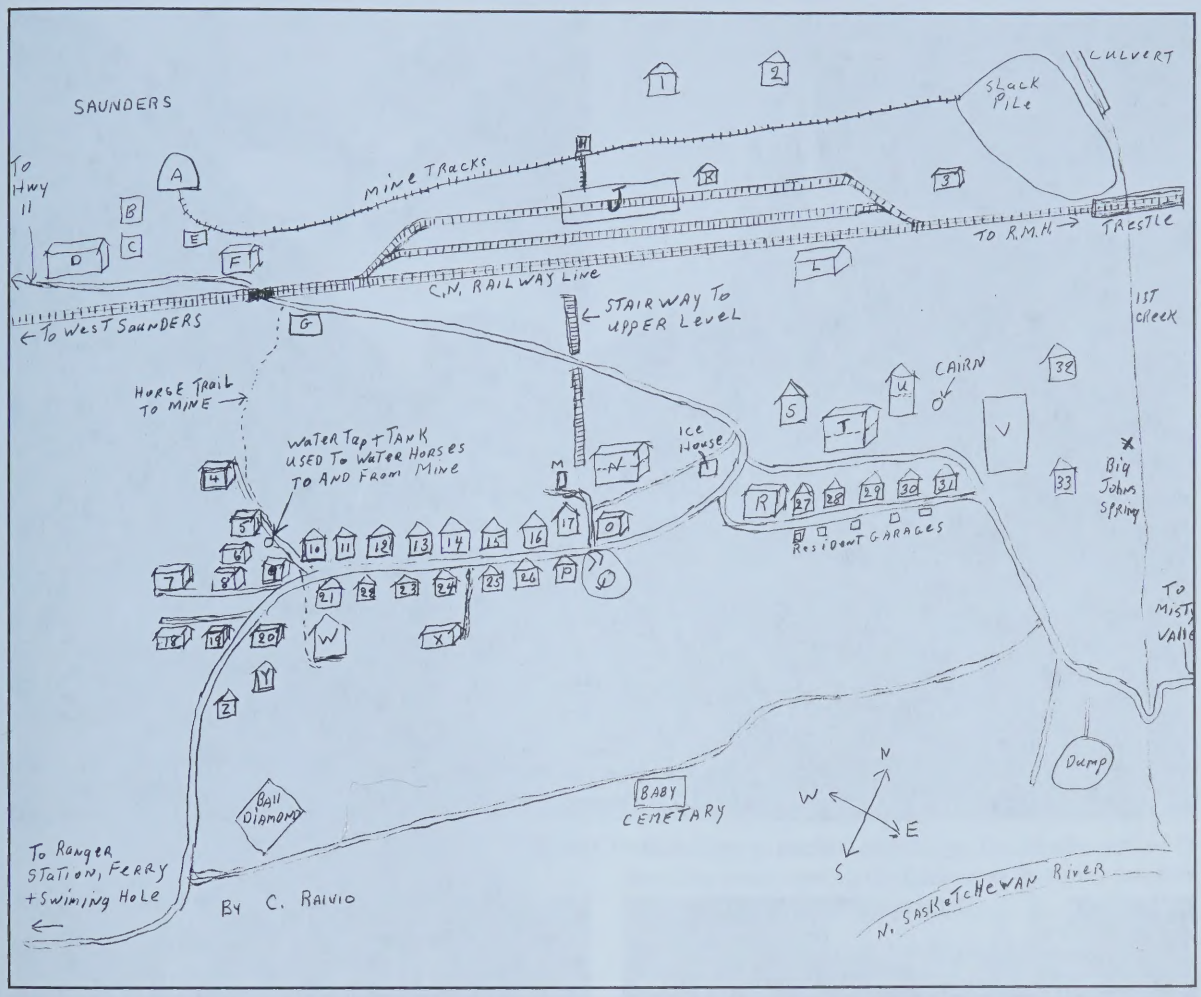
One of Curtis's favorite memories of college life was when he was presented with an achievement award and was recognized on the Dean's Honor Roll. He said he had to be at the college the next morning for a 7:00 am. breakfast with the President of Red Deer College. Curtis has been an excellent role model for the O'Chiese Band for many years.

SAUNDERS, ALBERTA

Submitted by one time resident- Clarence Raivio

When I was asked if I could submit a map and history of Saunders it was a daunting task, as Saunders had become a ghost town fifty years earlier. My task was made a lot easier when I enlisted the help of two early Saunders residents, Wesley Yarbrough and Walter Verhaeghe. Wesley and I quadded into Saunders town site in February and I made this map with his help; it shows the way the town was in the 1940s. Alberta Forestry Service later burned all of the buildings, and now a new road is built down the steep hill and comes out at the bottom between where the hotel and mine manager's house once stood. His caragana hedge is now running wild in that area.

Saunders coal mine was opened in 1899 by French entrepreneur Charbonier and closed in 1951 upon the death of his son. This information along with a map is on a plaque erected by the reunion society at the old town site. As



Map and list of names of residents of Saunders.

Residences: **1** F. Riley **2** P. Rasmussen; Phillips **3** C.N. Section House; N. Raivio; G. Gillis **4** P. Matwichuck; Malovitch **5** J. Heemeryck **6** Bordinick **7** E. Saarela **8** S. Santiago **9** F. Demarchi **10** A. Weyts **11** Pearson **12** F. Victor **13** B. Waters **14** J. Weyts; Facco **15** L. Gladwin; Brown **16** Mathias **17** 0. Morgan (Mine Manager) **18** L Mettoti. **19** A. Feccacia **20** C. Manera; V. Descara **21** J. Heemeryck **22** J. Verhaeghe; McCrady **23** B. Cowley; A. Dezutter; Gladwin **24** Gowers; Opruck-Erachuck **25** C. Fregren; P. Ginther-Davies **26** Haack; M. Delrosso **27** R. Kay **28** A. Couteret **29** F. Wolgemouth **30** Bachelor housing: Coyoutes; Kysher; John & Paul Hasik **31** A. Casper; Innicento; S. Dolenz **32** Cowley G. **33** J. Harbonovitch (Big John)

A Mine Entrance **B** Power Station **C** Blacksmith **D** Wash House **E** Hoist **F** Warehouse **G** Sawmill **H** Coffee House **J** Tipple **K** Mine Office **L** C.N. Railway Station **M** Oil shed & gas pump **N** Hotel: proprietor, G. Morgan **0** Company Store **P** Post Office (Williams) **Q** Garage (2 "4x12s" planks suspended over steep hill used as hoists **R** Pool Hall (J. Rasmussen) **S** Union Hall & Rec Centre **T** Boarding House: proprietors, Tony, Noel & Wilford Gervais **U** Miners' bunkhouse **V** Tennis court & skating rink **W** Company Horse Barn **X** School: teacher, M. Verhaeghe **Y** Waters' Horse Barn **Z** Verhaeghes' Horse Barn

Suanders Creek Mine.

David Kay and Station agent P. Shmaltz on platform of Saunders RR Station.

David Kay on Saunders skating rink.

Walter and Art Verhaeghe in Saunders Street.

Mrs. Larson (teacher) and Marge Earore who worked in boarding house, run by the Mannings (boarding house in background).

Saunders was located on a steep hillside, up off the North Saskatchewan River, it was built utilizing the only flat ground around.

First a few facts about the mine operation. There was the "wash house," a huge building used by miners to shower and change between shifts. In those days they did not have lockers for their clothes. Instead they had wire mesh baskets on chains, with pulleys attached to the roof. So when the men were working they would pull their baskets of clothes up to the high roof and padlock them there to a metal bar, so they were theft proof. The hoist was a huge winch used to raise and lower the coal cars in and out of the mine and to and from the tipple and slack pile. The slack pile was where they dumped all the unusable coal and dirt out of the mine. The tipple was basically a huge machine for sorting coal, housed in a tall building approximately 50 feet high, used for sorting and loading coal into the railway coal cars. At the top level they switched the coal carts on the mine tracks, with unusable coal going to dump at the slack pile and the good coal going into the tipple. The good coal is dumped into a huge chute at the top of the tipple and slides onto huge iron grates with different size round holes in them. These grates shuttle back and forth like a huge shaker. The grates start with small holes; the shaking back and forth lets the small coal through into a chute and it slides into a coal car on the inside or outside track below the tipple. The holes in the grates get progressively larger as the coal slides down until it is all separated by size and loaded onto railway coal cars. Can you imagine the noise coming from the tipple? I can still remember it. Horses were also used down in the mine to pull the coal carts to and from the end of the hoist line.

A few interesting facts in Saunders history. The huge culvert on First Creek was constructed by C.N. Railways for the railway creek-crossing and was later abandoned for the elevated trestle. The culvert was a popular recreation facility. Skating through the abyss was not an

David, Betty, Dorothy and Jock Kay, Joseph Montamurt on main street Saunders.

Saunders Creek General Store, 1937.

uncommon sport for the brave of heart. Another winter sport that was very popular was using the stairs adjacent to the hotel for a toboggan run. Saunders was a very sports minded community. With the mining town of Alexo being so close, we played ball games almost every weekend in the summer, weather permitting, taking turns being the home team. The competition was very lively, sometimes resulting in friendly fisticuffs among the fans, after an hour of celebrating victory or drowning their sorrow at the local hotel bar.

Occasionally the teams would brave the bad roads and visit Nordegg for a day of ball games, and Nordegg would come to Alexo and Saunders. Be it ball in summer or hockey in winter they were great competitors. Nobody knows why the miners competed in this next sport, but every year on July 1st a greased pig was suspended from a light pole across from the store, and the men would attempt to climb over it, the only prize being to say you could do it. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday most of the residents of Saunders turned out to greet the incoming train from Red Deer and Rocky Mountain House.

The great water in Big John's Spring is named for its founder John Harbonovitch. John passed away in 1944 after having a few too many on a very cold night. He was found on his doorstep with his keys in his hand.

Jack Hassie, the Shunda Ranger Station original phone/radio operator, was drowned when the Saunders ferry on the North Saskatchewan River broke loose.

Unknown to parents a lot of us kids would use the high trestle to pretend we were mountain climbing and dangerously scale the bridge on the cross timbers supporting it. The younger Gillis boy slipped and fell to his death on the bridge. After that the trestle was deemed off limits.

Saunders also had a unique feature of a baby cemetery due to the fact that only babies and children were buried there.

Long time residents who farmed in what nowadays is called "Misty Valley" were the Jerome and Bertha Verhaeghe family, the John and Thelma Larson family, the Chris and Marie Rasmussen family, the John and Austrid Rasmussen family, the Wilford Gervais family and the B. Cowley family. Bruce Haack, a one time resident of Saunders, gained international fame in the music industry. The majority of Saunders residents were Catholics, with a Catholic Priest from Nordegg coming in to hold services and Sunday school at the old schoolhouse every Sunday. A few other mine company related jobs were managing the hotel, bar, store and gas pumps, cutting and hauling mine props (timbers used for shoring up mine tunnels) and cutting and hauling ice blocks from the river for the icehouse.

The miners and residents of Saunders held their first official annual reunion on the second weekend in July 1987 and continue to do so on that same weekend every year, with a camp-out on the old town site. In 1988 they erected a cairn in tribute to the mine workers and their families. Now the only buried treasure is the huge pit barbecue provided by the Verhaeghe families, every year on Saturday evening. They also

sponsor the weekend horseshoe and cribbage tournaments. So Saunders still remains fondly in the memories of former residents and friends.

SAUNDER'S COAL MINE
submitted by Dorothy Oprak Penner

A monument stands at the site of Saunders that reads "Saunder's Creek Mine 1913-1954." Saunder's coal, known for having a high BTU rating and low ash content, was superior in quality. The mine was initially operated by Saunders Creek Coal, Oil and Gas Company. Later, when it was taken over by Charbonier, Green and Groski who owned the Blairmore mine, the name was changed to Bighorn Colliers. Owen Morgan, who worked in Blairmore, was sent to Saunders to manage the mine.

The town was named after Mr. Saunders, a surveyor who was employed by the CNR. The mine, which employed approximately 80 to 100 men and 50 families, closed in 1952 due to lack of coal orders. The mine continued holding the land till 1954.

Editor's note: Dorothy Penner was born in Saunders and was a resident there when the mine was operating. One by one the families moved from Saunders in the early '50s and the post office was officially closed in June 1954 listing the last Post Mistress as Elma O'Donnell.

SCHAFER AND HORN FAMILIES
by Mary (Schafer) Maxwell

My great-great-grandfather, Heinrich Schafer, was born at Arnsberg, Germany in 1800. After serving twenty-six years as an officer in the Kaiser's army, he immigrated to New Orleans, Louisiana, with his family in 1847. Following the Mississippi River, they bought and settled on farmland near Edwardsville, Illinois, in 1850. My grandfather, Frederick Schafer (Heinrich's grandson), came to Tudor, near Rockyford, Alberta, in 1910, with my grandmother, Maggie, and their family of seven. At the same time Frederick's sister-in-law, Matilda Schafer, accompanied them to Canada with her sons, Bill and Charlie Jr., and Matilda's daughter (Bertha) and her husband, Harry Leonard, and their three children. Charlie Schafer, Frederick's brother had arrived in Tudor a year earlier, with his wife, Carrie, and their children, Florence (Vanalstine), Winfield Schafer and Ardis (Katterhagen).

Fred and Maggie's children in order of age were Marion, then my father (Linley, born in 1892), Bernice, Judith, Fred, Helen and Kenneth. During the first years at Tudor my father and grandfather, both steam engineers, farmed with horse and operated a steam-threshing outfit. Dad also operated a horse and "democrat" livery service for C.P.R. surveyors and workers. Bill Schafer and Andy Kaughman also operated horse liveries, and later went into trucking. (Andy married my aunt, Judith.) In 1918 my grandfather bought a Rumley steam tractor, which the neighbors said "covered the ground in a hurry," and the family was able to acquire more land.

Aunt Bernice opened the first school at Tudor in 1910. It was a C.P.R. cook-shack with a tarp for a roof. Uncle Fred served in the army in W.W. II, then moved to East Coulee with Aunt Joan and began a trucking business. Uncle Ken and Aunt Betty stayed on the farm and helped Grandpa. My father married Inis Horn, a neighbor's daughter, and my Aunt Helen Schafer married my mother's brother, John Horn. The Horn place was a half-mile from Schafers', near a high "look out hill."

Grandpa Horn was a tall, skinny, funny looking guy who wore black clothes and a worn out black top hat. His thick glasses made him look even more serious than he was. He was a Quaker preacher and folks called him "Pennsylvania Dutch" and maybe he was. In any case he was sure a "Pennsylvania traveling man." Stephen Douglas Horn was born in Williamsport, P.A., in 1859. He was a grandson of a German army officer who deserted from the Kaiser's army after being sent to America on a diplomatic mission.

My grandpa Horn set out from Pennsylvania as a young man, also on a mission—a mission to save the world. He picked a hard road. The railroad went by way of Harrisburg and Columbus, Ohio, to St. Louis, Missouri, and "steel" ended near St. Joseph, Missouri. From there a wagon trail led into the Pawnee Indian territory, between the Platte and Arkansas Rivers. In the 1880s this area was opened for homestead, and that's where he settled first. Also taking up a homestead in the same area was a hard riding, "hell raisin'," Irish family by the name of Terrel, who had traveled west from Wisconsin by wagon. My grandpa managed to save one

Terrel daughter, a spunky "red-head" named Rosetta, born in 1866. I don't think he saved any of the Terrel sons.

Douglas Horn and Rosetta Terrel were married in 1885, in the Kansas Indian territory, in the village of Great Bend, named after the great bend of the Arkansas River. Here my Aunt Grace was born in 1866 and Uncle Louis in 1888. Again Grandpa and Grandma were soon on the move, traveling south with the Terrels, crossing recently settled Osage and Kiowa lands in wagons and "democrats." On April 22, 1889, they were at the "starting line" on the edge of the "Cherokee Strip." New lands were being opened for homestead in the new "State of Oklahoma," the Cherokee Indian territory. A rifle shot signaled the start of the "race for land" by thousands of excited homesteaders. My grandmother stayed behind in a wagon with her babies, while Grandpa, his top hat bent over by the wind, and standing in his democrat to see over the dust, whipped his trotter into a run. The "race" lasted many hours and miles and miles before Grandpa drove his stake into a quarter section between the Cimarron River and where the city of Enid now stands.

The country was open prairie, broken only by dry creek beds and ravines. The only fuel to be found was mesquite brush, sage roots, and buffalo chips—all scarce. With no building materials available, they dug a cellar into a dry creek bank to live in for the first years. The "promised" fertile lands of the Cherokee returned drought, tornadoes, grasshopper plagues, dust storms and prairie fires. After the grass fires, the children gathered roasted grasshoppers in sacks to be eaten when there was nothing else to eat. Grandpa hauled rock and stone from the surrounding prairie for stone fences and a house. For the house they dug a hole in the prairie about two feet deep, then covered the floor with stone and built stonewalls about five feet high. The roof was of poles and sod, grass side up. The window openings were covered first with flour sacking, and later with glass. My Uncle John was born in the dug-out cellar in 1890, and my mother was born in the sod house in 1898. As the stones were stacked up for fences and walls, the rattlesnakes moved into the rocks by the hundreds. Hogs were turned loose to control the snakes. This worked well, but the pork from the hogs was discolored and bitter tasting. As the hogs grew older they became addicted to the snakes and would eat nothing else. Eventually the hogs would go crazy and die.

The children went to school at Enid, with Louis attending Agricultural College there. Grandpa never got on too well with the rest of the Terrels who were also homesteading nearby. This eventually led to some shooting, and in 1905 or 1906 my grandparents loaded the wagons and headed north again. They traveled north across the Kansas and the Dakotas as far as Fargo, North Dakota. There they loaded the outfits onto an immigrant train bound for Winnipeg and the west. They off-loaded near Regina, Saskatchewan, and took up homesteading near Craik. Their sons, Louis and John, now eighteen and sixteen, helped, and the family proved up three quarter-sections. Aunt Grace married Jess Anderson, a young traveling homesteader from Illinois, in 1909, and Uncle Louis married Ruth Williams in 1912. The families' fortunes improved until 1912, when Grandpa, Louis, John and Jess seeded over 400 acres of wheat with horses. Later that year, young John Horn was in a poker game that got out of hand and the farms were sold to pay his debt.

In 1912 the families were on the move again. Grandpa bought land from the C.P.R. at Tudor next to the Schafers. Louis and Ruth went on to Montana where Louis, a stern young man like his father, was sheriff of the frontier town of Plentywood, from 1912 until 1917. Grace and Jess went to the mining town of Butte, Montana, and Uncle John went logging in Washington. In 1916 Grace and Jess followed Grandpa to Tudor and started a general store. Louis, Ruth and Uncle John arrived at Tudor in 1918. The families, Horns, Schafers and Andersons all lived and farmed around Tudor through the 1920s. Most of my cousins, Schafers, Horns, Andersons and Kaughmans were born there. My brother, Lin, was born at Tudor in 1925.

By 1930, drought, dust storms, grasshoppers and the depression hit Tudor and everyone started moving again. Grace and Jess sold the store to Marion Schafer and moved north with their family, Irene, Oliver, Thelma, Louis, Rosette and Norma, where they settled at Millet. My mother and dad, Inis (Horn) and Lin Schafer Sr. and my grandparents, Douglas and Rosetta

Horn, moved to Beaver Flats in 1931, then to a quarter section on the Clearwater River near Dovercourt south of Rocky in 1932. The neighbors organized a work bee and built a log house and barn for my folks in just a few days. Some of the neighbors helping out were Louis Bertagnolli, Uno Antila, John Rauch, Nick Periche, Louis Fassina, Bill Murray, Joe Pilgrasse and Joe, Tom, Vern and Alex Bertagnolli. My brother, Lin, remembers Uncle Louis, Aunt Ruth and cousin, Douglas Horn, arriving with loaded wagons and livestock at Dovercourt and stopping for a two-day rest. They were on their way from Tudor to homestead at Stewartfield near Barrhead with Louis and Ruth's family, Douglas, Ellen, Viola, Ruth, John, Lulu and Nancy. Uncle John and Aunt Helen moved to Kelowna, B.C., and logged with their family, Rex, Margaret, Patricia, Jean, Fred and Terry. Aunts Marion and Bernice Schafer never married, but bought the Anderson store and most of the families' farmland. They stayed at Tudor with Grandpa and Grandma Schafer and Uncle Ken and Aunt Betty.

I was the first baby born in the new Rocky Mountain House hospital in 1937. Lin went to school at Dovercourt, crossing the Clearwater River on a suspension bridge, built between our place and Sinclairs. The Dovercourt Post Office was across the river, on the Lane place, and at that time everyone on the east side of the river crossed by the suspension bridge on foot or drove their teams downstream to the ford.

After the depression of the 1930s came World War II in 1939. My cousins: Douglas Horn, Oliver and Louis Anderson, and Robert and Lorne Kaughman, all joined up and went overseas. In 1941 when my brother, Lin, was 16, he went to Calgary and joined the army too. He was posted to training camp at Helena, Montana, with the First Special Service Forces, an outfit made up of half Canadian and half American troops. At Helena they received parachute, ski and commando training. Most of the commando training was at the expense of the Helena Miners, I think, who put up a good fight in the beginning. After Helena, they were sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, for amphibious and marine training. Lin arrived in England in 1942 and landed on Sicily at Ispica on July 5, 1943, with the 49th Loyal Edmonton Regiment, the 106 U.S. Tank Corps and the U.S. Infantry. They fought their way approximately 250 miles across Sicily to Palermo and Leonforte and Messina in nineteen days, with the Italian army in complete rout. Tens of thousands of Italian troops were marched south to be loaded onto the same ships that landed the allied troops. They were then shipped to prisoner of war camps in the U.S. A false landing was staged at Auzio, while the Allies ferried tens of thousands of troops across the Strait of Messina from Sicily to mainland Italy (Lin and Louis Anderson included), landing at Reggio Di Calabria.

Three days later they were fighting "well dug-in" German troops, and the march north through Italy slowed down. It took more than two months of hard fighting to advance 350 miles to Avellino. Near Avellino five Canadians were together in a front line trench when their section took a direct hit from an exploding cannon shell. Leonard Brierley of Rocky Mountain House was killed, and troopers Zack of Blairmore and Moore of Calgary lost legs. Jim Bilsky from Rocky was also badly wounded. However, Lin was untouched. A few days later near Benevento in a front line trench, Lin met A. Radeau from Dovercourt and Hersie Lane, whose parents ran the Dovercourt Post Office. In November the Allies destroyed Mussolini's retreat on Mount Albano, and Lin was picked to escort two officers taken prisoner to Tunis for questioning. The round trip back to Tunis on the north tip of Africa through war-ravaged Italy and Sicily took almost a month. After delivering the prisoners, Lin caught up to his outfit again where the Special Services Force, the Calgary Princess Pats, 49th Edmonton, Seaforth Highlanders and a Shurka Regiment were advancing slowly with heavy fighting near Ortona. On Christmas Day a lone motorcycle rider came nonchalantly up to the front, as though out for a Sunday picnic. It was Louis Anderson of the Signal Corps, coming to spend Christmas Day with his cousin, Lin Schafer. They spent a couple of hours swapping rations and stories, before Louis returned to headquarters; he had made an unforgettable impression at the front lines. A few days later Lin had another visitor, Tommy Reid of Beaver Flats, on his way back to his own outfit after some sick leave. After spending the day with Lin and his outfit, he left to reach his own regiment. He was killed that night on the way back.

In 1944 Lin was with the commando forces dropped onto Sardinia and Corsica, both large occupied islands. The invasions were at night. After Sardinia and Corsica they took two smaller islands on the south coast of France, Isle du Levant and Isle du le Croisic using three-man inflatable boats, again at night. By 1944 the German armies had re-named the First Special Services Force, "the Devil's Brigade," for their after-dark exploits. Lin landed on the French mainland at Monte Carlo and spent five months there. Louis landed in France at Marseilles, then moved on to Belgium and was in Holland on "VE Day." Oliver Anderson finished the war in England, Lorne Kaughman was in Holland, and Robert Kaughman is buried in Holland. Lin was discharged in March of 1946 with shrapnel wound in one knee. He married Molly Gerard in London, and three of their children were born there.

Dad began driving school bus in 1943, to the Clearwater country school I attended. His first bus was an extended 1927 Chev sedan that Vic Luoma helped him build. In 1951 Gene von Hollen and Doug Meston began bussing country kids to Rocky, and I was one of them. I think we got electric power the same year. When my dad died in 1955, my Mother continued driving our bus for many years before Bob Nicolay began driving for us.

I graduated from High School in 1955, and went to work in Tom Brownlie's Drug Store. Vic and I were married in 1956, and during the first few years while Vic was surveying in Saskatchewan and Alberta, we lived in eighteen different towns. In 1960 we built the Voyageur Motel in Rocky, and along with Marlene and Fran Bauer, I ran a dress shop in the seventies. Since then we have lived on the farm, northeast of Rocky, and we still ranch and raise cattle at our places at Rocky and north of Eckville.

Our children are as follows: Laurie (Tom) Woodward, Mark (Cheryl), Cindy (Russell) McGrath and Brad (Carolyn). We have thirteen grandchildren: Penny (Shawn) Moffitt, Dustin Cadrain, Jessie McGrath, Tyrel Maxwell, Carly McGrath, Tanya Maxwell, Cammie Cadrain, Calan Bradshaw, Lane Maxwell, Kayla Bradshaw, Alexa Wiker, Ryder McGrath and Branden Maxwell. Our two great-grandchildren are Tanis and Jake Moffit. Our children and grandchildren are all living at Rocky or Eckville.

Lin and Molly's children are Linley (Cindy), Ken (Trish), Inis (Greg) Pratt, Andy (Cindy) and Don (Carrie). Lin and Molly have nineteen grandchildren and many great-grandchildren, most of them living at Dawson Creek and Cranbrook, B.C.

Douglas Horn passed away in 1938; Rosetta passed away in 1953, and my mother passed away in 1978. My grandparents (Schafer) are buried at Tudor. Douglas, Rosetta and my parents are buried at Pine Grove Cemetery at Rocky Mountain House.

SCHRODERUS, Lorraine
as told to Annette Gray

Lorraine Schroderus.

I was born in Calgary and came to the Ferrier district with my parents, Ray and Rebecca Card, as an infant in 1934. We had our own car, so most of the time we had no trouble getting supplies from Rocky Mountain House, even though we were located on the opposite side of the North Saskatchewan River. In summer we crossed the river by ferry, in winter we crossed on the ice, but in spring and fall the river ice wouldn't support a vehicle, so we left the car on the west side of the river and walked across the railway bridge and up the hill to town. Can you imagine the heavy loads we had to carry on the return trip? Everything from flour for baking to kerosene for our lamps—everything we purchased in town had to be packed in our arms, down the river hill and across the bridge.

One day we were carrying bags of groceries. As we climbed the railway grade to the bridge a can of jam tumbled out of one of the bags and rolled down the steep grade. The lid came off and all the jam spilled out. This was quite a blow because store-bought jam was such a treat and we couldn't go back to the store and buy more. Needless to say, we were always happy to see the river running free. It was so much easier to use the ferry than have to walk on the railway bridge.

My father was born in Ontario and came west in 1905 with five brothers, three sisters and his parents James and Happy Card. Such a large family soon spread across Central Alberta, most settling in the Leslieville, Condor and Ferrier districts. The Card brothers were involved in many lines of work, but by far their largest venture was in the operation of lumber mills. In fact that was the reason my father moved to the Rocky Mountain House area, so he could work at the family sawmill at Ferrier which he did quite happily for thirteen years.

However sad times lay ahead. On February 16, 1947, my father stopped at the little service station on the west side of the river. As he busied himself, putting air in his tires, he was stricken with a heart attack. He was only 47 years old, so it was a terrible shock for the family to lose him so suddenly. I was thirteen, Louise was nine and Karen was going to celebrate her second birthday on the 28th of that month. It was especially hard for mother who soon found she couldn't manage to care for us out in the country. So, in 1948, we moved to town where she rented a small house from Margaret Kirby. It was located near the present day Pentecostal Church, but of course there was no church at the bottom of main street in those days.

To support us, mother took up housecleaning, working for Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Elliot and others. She also cleaned offices for Dr. Greenaway and Dr. Laing, as well as cleaning the offices of Atlas Lumber. Times were hard, but we managed. I helped out as best I could, earning money at odd jobs, baby-sitting and delivering papers. Then, in 1950, I began working at the Rocky Post Office with a starting wage of sixteen cents an hour. Not much, but wages improved and I remained at the post office for thirty-eight years, retiring on December 28, 1988. Mother passed away in October 1977.

In the interim, I married my first husband, Dave Arychuk, and had three sons, Lane, Dean and Reece Arychuk. Lane married Barb Henry in 1977, and has worked for Weyerhauser for the past sixteen years. Lane and Barb have three children, Chantel, Jenna and Jason. Dean married Deanna (Downey), has two step-children, Roberta and Jennifer, and works for Weatherford in Rocky Mountain House. Reece has two children, Monica and Aidan and works for a construction firm out of Edmonton. Besides seven grandchildren, I also have one great-granddaughter, McKenna Dawn (Chantel's daughter), born in July 2002. A beautiful baby, McKenna weighed 9lbs. 6oz at birth.

In 1982, I married Eino Schroderus, and we live on an acreage east of Rocky. Eino was born and raised on the family farm in the Bingley district. His parents, Alex and Joanna Schroderus, had eight children: Oliver; John; George who died as an infant; Eino and Ensio (twins); Wilbert and a second set of twins, Terry and Teresa.

Eino and I have enjoyed camping, gardening and taking motorbike trips together. At the present time, my arthritis is curtailing those activities, but we still enjoy sightseeing and visiting family and friend. In the spring of 2001, old friends and neighbors met at our house to plan the Garth-Ferrier segment of this book.

SCHUG, Sarah (nee Rabbit/Abraham)
submitted by Carrie Mason

Silas, Norman, Jenny (Rabbit) and Rock Abraham.

There is a treasure of old stories surrounding the early days in the Kootenay Plains area and the ancestors of long-time Rocky resident, Sarah Schug. The stories involve many extended family members, one of them being the renowned Abraham family for which the beautiful Lake Abraham is named. A portion of this research was contributed by Sarah and her brothers, Rock and Charlie Abraham. How-

Sarah (Abraham) Schug.

ever, grateful acknowledgment needs to be extended to the Stelfox family who so graciously offered the original manuscripts of Mr. Henry Stelfox, the first Indian Agent to the Rocky Mountain House area. Sarah was born December 25, 1936, on the Paul Band Reserve, formerly known as Duf-field; her parents were Jenny Rabbit and Norman Abraham. In 1956 she married Gunther Schug who had arrived in Canada from Germany in the early fifties. Gunther is a soft-spoken, easygoing man with a variety of skills. Together he and Sarah have five children: Gary, Clayton, Sharon (Gwinner), Ricky, Cory (Daychief) and several grandchildren. Gary has spent many years working in the oilpatch. Clayton is employed in maintenance at the Montana School in Hobbema. Sharon works as Counselor/Coordinator for Native Counseling Services in Rocky, and Ricky is employed as a mechanic, also in Rocky. Cory is a kindergarten teacher at the Sunchild Reserve where she lives with her husband, Richard Daychief, who has served on the Sunchild Band Council for many years.

Sarah was educated at the Methodist Indian Residential School in Edmonton, and after raising a fine family she received her training as a counselor and began a career in the Justice System where she served for many years. Upon her retirement, she has been much in demand as a consultant and Elder. In all likelihood it has been her patient, wise, spiritual and humble demeanor that has kept her serving as Co-Chair for Region Six Child and Family Services since 1995.

Sarah tells a childhood story of the family's move from Duffied to Harlech in 1942. Sarah's mother, Jenny, was already settled in the Nordegg area with her father, Norman Abraham. Jenny had written a letter to her brother, Bill Rabbit, and their father, Joe Rabbit Sr., to come to Harlech where they were looking for section men to maintain the railroad tracks in the Nordegg area.

Rock Abraham (on horse) with grandfather, Silas Abraham, and mother, Jenny Rabbit.

They set off in a covered wagon in the month of July: Sarah, her grandfather, Joe Rabbit Sr., her "Kookum" (grandmother in the Cree language), and the Bill Rabbit family. In those days there was no hurry, and the journey was pleasant as they traveled by day, stopping to fix meals by the roadside when they got hungry. In the evening they would set up camp for the night. The men would set up two tents, while Kookum and Eliza (Bill's wife) prepared the evening meal. Sarah remembers crossing the river by ferry, once at Genesee and again at Rocky Mountain House. The dirt road to Nordegg eventually deteriorated to a mountain trail as they maneuvered further west and into the little train stop called Harlech, a water stop several miles from the coal-mining town of Brazeau, later called Nordegg.

Sarah speaks fluent Cree, Stoney and English which makes her very versatile in communication. Her uncle, Bill, and grandfather, Joe, both spoke fluent Cree and English; however, Sarah's father, Norman Abraham, spoke the Algonquin Sioux of the Morley tribe, better known as Stoney.

Norman Abraham was born in the Kootenay Plains area in a spot called "White Rabbit," August 5, 1905. His father was Silas Abraham, and their names can be found in several historical writings, particularly in the original manuscripts of Henry Stelfox. Mr. Stelfox also wrote of George MacLean, also known as Chief Walking Buffalo.

Apparently Silas and Norman Abraham, along with George MacLean, were frequent visitors of Mr. Henry Stelfox during which time he was able to glean from them an abundance of interesting and historical information. Another good friend of Mr. Stelfox was Morley Beaver, a.k.a. Chief Walking Eagle, the famous weather forecaster who was also a resident of Kootenay Plains.

Sarah's siblings are Herbert, Nora, Archie, Norman, Rock and Charlie. The only ones living today are Sarah, Rock and Charlie. All three are very busy people and much in demand for their cultural, spiritual and historical contributions to Canadian society.

SCOTT, Rueben and Darline (Park)

Rueben was the third child born to Vern and Lillian Scott of the Frisco Area. Lillian now lives in Caroline, Vern passed away in 1998. Reuben got his education in Rocky schools. At a young age, he began working for his father in lumber mills, driving truck, cats and a grader. Later he drove fuel truck for who is now his father-in-law, Robert Park.

Darline is the third child born to Rob and Dorothy Park. She was born in Rocky, got her education at Lochearn Elementary and Rocky High School. Darline worked at "One Hour Martinizing." In 1976, they moved to Enderby, B.C. Darline worked at Armstrong Auction and Reuben drove grader for Riverside Forestry. They now live in Lumby, where they've been for 22 years.

Darline and Reuben celebrated their 30th anniversary with their one daughter, Jodi Seery, and their three sons, Robert, Vernon, and Jeffrey. They have four grandchildren. Rueben has three semi trucks on the road; one driven by their second son, hauling logs, the other two hauling plywood and lumber to many places in the US.

Darline owns "Monashee Realty" in Lumby. They enjoy camping in their converted holiday Greyhound bus and have visited most of the western states.

Jodi is the daughter of Darline and Reuben Scott. Jodi graduated in Lumby. She became a cosmetologist and opened her own business, which she operated for three years. She then took two years at the college in Education.

In 1996, Jodi and Gregory were married in Hawaii. Greg Seery was born in 1968 to Darlene and Joe Seery in Golden, B.C. Darlene (nee Chouinard) originated from Cherryville, B.C. Joe originated from Kilkenny, Ireland. They now reside in Lumby, B.C. Darlene's paternal grandparents, Christine and Pete Chouinard, were brief residents of Rocky Mountain House from 1947 - 1948.

Today Jodi and Greg live in Lavington, near Vernon, B.C. They are partners in their Metal Recycling Company and partners in raising their two precious children, Opal Maddison, born in 1998, and Cohen Riley, born July 1, 2000.

Robert Reuben, first son of Darline and Reuben, was the New Year's baby born in Rocky in 1972. Bob started school in Enderby and graduated in Lumby. He is a shift foreman for Riverside Mill, where he has worked for thirteen years. Bob is married to Cathy Rowul of Cornerbrook, NF. Cathy is an R.C.M.P. officer. They have two little daughters, Samantha, born in 1999, and Hannah, born in 2001.

Vernon is the second son born to Darline and Reuben in Rocky, in 1976. Vernon took his schooling and graduated in Lumby, B.C., then attended College in Kelowna, where he received a Chef Certificate. After working for a year, he decided to travel, so he went to Australia, where he met Sheryl Cieslak of Melbourne. When Sheryl completed her fourth year of psychology, she came to Canada, and they were married in May 2000. Vernon now drives a log truck for his dad, Reuben. Sheryl and Vernon reside in Vernon, B.C.

Jeffrey is the third son of Darline and Reuben. He was born in Vernon, B.C. in 1983. He will graduate in 2002 in Lumby, where he has taken all his schooling. Jeffrey works part time at Riverside Mill. He drives a BMW, and loves golfing.

SCOTT, William (Billy) and family
submitted by Ruby Scott

William (Billy) Scott left his home in Moffat, Scotland and went to the U.S.A. to help herd sheep for his uncle, Walter Laidlaw, who had a sheep ranch in Emmet, Idaho. He then came to Canada and settled on a farm south of Eckville beside the farms of Jack Killick and Jack Coghlin. His mother, two sisters, two half brothers and his stepfather, Walt Richardson, came from Scotland and joined him there.

Scott Farm, Bill and Edith Scott. House built in 1935.

Billy helped haul freight from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House for the railway. Later the family moved to Red Deer where he drove a team and wagon at the fire hall. His stepfather was a tailor and worked in a tailor shop. The girls found work and the boys attended school. Billy was a good athlete and played football with the fire hall team. In 1914 he joined the 31st Battalion and went overseas to France, where he was wounded and returned to Canada. On his return to Canada he worked as a ranger with the Forest Service stationed at Nordegg. His folks moved there also. Mr. Richardson was the tailor in the Big Horn store for some years. Billy was later transferred to the Clearwater Ranger Station west of Ricinus.

In 1925 he married Edith Robb Stuart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stuart of Rocky Mountain House. Billy continued to work with the forestry until the Province took over the Natural Resources in 1930-31. He was then transferred from the Federal Government to the Provincial and moved to Rocky Mountain House as a timber inspector. Later he moved back to Nordegg to look after the unemployed men from Edmonton, when they were working on the road west of Nordegg.

While the Scotts lived at the Clearwater Ranger Station, a daughter, Mary Janet, was born on January 27, 1926, at Wunsch's Nursing Home in Rocky Mountain House with Dr. Hill attending. Edith and the baby travelled through the mountains on horseback with Billy during the summer months. When they moved to the farm, located at S.W. 26-38-7-W5, in 1931, Mary attended the Clearwater River School.

Scott family. William, Mary, Stuart, and Edith Scott, 1941.

On May 23, 1933, a son, Stuart William, was born at Nurse Stewart's Nursing Home in Rocky Mountain House. Stuart attended the Clearwater School and Rocky Mountain House School. Billy was badly crippled with arthritis for some years before be retired and continued to live on the farm until his passing in 1946. Edith and Stuart managed the farm and when Stuart finished school he took over the farm.

Mary Scott married Ken Tribe from Olds and lived in Edmonton. They had a son, Scott, and a daughter, Nora Lee. Scott married Susan and they live in Edmonton and have two daughters. Nora Lee and her husband, Darryl Nordmarken, live in Devon, Alberta. Mary Tribe passed away in January of 1993 and her husband, Ken died in February of 1993.

Stuart married Ruby May (daughter of Fred and Hilda May) of the Dovercourt area and they have 4 children. William was born in 1956, Rodney in 1959, Joanne in 1961 and Jamie in 1965.

Edith continued to live on the farm in the same yard as Stuart and his family, in her own house that was built in 1935. (This house was sold in 1998 and moved to the Centerview district to be restored and lived in.) Edith enjoyed a lovely yard and flower garden, which she spent hours working in. She also enjoyed her grandchildren and friends. She moved into Westview Lodge in December of 1982 and lived there until her passing in May of 1983. She is buried in Pine Grove Cemetery where her husband, parents and a grandparent are also buried.

William (Bill) married Marie Moreau of Spruce View in 1980. They have 3 sons, Brian, Travis and Adam. They live on the original farm.

Rodney married Tracy Kovacs of Caroline in 1987 and they have 2 daughters, Shellie and Jodie. They reside across the road from the farm.

Joanne married Bill Lipsey from Maryfield, Saskatchewan and they have 2 daughters, Rebecca and Amie. They reside in Rocky Mountain House.

Jamie married Nicky Davis from Namibia, South Africa in 2001. Jamie has a stepson, Thomas. Jamie and Nicky have a son, Ethan, and reside in Cochrane, Alberta.

Stuart and Ruby are still actively farming on the original Scott Farms along the Clearwater River.

SEAGER, Marilyn June (Edwards)

Margaret Edwards and June (Edwards) Seager.

Marilyn lived in Rocky Mountain House for five years and attended Rocky Mountain House High School. She joined the R.C.A.F. (WD) in 1943 and was in the Number 3 Precision Squadron for a year and a half. After the war she settled in Edmonton and married William (Bud) Seager, an Electrical Engineer, who graduated from the University of Alberta. Marilyn and William reside in Calgary, Alberta, and have three sons, William, Robert and Donald.

Dr. William Seager is a professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto. He married Christine McKinnon and has three children.

Robert Seager, B.Sc. Biology is the president of AXYS Environmental Consultant. He married Julie Youngs and has four children.

Donald Seager, B.Sc. Physics. P., is a geophysicist. He is president of Seabreeze Resources Ltd. He married Katherine Ranger and has three children.

SEMPLE, Dr. Joe, Betty and family
submitted by Betty Semple

Dr. Joseph M. Semple retired from the practice of dentistry December 30, 1989. He had served his patients and the community of Rocky Mountain House for thirty-five years—ever since his graduation from the University of Alberta in 1953.

He purchased the practice from Dr. Murray Boyce in May of that year. He was the only dentist in Rocky until Dr. Barry Bourne returned home in 1973 to set up his own practice. In 1976 they were joined by another local boy, Dr. Terry Layden, who also opened a dental clinic here.

In the early years the practice was very busy and we were called upon to practice all types of dentistry. Splinting broken jaws etc. and all emergencies were dealt with to the best of our ability. There were no specialists near and there wasn't the travelling that has become our habit now.

Joe was born Dec. 24, 1922, in Airdrie Lanarkshire, Scotland. In 1927, he came to Hillcrest, Alberta, with his mother and five older sisters to join his father who was a butcher for Burns. Joe received his early education in Lethbridge and Calgary. In 1943, he joined the army and was put in the Dental Unit as a dental assistant. His interest in dentistry rose from this posting. Following his discharge, he attended the U. of A. and received his D. D.S. in 1953. Since graduating, Joe had been a member of the Central Alberta Dental Society, serving in the early years as President, Secretary and was on the Mediation Committee for several years.

Joseph Semple married Elizabeth (Betty) Cumming in 1956. Betty had come to Rocky to nurse at the local hospital. They have four children, Kathleen, David, Glen and Janet, all born at the local hospital. All of the children received their education in Rocky Mountain House and enjoyed their childhood here.

Betty Semple: I began my life in Regina, Saskatchewan, the eldest of three girls. My parents, Lillian and Beattie Cumming, were homesteading in Endeavour, Saskatchewan. My

mother died when I was three. Our father remarried Elva Jackson and they had one son, John Rosswell. We grew up in various small communities in Saskatchewan before coming to Alberta (Calgary and Rimbey). I enrolled in the Edmonton General Hospital School of Nursing, graduating as a registered nurse in 1954.

Nursing brought me to my first and only nursing position, here in Rocky Mountain House, in October of 1954. I found the staff very welcoming. Dr. S. S. Hein and Dr. Norman Mellor were the attending physicians and were very patient and knowledgeable as I learned to enjoy the routine and new challenges. People were still talking about the recent renovations to the local hospital. We had the good fortune to live above the main hospital wards. We took our meals with the entire staff in the lower floor dining room, and I soon felt like one of the family.

The nursing staff living upstairs, at that time, included Velma Daye, Dorothy Watson, Teresa MacNellis and Ingrid Hoppe. Mrs. Emily Woods, the matron, and Florence Adams also had rooms upstairs. We all enjoyed our off-hours together and worked our shifts amicably.

I met Joseph Semple, who had arrived a year earlier, at Memorial Presbyterian Church. He sang in the choir and taught Sunday School. I had recently become an assistant C.G.I.T. leader. Our first date was a trip in his new car (the first he ever had) to Nordegg, and the end of the road was Windy Point. Mrs. Wood supplied us with a picnic lunch that was delicious, but enough to feed a whole family. She apparently believed in the saying, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

We were married in Edmonton on August 16, 1956 and lived our entire married life here in Rocky Mountain House. Our four children were born and attended school locally. It was a great place to bring up a family. The children are spread around now, but enjoy returning home to see their family and friends.

Although I loved nursing, I gave it up on our marriage (as was the custom then). After the children were in school, I spent my spare time helping Joe at the dentist office, doing the accounting and assisting when needed. Joe retired in 1989. We enjoyed several years of travel since, but due to Joe's health problems we lead a quiet life, always thankful for the support of neighbors and friends. We are also thankful for all the fine people who worked hard to make our community such a happy place to spend our retirement.

We have been active in the Presbyterian Church all our married life. Joe served on the board for over 25 years (while the manse and church were built) and was in the Senior Choir for over 39 years. We both taught Sunday School. I was also Treasurer for ten years and an elder for five. We have been on many committees and enjoyed our involvement.

Joe was on the Boy Scout Committee while our boys were in Cubs and Scouts and like other fathers he also acted as a chauffeur. He was also president of the founding Committee of the local Kindergarten. The girls also recall their dad opening the arena and playing music for figure skating.

Our children are all married and we delight in our nine grandchildren.

Kathleen received a B.Sc. in Biology and Chemistry. She is employed at the University of Alberta in the Research Department. She is married to Ross Chow and they have two children, Duncan and Emily, and live in Sherwood Park.

David has his Bachelor of Education and taught in Yellowknife, Rocky Mountain House and Calgary. He married Rhonda Franklen and they have two children, Rebecca and Gavin. They returned from London, England, where Rhonda received her Ph.D. in History, and have recently moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Glen has his Bachelor of Fine Arts and is an artist—a "realist." He is married to Lisa Franklen and they have two children, Joseph and Kathleen. They live and work in Calgary.

Janet has her Outdoor Education Degree. She is married to Paul Shultis and makes her home in Rockwood, Ontario. They have three children, Beth, David and James. Janet is employed at the Victor Davis Pool in Guelph.

SHANKS, David, John and families
by Isabel (Shanks) Chatfield

My dad, David Shanks, was born in Kilsyth, Scotland, on May 18, 1889, the youngest child of David and Isabella Shanks. He had five sisters and one brother, John, the oldest who was born on May 31, 1873. Dad's father was a mining engineer who worked in the Haugh, Dumbreck and Twechar pits; both Uncle John

David Shanks, 1943.

Mary Shanks, 1943.

and Dad went through engineering school and worked in those pits.

Uncle John Shanks married Kate Smart. Their daughter, Margaret, was born on November 7, 1902, and son, David, in 1906. The family came to Canada to settle in the Fernie, BC area, in 1908. Uncle John became General Manager of the Coal Creek mine in 1910. The family moved to Nordegg where he became Mine Manager of the Brazeau Collieries in 1914 and General Manager in 1917. He retired after forty-five years in the mining industry, moving to Calgary, where he died on February 28, 1946. I don't remember any dates for Aunt Kate; she was in her 90s when she died in Calgary.

Cousin Margaret became a schoolteacher. She married Andrew Armour, a garage mechanic, and settled in Calgary. Andrew died in 1969. Margaret, at age 99, is still in good health and comfortably settled in Calgary's Mountain View Manor. She remembers much of her childhood in Nordegg.

Cousin David Shanks, owned and operated a sawmill and garage in Nordegg. He married Tilly Jahelka. He, and a group of Nordegg people, were among the first to open a road between Nordegg and the Banff/Jasper Highway, now called the David Thompson Highway. David and Tilly moved to Calgary, where she died on June 26, 1971, and he on December 12, 1971.

Dad joined Uncle John and family at Coal Creek in 1912, where he obtained his Overman and Pit Boss certificates. He was in Nordegg by 1916, before returning to Britain to join the Royal Army Corps. He served in Germany. One of his duties was to deliver messages to the front lines. He returned to Canada after the war, followed by my mother. They married in Montreal and settled in Calgary, Alberta, where Dad obtained his Mine Surveyor's certificate.

Bobby was born in Calgary on October 23, 1921. Dad, Mom, and Bobby moved to Nordegg in 1922, where David was born on March 27, 1923, and I, Isabel, on September 7, 1929. They lived on Elizabeth Street before moving to the Mine Hill. I was born at home, on the Mine Hill. I lived on the Mine Hill for twenty-three years. Dad was Pit Boss in Number #2 Mine, then put in charge of #3 after the October 31, 1941, explosion in that mine.

He taught night school classes for the miners wanting their Pit or Fire Boss papers. He managed the strip mine operation at Kananaskis in 1950/1951. He is said to have been a capable, conscientious worker in all the mine duties he undertook. He retired, as Mine Manager, in 1952, after 30 years in the mining industry. Dad and Mom moved to Victoria, BC, in 1952, then to the White Rock area. Dad died on October 9, 1959.

Mom (Mary) was born to Robert and Jemima Smith in Airdrie, Scotland, on January 18, 1894. She had two older brothers, Robert and Steven. Her Dad was an ironmonger in the textile industry; Mom worked for her father, in that industry.

Mom was a good wife, mother, and homemaker. She and Dad were very close, discussing their day's activities and sharing the raising of their children. Dad was a whiz in math, helping us with our homework in that subject, but it was to Mom we (including Dad) turned to for spelling.

John Shanks and daughter, Margaret.

Bobby and David Shanks.

There were many Rummoli games, played with Nordegg couples, in their home. Mom was a member of the United Church. She devoted her time, with the other Nordegg ladies, to Red Cross activities, sending parcels to the Nordegg boys overseas. Mom died in White Rock, on March 12, 1969.

Brother Bobby drove the mine's logging truck before he started engineering classes at the University of Alberta. He joined the army in 1941. Bobby sent many letters from overseas demanding news of Nordegg. He was killed at Xanten, Germany, on March 3, 1945, at age twenty-three.

Brother David worked in the Nordegg mine before joining the air force in 1941. He served in Germany. After the war he worked in the Nordegg, Princeton, and Kimberly, B.C. mines. He then re-enlisted in the airforce. He served two stretches in Germany, then was stationed at Rabat (Morocco), Goose Bay, (Labrador), Quebec, Edmonton and Toronto bases. He retired from the forces in 1972, married in Toronto, and moved to White Rock, BC. He worked for Loomis, and BC Hydro. He had no children. He died on January 29, 1995.

I have two sons, Robert and Craig Chatfield. Both were born in White Rock, B.C., Robert on September 11, 1957, and Craig on August 15, 1961. Robert works for Outward Bound in Maine, USA. Craig works for Quebec City's Canadian Automobile Association. They enjoy outdoor activities: mountain climbing, bike riding, hiking and skiing.

Bobby, David and I had a wonderful time while growing up in Nordegg; it was a great place. We spent the summers camping at Fish Lake. One time Bobby rode his bike from Fish Lake to the hospital to have a fishhook removed from his nose. Another time, Bobby and David held my arms while we flew over the trail leading from Fish Lake to the Mine Hill, as the sound of coyotes howling spurred us on our way. I shared the bedroom with Bobby and David, and they would threaten me with dire punishment if I told Mom and Dad when they went out the window to go wherever they went, after we were to have been asleep. I took over their chores while they were away: chopping wood, emptying ashes, and bringing up coal from the basement.

One time, when living on the Mine Hill, Dad went out and, when he didn't return for the longest time, a search party found him, passed out, on the trail leading from the site of a "still" from which he had been given some pretty strong alcohol.

Some of my memories of those "good old yesteryears" consist of:

* when the children who lived on the Mine Hill roamed the area. They were: Joan, Jack and Tommy Pascoe; Vera Farnsworth; Skippy and Irene Smith; Jean, Evelyn, Ted, Dave, Donald, Edith and Mary Campbell; Helen Constable and her brothers; Dorothy Hudson; Ellen Bjorenson and her brothers; Norma and Audrey Smith; David Edwards; Shirley, Barbara and Kathleen Parker. Shirley, David and I got into such mischief that I dare not tell of it in case there is no Statute of Limitation.

* when we hoped "the call of nature" didn't call too loudly during the annual Christmas concert, because we'd have to go out the back door

Kate Shanks and son, Johnny.

of the Show Hall, down ice-crusted steps leading to the path to the outhouse, where more snow and ice was deeply piled.

* when we were treated to a movie, candy and presents, every Christmas, courtesy of the Miners' Union. We'll always remember Shirley Temple!

* when the mine whistle blew, shotguns blasted and fireworks were set off on New Year.

* when we bob sledded our way down the mine hill to school. One time the bob sled went off the road and into the creek by the little bridge at the bottom of the Hospital Hill. I cut my leg at the knee; was carried up to the hospital by Bobby and Jack Pascoe (?), had the wedge shaped chunk of flesh sewed together and enjoyed a time away from school. Another time, with Bobby and Maud Faucier (parents operated the bake shop) we arrived at the bottom of the hill to discover that the bobsled runner had taken off the tip of Maud's finger.

* when we thawed out our frozen feet and hands in front of stoves which were kept blazing in the skating rink changing room sheds. Archie Pasechnik was the skating rink's caretaker who wanted to close up early on bitterly cold nights, but that didn't happen, because who should appear but Vera Farnsworth and Isabel Shanks.

* when the ice on the lake echoed with the sound of our skating as we "cracked the whip."

* when we came home, rosy-cheeked and filthy, after cardboarding down the coal slack piles, in the winter.

* when we lived on Mine Hill, my Mom had to keep an eye on the briquette plant smoke; if it changed direction, she had to quickly take the washing off the line.

* when the classroom stank because someone had rubbed garlic on the radiators.

* when we built snow forts to have snowball fights, made snow angels, played Fox and Geese ---* when it was time to be the first one to climb Mount Coliseum, in the spring.

* when it was time to drag the huge, musty smelling, canvas tent out of the basement to air, before going to camp at Fish Lake.

* when we slept over night in Elmer Hogstead's lifeguard shack because we had been listening to ghost stories and were too afraid to walk back to our tents.

Isabel Shanks.

* when Vera Farnsworth and I roamed the mine hill, to the barn (to visit the dear horses), then in and out of every building on the mine site. We hitched rides on the last coal car until the motorman chased us off. We played in the sawdust under the huge saw that cut the logs into support beams. We walked across the logs in the water of the holding area. We visited as near as we could get to #2 and #3 hoist sheds. We survived!

* when we Mine Hill girls spent sunny afternoons eating goodies at the rock quarry—playing hooky from school. Funny thing; our parents didn't seem to find out (or they let us get away with it).

* when we made a great show of removing our watches, rings and bracelets, before being soundly strapped, at school.

* when the big students, (like Alex Omelusik), came back into the classroom with big smiles on their faces after being strapped and the teacher would follow, all red in the face from her effort. When I was whacked on the head with a yardstick because I'd misbehaved. When we were punished at home because we'd been strapped at school.

* when we walked to Grouch Camp, singing, "This old man —", when on a school picnic. Going on the winter hay ride to Grouch Camp where we danced, ate and drank hot cocoa. Going on a hike near the dam where the teacher had me take a puff of her cigarette so the smoke would ease the pain of a toothache, thus beginning my addiction.

* when we put shovels, rope, an axe, a winch and other items into the car's trunk before driving to Rocky Mountain House, after a rainy week, because we were sure to be getting bogged down in the quagmire. One time our car could not be dug out, so we walked to Alexo and took the train home. We'd drive across the river's ice to get into Rocky. When the ferry was still not able to operate we'd drive over the ice that had many watery open places around which to

navigate. Sometimes we drove over the railway bridge; Dad drove, Mom and I walked.

* when walking along the trail to Fish Lake, from the Mine Hill, we'd shoot grouse and cook them over a campfire. There was a big old tree, just before the trail met the road to the lake, whose trunk always had to be kissed while we made a wish. I remember the many pretty wild flowers by the lake (and around our town): Elephant Ears, Star Flowers, Wild Roses, Indian Paint Brushes, Blue Bells, Lady Slippers, Brown Eyed Susans, Tiger Lilies ...

* when the miners and their horses passed our house, on the way to the barn; in the winter's darkness the lamps on the men's hats formed a line of bobbing lights. I remember how Angelo Blasetti always whistled as he went along.

* when the flashlight beam fell upon our faces and we were told to "Dummy up!" because we were making too much noise, during the Show Hall movie.

* when money was thrown to those who gathered outside the show hall, during a wedding reception. We called that event a "shivaree," a word that is not in my dictionary, and I don't know how to spell it.

* when we hiked, or rode horses, to Brewster's.

There are the sad memories too, of when the briquette plant buildings, the school, the Bighorn and Bake Shop stores burned down; when workers lost their lives in mine accidents; when so many young Nordegg fellows did not return from the war; when the whistle blew on the morning of October 31st, 1941, and we students looked out of the classroom window to see the women on Lily Street crossing over to each other's houses.

I left Nordegg with regret and such sadness, in 1952, to go with Mom and Dad when they moved to Victoria. I was so homesick that I returned to Nordegg every chance I got, before it closed down. My thanks go to Rose Gourlay who was my link to Nordegg. For a period of fifty years she wrote long letters with Nordegg news. I went with her to the reunions, in Calgary and Red Deer, and to many August camp-out gatherings.

Those who were born and/or raised in Nordegg grew up in such a special place they would never let the town die. Thanks to their dedicated efforts and their memories of those "Good Old Yesteryears," Nordegg is still alive. May our descendants pass along the history and memories of the Nordegg we knew.

SHIPLEY, Harmon, Mable and Charles (Chuck) 1926-1947

Following are the recollections of Chuck Shipley who was born in Camrose in 1939 and lived in Nordegg until 1947, as well as the stories his Mum and Dad told him about Nordegg.

My Dad, Harmon was the town pharmacist during the twenty odd years he and his family were in Nordegg. His first living quarters were located above the drug store. He was unhappy with this arrangement, as the bedroom and living area were at the front, between the coal stove and the only exit. Apparently his only safety in this regard was the rope he put out through the open window at night in case of fire. A little tenuous. Not long after his arrival, he got a company house between Campbell's and Craig's on the farthest street east, just down from the railway station. We lived there the rest of the time he was in Nordegg.

Little kids remember the strangest things. Here are some of them:

The smoke going straight up from the chimneys across the street, most visible in cold weather.

Walking to the drug store, between houses, across the street through a place where there were big trees, and lots of times horses tied up, and Indians with cooking fires and wagons.

Seeing my dad and mum talk to people in the store.

Watching them poke long, round pieces of metal into a long, tall box full of holes. It was the town switchboard. You could not make a telephone call to anywhere, or get one, without going through it.

Seeing green stuff put on the wood floor every morning then swept up. I later found out it was Dust Bain to keep the dust down.

Apparently, I got big enough to reach into the cash register. I have distinct recollections of putting a brown nickel in my mouth after I was told not to, and promptly throwing up.

The neighbors to the north, or down the street were the Campbells. I remember Mary, David and Ted. There was a wire fence to separate the

yards. I recall a game where someone (I don't know who), stuck their finger through the fence and I tried to bite it. They had a rope tied to a tree growing on a slope. You could start on the uphill side, hold on to the rope, run downhill and become airborne until gravity took over and you swung back towards the tree.

Ted split wood for my dad. This was the first time I remember seeing my dad get mad at anyone but me. My dad had hired Ted to split wood. Apparently there was something wrong with the way the wood was split, either too big or too small, I guess.

There were coal briquettes, mined at Nordegg, which were just the right size for throwing. I remember getting in trouble for throwing them through or over the fence when I was six.

When I was a little older, Mary and I went up the hill through the bush to watch the trains. There were lots of cars hauling coal for the war effort. We decided that putting Prem can keys on the tracks would be a good idea. We put them on the track, hid in the bush and awaited the results. They got flattened as expected and then we graduated to pennies. I don't remember getting in trouble for this, must not have been caught. Looks like a life of crime ahead—sneaky at five or six.

My mother and I went on the train to her sister's in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I can remember the stove in the corner of the passenger car, and the man who came to collect the tickets wearing black, and looking huge. I think when you're five or six everyone is huge. Sometimes my mother went to her sister's and left me behind. Dad and I went to the Craig's for dinner.

One visit to Saskatchewan started with a drive out to Rocky Mountain House by car, on the dirt road. When my dad travelled the road it always seemed to rain. The excitement for me was stopping while he cut small trees and laid them across the road where it was wet and soft. Then he would back the car up and take a run at the trees, hoping the momentum, plus speed, would get him across. It seemed to work. We stopped at a cabin at the halfway mark, at Jackfish Coulee, where we ate and I was put to bed. There was a coal oil lamp there and it was lit. Something apparently went wrong because it caught fire. The best I could tell the flames were enormous. Dad grabbed the light by the base and threw it through the window. I don't remember any fire outside. Next morning there were more flames when a pan full of bacon caught fire.

On another trip, on the same road, there was a man and lady with us. I think it was Mr. and Mrs. Beverage. We came to a place where a creek had washed across the road. The water was too deep and the car stalled. I think Dad said it was a 1939 Chev. My mother and Mrs. Beverage were left with the car while Dad and Mr. Beverage went for help. While we waited the water continued to rise, coming in the windows. When the men returned, the water had gone down; the road was wet and muddy, and they pulled us out with a big truck.

I got a dog for my fifth or sixth birthday. My granddad from Calgary was there and made a pen to keep it in, but he was soon able to climb out. One day a man came to the door and said that if the dog didn't stop chasing his chickens he'd shoot him. Dad put a rope on the dog and picked up a big board. Down the hill we went towards the chicken house. When the dog jumped at the chickens, Dad hit him hard enough with the board to knock him down. This went on until the dog got the idea that it was not a good idea to bother chickens. As far as we know he never went after chickens again.

There were two fires of significance that I remember. The school for grade one pupils burnt down. I still regret not having been old enough to appreciate such good fortune. The second was the fire at the Big Horn Trading Store. The fire must have occurred after freeze up because my dad had a small boat stored in the attic of the store and it burnt.

There were horses—the ones that came at night to eat the grass growing on the edge of the street. Their bells woke us up, so Dad removed the bells and gave them to someone when we left Nordegg. I remember seeing dad riding away on horseback with other men on what was called a pack trip, for two weeks of fishing. The saddle and packhorses made a long line going down the street. There were always a lot of fish to eat upon his return, which were packed in pack boxes, in moss and ice from the not yet melted winter freeze. Dad's favorite activity while in Nordegg was fly-fishing, at the dam on Shunda Creek, just out of town.

Another store was built, and another school. The school, built in '45 or '46, is now a museum. Nordegg was one of the first places my family and I went to visit, after we moved to Rocky in 1980. You can imagine my surprise when entering the museum; there, for every one to see, was a picture of a grade one class with "yours truly" in it. You know you're getting old, when your picture's in a museum.

Back to school attendance. Loaded logging trucks went past the school, up the hill near my house. In the winter when the road was icy, some of the students would grab the ends of the logs and slide up the hill. Of course the teachers told us not to do this, but I did it anyway. That was the first strap I got in school—not the last.

My aunt, Arlene Norris (dad's sister), taught at the new school. She taught at Saunders for a time, prior to coming to Nordegg. She was an interesting person. When my dad got phlebitis and was ordered to bed as a treatment, Auntie Arlene quit teaching and came to work in the drug store. She got something called chilblains, and to get relief from this agony, she used to stand in knee-deep snow in the backyard, with nothing on her feet or legs.

Aunt Arlene had a boyfriend who came around when she was baby-sitting me, and I must have been a pest because they gave me coins to stay away.

One of the things dad talked about, long after he left Nordegg, was the accountability of the townspeople he dealt with. When he left Nordegg every cent they owed him was paid, and that made him proud to have lived there.

The mine disaster of 1941 was a sad time for one and all—and a very busy time if you took care of the only phone link between relatives trying to contact one another. The phone was also used to order flowers and answer media calls. Thousands of dollars worth of flowers were ordered and all got to where they were supposed to go.

During the war Dad did weather observations for the Federal Government.

When we left Nordegg (because of Dad's phlebitis), he decided to ship the car out on the train. He didn't want to contend with rain on his last trip out of Nordegg. There was a going away party at the United Church at which Dad and Mum got luggage, and I got a wallet. We went to the train with our Labrador dog on a leash. Out of nowhere came another dog, and the fight was on. My last memory of Nordegg's good old days, was of Dad hitting the other dog with his suitcase to stop the fight.

SHIPPELT FAMILY
(in the beginning)

In 1908, four brothers, John, Joe, William and Anton came to Canada from Poland and moved into the Evergreen/New Hill area. Along with farming, they worked in the mines at Bankhead and Nordegg. Foot travel was the main means of transportation. Coming through Rocky, they would pick up their groceries such as sugar and flour. Minor grocery items were picked up at the Hespero and Evergreen Stores.

After the brothers immigrated to Canada they built their log homes on land which they homesteaded. Once set up, they brought their wives over from Poland.

Anton and his wife Maria had 3 girls, Katie (Cryril Cech), Mary (Harold Jarhaus), Rosie (Les Katona) and one son Rudolph (Doreen Kujala).

John and his wife Annie had 4 girls, Julia (Mike Caklos), Mary (Joseph Fillip), Annie (Gerald Riddell), Sylvia (Ray Montpetit) and 6 sons, Joseph (Helen Dobia), John, Mike (Josie Ebl), Tony, Frank and Charles.

William (Bill) and his wife, Angeline, had 5 girls, Mary (Tom Klamski), Angeline (Clifford Embery), Sophie (Tom Gilks), Emily (Ron Slaunwhite), Helen (Leonard Lang) and 2 sons, William (Jean Ingram) and Micheal (Eleanor Garnett).

Joe and his wife, Katrina (Kate), had 2 girls, Wanda (Edward Rickter), Phyllis (Joseph Steene), and 3 sons, Anton (Minnie Hadlicka), Joseph (Gladys Tuckwood) and Samuel (Fay Taskila).

SHIPPELT, Mike and family

Mike was the son of John. Mike married Josephine Ebl in November 1948. Mike went to school at New Hill to Grade 9 and Josie went to school at Hazel Dell to Grade 9. They built a home kitty-corner from the Stauffer Store. Prior to this, Mike farmed with his brothers in the New Hill area and during several winters, operated a lumber mill in the Burnstick Lake area. Mike and Josie farmed from 1948 to May 1976. For several years, he operated a livestock trucking business. Josie was home minding the farm. Often

you could find a "house full" of guests as the home was a gathering place for family and friends. Josie was a great cook and was always prepared for any occasion. During the last few years on the farm, Mike and Josie catered to many functions in Rocky. In 1976, they sold the farm and moved to Rocky Mountain House.

They had 2 sons, Bryan born in Eckville, August 1951, and Dale born in Eckville, January 1956.

Mike Shippelt.

Bryan started his school at Hazel Dell, continued at Condor and graduated from David Thompson High School in 1971. Somehow he picked up the nickname of Shifty at D.T. Bryan went to Red Deer College and received a diploma in Business Administration. He purchased a house in Red Deer and worked for 2 years with Inter-Continental Packers (Office Supervisor) and then Canada Post in Red Deer. In October 1978, Bryan took a transfer to the Rocky Post Office and worked there until August 1979 when he joined the family business.

Dale took his elementary schooling at Condor and graduated from David Thompson High School in 1974. Dale worked that summer and the following 2 summers cooking for Alberta Forestry at Prairie Creek, Lodgepole and Nordegg. He attended NAIT and completed a 2 year cooking program graduating in May 1976. He received 3 scholarships during his final year at NAIT: Travel Alberta, NAIT Foundation and Queen Elizabeth, all for excellence. On weekends, he would come back to Rocky to be with family and worked at Big Pat's, located within the Turbo. One of the NAIT classmates opened the Rum & Butter Restaurant in Edmonton where Dale worked until May 1977.

Upon moving to Rocky, Mike and Josie built a new home. Mike worked 8 years as a Guard for the local RCMP before retiring.

In May 1977, Dennis and Annette Gray operated the Turbo Service Station. The restaurant was undergoing renovations; Dennis and Annette contacted Dale about the opportunity to operate the restaurant. Dale and his mom took up the offer and opened Little Dale's Restaurant in May 1977. The 32 seat restaurant quickly grew into a busy location with a unique 3 egg offering on all breakfast orders. Portions were big. In December 1978, Little Dale's was sold to Lowell McLaren and Stewart Duffy and re-named Duffy's.

Dale became involved with a group of local business people in the development of the Walking Eagle Motor Inn. He looked after the food component of the Walking Eagle for two years.

Pacific 66 had just redeveloped its Rocky location. In September of 1980 it changed to Petro Canada. In June 1979 Petro Canada had contacted the family to see if they were interested in taking over the gasbar/convenience store/restaurant. Bryan was working for Canada Post, so he left his job and along with Josie, took over the Petro Canada operation in August 1979. Josie's home cooking was a hit and again the business flourished. This was the first continual 24 hour restaurant/gasbar operation in Rocky Mountain House. In May of 1981, Dale joined Bryan and Josie at the Petro Canada. In September 1985, the business was sold to Frank Jepps and Gerald Paddock.

After a few month's break, Bryan and Dale took over the Greyhound Agency from Rusty and Mable Papineau on January 1, 1986 which was located across from the Mountaineer building. Bryan and Dale started looking for a new highway location to develop a restaurant business again. In July of 1987 they purchased land from Shell Canada and the Shell business operated by Jim Bartis on the corner of Hwy #11 and 47th Avenue. Plans were in place to develop a building which was to house a Shell Gasbar/C-store, A&W Restaurant and the Greyhound Bus Depot. Construction started in October 1987, with business opening in April of 1988. NOVUS leased space in the building in 1990 and began business. In December 1998, the A&W was renovated and Country Style Donuts was added. This was the first A&W/Country Style Donuts combo restaurant in Canada and was done as a "test" concept for the Franchise companies.

Dale married Tammy Kolody in 1983. In 1983, Angie was born and in 1986, Eric was born. Dale was on Town Council from 1986

to1996, and has been a Justice of the Peace since 1985.

Bryan married Paula Whitton (Richardson) in 1988 and they have 4 sons; Jason (1983), Jesse (1984), Justyn (1989), Jaryd (1991).

Mike passed away at the age of 80 in May 1998. Josie is retired (although she still visits the business daily) and lives in the home which they built in 1976.

SHIRLEY, Isabelle
by Wayne Shirley

Isabelle Shirley.

I was born in Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, to John and Laura Vanmeer. I went to school in Bracken, Saskatchewan, until my parents passed away. I met my husband, Harold Shirley, at the home of my cousins in Frontier, Saskatchewan. We were married in January 1932, and lived in Frontier until my husband's death in 1976. During that time we had four children, Murrough, Graham, Marion and Wayne.

Murrough and Leota Shirley live in Sherwood Park, Alberta. Graham and Nancy Shirley live in Estevan, Sakatchewan. Marion and her husband, Ron Davis, live in Edmonton, Alberta. Wayne and Lorraine Shirley live in Rocky Mountain House. I have a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

When I was at Frontier, Saskatchewan, I worked at the hospital. When it closed, I worked at a general store for fourteen years, and worked at the telephone exchange for three years, as well as spending several years with the ambulance. I was a member of the United Church and Ladies Auxiliary.

My husband passed away in 1976, and in 1980 I moved to Rocky Mountain House where I still live on my son's acreage. I was involved in the Zone Four Senior Games for ten years, and also with the Legion Over 60 Club, the Rocky Pioneer Centre, the Rocky Square Dance Club, and the Next to New Store.

SHIRLEY, Wayne and Lorraine

Wayne Shirley was born in Frontier, Saskatchewan, December 1940, to Isabelle and Harold Shirley. He was the youngest of a family of four. He has two older brothers, Murrough and Graham, and an older sister, Marion. He took his public schooling in Frontier and attended university in Regina, Calgary, and Saskatoon where he received Bachelor of Education and Bachelor of Science degrees. He taught school for 33 years, two years in the Eastend Unit and three years in the Outlook Unit of Saskatchewan, and 28 years in the Wild Rose Division (Rocky Mountain House) of Alberta. Wayne retired in 1996. After retirement he did land reclamation for a couple of summers and drove a vacuum and a tank truck in the oil patch for a year and a half. He is a hobby fan and spends much time in his metal and woodworking shop, and as much time as he can fit in on the golf course.

Lorraine Shirley is the daughter of Katharina and Jakob Stallmann. She was born in Burnham, Saskatchewan in August 1940, and has three older sisters: Adeline Peltzer, Rose Souter, and Bernice Wagner. She had one sister and one brother who are now deceased. She took her public schooling at Meadow Prairie (near Herbert, Saskatchewan), and at Eatonia, Saskatchewan. She attended university in Saskatoon where she received a Bachelor of Education degree and taught school part and full-time for 28 years: three years in the Leader Unit at Portreeve, Saskatchewan, and Cabri, Saskatchewan; one year in the Outlook School Unit at Lucky Lake, Saskatchewan; two years in Calgary, Alberta; three years as a kindergarten teacher in Rocky Mountain House and 19 years with the Wild Rose Division (Rocky Mountain House). She retired in 1995 and enjoys many hours working on various crafts as well as hiking and cross-country skiing.

Wayne and Lorraine were married in 1965, and have two children: Krystal and Dietrich Shirley. Krystal was born in 1970. She took her public schooling in Rocky Mountain House and her university training at Augustana University College, Camrose, where she received an Arts degree in English. She then went to the University of Mankato, Minnesota, where she earned a Masters degree in English. She has been teaching English as well as Outdoor Pursuits at

Augustana University College. She is a licensed river guide and has guided canoe trips down various rivers in Alberta and the North West Territories. Her husband, Morten Asfeldt, whom she married in 1993, is also a professor at Augustana University College where he teaches Outdoor Pursuit courses and he, too, does guided river trips.

Dietrich Shirley was born in 1973. He took his public schooling in Rocky Mountain House and his university training at the University of Waterloo, Ontario, where he graduated with a degree in Mathematics. Through the Co-op program that he was enrolled in at the University of Waterloo he worked in Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal with various computer companies. After graduation he spent about a year working in Austin, Texas, and presently resides in Vancouver, B.C., where he continues to work as a software design engineer. His girlfriend, Rachel Bedet, is also a software design engineer. When not working they both enjoy biking, hiking, skiing, and rock climbing as well as tasting the food at various restaurants

SHORTNECK, Joe
as told to Annette Gray

Joe Shortneck grew up in the Hobbema area. He and Marjorie Wesley raised a family of six children on the Bighorn Reserve.

SHUELL, Weaver and Ruth
submitted by Hilda Salmon

Bruce, Cathy, Clarence, Mr. Shuell, Hilda (Salmon).

My father, Weaver Shuell, came with his family from Oregon and my mother, Ruth, came from Iowa with hers. Both families settled in the Alix area. Dad and Mom were married about 1920. My brother, Clarence, was born in 1924 and my brother, Bruce, in 1928. Both were born in Alix.

In 1928, Dad went to Rocky Mountain House to find employment. He got a job with Dewy Alexander who had an Esso bulk fuel dealership. Dad delivered fuel to the outlying area, mostly for farmers.

Mom and the boys arrived in Rocky about 1928, or 1929. We lived in a little house across the street from Edwards Garage. While we lived there, Cathy was born. She was one day old when Bruce took sick with spinal meningitis. Poor Mom! She was really busy with a brand new baby and a very sick little boy. Mom, Cathy and Bruce were under quarantine, so Dad and Clarence couldn't come in the house. Dr. Hill and some of Mom's friends dropped by to see how she was doing. It must have been very hard for Mom. There was not much help and no modern conveniences, like pampers or hot water on tap. Water had to be packed inside and heated on the stove. When I think of how my mother worked, I can understand why she had a heart attack later. About 1930, my parents bought a house from T. D. Green. This house was down the street from the school. It had two rooms.

I was born in 1931, prematurely. Mom carried me for only six months. There was no hospital in Rocky Mountain House, so I was born at home. Granny Williams was there to help Mom. Granny Williams was a wonderful woman and always made time for others.

In the spring of 1932 or 1933 my dad left. Mom always said she knew he wasn't coming back. She had no money and four kids to look after. She kept a milk cow, raised chickens and always had a garden. Selling some of the produce brought in a little money to buy a few staples for the house. Mom also took in washing which she washed on a scrub board. She had to pack water and heat it on the cook stove. Some of the clothes she took in were very, very dirty. I don't know how she managed. She also worked in the hotel, making beds and cooking. Besides that she worked in restaurants. She couldn't afford a baby-sitter, so she took me to work with

Joyce, Vera, Louise, Darrel, Clarence, Groden, and Mom (Ruth Schuell).

her. My brother, Bruce used to pick me up after school. When he got older, he told me how he hated looking after me, but later on we got to be really good friends. Clarence went to Grandma's in Alix. It seemed like he was there a long time. When he came back to Rocky, he went to work for Henry Stelfox. He was only a kid, but had to work very hard and do a man's work. I believe he went to work in Nordegg after that. He wasn't around much, so I never got to know him very well.

Wheat often spilled from railway cars, so we would go down to the elevators and collect what we could, so we could feed our chickens. We also found wood and coal along the railway tracks, too, and packed it home to burn in our heater.

Cathy, Clarence, Bruce and Hilda. Sylvan Lake, July 4, 1992.

Old house, Everdell. July 4, 1992.

We never really had a Christmas like other children. We had a Christmas tree and Mom always cooked a chicken, but there was no money to buy gifts. I always went to the neighbors; it was fun to see what they got for Christmas.

Dr. Greenaway got Mom a pension of five dollars a month. I don't know where this money came from, but it made life easier for her. Later she got a widow's pension for twenty-five dollars a month, and shortly after that had a heart attack. Cathy and I were really scared. We called Dr. Greenaway and he came every day to see how she was doing. Dr. Greenaway's son, Alie, came and milked the cow for us.

When Mom got feeling better, she traded her house in town for a quarter of land in the Everdell district. We moved into a one-room shack out there. We had to fill the cracks between the logs with mud and manure. What a job! But the house was still cold. In the spring we moved to a neighbour's. Life was a lot easier and we stayed there for a year, then built a house on our own place. That was a lot of work, but the neighbors pitched in and helped.

Later on, I got a job as a janitor at the school for seven dollars a month. This helped to buy some clothes and helped Mom out so she had some extra money. When I was sixteen, I was working at the hospital. Mom got sick again. I wrote to my dad and told him about Mom and he took her to a doctor in Calgary. Mom never regained her weight back. She did begin to feel better, but still didn't have much of a life—just hard work and worries—and in 1956 she passed away. I still miss her.

The people who were good to me when I was growing up were Granny Williams, George Williams, Ayers, the Stronach family and Ana, Carl and Vi Matson.

Clarence married Louise Weyst from Nordegg. They have one son, Darrel, who lives down by Medicine Hat. Clarence and Louise live in Sylvan Lake.

Bruce married Gladys Scott from Ontario. They had six children: Sharon, Barbara, Joanne, Gerald, Wanda and Holly. Gerald was in a car accident and was hurt very badly and passed away in 1992. Bruce passed away in 1999.

Catherine married Maurice May. They had six children: Harvey, Ruth, Edward, Alice, Mildred and Steve. All their children live in the Rocky Mountain House area, or close by. Maurice passed away in 1993.

I (Hilda) married James Salmon. We have five children: Margaret, Irene, Beverly, Garth and Sheila. We live in Castlegar, B. C.

My fondest memories of growing up in Rocky are skating on Mud Lake, just east of town; sleigh riding down main street, the post office street and the hospital hill. Bruce made our sleigh and we had a lot of fun sleigh riding. I have been away from Rocky for fifty years, but Rocky is still my home with both good and bad memories.

SIDDALL, Francis and Elsie

Francis was the son of John Siddall who was born in Yorkshire, England and Elizabeth Bartlett who was born in Cornwall, England. John and Elizabeth were married in England and had eleven children of which only five survived. These were Ben, Jack, Edith, Francis and Dorothy. Dorothy passed away at the age of thirteen. John Siddall was in both the Boer War and World War I, his ranks being Company Sergeant Major and Regimental Sergeant Major. John Siddall was also a very good boxer and for some time held the Coffee Cup Championship of Bare Knuckle Boxing.

John and Elizabeth came to Canada in April 1926, with their children. Jack was twenty-one, Edith was twenty and Francis was twelve years old. Ben, their eldest son, stayed in England. Edith married Dick Morrish that year.

The family settled first in Caroline. After that they worked on a farm in the Oras district for six months, then worked another six months on a farm near Rimbey. Next Jack got a job on the Sudusky Dairy Farm and the whole family lived and worked on the dairy farm for three years. In 1935, the family moved to the Garth district, west of Rocky Mountain House, and Jack worked for A. P. Fisher, while Frank worked for the railroad.

In June of 1941, Francis went to Edmonton and joined the army. From there he went overseas and during World War II he was stationed in Africa, Italy, Sicily, Holland, Belgium, France and stayed in the Occupation of Germany. While Francis was overseas he met Elsie Smith and they were married on March 12, 1946. In June 1946, Frank came back home to Rocky and Elsie followed in September of that same year. They purchased a home at Ferrier, and Francis went back to work on the railroad. In June of 1947, a daughter, Kay, was born. Soon after her birth, Francis purchased land in the Garth district and moved his house and family there. Over the years, Francis worked for the local lumber companies and also for Jim Heron at Empire Building Supplies. Elsie worked for a number of years for Sears and also for Jim Heron.

Elsie, Kay and Francis, 2000.

In 1965, Kay married Michael Heron and moved to Victoria, B. C., where Michael was stationed in the Navy. Francis and Elsie sold their home in 1972 and also moved to Victoria where they lived for many years.

In 1999 Francis and Elsie once again moved back to Rocky living in Westview Lodge. Their daughter Kay resides in Miramichi, New Brunswick with her husband, Walter (Bud) Kitchen. Kay has two sons, David Heron of London,

Ontario and Darcy Heron of Brampton, Ontario. She also has two step-children, Todd and Trudy Kitchen of London, Ontario and two step-grandchildren, Kurtis and Clare Kitchen.
John Siddall died when struck by lightning..... 1948
Elizabeth Siddall deceased..... 1953
Jack Siddall deceased..... 1965
Edith (Siddall) Morrish deceased..... 1980
Ben Siddall deceased..... 19 ?
Francis Siddall deceased..... 2001

SIEGLE, Else
by Annette Gray

Else Siegle was born February 20, 1925, in Sabro, Denmark, to Thomas and Katrina Skorstengaard and came with her parents to Canada, when she was three years old. She took her early schooling at Washington Heights, a small one-room school north of Leslieville, before going to Calgary Normal School in 1944, to become a teacher. After teachers' training, she taught in small farming communities, her second school being Oras School, where she struggled to teach forty-six pupils in nine grades.

Evaleen and Ellen Siegle.

On July 8, 1948, she married Gustav (Gust) Siegle. Together they settled on a farm near Leslieville (N ½ -2-40-5-W5) and on January 30, 1953, Else gave birth to twin daughters, Evaleen and Ellen. Both Else and Gust were very community minded people, curling and helping out in various community events. While in Leslieville, Else was the school's librarian and principal, and taught as many as three generations of children from the same families.

After retiring from her teaching career, Else and Gust sold their farm and moved to Rocky Mountain House where Else became a popular town councilor.

SIMS, Robert (Bob) Blake

Bob's father, Emmanuel (Manny), was the fourth child born to Lewis Edward and Rosa May (Plunkett) Sims. Lewis and Rosa moved to Alberta from Idaho in 1906, bringing their six surviving children with them (one having died of scarlet fever at age two). The family stayed in the Red Deer area until Lewis built a home on his 160 acre homestead in the Beaver Flats district. The land was purchased under the new Homestead Act of Canada which stipulated the purchaser must live on the land for six months each year, build a house and a barn and break ten acres of land in 5 years. The cost of filing was $10.00 per quarter section.

It must have been very difficult, trying to support a family, cope with the vagaries of nature as well as working to "prove" up the homestead. Two daughters were added to the family during this time, bringing the count to eight children.

At age 16, Manny joined the army and served overseas during W.W.I, until his sisters reported him and he was returned to Canada. Later he obtained land in the Beaver Flats district through the Soldiers' Settlement Board, and in 1924 he married a local girl, Mary Bjorkholm. They had six children: Muriel, Reginald, Robert, Gordon, Cameron and Gail.

Bob's first childhood home was a small log cabin with a lean-to, about 500 sq. ft., in which Manny, Mary and their first 4 children lived. Later they leased a quarter section known as the "Washburn Place." This quarter had a larger house into which the family happily moved. Their enthusiasm was dashed when they found the place was infested with bed bugs and the family had to move to a granary until the pests were exterminated. Unfortunately they weren't able to stay on at the Washburn place and moved back to the log cabin. Manny was hard working and knowledgeable, so along with Mary's skills as a homemaker the family managed to survive the hard times. They always had plenty of food, but very little money.

The children all pitched in to help out, but they sometimes had misfortunes when doing

their chores. Handling horses and farm equipment was a challenge for the youngsters. Bob, his brothers and cousins, Kenneth and Allan Green, often caught horses and steers and then held rodeos. Kenneth was once badly injured when thrown off a steer and into a ravine. Bob also had a couple of ribs broken in another escapade, but didn't complain as his dad and uncle, Allan Green, would not have approved of these wild west activities.

The Depression days seemed difficult for children, but for the adults the situation was often desperate. Bob remembers several men who had walked from Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan stopping at the Sims home looking for work. There was nothing to offer the wanderers, other than a simple meal. One man, Pete Peterson, did stay with the family for a year helping out on the farm in exchange for food and a place to sleep in a granary. In 1939 the family bought a 1937 Ford pickup truck at a farm sale. As their father, Manny, didn't know how to drive, Reg and Bob were the designated drivers, driving their parents to town and around the countryside. This attracted the attention of Police Chief Ben Shantz and neighbors who predicted dire consequences for the boys. However, their fears were unfounded as the truck and the boys travelled many miles over the years attending country dances and activities.

Bob's first job was picking weeds at the Dominion Experimental Farm and the pay was 25 cents for a 5 hour shift. In 1945 he was employed as a chain man for a survey company which was contracted to do survey work on the Sunchild O'Chiese Reserve and the Baptiste and Nordegg River areas. Jimmy Hardy was the outfitter and the crew lived in tents and ate in a large cook tent. The job lasted 5 months, paid $5.00/day and provided a sizable paycheck with which Bob bought a tractor.

After spending a year at the Saskatoon Bible College, Bob decided that wasn't for him, and he returned home, working as a farm laborer in the summer and a lumberjack in the winter.

In 1948 Bob joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and took his training in Regina. After graduating, he was posted to "D" Division in Dauphin, Manitoba, where he met his future wife, Eva Watson, a secretary in the office.

From Dauphin, Bob was posted to The Pas, then to Swan River, but his thoughts were in Dauphin with Eva. They became engaged, but R.C.M.P. regulations stipulated an officer must serve five years before being granted permission to marry. True love prevailed and Bob's request for a discharge was reluctantly granted. The couple was married on July 1, 1950, and remained in Manitoba where their daughter, Pamela, was born. Later, they returned to Edmonton where Curtis and Daphne were born. They have made their home in Edmonton ever since.

SINCLAIR, Ralph

Ralph Sinclair was born in London, England in 1897 and came to Canada with his family in 1907. He attended school for a time in Calgary, Alberta, and then his family (Michael Sinclair, father) moved to the Dovercourt district where they farmed.

In January of 1915, Ralph joined the 12th C.M.R.'s (Canadian Mounted Rifles) and served in the First World War. He was discharged in April of 1919 after he was wounded in action. After the war, Ralph met his wife-to-be, Harriett McArthur of Prince George, B.C. "Hattie" was one of the first teachers in the Dovercourt school. Although the student attendance was small, the community enjoyed the traditional Christmas concerts in the old school house.

Ralph and Hattie were married on August 30, 1923. They farmed and raised two children in a two-story log home in the Dovercourt area. In those days they loved to entertain friends and had many parties, picnics by the river, dinners and lawn croquet on the lawn at their home. Folks came from all around, by sleigh, wagon, horseback, car, truck, whatever the road conditions in those days would allow.

From 1919 to 1926 Ralph had the mail contract from Rocky to Caroline, via Dovercourt and Stauffer. Each day in the true spirit of a mailman, he would travel the 42 miles with a team of horses and a wagon (or sleigh) to deliver mail, freight, groceries and whatever else had to be hauled. Often there had to be another team of horses waiting at a stopping point so that the loads were carried in relays. In 1920, Ralph bought the first truck in Rocky, a Model T Ford, a great improvement to continue the mail route.

While on the farm in Dovercourt, he served as the secretary of the Dovercourt school for twenty years. He became a member of the Masonic Lodge in 1922 and was a Past Master. The Sinclairs moved to Rocky in November of 1951. Ralph accepted the position of secretary-treasurer at the Rocky Municipal Hospital. He was appointed to the position of administrator in 1963. He was, with others, highly instrumental in the planning and acquiring of our new hospital.

Ralph was elected to the Town Council in March of 1953 and served the town well for a thirteen year term, retiring in 1966. Hattie served the community through her church, IODE and Eastern Star. Hattie and Ralph enjoyed friends in Rocky for many years. Hattie passed away in 1965 and Ralph in 1973.

SINCLAIR, William, Clarice Moore (Thompson) Sinclair and family

Written by Jean (Sinclair) Stephanson condensed from the original Days Before Yesterday (1799-1977) and updated for the 2002 book. Full version on CD ROM. William Sinclair was born on Nov. 14, 1909, to John and Davidina Sinclair in a humble stone house on a croft in Caithness, Scotland, where his father worked as a farm servant. He grew up there on "salt herring, neeps and tatties," (turnips and potatoes) right on the edge of the North Sea, climbing the cliffs down to where the sea birds nested, and along with other lads his age, thinking of mischief to play on the 'laird' who owned the land. He attended school, first at a local school and then at Wick, where the 'master' reigned supreme with a cane in hand at all times. Then he joined with his father in working the soil.

In 1925, Britain was full of posters and promoters declaring all the virtues of Canada, the land of open spaces and endless opportunities. They proclaimed that out west in Alberta, farmers were begging for farm labourers, and went on to show how easy it would be to obtain a homestead of your own. If a man would sign-up to work for farmers for two or three years, their passage to Canada would be paid. In that year, Will's two older brothers, Jock who was 8 years his senior and Donald, who was 6 years his senior, heeded this urging and came to Canada to work on farms in southern Alberta. Along with other farm workers, they moved north west to the logging areas for winter work. Soon each had filed a claim on a homestead in the Cow Creek district west of Rocky Mountain House.

In August of 1928, Will, age 18, and his sister, Daisy, age 12, helped their parents pack a few wooden 'kists' (trunks), and boarded a ship to Canada. They finally arrived in Rocky Mountain House, by train and were met at the Lochearn Railway Station by Don and Jock. Daisy, Don and their mother took the trail to Cow Creek in a democrat, while Jock, Will and their father brought all the 'settler's effects' on a wagon. They moved into a small house on Don's homestead, west of what is now the Grandview Stage corner.

Davidina Sinclair had cooked all her life on an open hearth, and although she could make mouth-watering scones, she had never had an oven and therefore had never baked bread. So one of the family's first visits was to some neighbours, Chris and Lilian Rodtka, (who homesteaded on NW 23-38-8-W5) so that the boys could get some of Lil's delicious baked bread to share with the family. On this visit Will met a pretty blond twelve-year-old girl, Clarice Thompson.

Clarice Moore Thompson was born at Wendover, Buckinghamshire, England, to John and Lilian Thompson on Sept. 22, 1915, while her father saw his baby daughter twice before he was killed in action in 1918 in the First World War. Lilian and her daughter lived with her parents, Alfred and Kate Moore. Then in 1919, Lilian met a Canadian soldier, Chris Rodtka. That fall they were married, and with Clarice, who was nearly four years old, they bid farewell to the Moores and England and set out for Canada.

After a month's visit in Ontario with Chris's parents, the couple headed west to Rocky Mountain House. Apparently the homestead with its two-room log shack and its 9 or 10 cleared acres did not seem as livable as he remembered it, because the family spent their first winter at Everdell with a brother, Jack Rodtka, before moving to the homestead to take up residence.

Soon a boy, John, was born to Chris and Lil, five years younger than Clarice; then five years later, a girl, Phyllis (who later became Mrs.

Robert 'Bob" Cermak.) At the age of seven, Clarice started her schooling at the nearest school, Everdell, which taught classes from the first of May to the end of September. It was too far at that time to travel from home so she had to board with other families for six years during the school months until the first school at Hardindell was built. She boarded with the Ernest Ross family on what later became the Ironside farm; then with Fred and Rose Rodtka, Julius and Alta Rodtka, and for the last three years with Harold and Maude Bigelow. These were lonely times for a small child, but Clarice enjoyed going to school.

Will had filed claim on his own homestead in the fall of 1930, on SE 4-39-8-W5. At this time a person could still file on a quarter of land for $10, and here in the forested area was given five years to 'prove up.' This meant you had to clear at least 30 acres, live on it at least six months of the year, and keep the taxes paid – about $7 or $8 a year. The requirements seemed to be dealt with rather leniently as the government wished to encourage farmers to settle the land. Cattle and other livestock also counted toward the 'proving.' That same fall, 1930, tragedy hit the family when Will's brother, Jock Sinclair, died of a ruptured appendix at the age of 28, while harvesting down at Olds. He was the first of the family to be buried in Canada's soil, in Pine Grove Cemetery, at Rocky.

That winter Will cut 'props' (mine timbers) with Chris Rodtka. Chris was a good teacher at this and also at hewing railroad ties. The props were cut one day and 'yarded-out'; then the next day they were loaded and hauled into town. A sleigh load of props was worth about $3.50 – pay for two days work for the two men. At the same time, this $3.50 might buy you a sack of flour, some tea, coffee and maybe some tobacco.

Meanwhile, when Clarice was 13, the school at Hardindell opened for its first May to September term and she boarded across from the school at Anna and Charlie Hudson's (this farm later became the Adrian place.) She worked for her board and room and made long-lasting friendships with Anna and her daughters Laura and Myrtle. Clarice and the Hudson girls made their school clothing on Anna's sewing machine – mostly from flour sacks, but some with cotton purchased for .19¢ to .25¢ per yard.

Clarice remembers vividly the 'first ever' Christmas concert at Hardindell in 1929. Her teacher, Miss Elmore, coached her class of a dozen children daily during the fall months, planning, practicing, making costumes until the big day arrived. The whole community became involved with contributing and helping. There were homemade cloth bags of green and red sewn and filled with candies, and there were presents for all the children. The three-hour production was made up of carols, pantomimes, plays, drills and recitations. Clarice especially remembers the 'manger scene' and a special effects 'shadow play' done behind a white sheet with the audience viewing only the shadows.

By this time, the Hardindell School was open for a ten-month term from September to June. Now older, Clarice walked from her folk's place. For her last year of school at age 16, when she completed grade nine, Clarice earned the money for her books by having winning entries of sewing and baking at a fair, and by doing janitor work at the school for 15¢ per day. This work consisted of lighting the fire, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, and packing water from the Hudson's, after first walking the three and a half miles from Chris's homestead. The Chris Rodtka homestead was located on the south-east corner of what is now the Grandview Stage corner – on the land that more recently belonged to Harold Killick.

Clarice had a strong desire to go on with her education and become a nurse, but grade nine was as far as the country schools could teach; boarding in town was an expensive proposition and the books required, even to take correspondence, proved to be too expensive. So, at seventeen, she took a job across the river working for a family who operated a fur farm. She milked two cows morning and night as they stood outdoors for there was no barn. She cooked and cleaned and did laundry for five people on a washboard and slept in an old granary-come-bunkhouse for $10.00 per month. It seems that Will came and took her home again after just one month.

On Dec. 29, 1933, Will and Clarice were married in the old Presbyterian Manse in Rocky Mtn. House. The temperature that day was well below zero and the trip to town was made in a sleigh, wrapped up as much as possible, with

Bill and Nelda Sinclair.

John and Catherine Sinclair.

their feet on 'hot rocks' to warm the journey. There must have been a skittish horse on Will's team for the story goes that he somehow upset his sleigh and dumped out into the snow his bride-to-be and his future mother-in-law, in their wedding finery, hot rocks and all. Will and Clarice started their married life in a one-room shack, 12 feet by 16 feet, on the quarter that his brother, Jock, had homesteaded, where his mother and father still lived in another small house. What little furniture they had was homemade. Will handcrafted a small cupboard, table, chairs and benches. Clarice brought the bed she had at Lil's and somewhere they found an old stove. When the first babies arrived, their bed was on the old trunk that had come from Scotland. As soon as possible, they built an 8' x 8' bedroom onto this house.

By this time the 'depression' was a reality and times got even harder. The winter they were married, Will was fortunate to have a job working for A.P. Fisher as a 'teamster' – driving a team of horses hauling props. For several years then, Will would haul props to earn a living in the winter and each spring he would try to clear a few more acres on his homestead and farm the land. He now owned a few scrub cows that had to roam the bush for pasture and be sought out and herded home each day for milking.

Clarice and Will Sinclair.

Will told how when their first-born arrived in 1934, Clarice was stationed at Lil's and during the rather difficult delivery, which took three days, he rode horseback the twelve or fourteen miles to town twice in 24 hours to fetch Doc Greenaway. They named their little daughter Elizabeth Lilian and she grew up being called 'Beth.' Being the first born and living just across the yard from her Scottish grandparents, Beth, as a baby, was dressed and handled as was the custom in the old country upon the directions of Davidina. First of all, babies had to wear 'binders' – a four-foot long, six-inches wide strip of cloth that was wound snuggly around the tummy to keep it from protruding. Then a diaper was added and a wool shirt. Next came an item called a 'barra-cot' (sounded like - no inkling of the proper spelling) – a large square of cloth, double in thickness at the top. This was wrapped around the body, starting at the chest and snuggled up under the arms. The excess that dangled below the baby's feet was folded up to keep the feet warm. Next came a long, long

Sinclair family at Clarice's 80th birthday.

Beth Sinclair and son, Lyle, his wife, Jenny, and son Clinton Delaney.

nightgown that was also wrapped around the feet. When a baby was about three months of age, the mother was to shorten the nighties. Since there was no such thing as plastic pants, imagine changing all that every time a change was in order. The washing, of course, was done by hand on a washboard with water packed from the creek and heated on the stove, or sometimes in the winter, with melted snow. Soap was homemade.

By the time a son was born, John Alexander, in 1936, Clarice decided to dispense with the 'binder,' etc., and he was dressed in diapers, cotton shirts, nighties and knitted booties. On a cold winter night, babies were brought to bed with their parents to be kept warm. The mothers of those days, before central heating, would have greatly appreciated the warm fleecy one-piece sleepers available for babies today. It was also in 1936 that their good friends, the Hudsons, moved back to the Peace River country leaving sad neighbours and friends behind.

One winter during the depression, Will learned that squirrel pelts were worth about 09¢ each and he shot a lot of squirrels with his .22.

In January of 1938, Lilian Rodtka's mother, Elizabeth Moore, died in England, never having seen her daughter or granddaughter since they set sail in the fall of 1919. By 1938, Will had built a new log house on his homestead, 18' by 24', with two bedrooms, a kitchen, living room and a loft. He also bought his first car, a 1928 Chev for about $200. In the years that followed, the Sinclair house often had resident guests in the form of young people who were candidates for mission fields who had studied at the Prairie Bible Institute at Three Hills, Alberta. These missionaries would come to an outlying district and stay at least a year to hold worship services in all the surrounding communities such as Hardindell, Pleasant Vale, Glacier and Cow Creek. Among these were people who became

Karina, Davina, Geordie and Loyal Ma.

The Stephansons: Bonnie, Jean, Stewart and Joy.

Sinclair family.

lifelong friends: Miss Alberta Davis, Merritt Hoath and Miss Ivy Hanna. They often came back in later years to visit and kept in touch.

Then came the war years: ration tickets, prayers for young men overseas, listening to Lorne Greene report news of the war on the first radios in the district. The year 1940 brought another son, William Thompson (Billy, and later - Bill) born at home.

By the next year, however, when Marian Clarice was born, the hospital was in full operation in town, and the doctor was less willing to do deliveries in homes, so Clarice came in to Rocky.

The two oldest children, Beth and John, started to school at Hardindell with their cousins and neighbours. At first they had to walk one and a half miles to catch a car 'bus' but later the bus came as far as Jock and Daisy's across the creek, so they could just walk over there to catch it.

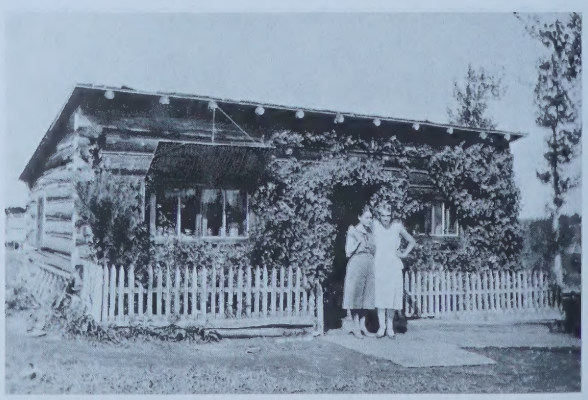
During the summer of 1944, the family moved to the Joe Chambers homestead at Strachan located at NE 14-38-9 W5. At first they rented the farm, before buying it for $2500.

Chris and Lil Rodtka had already moved to town and built a house, and shortly after this the rest of the family moved from their homesteads. Don and Jess Sinclair and children, Ina, Ellen and Margaret, moved to a house out at Spoor's where Don worked at the butcher shop. Later, his father and mother also moved out to Spoor's and John went to work there, too. Daisy and Jock MacDonald and their daughter, Dina, bought the Chris Rodtka homestead at the Cow Creek corner and farmed there for several years before moving into Rocky. Both Don and Daisy's families later moved to Edmonton to reside.

Sinclair family.

When the Sinclair's arrived at Strachan there was much work to be done. There were 54 acres cleared, a big old log house, an old cow barn, a horse barn and several other old out-buildings. Things were rather run-down and in sad need of cleaning, fixing and tidying. They set to work immediately and that fall they could often be seen repairing or building fences by the light of the car headlights, after other farm work was done. During the first two winters, Will hired crews of men to help him operate a sawmill on the forested hill quarter, and this logging operation helped him to pay for the farm. He had sold his own homestead at Cow Creek to Rennel Speight for $300.

That first winter at Strachan saw more hard times. The house had a big attached bunkhouse, and so Clarice boarded and fed ten men who worked for Claude Girard's logging outfit northwest of the farm. This meant a lot of extra work, and then to add to the stress, everyone in the



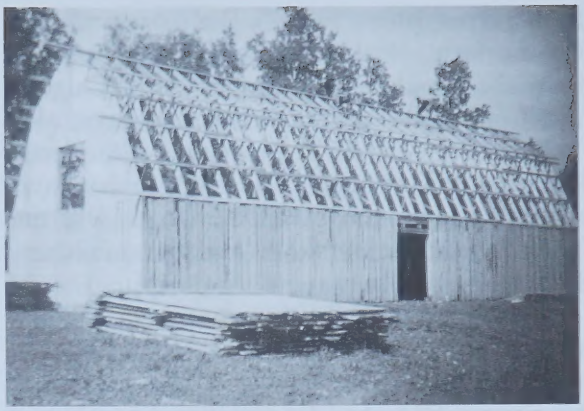
Strachan : Daisy Sinclair and Clarice Thompson, in front of John and Davidina's house, 1932.

house took a turn at getting the measles. The older children, Beth and John, now attended school at Pleasant Vale School at Strachan, a four and a half-mile ride on horseback southeast of the farm. For many years the children at the Pleasant Vale Christmas concerts were always visited by a jolly round Santa Claus who always spoke with a bit of a Scottish accent. A generation of Strachan's children grew up thinking he was the genuine article. He often performed this pleasant duty for Harold Killick at the Killico Stores in town, as well.

Prairie Creek neighbors, putting up hay for Will Sinclair who had broken ribs, 1946.

During the second summer at Strachan, Will was badly kicked and trampled by horses while working in the barn. Don McDonald loaded Will into his vehicle and took him to town to the hospital. By the next day his neck, face and torso were swollen and marked with hoof prints and he suffered from an obviously broken jaw. After a week, he was sent to Red Deer where he was admitted to hospital, having suffered a vertical break of his lower jaw. The second day after the operation, Will walked from the Red Deer Hospital down to the bus depot (which, at that time, was located many blocks farther north than it is now) and came home to Rocky. It was haying time and Will's crop needed to be harvested. All the men from miles around came and within three days all of the hay-crop was stacked. On one day seven mowers mowed the hay. Two days later it was raked and by nightfall it was completely stacked. That is what neighbors were like!

In October of 1946 another daughter was born, Jean Yvonne, who at six weeks of age developed pneumonia and had to be taken on a rush-trip into Rocky. They started out in the old '28 Chev in the night, but a mile or so past the



Strachan:: Building the new barn at the Sinclair farm at Strachan, 1952.

Hardindell school the headlights went out and as Will fumbled frantically with the wires, the taxi came up behind them, driven by Bernard Findlater, a son of Jim Findlater. Three or four Native men were in the car, and when they heard the plight, they immediately made room for the mother and child. The hospital was reached, and the miracle drug of the day, penicillin, cured the pneumonia. However, Jean and pneumonia were to meet again, each winter for her first three years.

In 1947, Clarice's mother, Lilian Rodtka, died at the age of 54 of a heart attack. Her husband, Chris, survived her for many years, until 1975 when he died at the age of 84. In 1951, Will's father, John Sinclair, died at the age of 71. His wife, Davidina, lived another five years, and died at the age of 84 in 1956. All four are buried in Pine Grove Cemetery.

In 1952, Clarice gave birth to her sixth child, another daughter, Davena Ann.

1952 was the summer Will and the boys were trying to build a big new barn to hold the herd of sixteen fairly good milk cows he had been building up over the years. There was a new 1952 Dodge car in the yard and times were a bit better financially. That fall, 1952, Will installed a 'Delco' power generator to supply lights to the house and barn. It also powered a milking machine and some conveniences like a fridge and electric motor for the old gas-operated washing machine.

In July of 1953, Will and Clarice and the four youngest children went on a 'first ever' vacation/camping trip up to Pouce Coupe, BC, to visit Anna and Charlie Hudson and their family.

John stayed home to milk the cows and care for the farm. With a tent and a one-year-old baby, the family took the long route via Calgary, Banff, Jasper, Edmonton, Athabasca, Slave Lake, Valleyview, Grande Prairie and on to Pouce Coupe and Dawson Creek. Happy visits and memories of old times were exchanged with the Hudsons and their children and grandchildren. It was a long-to-be-remembered trip!

During the fall of 1953, what seemed like a true disaster hit the farm. A sick milk cow brought a visit from the vet. The livestock were all given a TB test and a significant number of the milk cows reacted positively to the test. The whole herd – cows, steers, calves – were all condemned. Will received some small compensation for the lost herd, but was required to disinfect the barn and everything in it before any new cattle were brought in. Only one good milk cow that did not react to the TB test was kept to provide milk for the children. The next morning when Will went down to milk her, he found her dead. For six months there were no cows on the farm, and the chhildren, who were accustomed to fresh cow's milk, refused to drink the powdered milk their mother offered to them.

In the spring of 1954, Will took out a bank loan to buy ten Holstein dairy cows (for $3000 from Mr. Robertson of Penhold. Soon he was shipping record amounts of quality cream into the creamery at Rocky. He obtained his registered Holstein bulls through a type of rental arrangement from Vic Bjorkland during the rest of his farming years. Within a few years, nearly the whole herd was registered, and all were good producers. What had looked like a disaster in the fall of 1953 had led to new and better things.

In 1955 Beth married Victor Feduik of Rocky and the first grandson, Victor Lyle, was born. They resided in Red Deer at the time. The year 1957 saw Beth give birth to the first granddaughter, Cynthia Marie.

About 1956, Calgary Power came to the district but residents still had no telephone communication with Rocky, and although roads and vehicles were much improved, it was still a long trip to town. By 1959, the Sinclairs were able to build a new house beside the old log house. It was also in 1959 that school district centralization took place and all the children were bussed into the Rocky schools. Up until this time, grades one to eight were taught at the country schools like Pleasant Vale. Will was elected to the Board of Trustees of the Rocky Mountain School Division #15 that year. He was to serve in this capacity for twenty-one years. In 1961 he was elected chairman of the board, a position he held until retiring in 1980.

Marian was married in 1959 to Lloyd Yarbrough of the Ridgewood district southeast of Sylvan Lake and another granddaughter, Peggy Jean, was born.

1961 was a very big year: Bill married Margaret Sky of Rocky and they had a son, Harry William (Willie – and later 'Will'); John married Catherine O'Hanlon of Acme; Marian gave birth to a son, Boyd Alton Yarbrough; Beth was married a second time, to William (Bill) Delaney, who adopted her first two children, and she gave birth to another son, Steven Allen Delaney. The family was growing by leaps and bounds!

In June of 1965, Will and Clarice parted with the farm, the symbol of all their years of labour with its new house, big barn, registered Holstein herd and all the other livestock and machinery. The two quarters and all they contained, with the North Fork of Prairie Creek winding merrily through it, was sold for the price of $35,000—a fair price in 1965. The farm has since been resold and is now farmed by Franklin and Dorothy Gray and their family.

The Sinclairs moved into Rocky, to a house with a good view of the mountains where they lived and enjoyed their family and grandchildren for the next twenty years. Will continued to serve on the Board of Trustees for the school division and both he and Clarice were busy with committees at the Presbyterian Church in Rocky. When he finally retired, he did a lot of 'creative' carpentry in the basement, with some small disagreements about the dust that was created. In 1967, Will even tried his hand at provincial politics, with an enthusiastic group of supporters and campaigners. He ran as an independent candidate for MLA and gave the winning candidate, Alf Hooke, a good run for his money and livened up the race considerably. Will always said it was a very interesting experience.

In April of 1968 Jean married Stewart Stephanson who came from the Markerville district and they made their home in Rocky. In May

of 1973 Davena married Loyal Ma of Rocky and they also have lived in Rocky.

Will retired from the school board in October of 1980, by simply not running in the municipal election that year, after 21 years of service to his community and the Rocky Mountain School Division #15. In January of 1981, Will was honored as the "Community Builder" of the year and the award was presented to him by Miss Helen Hunley. The Mountaineer article that week listed many of the things he had done for his community in the past years, and particularly mentioned his service to the school system.

"On November 4, 1979, the Alberta School Trustees Association presented Mr. Sinclair with a Life Membership in recognition of 20 years of devoted service to the field of education."

Will and Clarice prized their family above all else. Will died of a heart attack on Good Friday, April 5, 1985. Clarice, who was already diagnosed with Parkinson's disease, moved into the Westview Lodge where she lived until she needed nursing care in 1997. After a few months at the Bentley Nursing Home, she was moved back to the Extended Care Wing of Rocky Hospital where she lived out her life. Clarice passed away on Tuesday, May 21, 2002, with Davena at her side, exactly fifty years after Davena's birth. In September of 1985, Will was posthumously honored for his twenty-one years of service to the school division (1979-1980) by having the Rocky Mountain House Junior Senior High School renamed the 'Will Sinclair High School. The Grandchildren and great-grandchildren:

Beth's oldest son, Lyle Delaney, married Shirley Thompson, daughter of Cathy and Lawrence Thompson of Rocky in 1979, and they had two children, Clinton (1980) and Kristi Delaney (1983). Lyle has married a second time to Jennie Wojcicki and they live in Edmonton. Shirley and her children reside in Rocky, where Clinton and Kristi have both graduated from St. Matthew School, and where their two younger sisters, Mary and Aimee, still attend.

Beth's second son, Steven Allen Delaney, lives with his partner, Arni Grineau and her children in Kamloops, where he has raised his son, Elwood (Woody)(1985), son of his first marriage to Sandra Sewell in 1985. Beth's third son, Kevin John Delaney, born in 1965, also lives in Kamloops with his partner, Debbie Lewis. Beth's daughter, Cindy, was killed in a tragic car accident in Dec. of 1972 north of Valleyview, where they resided at that time. Beth now lives in Edmonton.

John and Catherine have lived in or near Acme since they were married. Catherine worked at the Post Office in Acme since she was 18, serving as Post Mistress for many years before her retirement in the spring of 2001. John worked on a large experimental farm for Ralph Brown for many years, eventually purchasing an interest in the farm. After selling the farm, they moved into the town of Acme and John was employed as a welder for Red Line Trucking for many years. John retired from his job in December of 2000.

Bill and Margie had three children, Will (1961), Theresa Mariea (1963), and Margaret Ann who died at birth in 1964. They lived in Rocky for a time and then moved south to the Nanton area where Bill worked on ranches as a cowhand. Margie still lives at Stavely. Bill was remarried to Nelda Comstock of Nanton and they lived for many years in the Grande Prairie country raising Nelda's three boys, Warren, Shane and Clinton Rush. Bill worked for his last 28 years as a Brand Inspector for the Alberta Government. During his summer vacations, Bill enjoyed operating a pack outfit and guiding rides in the mountains south east of Grande Prairie. On January 16, 1999, while driving a team of horses on a sleigh in his field near Wembley and accompanied by his son, Bill died of a massive heart attack at the age of 58. Nelda still resides on the farm at Wembley. Bill's son, Will, and his wife, Jean (Lockard), live at Beaver Lodge. His wife's children, Sharmain and Shannin Lockard, and their families live nearby. The spring of 2001 saw them survive another tragedy – one of their little granddaughters, Jerrica Clarke, daughter of Sharmain and Mike Clarke, was killed in a car accident, and a little grandson, Tyson, badly injured. Both he and the family are slowly recovering. Shannin has a little daughter, Monique. Bill's daughter, Theresa, and her partner, Don Dueck, make their living working as 'commercial cowboys' and so can be found working on ranch land all over the south country. Don has also appeared on the list of 'stunt men' in several movies.

Marian and Lloyd Yarbrough raised their four children on the Yarbrough farm at Ridgewood where Marian and Lloyd still live. They farmed and Lloyd worked as an electrician and later as an electrical inspector. At one point they had an electrical business in Rocky and lived here for a few years. Their children are: Peggy Jean (1959), who works at the U of A and is married to Dave Pilgrim, a research scientist and professor at the U of A. They live on an acreage near Devon.

Boyd Alton(1961), an electrician, married to Gina Watson, living at Winfield and raising children - Amanda (1983), Jeffery (1989) and James (1993) Cheryl Lynn, (1962), who works at Kids in Harmony, an Educational Toy Store in Red Deer. She is married to Dwight Clark and they live at Penhold where they are raising three children, Christopher (1983), Clarissa (1984), and Marsha (1986). Dwight works for Haliburton, and plans to return to work as soon as his health permits. (He is winning the fight against cancer!)

Frances Lillian (Fran) (1964) who taught school for two years at Slave Lake, has worke for the Red Cross (even travelling to Nepal), and is presently the Volunteer Coordinator for Hospice House in Prince George, where she and her husband, Grant Roden, live. Grant is a partner in a pathology practice that services the Prince George hospital and various surrounding communities.

Jean and Stewart Stephanson have two children, Bonnie Lynne (1965) and Joy Marie (1969), who grew up and attended school in Rocky. Jean has worked for many years as the head secretary at Pioneer School. Stewart has worked since 1968 for ATCO Gas (formerly Northwestern Utilities Ltd.) Bonnie has lived in Ottawa since 1990, when she went to Carlton University, and works as a mental health counselor. She and her partner, Larry McNeely, come out west to visit family every year, usually at Christmas. Joy is a teacher, presently living in Edmonton. Joy and her partner, Chris Chapman, have given Jean and Stewart their first grandson, Lucas, born on Aug. 27, 2001.

Davena and Loyal Ma have two children who also grew up in Rocky with the advantage of having cousins and grandparents close at hand. Davena has worked for many years at the Rocky hospital as an LPN and then as a Ward Clerk. Loyal operates the Bike n' Board shop in town. Their daughter, Karina Rae (1974), is returning to university to pursue a teaching degree this fall (2001) after working several years in sports retail sales. She and her partner, Brad Jensen, an electrician, live in Edmonton. Geordan Allan (Geordie) (1976) obtained his Mechanical Engineering degree at U of A and is presently working in Calgary.

The families all enjoyed a reunion of the descendants of John and Davidina Sinclair out at the Prairie Creek Group Camp during August of 1999 and are looking forward to another reunion in 2002. The family of Will and Clarice Sinclair has grown and spread out and now many of us keep in touch via e-mail – a far cry from the years of 'hacking ties' and washing clothes on a wash board. Who could have possibly known what the future would hold in this century where 'progress' has almost spun out of control?

The years have been filled with triumphs, tragedies, births, deaths, lessons well learned and losses overcome, problems and illnesses surmounted, and all the love, fun, excitement and joys of life experienced to the fullest. We owe to our parents, Will and Clarice, our lives and the enduring legacy of love they handed down to us. We now hand it down to our children, and their children, and their children ....

Coursing through my veins is the blood of that little boy who scampered down the cliffs at the ruins of old Bucholie Castle in Caithness, Scotland. As I gaze adoringly at my first grandchild (who bears a middle name of 'William'), I know that some of those same genes have reached into this new century.

SKEELS, Gerald and May and family.
written by May Skeels, Jan. 2002

In early fall of 1966 we moved our young family from Rimbey to Rocky Mountain House. It was at that time that Amerada Petroleum Corporation (where Gerald was employed) relocated their central office from Rimbey to Rocky. We purchased the house on the comer of 51A Ave. and 48th Street. Our oldest son, Doug aged 7, began Grade 2 in Rocky Elementary School with Mrs. Tina McCabe. Ron was 5 years old, and our youngest Michael was just 9 months old. Our initiation to life in Rocky was a wet one. We thought it was never going to quit raining that fall.

Gerald and May Skeels family: Standing: Michael and May. Middle, seated: Doug, Gerald, William and Ron. Front, seated: Deb with Anne and Bev, 1991.

Our stay in town was short as we rented S. E. 1/4 -14-39-7-W5 in the spring of 1968 and began farming, along with Gerald's job in the oilfield. We raised cattle and registered Appaloosa horses, calling the enterprise, "Rockmount Ranch Appaloosas." The boys had fun raising some little lambs on bottles, and enjoyed their cats, dogs and horses, too. Our whole family was active in the Rocky Light Horse Association and showing our horses. Doug and Ron were members of the 4H Beef Club, along with school and related activities.

In 1973 we made another move, this time to the Dovercourt district on Highway 22. We purchased S.W. 1/4 -31-37-6-W5, where we built onto the existing small farm house, doubling its size, and a second addition was made a few years later. As our three boys continued with their schooling, we added sheep, pigs, chickens and goats to our farming operations. The boys enjoyed farm life, and all the animals with the exception of the "milk goat." Then in 1979 we expanded the farm when Doug and Gerald jointly purchased the S.E. 1/4 -31-39-6-W5 which adjoined our farm quarter. Our family grew up, all too fast, completing their education and starting their own lives, while we lived on the farm on Dovercourt road.

After completing his schooling, Doug worked as a heavy equipment operator for a few years. One of his jobs involved working on the rebuilding of the Dovercourt road. He then trained and became a licensed heavy duty mechanic and worked for some oilfield service companies for a time. Doug married Deb Emery of Rocky in September 1982, and they moved to Doug's land where they live and farm. They later bought out Gerald's half of this quarter section. Doug works at Keyspan Strachan Gas Plant. Deb is employed at Petro-Canada Ferrier Gas Plant. Their son William is 17, attends Will Sinclair High, and is a member of the football team, as well as the wrestling team. Their daughter Anne is 14 , and also attends Will Sinclair High. She is a member of the school band. Both Deb and Anne are very involved with their horses, both riding and showing them.

Ron graduated from high school and attained his B. Sc. at the University of Calgary. While attending university he worked at the Texas Pacific Gas Plant on all university breaks. After convocation he worked at Manulife Financial as an administrative manager from Calgary to B.C. to head office in Ontario and back to Calgary, over a period of several years. Ron married Bev Gait of Sidney B.C. in Jan. 1994 and they make their home in Calgary. Ron is now an Insurance Broker with his own firm. Bev has worked as an office clerical over the years and now assists Ron with his business as well as caring for their two young sons, Grant and Charlie. Grant is seven and attends grade one. Charlie is four years old and goes to pre-school.

Mike was interested in rodeo from an early age, starting with his first rodeo in 1976, and he later took part in high school rodeo as well. After completing high school he attended college in Montana, U.S.A. (on a bull riding scholarship), and studied business administration. He did well with bull riding, both amateur and professional, qualifying for several finals as well as competing in the World Amateur finals in El Paso, Texas for three years. He is now retired from rodeo. He has spent many years working in the oilfield from maintenance all the way up to directional drilling. He now contract operates here in the Rocky area, as well as farms. Mike and J'Nell Perkins have a wee daughter Jayden who is just twenty-two months old. Feb. 2000.

Doug expanded his farming operation, when he and Deb purchased N .E. 16-39-6-W5, and at the same time Mike purchased the adjoining

S.E. 21-39-6-W5. They are farming jointly, and are enjoying the venture.

In the early summer of 1989, we held a farm sale. We sold the farm, all equipment and most of the animals etc., and Gerald semi-retired from farming. We purchased lot number 15 in the Everdell Subdivison, and moved to this acreage the end of Aug.1989. Gerald has worked for various oil companies over the years, both as contractor and employee, and is now contract operating, as well as farming together with Doug and Mike. Horses have always been an integral part of Gerald's life, and there has never been a time when he did not own a horse. This love of horses has been passed on; our whole family enjoys riding, especially trail riding in our beautiful Rocky mountains. We all enjoy sleigh riding in the winter with our teams whenever possible.

I thoroughly enjoyed raising our three boys, and have lots of great memories of my years as a "stay-at-home" mom and homemaker. I am now enjoying being a "Creative Memories Consultant" (being one of the first three in Canada since 1990). Gerald and I have acquired an extended family as well. Cindy Smith moved here from Saskatchewan in Feb. 1978, to work for us, when we were still raising Appaloosas. She was raised on a farm, has worked with horses most of her life and is a trained veterinary assistant. Since she was able to work with the cattle and train horses, she was a very valuable addition to our farm. She married Paul Pritchard and they now own their farm, north of Leslieville. Cindy, Paul and their four children, Kara, Kristy, Kassie and Kody, are a very special part of our family, and the Pritchard children call us Grandma and Grandpa.

We have never regretted our move to the Rocky area. We have always found people to be very friendly and local merchants very accommodating. The wonderful mountain scenery is so close at hand that we can enjoy it daily—a real plus. We feel the Rocky area has scenery that rivals Banff and Jasper. It has been interesting to observe, and in some small part to participate in, the tremendous change which has taken place in Rocky Mountain House in the thirty-six years we have been a part of this community.

SMITH, Eric W.

Written by Eric Woodford Smith II

Eric W. Smith was born Dec. 9th, 1890, at Olive Vale, Southampton West, Bermuda, on the family farm. After obtaining his formal education in Bermuda, he emigrated with friends to Calgary in May 1912. He trained and became a journeyman electrician, working on many major projects in the Calgary area, including the Palliser Hotel, Chateau Lake Louise and Keith Sanitarium.

During WWI, Eric enlisted with the R.C.N.V.R. (Navy) and was subsequently discharged September 1919, after the war. He then resumed his electrical work in the Calgary area. He had many contacts in the industry and enjoyed a good reputation for excellence and reliability. He met Aartje Hendrika Ploeg, through a mutual (electrician) friend. Aartje came to Calgary with her father, mother and other siblings in May of 1912, from Holland. She was born December 22nd, 1897, in Amerongen, Utrect, Holland. Aartje worked for the National System of Baking (Heagle Family) both in the Calgary and Edmonton stores in the late teens and early twenties.

Eric was sent to Edmonton in the early part of 1920 to work on the University of Alberta Medical Centre. As Eric and Aartje were courting at the time, Aartje also moved to Edmonton, and on October 16th, 1920, they were married in Edmonton. After the U.of A. project was completed, Eric and Aartje returned to Calgary. On September 2 , 1922, their first child, Irene Marjorie Smith, was born.

On February 7, 1923, Eric was contacted by Brazeau Collieries Ltd. and offered the job of Chief Electrician for the Company operations. He accepted and moved to Nordegg, with Aartje and Irene following him a few months later when a house on Mine Hill was available. During his career with Brazeau Collieries Ltd., Eric worked with the many changes that took place over the years including the production of briquettes. The plant's electrical system was continually changing and offered specialized challenges which Eric enjoyed.

A second child, Eric Woodford Smith II, was born July 27, 1934.

Eric remained as Chief Electrician in Nordegg until July 1941, before moving to Coal Valley, Alberta, for one year. Later he returned to

Calgary and was designated by the Government of Canada War Measures Act to work for the Department of Transport on maintenance of airport electrical facilities, Calgary and southern Alberta.

In the fall of 1945, Eric left the Department of Transport and, on Oct. 22, 1945, started his own electrical contracting firm, "Eric W. Smith Electric." This company is still a viable company in 2001, and is now operated by Eric W. Smith II.

Eric passed away December 10, 1965, and Aartje, July 26, 1972. The living members of our family are proud to have had the opportunities afforded us in Nordegg and Calgary. This was a result of Eric and Aartje having left their countries of origin to start a new life in an exciting and challenging part of a developing Canada.

SMITH, Peter and Joan

Peter, Phyllis, Joan—standing, Marjorie

Peter Smith came to Rocky Mountain. House in 1917 with his family from Meota, Saskatchewan. His mother passed away from flu in 1918. His father married Mrs. Pearl Birch and they moved to the Glacier district in 1920. Peter worked with his father on the farm. In 1937 Peter and I (Joan Osborne) were married. Peter had built a small house on NW 23-37-8-W5. The winter before he worked at a sawmill for $1.00 a day. Two cents were deducted for compensation. He got room and board.

The day of our wedding, we had $100. Peter came with his model T Ford in the morning. Away we went to town to get a marriage license, a few groceries, a bed, wash tub, dish pan and one saucepan. Mr. Killick gave us an alarm clock and Mrs. Killick gave us a pair of sheets and pillowcases. With everything loaded on the truck, we went back to Mother's. I changed into my wedding dress and Peter into his suit. The minister came from town as well as my aunts and uncles. With many friends, we were married at home.

That evening we left for our own home. The house was not quite finished, no windows and a few other things needed doing! We set up our bed and with new sheets and a wool quilt I had made, we were quite comfortable.

Next morning, the man who was putting the windows in came banging on the door about six o'clock. We didn't even have a stove, so we had to go up to Peter's father's house for breakfast. I cooked the meals up there for about two weeks until we could get a stove and had a table built. Our neighbor, Mrs. Miel, was leaving for England, so we bought some chairs from her. She gave us a set of china and several useful items. Dad bought a wash stand from her and gave it to me for a wedding gift. Mother gave us a linoleum rug. Mrs. Miel gave me her sewing machine. A hand cranked one and I used it for all my sewing for many years.

Peter had eight head of cattle and I had nine. We both had several horses. Cattle weren't worth much at that time. All the farming was done with horses. We kept our cows up at Peter's father's place. We had no corrals, so Peter went up night and morning to milk and separated the milk. The cream was kept in a five-gallon can in Spring Creek to keep it cool. About once a week when the mail man (who hauled the freight, too) went by, Peter or his dad would take the cream up to the road on the saddle horse. We got three or four dollars a week divided between Peter's dad and us. It seemed about every three or four weeks the cream cheque went to buy salt for the cows. Peter's stepmother was not well after a stroke, so was unable to look after herself. She passed away in August 1937.

In 1939, Harris, Peter's brother and family came to live with his dad.

The boys built a small sawmill and bought an old Ford tractor to run it. They had a timber permit up the hill from our place so they were in the timber business. They took out a few railway ties and some lumber. The ties were sold in Rocky Mountain House to Strong and Parson

Peter Smith, Marjorie, and Phyllis on horses.

and the lumber went to Charlie Edwards. It was my job to go up to Harris' every week to churn the butter for both families. I had to get the cream from Spring Creek, and carry it up a steep bank. The cream was so cold that it would take all day to get the butter separated from the buttermilk.

I got tired of doing that so I got on old Beauty, my saddle pony, and brought three of our milking cows down to our little barn (just room for a team of horses and three cows). I was afraid they might not stay, but they did. We didn't even have a corral. When Peter came home from the mill, he wasn't very pleased! Anyway, he got a load of hay for them and milked them. We didn't have a separator, so I had to put the milk in pans to let the cream rise. The next time we went to town I was looking at a nice blue separator in Uncle Will's shop. He saw me looking at it so came over and asked if I wanted a separator. I said yes, but had no money to buy one. He said take it home and pay for it when you can. It was a big decision for us, as we had never bought anything on credit before. We brought it home and managed to pay for it with timber money.

Peter and Harris worked in the timber every winter until 1955 and did the farming in the summer. We had a nice garden so always had food on the table. In August 1940 our first daughter, Marjorie, was born. In 1941, Peter and my brother, Raymond Osborne, bought a threshing machine between them. They had an old McCormick tractor to run it with. It was the only machine in the neighborhood so they did

Peter Smith breaking land, 1925.

threshing for all the neighbors. Some were able to pay and some not. Some gave grain in payment; one gave some weaner pigs.

I did the chores while Peter was away, milked the cows, fed the pigs and chickens. We had a nice garden so I was able to can peas and beans. When we had meat, it had to be canned. Laundry was done by hand, there were no pampers in those days. Water was carried from the creek and heated on the cook stove. We didn't have a washer until 1943 when we were able to buy a gas machine and we couldn't always get it to run!

In 1944, we had a cream strike. Everyone was supposed to "not ship" their cream, hoping to make the price come up. I made butter every day and had every dish and crock full of butter. We couldn't even sell it. In the end people started shipping their cream so that was the end of the strike! Didn't gain a thing.

In April 1944, our youngest daughter, Phyllis, was born. That same year Peter and John Rosdale started to build a new barn. It was finished the next year. All the lumber was cut from logs on our own place. In the summer I used to pick blueberries, sometimes taking the two girls on old Beauty. Phyllis on a cushion on the saddle horn and Marjorie behind, with a sack on the side to carry the berry pails and a blanket to put baby on while we picked berries. There used to be very good berry patches, but now most of them have been ploughed up or pastured off.

In 1943, Peter lost an eye from steel from sharpening a saw. In 1946, we purchased the Norman Scott place, so we could have more feed for cattle (East half 31-37-8-W5). We decided to move up, as Prairie Creek would flood so that the only way to get out was by boat. I didn't like

that with two children. We moved in January 1948 into a small two-roomed cabin. Another reason we moved was school for Marjorie. Our Glacier School had trouble getting teachers and we thought it was going to be closed.

Our little cabin was quite crowded, it had two beds in the little room and a cot in the kitchen where a hired man would sleep. Peter, with help, cut enough logs on this new place to get enough lumber to build a nice house and had a planer come in to plane the lumber. Peter and his brother, Harris, built most of the house with a carpenter who came in to do the finishing and build cupboards. It wasn't quite finished when we moved in, Christmas, 1950.

In winter Peter would work, taking out timber and in summer we cleared more land, put in crops and did the haying. The haying was all done with horses, two mowers, a dump rake, sweep and overshot stacker. If the hay wasn't dry enough to stack, we would all go picking berries (raspberries, blueberries, cranberries, saskatoons, gooseberries and sometimes wild strawberries, high bush cranberries and chokecherries) for fruit, jams and jellies. In between helping with the haying we made jam, jellies and canned fruit for winter. The garden had to be weeded, too. Peter always milked five or six cows (night and morning) and there were pigs and chickens to be fed. In 1955, we bought a few sheep so from then on lambing time was busy. We shipped cream and sold a few eggs and cattle, so things were getting a little better. In 1953, Peter bought a small Farmall tractor and mower. The power mower made the hay cutting much quicker. Then we got a side-delivery rake and a Farmhand for stacking the hay and didn't use the horses much after that. In 1985, we changed to baling the hay.

In 1954, a big beaver dam up the North Fork of Prairie Creek broke and flooded the whole valley. We had some hay raked and the water piled it in big piles. Down on our lower place it washed the creek banks away, leaving our barn and granary hanging over the bank. It washed thirty feet of bank away beside the barn. Peter had a building mover come to move the barn up to our new place. Had to get a cat to widen the road in places and help pull the load up the hills. They had to take several fences down and ford two creeks. The bridge over Prairie Creek at Gablers' was not wide enough. The granary was put on skids and hauled up here too, where it is still in use today. We had Calgary Power in 1955 and natural gas in the sixties which was a big help. Didn't have to get a big woodpile out every fall and were able to have running water in the house. We were able to have a fridge and deep freeze.

THE SOPPIT FAMILY

Lou and Doris Soppitt's children.

Bill and Bernie Soppit, and their sons, Bob and Louie, came to Rocky Mountain House in June of 1960. Louie and his wife, Doris, had four children, and together the Soppits bought the former Rocky Furniture and Gift Store, previously owned by Ole Martz. This was the original store of Rocky Hardware and Sporting Goods Store.

A fifth child, Jeff, was soon added to the Lou Soppit family and this completed the family. All five of the children: Gordon, Dale, Bradley, Donna and Jeff graduated from Rocky High School and went their various ways in life.

Gordon and wife Alva live in Cranbrook, B.C. and have three children.

Dale and Becky live in Rocky area and have three children.

Bradley and Dianne live in Mossleigh and work in Calgary, they have a daughter.

Donna and John Laut live in Rocky and have three children.

Jeff and Loretta live in Rocky area and have three children.

After Bill passed away in 1966, Bernie moved to Victoria, B.C. in 1972. She moved back to Trochu, Alberta, in 1984, where she resided until her passing in 1987.

Lou and Doris and grandchildren.

Lou, Doris and Bob operated Rocky Hardware for thirty-four years, closing out in 1993.

Bob and wife Sheri live in the Rocky area and have four children.

Lou was elected to Council in 1971 and elected as Mayor in 1976 and is still Mayor to date, 2003.

SPEIGHT, Neal and Loretta
written by Elaine Speight

Loretta Speight.

Neal Speight, army photo in 1942.

On March 16, 1921, Neal John Louis Speight was born to Arthur and Geraldine Speight at Rocky Mountain House. He was born in what they called the cache which were railroad house, beside the railroad station. He lived there in his early childhood with his brothers and sisters, Pearl (Courtright), Floyd, Elmer and Rennell Speight and Lillian (Scott). When his parents parted, he moved with his mother and stepfather, Dave Rodtka, to a farm in the Everdell District where five more siblings joined the family: Ruth McCrithie, Eldred Rodtka, Lola Kraft, Reta Schmelzer and Audrey Rahko. They farmed and cut props for a living. Times were hard but good. When the family was very young they left Rocky looking for a better life at Peace River. His parents and eight children travelled with three head of horses, a hay rack and a tent for many, many days only to arrive in Peace River to find that things weren't any better. So, back to Rocky they headed. During the journey, the children were playing a game of tag around the wagon and Neal slipped under the wheel and was run over. The ground was soft, so he wasn't hurt badly. At about 2 years old, Neal caught his right hand in a pump jack and lost part of his fingers, so was forced to be a lefty. This didn't hold him back from any tasks he set his mind to.

Neal went to the Everdell School until Grade 6, age twelve, after which time he quit school and went to work helping his stepfather on the farm and hauling props to town. Spring always

Neal and Loretta wedding, April 10, 1942. Neal and Loretta in front. Kathleen Johnson and Rennel Speight.

Back: William. Middle: Dale, Margaret, and Loretta. Front: Shannon, Darlene, and Neal, 1956.

proved to be a difficult time because the ice would be melted off the bridges and they would have to shovel snow onto them so the horses could pull the sleigh across. Many times they would leave home in the early morning and not return home until after dark, tired and hungry.

At about age 15, Neal moved in with his sister and brother-in-law, Pearl and Jack Courtright, on a farm in the Dovercourt area. Jack helped Neal learn more about working with horses which proved to be an asset and great enjoyment in his life. He eventually went to work for Ira Gray, skidding logs in the Ferrier are,a then on to a bush camp operated by Jim Spence and Vern Scott near where the Dovercourt Hall is. Later he moved with the camp to the South Fork area and guess who was cooking in this camp—Loretta Winchester.

Loretta Marie Winchester was born to Herbert and Catherine Winchester, in Erskine, Alberta, on July 15, 1922. She is the youngest of four children. Her sister and brothers are Kathleen (Winchester) Johnson and John and James Winchester. The Winchester family moved to Rocky with a team of horses, a wagon and a tent when Loretta was nine years old. Herbert homesteaded land west of the Cow Lake store where the Duncan family now live. He made a living by sawing props and mining ties. Loretta and her mother moved back to the Tees and Clive area, so Loretta could go to school until she reached age 14. When they returned to Rocky, she helped on the farm and eventually went to cook in the bush camp where she met Neal. They were married on April 10, 1942. One short month after they were married, Neal was called to serve in the Army. He trained in Calgary and Nanaimo, then went overseas in 1943 with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. He operated a bren gun carrier and fought in Holland and Germany. He spent four long years in the Army and returned home in 1946 to his wife and son William Neal. The young family made their home in the Cow Creek area, right next to the John Winchester farm where Dale Richard and Margaret Patricia were born. They then moved a couple more times to farms near Cow Lake where Shannon Marie and Darlene Loretta were born. The final move in 1954 brought Neal and Loretta to where they live today, 7 miles SW of Rocky where Speight Construction is located. They homesteaded this land and raised their family. A big round-roofed barn was one of the first buildings on the homestead and it hosted many barn dances. Although Neal never played music for these dances, he played for many others. He always had a love for music and taught himself to play violin. He would ride a horse or walk to the country school houses before he was ever married to play for the dances. They got paid $2.00 for the night and if the dancers wanted the music to carry on to the wee hours of the morning, they would collect a few nickels and dimes for the band. Neal and Loretta also

1952 Neal Speight skidding logs with D2 Cat.

loved to dance and were well known for doing the jitter-bug.

Generally during the winter months, Neal operated a lumber mill and did the farming in the summer. Loretta worked along with Neal in the bush camp, then stayed at home to send the children to school and take care of the animals, milking and calving-out the cows. Loretta was a woman of many talents. Along with taking care of all her home duties, she found time to sew. At Christmas time the girls had fancy new dresses to wear to the Hardindell Christmas Concert and the boys had new shirts. At stampede time, it was western shirts with fringes. For anyone who asked, she found the time to make bridesmaid dresses. Loretta also was the local country hairdresser and barber. Anyone needing perms, French braids or a haircut came to her.

Neal and Loretta's home was open to everyone. Barbara, Barry and Helen Winchester, Floyd Scott, Jack and Donald Martin spent many years growing up in their home. Many of the men that Neal employed in the bush camp stayed at the farm during the summer. Eventually Elmer Speight, Jake Kramer and the Ben Vanderaa family became part of the Neal Speight family.

Branding time was a big event which turned out to be a miniature rodeo. Friends and family would come to help because it was always a lot of fun. After the branding was finished, they'd buck out the stock, then head for the house for one of Loretta's home-cooked meals. Rocky Mountain Oysters were fried for those who wanted to try them.

Neal also enjoyed playing fastball. He played first base for the Hardindell Team on their many rivalries with Dovercourt, Everdell and

Back: John and Jim Winchester. Front: Kathleen Johnson, Catherine Winchester, and Loretta Speight, 1974.

Cheddarville or whomever wanted to take them on. The country picnics were a great time for these ball games.

When Bill and Dale left school, they joined Neal in the lumber business as N.J. Speight & Sons. Since lumbering was done during winter months, there were many nights they would go to bed with the tin heater blazing and awake with their clothes frozen to the floor and ice in the water bucket. The icy roads often proved to be a challenge. On one trip when Neal and Bill were hauling a load of lumber to town, they found out too late that they had no brakes and ended up crashing over a pile of ties before they ever stopped. Luckily no one was hurt.

In 1963, they bought a caterpillar and began clearing land for farmers. Then in 1966, with a small amount of equipment (the beginning of what is now known as Speight Construction), they ventured to northern Alberta to clear the railroad right-of-way which runs from Hinton to Grande Cache. This took a couple of years. Then they moved even further to High Level where they were hired by Art Herman to lop seismic line for Mobil Oil. The boys had pretty much taken over the business by this time. In 1968, Speight Construction became a limited company and Speights were hired by Pete Leavitt to cut seismic line for Teledyne Explorations. They eventually went onto contracts of their own, one in 1973, which was clearing and building the grade for the Aquitaine Railroad which runs to the Husky Gas Plant. Elmer Adrian was one of the main supervisors on this job. Speight Construction now does numerous

oilfield jobs, heavy hauling, road building and some pipelining. All of Neal and Loretta's children and their spouses worked for the company at one time or another.

Neal and Loretta were active members of the Hardindell Community Club where Neal acted as President for 30 some years. He also sat on the Advisory Board at which time he had a dream of developing the Cow Lake Campground. He worked toward his dream and made it come true. A huge rock monument marked "Silver's Dream" can be found in the group area at the campground dedicated to Neal and Loretta in appreciation for everything they have done to make this dream come true.

In 1986, Neal received the Community Builder Award for all the work in the Rocky Mountain House area over the years.

When it came time for Neal and Loretta to take life a little easier, they still enjoyed their life time recreation of camping and fishing. Many days were spent at the Brazeau Dam and eventually at Cow Lake. Neal always had a love for horses, so going on pack trips into the mountains became a ritual. At night the campfire songs would begin and Grampa Neal would teach the grandchildren some good old campfire songs. He enjoyed singing and at 80 years old, he still sings around the campfire and on stage when asked. As horses became too much of a chore, they would go quadding on the trails out west so they could still enjoy the outdoors.

A motorhome soon became their home away from home. They'd camp much of the summer then head south for the winter. Las Vegas and Yuma became their favorite spots. They camped at the Sleepy Hollow Campground which is right at the Mexican border and Loretta especially enjoyed crossing the border every day to barter with the Mexicans. They made this trip for 16 years. They have also enjoyed travelling to many other different parts of the world which include Mexico and New Zealand.

Christmas is a very special time for the Speight family. All of the family that can possibly come will be at Neal and Loretta's Christmas morning. Everyone enjoys a great breakfast, some Christmas cheer and then watch as Neal and Loretta open their gifts. Most of the time there are over 50 people. This has been a treasured tradition for years.

Neal Speight, Elmer Speight, Floyd Speight, Rennel Speight, John Rodtka, Jack Courtright.

Neal and Loretta's family as of January, 2002 is as follows:

Billy and Elaine Speight have 4 children and 5 grandchildren.

Dale and Terrie Speight have 2 children and 5 grandchildren.

Margaret Hooey and Howard Hooey have 3 children and 1 grandchild.

Shannon and Lorin Williams have 3 children and 4 grandchildren.

Darlene McMillan and Garry McMillan have 2 children and 2 grandchildren.

Neal and Loretta's children all live within 7 miles of the family farm.

All of the grandchildren except 3, and all of the great-grandchildren except 3, live in the Rocky area and close to the family farm.

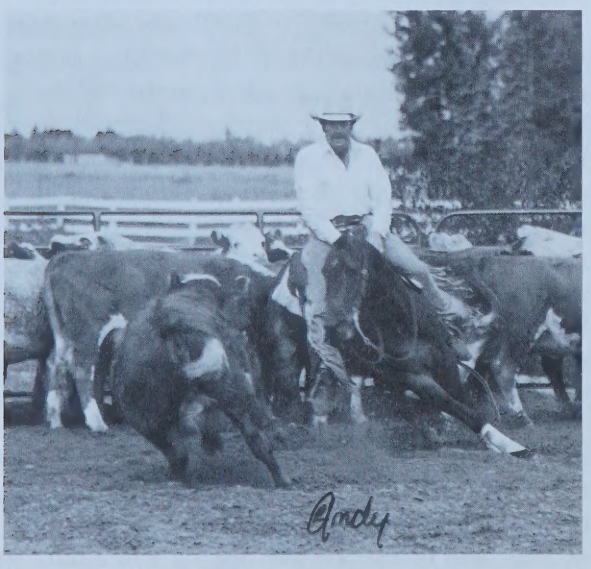
SPEIGHT, William and Elaine

William (Bill) was born near Rocky Mountain House on November 15th, 1942, the eldest of five children to Neal and Loretta Speight. Bill took his early schooling at the Hardindell school, then later was bused in to town. As a young boy, Bill enjoyed playing baseball and riding horseback in the West Country. Bill was raised on a mixed farm, and helped with farm chores, milking cows and putting up hay. In the winter months Bill helped his dad by working in the family sawmill cutting logs and hauling lumber to the local mill in town.

In 1959 Bill met Elaine Gant at a school dance in Caroline, Alberta. Elaine is the eldest daughter of John and Helen Gant of the Stauffer district. Bill and Elaine were married August 12th of 1961, and in the years following had a family of four boys: Daryl Neal, Kurt William (Wil), Troy

William Speight Family: Daryl, Will. Seated: Troy, Bill, Elaine and A.J.

John and Allan Jay. For the first few years, Bill and Elaine lived and worked in the Rocky area in the winters, sawing and hauling lumber. In the summer they cleared land for farmers. In November of 1965, the family took on a job near Hinton, Alberta, clearing a section of railroad right-of-way from Hinton to Grande Cache, Alberta. Bill and Elaine also worked a few years later at High Level, Alberta, clearing seismic lines for various oil companies. These were interesting and adventurous times for them and their young family. Trips to the job site were taken by helicopter from High Level, then a full day was



Bill and Hotrodder Coke, July 1983.

Bill and Hotrodder Disco.

spent travelling slowly through muskeg by a Nodwell vehicle. Supplies were also brought in by helicopter and Nodwell.

A few years later, the family needed to settle down, as Daryl was of school age, so a home was built near the original family farm and the present site of Speight Construction. Bill was involved with the construction business until he sold out in 1982. In the summer of 1975, Bill and Elaine were introduced to the sport of Cutting Horses, so in the spring of 1977, Will-O-Lane Stables was built, and two Docs Hotrodder offsprings were purchased, Conquest Bars, and Hotrodder Coke. Bill trained the two horses, and became the 1979 Pacific Coast Cutting Champion, riding Conquest Bars. To this day Bill's name shines in lights each year as they honour their past champions. Bill and Elaine later purchased a son of Docs Hotrodder, "Hotrodder Disco," a yearling stallion and full brother to the Canadian Open Cutting Champion mare, Hotrodder Coke. Hotrodder Disco later earned the title of All Time Leading Money Earning Sire at the Canadian Supreme Shows and Futurities. Hotrodder Disco was active as a breeding horse, when he died of unknown cause at the age of sixteen years.

Bill and Elaine introduced their sons to cutting as well. Their eldest son, Daryl, went on the road with his dad and mom, and ended up winning a trophy saddle with the horse, "Docs Royal Rose," a mare by Hotrodder Disco. Wil became a very respected and talented cutting

Bill Speight and Hotrodder Disco.

horse trainer, earning many Canadian and Alberta championship year-end awards, and had the opportunity for a couple of years to work for the Flying C Bar Ranch near Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Troy, their third son, rode horses a bit before he discovered the art of motor mechanics, and he now works as a heavy duty mechanic. He lives near Rocky Mountain House with his wife, Stacy, and two children, Emilee and Elliott.

Of the four boys, Allan Jay has had the most opportunity to travel, ride and show with his parents. He rode as a youth cutter, and achieved the National High School Rodeo Championship in 1990, riding a five year-old gelding, Lena Bar Mico. A.J. and his wife, Rebecca, his son, Justice, and daughter, Patience Rayne, live nearby in the Rocky Mountain House area.

Throughout the growth of their own careers, Bill and Elaine were very involved in the growth of the Cutting Horse Associations in Alberta. For over ten years they were involved as president and secretary of the Alberta Cutting Horse Association, and they continue as directors of the A.C.H.A., the Canadian Cutting Horse Association, and the Canadian Supreme Futurities Association. In 1981 the first Canadian Futurity was held at Will-O-Lane Stables, and is now the Canadian Futurity Classic Challenge held in Calgary, Alberta. Bill and Elaine are involved, and were instrumental, in the formation of the Hans Hansma Canadian Youth Scholarship Fund established to aid Canadian Youth Cutters in their post secondary education efforts. In 1998 Bill and Elaine were recipients of the Andy Rose Memorial Award, which acknowledges the contributions made by Alberta Horsemen (as nominated and chosen by Alberta Horsemen). On February 3, 2001, at the Canadian Cutting Horse Association Annual banquet and awards celebration, held in Vernon B.C., Bill and Elaine were inducted into the Canadian Cutting Horse Association Hall Of Fame.

Remembering the past forty plus years, starting out as a young married couple, and strengthened by life's adversities, we see a love that is being passed down to their children. We wish Bill and Elaine much happiness as they continue down life's road together.

SPOOR FAMILY HISTORY

Fred Spoor in Rocky Mountain House.

In 1909 two adventurous brothers set out from Bishop Auckland, Durham County, England, for the New World. Fred and Robert Spoor were ambitious, hard-working young men who left their jobs as tradesmen in England in search of a life with more opportunity. Robert's wife soon joined them and Nottingham born, Emma Selby (whom Fred had courted when he delivered meat to the Bishop's residence where she was a cook) sailed over on the Empress of Ireland in 1912 to marry Fred.

Fred Spoor in Nordegg.

Emma immediately fell in love with the beauty of Alberta and was never to return to her native England again. Shortly after Emma's arrival in Canada, Robert and his wife decided to return to England. Robert's wife was pregnant and wanted to have her baby there. However, the ship they were sailing on, the Empress of Ireland, was rammed by another ship in the St. Lawrence River and sank. Their bodies were never recovered, and the Empress of Ireland still lies intact at the bottom of the river.

Fred first worked for the Stettler Meat Co. He and Emma started married life in Leduc, but soon moved to Nordegg where Fred managed the first meat market. Fred took orders from the mine and private citizens and then travelled to Rocky by train to pick up the order and bring it back. In those days, Nordegg was a thriving community with many amenities and Rocky was regarded by Nordegg residents as a "whistle stop." Fred's shop was simple, but immaculate and totally without heat, as there was no refrigeration in those days. The meat was simply hung on a rack on large hooks behind the counter.

In 1923 Fred moved his family to Rocky to work for Hank and Sid Smith who owned a meat market, but needed the expertise of an old-country trained butcher. Their shop was located on the east side of main street. One morning, as was his custom, Hank backed his truck up to the rear of the building to unload some sides of beef. To his dismay he soon discovered that he had backed up to a pile of smoldering ashes. The store had burned to the ground during the night!

Sid Smith left the business, and Fred became Hank's partner. Later when Hank moved to Vernon, B.C., Fred started his own business in a building on the west side of main street. Spoor's Meat Market, on main street, was a great improvement over the shop in Nordegg. It boasted a large cooler, a spacious area in the back for processing and a special curing room for salting and curing hams and bacon. There was also a large metal smokehouse which burned fragrant maple sawdust brought in from Ontario. Over the years, Spoor's Meat Market won many awards for hams, bacon and sausage and filled orders from the city for spring lamb. If you were to visit the meat market in those days you would have seen thick, heavy butcher blocks and a special round block cut from an ancient tree used only for slicing fish. Fresh sawdust covered the floor in all but the office and customer area. You could pick what part of the fish you would like, or which chops you would take home for supper. You could indicate how big a wedge you

would like from the big wheels of sharp Ontario Cheddar or how many pickles you would like from the barrel.

At Christmas time there were barrels of fresh mincemeat and fresh turkeys, ducks and geese. Your parcels would be weighed on an old glass scale, beneath the swinging pendulum of a Calgary Herald clock. Your purchase would be wrapped in a small piece of brown, waxed paper and then in another larger piece of brown paper, torn from a huge roll on a frame attached to the top of the counter. It was then expertly tied with string. Later packages were closed with paper tape, dampened in a dispenser before it was applied. Fred often put certain items aside for customers. A friend of his who owned the cafe across the street, always requested pork stomachs for a special Chinese dish. Scottish friends required 'pluck' (heart, liver, tongue and lungs) for their Bobby Burn's Day haggis. Fred always set aside sweetbreads (a neck gland from a cow, which was a great delicacy), for Mrs. Strong. Natives from the Stoney reserve would come in regularly to buy beef fat for cooking and brains to tan hides with. Many of the Stoney women would pause on the old, brown leather settee in the front shop to nurse their babies before they continued their business in town.

In 1947, before the advent of home freezers, Spoor's put in a locker plant, so that thrifty customers could have sides or quarters of beef or pork processed and frozen and stored for their convenience. The lockers were metal compartments, accessed by keys and housed in a large insulated room, kept at freezing temperatures. On hot July days when the grandchildren worked at the meat market, their favorite job was to don the old parka with the wolf fur hood and scrape the snow from the inside of the fifteen inch thick doors and frames. Spoor's Meat and Locker plant was both an old World style meat market and a processing plant. A farmer could deliver his animal to the abattoir on a Tuesday and have his meat neatly cut, wrapped and labeled in his locker by the end of the week.

Spoors had many wonderful employees over the years: Eller Scott, Rose Morley, Lockie Helmer, Dennis Charlton and Frieda(Gilbert) Kerik, the current manager of the IGA, to mention a few. Fred's son, Robert joined in 1945 and took great pride in the family business until 1979 when the business was sold, and he retired to enjoy his large family.

Fred and Emma had five children: Mary, Margaret, Robert, Arnold and Mildred. Mary lived most of her life in Victoria, B.C. and, when she was widowed in the sixties, she was joined by Mart who had been living in Calgary. Mary has no children, but Mart has a son, Hugh, who raised his family on Vancouver Island and still resides in Brentwood. Millie spent most of her married life in Edmonton. She, Sam and their children, Selby and Pam, eventually moved to BC. Amie caught the eye of one of the Mellons of Pittsburgh (steel wealth) when he was working with a guide and outfitter on the American's hunting trip. He moved to Pennsylvania where, with Mellons' assistance, he received a degree in petroleum engineering. He met his wife, Alice, in Pennsylvania and works with Gulf Oil. Three of his children: Dennis, Rusty and Connie live in Texas and Barbara lives in Tennesee.

Robert has nine children: Lana, Irene, Bob, Joan, Jake, Kent, Carolyn, Jim and Jill.

Lana, an elementary teacher lives and works in Rocky Mountain House. She has two daughters, Sonia and Ariane. Sonia is a singer/actress, performing in Edmonton in dinner theatres. Ariane hopes to have a career in the medical field. Lana has been married to her soulmate, Roy Palmer, since 1994.

Irene, a teacher's aide, lives in Duncan, BC with her husband, Kirk Smith. They have two daughters, Mya and Marissa. Both girls are studying at the University of Victoria. Mya wants to become an RN and Marissa an actress. All of the family are committed to fitness and are involved in varied activities. Kirk is a very successful athlete; Mya an award winning rower; Marissa has been involved in triathlons and Renie is a runner.

Bob has a flourishing business in stone masonry in the San Francisco area and has been contracted to work in tile and marble in many celebrities' homes. He trains and rides his Arabian horses in endurance riding. Bob is single at the time this history is recorded and has two children, Sasha and Danielle. Sasha is a talented musician and is training to work in the music recording industry. Danielle is still in school and enjoys a new extended family, due to her mother's second marriage.

Joan, a qualified fitness trainer and home decorator, lives with her husband, Mel Sangh, in Comox, B.C., in a home they designed themselves. She has two children, Keely and Ian. Keely is the proud mom of Robert and Shirley's first great-grandchild, Isabella. Keely has accumulated a great deal of office experience and financial consulting expertise. Ian has lived in Australia, worked in the oil patch in Alberta and worked in construction on Vancouver Island.

Jake, a contractor, master carpenter and cabinet maker, lives in Rocky Mountain House with his wife, Margie, who has worked at the CIBC for many years. They have three children, Michael, Erin and Duncan. Michael has had business training and experience with his dad in carpentry. At the time this is recorded, Erin is at Red Deer College in general studies, contemplating a career in education. Duncan is in high school and plans to become a tradesman some day.

Kent has extensive training and experience with forestry and horticulture. He is single, lives on Vancouver Island and has his own gardening and maintenance business. He enjoys playing hockey, dancing and being an uncle to his many nieces and nephews.

Carolyn (Kutch) worked as an X-ray technician before her children were born. She now works with a friend's catering business in Calgary and enjoys home decorating and upholstering. She is married to Mike O'Reilly and has two sons, Brendan and Aidan. They are both in elementary school at this time.

Jim lived in Italy for many years, working in antique restoration and running a restaurant and club. He now works as artistic director and painter on TV and movie sets in Vancouver. He lives with his life partner, Brad, in a condo a block from Stanley Park in Vancouver. Together they enjoy travelling, snowboarding, decorating their home and entertaining friends and family.

Jill also lived in Italy for a number of years working in antique restoration in the Lorenzelli Private Gallery, one of the most extensive Art Libraries in Europe. She lives near Jim and works as a hostess/guide on the Mountaineer Railtours which Brad manages.

Emma Spoor died in 1964 and Fred in 1966. Millie, Margaret and Arnie are deceased, also. By their example, Fred and Emma taught their children to be good citizens. Emma always helped her neighbors. This was especially true during the Spanish flu epidemic in 1918. Pregnant with Robert at the time, she made soup and took it to ailing families. She took great delight gardening, knitting and baking for Anglican church functions. Fred belonged to the Masonic Lodge and served on town council. His son, Robert, was a charter member of the Kinsmen Club and was on the stampede board, when the board members created the stampede grounds. He was also on the hospital board for many years. Robert participated in local sports: curling, baseball and hockey as well as being a scoutmaster to a group of boys which included Bob Stronach, Henry Orava, Jim Parker and Clayton and Larry Kennedy. Robert and his wife, Shirley (nee Becker) have been active members in the Presbyterian church for over fifty years. Shirley was a member of the Kinettes, taught Sunday school and volunteered at the hospital. Shirley opened her own business shortly after Robert retired. Her gift shop, "The Farmhouse" was located in an authentic old farmhouse on the Spoor property. It was a favorite destination for shoppers for fourteen years, until 1992 when Shirley retired.

Fred and Emma Spoor's devotion to their family, their creativity, resourcefulness and hard work will always be remembered by their descendants who are grateful for the adventurous spirits which led these two pioneers to Rocky Mountain House.

STAGG: The George Stagg Family
by Willda Stagg Greenwood, ATCM, LRS

The George Stagg family: Mother, Father and four daughters, Marion, Georgena (Gypsy), Roberta(Bobby) and Willda(Dad called me Bill), moved to Nordegg in 1920. George was a steam engineer and would be working 8 hour shifts at the plant, seven days a week, one Sunday off every 3 weeks. When one engineer was enjoying his day off, another engineer would work a double shift. The shifts worked thus: one week days, one week afternoons and one week nights.

Mother (Mary Ruth Judd) was bilingual, a well educated woman. She was a school teacher, but decided she would prefer the business world, so she attended business college and graduated as a stenographer-bookkeeper. I can recall being

with her in church when she would take the sermon down in shorthand, just to keep her skill up to par. Mother was a silver-medalist in elocution, a fine public speaker and an able chairperson. She was most popular at events such as teas and socials, as she read tea cups and hands most convincingly. Her recitations were always applauded. At the onset of World War II, a town meeting was called to form a Red Cross Society. Mother was elected as president, a position she filled most admirably.

Our family was active in the United Church. Dad had a fine tenor voice, sang in the choir and was often soloist in church, in concerts and in operettas. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the church. Mother was active in the women's groups and for several years was Superintendent of the Cradle Roll section of the Sunday School. Every baby had his/her name and date of birth entered in this record. Mother was known to give the "sermon" in church on Mother's Day. Those were the days when we wore a flower, preferably a carnation, to designate whether or not our mother was alive—red if she was living, white if she was not.

We lived across from the United Church in the '20s and would be called on to furnish hot food or drink, if required, as there was no plumbing or cooking facilities in the church. On one occasion, when the minister was serving lunch to the visiting Indians, Mother was required to provide a wash boiler of boiling water to make tea.

Bobby was instrumental in forming the Young Peoples' Society. We were a fairly large group and enjoyed good times together. We were fortunate that Fish Lake was within hiking distance and we could go for a picnic or perhaps swimming in warm weather. Sometimes it was possible to get the use of a sleigh and team of horses in the wintertime and ride to Grouch Camp(timber camp), where the cook would give us a tasty supper. We'd sing and have a social time then away we'd go home again. I think it cost twenty-five or thirty cents.

Our family was also involved in other ways in the community. We enjoyed sports: curling, golfing, skating and sleighing. Sleighing was great in the early days as cars were few and there was very little traffic in the evenings. If conditions were right and the bobsled crew were in position, we could start at the top of the mine hill, travel through town, make a left-hand turn and go down past the church and school and on and on. A wonderful ride, but a long walk back! When the lake was frozen and the snow removed, we had a great time skating. We had a big bonfire to thaw the cold spots and the young people had a good time. Bobby and Gypsy were very good golfers. Gypsy was runner-up at university when their competition was held in Edmonton. Dad made a hole-in-one on the Nordegg course, the first in that area. Bobby and Margaret Anderson worked hard to establish basketball as part of our sports life. They sponsored a dance, raised one hundred dollars, bought the necessary equipment, and the skating rink became a basketball court in the summer months.

Mother was a gracious and hospitable hostess. The card game popular in the '20s was Five Hundred, often enjoyed in our home and that of friends. Music was a large part of our lives: playing piano, singing and dancing. The advent of the radio made an impact on our lives. It was a real treat to be invited to our neighbor's home to hear this invention. Each person would have his turn listening with the earphones. There were no loud speakers as yet. When we got a radio, there was a speaker and wonder of wonders, we could hear Salt Lake City!

In 1928 we moved to Calgary for a little over a year. Salaries were high in the Turner Valley area and Dad took a job there. The Nordegg church ladies gave Mother a farewell gift, an autograph recipe book. Nordegg ladies were wonderful cooks. We still have the book and are using some of the recipes. When the depression struck, good jobs were lost and we were happy when Dad got his old job back in Nordegg. This would be home until Dad retired in 1941.

After retirement, Dad bought a house in Red Deer where he and Mother were content until Dad's death in 1961. Mother moved to Calgary where Bobby and Gypsy lived. She died in 1965. Both parents are buried in Queen's Park Cemetery, Calgary. Gypsy is buried at the foot of Dad's grave and I will be placed at the foot of Mother's grave. Do you think we will be making music together in Heaven?

We girls all became school teachers. Marion taught for one year in Nordegg, then moved to

the Hardisty area where she married, raised six children and lived there until her death in 1996.

Gypsy taught in Nordegg for several years. She achieved a professional certificate in education, taught in the "Valley" briefly, and then completed her forty years of teaching in Calgary where she died in 1999.

Bobby graduated from a course in Household Economics at the Olds College. She is an excellent cook and a fine seamstress. When there was a surplus of teachers, she didn't get a school, so she organized an English class for new Canadians in Nordegg. Later, she taught in the Blackie area where she met and married a fellow teacher. They both taught in Calgary and still live there. They raised five children.

Willda was fortunate to be able to study piano and voice in Calgary before she graduated from Normal School. Her two piano degrees and advanced vocal training were of great help to her in her teaching career. Her first husband died in 1966. She remarried and she and her husband are living in Calgary, where she retired from teaching school.

STARK, Sophie
by Nina Evashkevich, Freelance Writer

Sophie Stark, June 2000.

"I am an only child. I was one and a half years old, in 1926, when my father left Holland, for Canada. I remember watching him say good-bye to everyone. My mother and I followed in 1929, when I was four. We immigrated just before the Great Depression. It was very hard for Dad to make a living.

"In Canada, for 12 years, we lived in a 12' x 16' granary, 20 miles south of Vermilion, Alberta. Imagine, in that space, three people, the stove, wood-box, table and chairs, beds, cream separator, cupboards and so on.

"My bed was hinged to the wall, so it could be latched up during the day, Dad and Mom's bed was a couch. You had to move the kitchen table every night to put the bed out. In 1941, they added on three more rooms and we lived in the four room house until 1947."

Rocky Mountain House resident, Sophie Stark, was born in The Hague, Holland on October 26, 1924. She remembers when she was four years old, learning psalms and hymns at her grandmother's knee, before immigrating.

"My mother was a very practical, managing person. Mother taught me to read and write in Dutch before I went to school. I learned to speak English when I started grade one. I still enjoy the Dutch section of the library."

"My Dad was very artistic: he could sing, play the harmonica, and do woodwork carving. He was also very tolerant."

They didn't have their own well, so they got their drinking water from the nearest neighbor, using a stone boat with a barrel on it, pulled by horses. "We would cover the top of the barrel with a gunny sack to prevent splashing. In the winter, of course, we would melt snow instead."

Sophie's parents, Jacob and Cornelia Haan, moved to Lacombe in 1947, buying a 1938 Ford car that year. Sophie stayed in Lacombe teaching school when her parents moved to Rocky Mtn. House in 1950. Her parents bought the quarter section of land that Sophie still lives on.

Through mutual acquaintances at her church in Lacombe, Alberta, Sophie met Willem (Bill) Stark, in 1953. They were married in August, 1954. Bill was an oil patch worker at the time, and they spent the next 10 years moving around southern and central Alberta, before settling in Rocky Mountain House in 1965, where they raised sheep and later did mixed farming.

Among Sophie's talents is a flair for needlepoint, tatting and cross-stitch. She lovingly embroiders quilts for her grandchildren.

Sophie enjoys traveling, and has been back to Holland eight times. In Canada, she has been as far east as Ottawa; and in the States, to Minnesota, for a family reunion on Bill's side. She will be going to the Maritimes before summer, this year. She would like to go to the Maritimes to see the leaves changing color in the fall; she would also like to visit New Zealand.

"I think a turning point in my life was when I read the book, 'What happens when Women Pray.' I have a closer relationship with God now, and I am dramatically aware of the power that

is unleashed when people pray. I've seen it to be true."

"I have always loved poetry, from the rhymed verses I would write in school, to the free-verse I write now, which is less constrictive."

Bill was very supportive of Sophie's gift with words and would drive her to Christian writing conferences in Edmonton.

She has numerous awards for her poetry and has had many poems published in magazines and books. She also has a book of her own poetry published called "Tableland." Talk to Sophie if you would like to purchase a copy of it.

The Year 2000, was a busy one for Sophie, who was on the History Book Committee for the Christian Reformed Church. The church's 50 year anniversary was in October 2000. The history book came out in the summer of 2000, and has 200 pages of stories and pictures covering that time period.

Bill and Sophie were happily married for 42 years, until Bill passed away in 1996. They had six children, and Sophie has 14 grandchildren. "I always tried to make my children aware of the beauty of nature and how it changes. I see them doing the same thing with their children."

To parents, Sophie says, "I believe that you need to use the abilities you have been given. Children need to be taught the values of honesty and how to apply themselves to the job they are doing. Young people need to be praised for the positive things they do, not just scolded when they do wrong. Don't forget to apply reasonable, consistent discipline."

"Today, people seems to take things so much for granted. I wish everyone appreciated beauty, and what they have, as much as we did when we were hard up."

STELFOX, Henry and Janet
by Helen Zander

Henry Stelfox (1883-1974): Henry arrived in Canada during the winter of 1906-1907. His first job was working for R.K. Bennett at the Rushford Ranch, South of Red Deer Lake, looking after a herd of registered shorthorn cattle. For this, Dad received $30.00 per month plus room and board.

The following summer Dad bought his first quarter of land, seven miles south of Ponoka, then moved to a quarter of land at Battle Lake

Herry Stelfox.

before moving to Rocky Mountain House in 1921. Dad tackled many jobs to make a dollar. I published his experiences in a book entitled, "Rambling Thoughts of a Wandering Fellow."

Dad became a Game Warden for the Provincial Government and an Indian Agent for the Federal Government and served well in these positions for many years refusing remuneration for either.

My folks moved to Rocky Mountain House from Spring Valley in 1921, with their children: Margaret (Peggy), Janet (Cis), Henry (Buck) and Gertrude (Tootie). Five more children were born in Rocky-David, Hilda, Katherine, John and Helen. All children received their schooling in Rocky. Several of the children went on to University, or received college education.

For many years Dad was deeply devoted to helping the native people in and around Rocky Mountain House. It was through his efforts that three reserves were established near Rocky Mountain House which greatly improved the living for the local Indian population.

Dad and Mother took their responsibility as parents very seriously and knew the need for their children to receive a good education. Times were hard in the 30s and money and jobs were scarce. Mother was kept busy at home cooking, cleaning, canning and tending to her family needs. There was no electricity, plumbing, central heating or running water in those days. Washing was done on the scrub board and clothes had to be hung on the lines outdoors, winter and summer. The house had bare wooden floors which were scrubbed daily with water carried from a hand pump outdoors.

Water was heated in large boilers on our kitchen stove for washing or bathing.

We had three large gardens: a mixed vegetable garden, a potato garden and a fruit garden of raspberries, strawberries and currants. Mother was kept busy canning several hundred jars of fruit, pickles, jams and jellies, every year. Dad always made a big crock of sauerkraut and sometimes several bottles of dandelion wine. The vegetables from the garden were stored in our cellar below the kitchen floor.

Dad bought and sold hay, grain, fence posts and rails. He also operated a livery stable combined with fur buying and real estate, all the while taking care of his farm on the outskirts of Rocky. He also served as a Raleigh's salesman during the depression years. Later on he was a clerk at many farm sales. Dad helped many immigrants get a fresh start in the Rocky area by offering them financial help. Our doors were never locked and no one was ever turned away who needed a meal, a place to rest or financial help.

I remember as a child on the farm, coming downstairs on a cold winter morning to find several natives huddled around our heater in the dining room. They knew they were welcome and would come in quietly during the night. I liked to see the little papooses wrapped in their moss bags, their mothers talking softly to one another as they cared for their babies. After several cups of hot tea and something to eat, they would slip quietly away again.

One elderly lady, Mrs. Strawberry, came by in the early fall and would measure each one of us children's feet with pieces of string and a few months later would return with a pair of moccasins for each of us. This was our footwear for the winter with a pair of rubbers over top. It kept our feet nice and warm. Mrs. Strawberry could only say two words in English, "please" and "thank you." I have never forgotten this dear lady.

Mother was a quiet, soft spoken, gentle lady. She was born in Babbacombe, England and came to Canada with her parents in 1911, along with her two sisters and their brothers. They lived in Edmonton for several years. My mother and father were married on January 3, 1914.

During the Second World War mother did a lot of knitting. She made mitts, socks and scarves for the Red Cross, and these were sent overseas to the men in battle. She also prepared and sent many parcels to relatives in England who were in great need. She was a faithful member and supporter of the Holy Trinity Anglican Church and the Women's Institute in Rocky. Her children were regular attendees of church because she took them with her on Sundays. Many evenings were spent at home with mother playing the piano as we gathered around to sing.

Sundays were a day of rest in the Stelfox home and only necessary chores were taken care of. After Sunday dinner, mother would have a rest and later on go for a walk, weather permitting. Otherwise, my parents would sit at the table and write letters to family and friends. Dad wrote many articles, stories and poems, several of which have been compiled into book form.

We were truly blessed to have such great parents who were held in high esteem by all who knew them.

STEPHANSON, Stewart B.
Written by Jean Stephanson

Stewart and Jean (Sinclair) Stephanson, 1990.

Stewart Stephanson was born in Innisfail on June 2, 1945, to Cecil and Fretha (Dolly) Stephanson of the Markerville district. Stewart is the great-grandson of Stephan G. Stephansson, the Icelandic poet laureate, whose pioneer

Stewart, Ken, Ron and Mother, Fretha (Dolly) Stephenson on her 85th birthday, July 1997.

First grandchild, Joy Stephenson, Chris Chapman and their son, Lucas Taliesin William Stephenson – Chapman, October 2001.

farmhouse near Markerville was restored as a provincial historic site.

Stewart grew up on the family farm, northwest of Markerville, with his two younger brothers, Kenneth and Ronald. He attended school first at the old Hola School, located just west of the Stephansson Historic Site, for grades 1 to 6 until the school closed in 1957. He then attended the school in Markerville until they closed it, as well. He took his grades 9, 10, and 11 at Spruceview, but for grade 12, he boarded in Red Deer with his aunt and uncle, Bertha and Clifford Anderson, and attended LTCHS, better known then as "The Comp", graduating in 1963.

He worked with his dad on the Rural Telephone Exchange and also tried his hand at farming with his dad. In January of 1965 he received word he had been hired for a position in the Rocky Clearwater Forest as a Forest Lookout man. In March of that year he attended the Fire Training School in Hinton and took training on weather observation, operating a "fire-finder" for locating smoke/fire in a look-out tower, and also trained in radio operating procedures. He obtained his Radio Operators license there.

The first week of April 1965, Stewart moved out to Rocky Mountain House to stay in an Alberta Forest Service crew trailer at the old DR6 station across the river. At that time, Ken Janigo was the Ranger there. He also met Gerald Stuart who was the Land Use Officer, and who lived in a trailer at DR6. At this time, Fred Sutherland was the Superintendent of the Clearwater Forest. Stewart's first duty was to report to the Forestry warehouse where he was to assist Jimmy Gaetz, forestry carpenter.

It was mid-April when Stewart flew in to the Chungo Lookout in a helicopter operated by Jack Lunan. Chungo Lookout was located in the northwest corner of the Clearwater Forest, in the Bighorn Range, across the Brazeau River from the Jasper Park boundary. There is no longer a lookout tower located there, but at that time, it was one of the original 12 foot square cabins with windows all the way around. The cabin served as both living and working quarters.

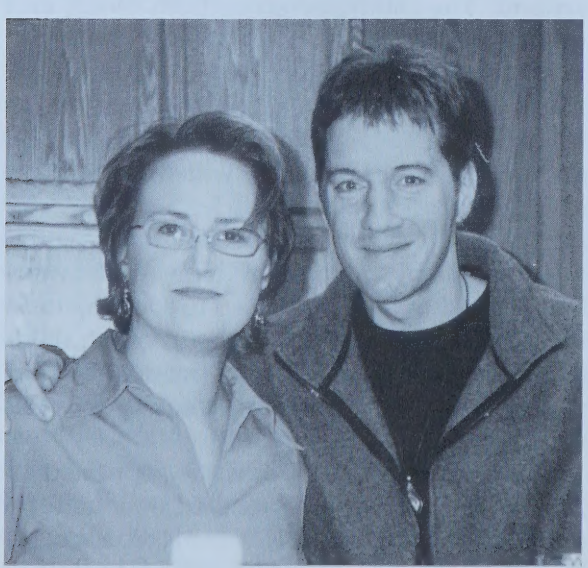
It was the first time in his life that Stewart had to light a propane gas heater. He had to haul in groceries and drinking water. He was to melt snow or use a rain-barrel for water for washing and doing laundry. He experienced one really heavy snowfall after he arrived, with the snow piled half way up the cabin door in the morning. The mountain sheep used to come up near the cabin to bed down to sleep at night, theoretically for protection from the cougar that prowled the area. (Apparently cougars were still afraid of humans back then.)

The AFS Radio Room in Rocky, operated by Jim Verhesen, would call all the Lookout Towers on a rotation schedule, once at 8:00 a.m. and once at 6:00 p.m. Several towers had weather stations where the lookout man had to make

weather observations and readings to report to Rocky when they were called. A lonely tower man might not talk to anyone else all day, unless he saw smoke or a fire that had to be called in. He listened to Jim call all the other towers and learned everyone's name. After three weeks, Dave Clague, AGT serviceman who checked all the AFS radio equipment, and Ted Loblaw, Ranger from Nordegg, flew in for a visit and checked his communications equipment. Stewart turned 20 on June 2nd, 1965 at Chungo Lookout.

The AFS decided to replace him at Chungo with an older man from the Parks Service, and so Stewart was moved to Baseline Lookout, near Prairie Creek Ranger Station on June 4th 1965. Frank Lightbown, Assistant Ranger at Prairie Creek, picked him up in Rocky at DR6 and drove him out to Prairie Creek Ranger Station, where he first met Ron Lyle, the Ranger. Baseline is a little closer to civilization, located three miles east of the Forestry Trunk Road, on the Prairie Creek Center Fork road, near the headwaters of the Tay River.

Baseline had a three-room cabin and next to it was a sixty foot tower with a cupola on top where the lookout man had to climb to do his fire-finding work. At Baseline, his family from Markerville could drive out to see him on weekends, and here Ron Lyle would come to visit and tell him bear stories. He also met Jock Kay, Ranger at Strachan, for the first time. Stewart did not know it at the time, but from Baseline, he could easily look down on the farm at Strachan that had been home to his future wife, Jean Sinclair.



Bonnie Stephenson and Larry McNeely in 2000.

A Lookout man earned about $245 per month and, because you had nowhere to spend it, you could save a very tidy sum over the summer months. Stewart got to know many of the rangers and lookout men by communicating with them on the radio. This was how he got to know Frank Jones, Ranger at Clearwater, and Bob Glover, his Assistant. Stewart worked at Baseline until November 8th, 1965.

Later that fall, Stewart wrote an "entrance exam" to enable him to bid on AFS Ranger jobs in the province. He wrote the exam with Bob Hilbert and Doug Adams, both of Rocky, and with Ralph Johnsen from Spruceview. He was then placed on an eligibility list and could apply for Ranger positions.

During the winter, Stewart learned from George Deans, Chief Ranger of the Rocky Forest Reserve, that he had been accepted for another posting to Baseline tower, starting on April 1, 1966. Very soon after he arrived at the tower in '66, he became quite sick with what he thought was a cold and he was sticking to his cot in the cabin. Then he got a call on the radio from Jack Worsley, who operated the Rocky Tower north of town, asking for a cross bearing on a smoke Jack had sighted. Stewart had to climb the tower to check the bearing. He was definitely not feeling well and remembers dreading the climb to the cupola. He doesn't remember too much about the hours that followed.

The next day, Dave Clague, who was out on a communications equipment check drove up to the tower and discovered Stewart feverish in his bed, with no fire going on a cold day, and no food/cooking in evidence. Dave immediately took Stewart into Rocky to see a doctor. They arrived in Rocky where Dr. Ralph Hay examined him, said he had pneumonia, and put him in the Rocky Hospital for a week.

After recovery, Stewart continued his forestry work on the fire suppression crew. Sometimes they actually had to fight a fire. He remembers once, hiking for miles into the bush near the Shunda Ranger Station, where Murray McDonald was Ranger. After a very long hike, with no food, they discovered what amounted to a lightning strike on a snag that had fizzled out on its own.

One of the hardest duties that summer was taking part in the search for Doug Adams, a young lookout man who was stationed on Limestone Lookout. He had radioed the nearest station to say he was going for a walk. When he still wasn't answering the radio by evening Scheds, people started looking. Murray McDonald, Doug's brother-in-law, and Art Evans were two men who kept searching around the clock. Art finally found Doug's body, near a sandbar in the Clearwater River near the Seven-Mile Campground. Speculation is that a bear may have cut off Doug's route back to the tower, thus forcing him to try to cross the river.

Stewart's next job with the forestry was in the radio room in Rocky where he worked an eight hour shift, from 3:00 p.m. until 11:00 p.m., every night and every weekend, with two days off mid-week. He learned how to operate a teletype machine and how to field all the telephone calls coming in. He boarded at the home of Dorothy Davis. The Davis home took in many boarders, many from Forestry along with some teachers and other professions. Dorothy was "mother" to them all!

It was during his work in the Radio Room that Stewart got to know people working in the AFS office: Pat Lyster, Art Evans, Floyd Schamber, Fred Sutherland, Walter Moore, Vivian Craig, Evelyn Woolley, Miriam Carswell, Doris MacConochie, and Bob Miller, as well as the outside staff such as Jesse Steeves, Mel Tessmer, Conrad Bello, Bob Yates and Hap Shaurette.

Stewart later applied for, and got the Assistant Ranger job at Fort Vermilion in October 1966 aand after a short stay returned to Rocky to stay at Dorothy Davis's home again and from April to October of 1967, he worked in the Radio Room.

When he returned to Rocky, he began to do his banking at the CIBC where Jean Sinclair was now taking his deposits. During the spring and summer, when Stewart went to the bank, the sparks were being ignited, but for all his ability to "talk," Stewart was really quite shy. It wasn't until the end of September that they each happened to end up at a movie at the old Lux Theatre together, and she asked him to sit with her. He didn't need any coaxing. He was smitten!

Jean Sinclair had grown up on her parent's farm at Strachan, attending school for the first six years at Pleasant Vale School. She then spent her junior and senior high school years being bused into Rocky to attend the Rocky Mountain House Junior Senior High School. She graduated in 1964 and then took a Secretarial/Business course in Calgary.

While at the Davis home, Stewart read an advertisement in the Red Deer Advocate for a Meter Reader to work in Red Deer for Northwestern Utilities Ltd., the natural gas utility company. He applied for the job, but the company told him the job was taken, but he would be considered if more openings came up. He thought, "yeah, sure!"

Ray Davis, son of Dorothy, worked at the Bay in Rocky as the butcher, and arranged for Stewart to come to work at the Bay as a meat cutter in November of 1967. The Bay was located then in the old Killico Store building on Main Street. Stewart was not very happy about this job, but it was pay, and it meant he could stay in Rocky. Then in March of 1968, Jim Verhesen put him back in the radio room working for the Alberta Forest Service.

After a whirlwind courtship, Stewart and Jean were married on April 12, 1968, at the Presbyterian Church in Rocky. They found a small house to rent, from Dorothy Davis, as her mother, Mabel Titford, was moving out of her home and into Westview Lodge. The house was located at 5131 - 51st St., a lot that is presently part of the old IGA parking lot, south of the hospital. Jean was still working at the bank and Stewart was working for AFS. Stewart adopted Jean's daughter, Bonnie Lynne, and settled into family life.

Then came a call from Northwestern Utilities Ltd. There was a meter reading job opening up in Rocky, and on May 13, 1968, Stewart started his long career with Northwestern Utilities Ltd. (later to become ATCO Gas.) The job at that time was to consist of working half the month in Rocky with Ken Wynn, who was the agent here, and half the month at Sylvan Lake, with Howard Tebbutt, agent.

It was a hot, dry spring, and the long weekend in May saw a huge wild fire roaring out behind the Voyageur Motel, near Spoor's and McKenzie's. Stewart was more or less conscripted to work in the radio room again for a week, with permission from Northwestern

Utilities. He had a hard time saying goodbye to his Forestry job. For the first year with NUL, Stewart read all the meters in Rocky and all the meters in Sylvan, once a month. By the second year, they had switched to reading meters every second month, and estimating the readings for the month in-between. Soon his job was reclassified to an Assistant District Agent.

On June 21, 1969, Jean and Stewart welcomed another daughter, Joy Marie. Jean was no longer working at the bank and stayed home with the girls. By the next year, they bought their first house, at 5032 - 53rd St., for $10,000 from Rudolph Dressler. During these years, they both became actively involved in the Presbyterian Church, with Jean teaching Sunday School and Stewart serving on the Kirk Session from 1970 until 1987. Bonnie started kindergarten, held in the basement of the church, and Jean served on the Kindergarten committee. (Kindergarten was not under the umbrella of the school division then as it is now.)

In 1972, Stewart and Jean bought a new house up in the 52nd Street Crescent just west of the hospital. The Sinclairs lived just down the back alley, so Bonnie and Joy had the advantage of having grandparents very close. In December of 1975, Stewart and Jean moved again, purchasing their present home at 5315 - 55th St. from Gail and Lynn Sutley. They moved in next door to Fred and Margaret Sutherland, and have enjoyed being their neighbours ever since.

By May of 1975, NUL had switched Sylvan Lake to the Red Deer office, and Stewart's position was now just in Rocky. He was reclassified again as an Agency Serviceman when he obtained his gas-fitting ticket in 1980. Ken Wynn and Stewart worked together for eleven years and became good friends before Ken left Rocky in 1979. From then until Nov. of 1991, Wayne Waters served as the District Agent. Between 1975 and 1978, the town of Rocky was really booming and the agency became very busy. Finally, NUL hired a third man for Rocky and added Eckville and Benalto to their district. Joe Horvey was the first in this new position, working here until 1981. Peter Wyntjes, who worked until 1986, followed him. Dan Brown then assumed the job until 1997, when Blair Robertson came to Rocky. When Wayne Waters left in '91 to take a position in Red Deer, Stewart and Dan Brown had to run the agency themselves until January of 1992, when Shane Wallace came to be the agent. As of this writing, Shane, Stewart and Blair are still working the ATCO office in Rocky. It was many years before they were able to hire a secretary for the office. Myrna Helwig held this part-time job for many years, and Sheila Gagnon is now filling the position.

Stewart can be found reading meters, answering service calls, locating gas lines and changing meters all the way from Rocky to Eckville, to Benalto, to Caroline, to farms near Sundre, to the Sunpine plant out west at Strachan. He has watched a generation of children grow to be adults at the houses he has visited. People ask for him by name, offer him coffee and pie when he should be reading meters, and call him at home rather than phoning the office number. (One wonders if ATCO realizes the public relations job that he has done over the past 34 years.)

In 1978, Stewart fulfilled one of his life-long dreams and obtained his pilots' license, taking lessons from Alfred Schroderus out of the Rocky airport. He still enjoys small aircraft and flying, although he has not been able to keep his license active. In 1977, Stewart joined the Volunteer Fire Department in Rocky and served the town in this way until 1989. Ken Wynn, the NUL agent, was already on the Fire Department and the gas company was required to respond to all fires where there was a gas utility hookup, so it was a short step for Stewart to join the Fire Department, too. Here he got to know Art Bott, Fire Chief, and Art Evans, Deputy Fire Chief, even better. The Town still blew a Fire Siren to call the volunteers to a fire, but some people had a separate phone in their house. Because Stewart knew every house in town from reading meters, the Fire Department felt he was a useful addition, and for years, the Stephanson's hall closet contained a separate Fire Phone.

Some of the "big fires" Stewart remembers attending were the Four Season's Sports building, across from the CIBC; the old Bay/Killico building; J&L Tire on the Highway; two or three major fires at Rocky Wood Preservers, lots of house fires and a few trailers. He remembers some really bad vehicle accidents and how they had to use the Jaws of Life. He remembers good times of camaraderie with the other fire fighters

and the lasting friendships that came from it. He remembers the dreaded alarms in the middle of the night, fumbling for clothes and the rush to the fire station. Some of it, he doesn't miss.

In the fall of 1989, Stewart ran as a Town Councilor in the Municipal Election and was elected to Town Council. He served for two terms, until 1995, and sat on many committees, among them, the Waste Authority and the Westview Lodge Board. He did lots of work on the set-up of the recycle and transfer sites after the old dump was closed and the new landfill opened. He thoroughly enjoyed working with the Municipal Planning Commission, again because he knew every building and lot in town so well. He enjoyed his years on Town Council and felt he gave his best efforts for the benefit of the town's population. The members on town council while he served his two terms were, Mayor Lou Soppit, and councilors Art Bott, Tom Machan, Dale Shippelt, Else Siegle, Dave Clague, Tom Teskey, and Joan McDonald.

In 1981, the Stephansons had to bid farewell to their good friends, Art and Marilyn Evans, when Art took the position of Head Forest officer in the southern division of the Bow Crow Forest. However, distance did not separate them and they kept in touch in the Crowsnest, as well as in Creston when Art retired and moved to the Apple Farm. Many visits back and forth kept the friendship alive. One of the saddest days of Stewart's life was when he attended Art's funeral in May of 2001.

Bonnie graduated from the Rocky Mountain House Junior Senior High School in 1983 and took her first two years of secondary education at Camrose Lutheran College. She then completed her BA Special in Psychology at the University of Alberta. Her first job following her degree was in the Research Unit of Psychiatry at the U. of A. Hospital in Edmonton.

In 1985, the local high school was renamed the Will Sinclair High School, so when Joy graduated in 1987, it was from the school named after her grandfather. Joy also took her first year at Camrose and then moved to Edmonton to be near her sister. Joy completed her B. Ed. at the U of A and has been teaching in Edmonton since she obtained her degree.

In the fall of 1984, Jean returned to work as the head secretary at Pioneer School where she had previously worked in 1978-79. She worked full-time at Pioneer until 2003.

In 1990, Bonnie left Edmonton for Ottawa, to attend Carleton University. There she obtained her Masters in Social Work and met Larry McNeely. They purchased a big old brick house in Ottawa in 1994 and have spent a lot of time fixing it up. They travel back to Rocky every Christmas and other occasions. They have also traveled to the Maritimes, Scotland and Ireland. Larry's family lives near the Ottawa area. Bonnie works as a women's counselor at a large community health centre, Somerset West, and Larry is presently completing his training as a Heritage Stonemason and hopes to find work in Ottawa.

Joy was married in 1992 to Allan Whincup of Edmonton and, after the marriage ended in 1997, they remained close friends. Since 1998, Joy's partner in life has been Chris Chapman from Dunster, B.C. Chris is a glazier for a construction company in Edmonton, and plays in a band that works out of Dunster.

Joy and Chris gave Stewart and Jean their first grandchild on August 27th, 2001. His name is Lucas Taliesin William Stephanson-Chapman. Lucas is the light of Stewart's eye! Stewart lives for his next visit to see Lucas, who is, of course, the brightest, dearest, most clever child ever born.

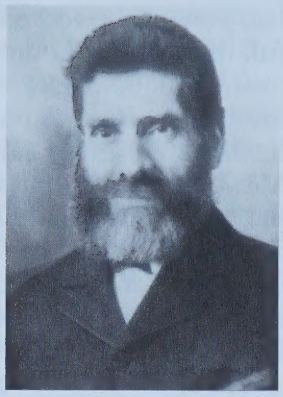
Life and Rocky Mountain House have been good to Stewart and Jean. They have no plans to move away from the town that has been their home for so long.

STEWART, James and Mary Ann of Nordegg
submitted by Gladys Craig

James Muir Stewart (1853 - 1926) came from Scotland with his wife, Mary Ann (1853 -1917), and children. In Canada the family settled in Fernie, B. C. The Stewarts were shale miners and began working at the Coal Creek Mine in Fernie. They had six children: Agnes, Robert, George, Thomas, Mary Ann and James.

After Mary Ann died in 1917, James and his sons moved to Nordegg in 1918 and began working in the mine. James and two of his sons lived in a house which later became the Legion. They took their meals with David and Agnes Craig. Agnes was James Stewart's oldest daughter.

Mary Ann Stewart.



James Moore Stewart.

The oldest son, Robert Taylor Stewart, was Mine Manager at the Saunders Creek Mine. He and his wife, Jean, are both buried in Nordegg Cemetery. Robert and Jean had a son, Hugh, and two daughters, Jean and Elizabeth. Elizabeth married Graydon Minue of Okotoks, Alberta, and the couple had a son, Bobby, and a daughter, Jean. Bobby was killed in a mine accident at the Tipple. Jean taught school at Nordegg. After the mine closed, Jean taught in Red Deer. She and her parents are buried in the Red Deer Cemetery.

The second son, George, married Gertrude Wilson. They lived in a house on Elizabeth Street. Their son, Robert, was in the RCAF. James Stewart (Jr.) worked in the Nordegg mine. He married Annie Haggarty.

STEWART, James B. and A. Myrtle from 1931-2002 submitted by Myrtle Stewart

James Begg Stewart, born September 28, 1901, at North Berwick, Scotland, came to Manitoba, Canada, in 1907, before coming onto High River in 1907 and to Leslieville with his parents and two sisters. His father, George Stewart, had taken a homestead in the Bingley district where his parents spent the rest of their lives.

I, Annetta Myrtle (Biswanger) Stewart, was born December 17, 1910, at Innisfail, Alberta. In November 1925, I came from Innisfail with my parents, two brothers and four sisters to the Bingley district where father had taken up a homestead. I took Grade 9 at Bingley, then stayed home to help on the farm until March 3, 1931, when I married Jim Stewart and started my own housekeeping in a little two-room cabin, 12' x 20', on a quarter section (SE 35-40-6-W5). Jim bought the quarter at a tax sale for $500.00. We raised our family of twelve children there, living on that place for 62 ½ years until Jim passed away on August 20, 1993, at the age of 92 years. He is buried in Pine Grove cemetery. We had turned our land over to our two oldest sons, the home quarter to George, and the other quarter to Grant. When Jim passed away, I moved to Rocky to the Day Manor for senior citizens near Westview Lodge where I am still living as of March, 2002, at the age of ninety-one.

Our family of twelve children include three sets of twins. There is 25 years between the oldest and youngest. We have 32 grandchildren, 49 great-grandchildren and one great great-granddaughter, so we number quite a clan. We have a daughter (and her husband) living at Vulcan; they are retired. A son lives in Drayton Valley, working in the oilfield. The rest of the family are living in the Rocky area. One of our twin sons passed away in a freak accident, while working on the highway in November 1977. His wife and two sons still reside in Rocky. We added onto our small house, then in May 1959 we moved into our new house. Our son George and his wife, Carol, reside there now with their family of four children. In our early years we followed a winding trail, skirting muskegs and sloughs to get to Rocky, and now we leave the farm one mile north of highway #12, follow it west, then south on highway #22 then highway #11 into Rocky. To go to Leslieville in the early days we just followed a ridge, southeast all the way. Now we have a highway all the way, too. So much for progress with power and everything too.

Jim and Myrtle's children are:

Nov. 15, 1931, Margaret Myrtle Erickson, married with 3 children

Nov. 15, 1931, Marlena Annie Erickson, married with 3 children

Mar. 12, 1933, George Lynne Stewart, married with 4 children

Oct. 4, 1934, Ellen Edith Shaw, married with 3 children

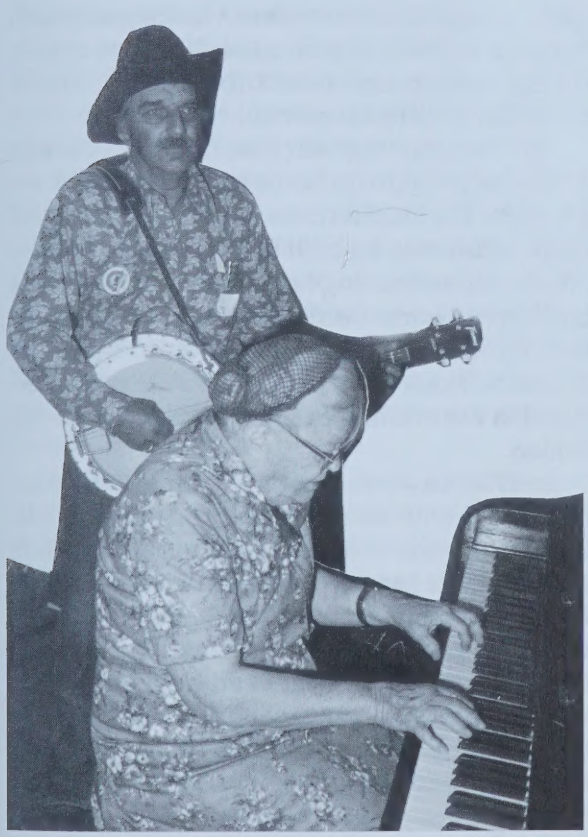
Nov. 3, 1936, Gladys Ina Odenbach, married with 3 children

June 18, 1938, James Grant Stewart, married with 3 children

June 18, 1938, June Grace Greer, married with 2 children

July 27, 1944, Katherine Elsie Scott, married with 3 children
Apr. 27, 1947, Kenneth Morrison Stewart, married with 2 children
Apr. 27, 1947, Keith McLaren Stewart (deceased), married with 2 children
Dec. 3, 1952, Flora Sharon Scott, married with 2 children
Sept. 9, 1956, Lester Steven Stewart, married with 2 children
Rae and Margaret Erickson were wed May 4, 1951, and have been married 50 years.
Stan and Marlena Erickson were wed June 15, 1951, and have also been married 50 years.

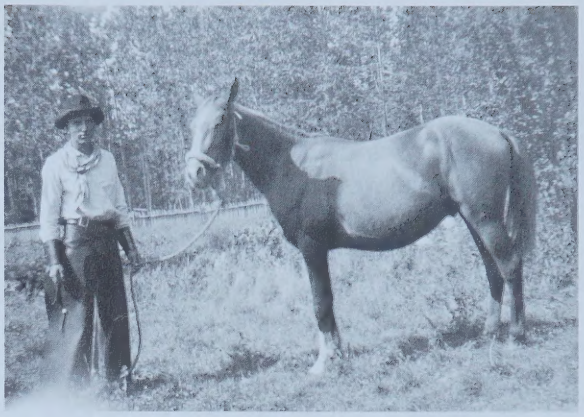
STEWART, Kenneth
submitted by Brother Lawrence



Ken playing banjo (Photo courtesy of Western Star).

Kenneth Owen Stewart was born September 24, 1923, at Empress, Alberta. His mother, Pearl (Readle) Stewart, was born March 2, 1897, in South Dakota, and his father, James Owen Stewart, was born January 18, 1893, in Sioux City, Iowa.

To Kenneth, his mother, Pearl, was a very special person. She was always there to lend encouragement to him as he was growing up. Pearl had lived through some very hard times on the farm. What with dust storms, drought and grasshoppers, she had to work like a man, yet she did housework and always had time for her two sons.



Ken and his horse.

Kenneth and his younger brother, Lawrence, had numerous pets when they were youngsters, and both enjoyed riding horses. Kenneth took his schooling at Red Willow, Pleasant Vale and Hardindell before attending Olds School of Agriculture. Later on he farmed and owned cattle and horses. He was also very capable when it came to veterinary work, often helping the neighbors when they had problems with their animals.

Ken in 1955.

Kenneth was a regular "fix-it" man, as they say, and could fix just about anything. He kept good horses for working cattle, breaking many of them himself to harness and saddle. But he never rode bucking broncs in rodeos. Kenneth spent his entire working days on the farm and passed away July 24, 1997. He has one son, Owen, who is married and lives with his wife, Pam, on the old home place. Owen has two children: a nine year-old daughter, Taylor, and a son, Dennis Owen, born January 14, 2003.

STEWART, Lawrence and Ramona
as told to Annette Gray

Ramona and Lawrence Stewart.

Lawrence Leonard Stewart was born in Stettler on April 26, 1930, and moved to the Strachan area with his parents in 1934. As Lawrence says. "When we first came to the district we lived a mile south of Cow Lake Store, now I live four miles south of the store, so I haven't moved far in the last sixty-eight years."

Lawrence started school at Hardindell. When the weather was poor, he went to school in a homemade school bus, a Bennett wagon, which was really a motorless Model T, pulled by a team of horses and driven by Austin King. If the roads were in good condition, the children got to ride in a real car—another Model T.

Lawrence took grades one through six at Hardindell, then in 1945 the family moved to their own quarter section, so Lawrence went to Pleasant Vale School. In 1948, Lawrence attended

Laurie Stewart in 1980.

Carrie Stewart. Graduation from Concordia College, Edmonton.

Olds College for two winters, working out each summer in order to earn enough money to pay for his tuition and board (board cost about $30.00 a month plus extras).

For three months each year, Lawrence always made it a point to go home to help his folks on the farm. For his efforts he received half the calf crop. In this way, he built his own herd of cattle. He also started raising horses—pintos—the first black pinto horse herd in the west country. He trained "Patch" his black stallion to do tricks and at various times, he and Patch were featured in the evening performance at the Rocky Rodeo.

In 1956, Lawrence purchased his own quarter of land with money he earned while working in saw mills, skinning cats (operating caterpillar tractors) and working in a machine shop. He started driving "cat," at $1.50 an hour—good wages, considering most men were making seventy-five cents an hour, in '56. At various times Lawrence took the tractor home to clear trees off his own land, eventually developing good pasture land, productive fields and hay meadows.

Lawrence was working north of Leslieville in the summer of 1956, when he met Ramona Elaine Lowe. Ramona was born in Lacombe and raised on a farm in the Aurora district. She took her elementary schooling at Aurora in a one-room school, before riding Les Finkbeiner's school bus to high school in Leslieville. By the time Ramona was a teenager, she had acquired an unusual degree of competency, both as a

Back left: Carrie and Ramona. Front: Destiny, Jorden, Laurie, Lawrence and Darrel in Arizona.

cook, seamstress and home decorator, and at fourteen thought nothing of lopping the head off a rooster, plucking, cleaning and roasting the bird to accompany other delicious cuisine of her own making. She loved (and still does) horses, gardening and country living.

After a three year courtship, Ramona and Lawrence were married on April 18, 1959 and proudly set up housekeeping on their own farm. One of their happiest memories revolve around the day they brought their cow-calf herd from Lawrence's folks' place. Loading the calves in a hayrack, with the cows following, they made quite a sight traveling down the road to the new location.

In the following years both Ramona and Lawrence worked hard to build up their farm to the showplace it is today, and the past summer saw the Stewarts winning the county's award for the best yard and garden over 15 years old. The Stewarts believe in growing their own meat and vegetables organically. A large vegetable garden lies close to the house, while a sixty-foot greenhouse produces beans, cucumber, spaghetti-squash, tomatoes and zucchini. Flowers bloom profusely around the house—inside and out. Ramona is especially talented with floral arrangements, having taken several courses specializing in that craft. She is also a skilled seamstress, making every kind of garment imaginable: clothing for friends and family—everything from heavy winter coats to delicate lingerie. She even made beautiful full-skirted traditional gowns for the Rocky RHS ladies to wear to special Museum events.

Lawrence Stewart and Stallion.

Ramona and Lawrence have two daughters: Laurie Marie (Stewart) Rachar, born May 30, 1962 and Carrie LaVerne Stewart, born February 24, 1966. Both girls love horses and, as they were growing up, accompanied Ramona and Lawrence on horseback in the Rocky Rodeo Parade. Ramona made her family identical western costumes which invariably, won red ribbons year after year. The Stewarts also helped to introduce the first Light Horse Association to the Rocky area.

Laurie went to Three Hills Prairie Bible Institute for grades eleven and twelve and graduated

Lawrence and Ramona, Rocky Parade in 1973. "Patches" was part Shetland.

Lawrence and Ramona Stewart Family.

there. Later, she went to Olds College to take a two-year course in Fabric and Design. On June 27, 1981, she married Darryl Rachar of Erskine, Alberta, where the couple took up farming, and where Laurie spent ten years doing custom sewing in her home. In October, 1994, Darryl and Laurie opened "Rachar Steel," a welding business on their farm. Here they employ several men and two secretaries, building creep-feeders, hoppers, floors for grain bins, cattle pens, framework for disks, as well as many more farm related items. In March, 1999, they opened a second smaller shop in Erskine where they have Flaman Rental Farm Equipment. Some of the welding is done in Erskine where they have better access to highway traffic. They show their products at trade fairs in various towns and cities in Alberta and Montana.

Carrie took her grade ten and eleven in Caronport, Saskatchewan and her grade twelve in Edmonton, where she graduated from Concordia College. She now lives and works in Edmonton.

In 1966, Lawrence began driving school bus and drove the same route to and from Rocky Mountain House for thirty-four years. In later years he discovered he was actually chauffeuring the grandchildren of his original passengers.

Both Lawrence and Ramona enjoy painting, using oils and acrylics and turning out splendid artwok. They also enjoy traveling—have a home in Arizona—and have taken many exciting trips through Canada, the States and overseas.

Naturally they are extremely fond of their grandchildren: Destiny Joy Rachar born March 12, 1986, and Jordan Lee Rachar, born July 8, 1988. Ramona likes nothing better than taking the grandchildren on excursions, while Lawrence and the growing children built a three car garage last year. Lawrence also builds children's full-size playhouses and has done hundreds of hours of voluntary carpenter work for the Rocky Museum.

Both Ramona and Lawrence are still going full speed, or as Ramona says, "we're on the gallop," keeping the chores done and the yard and garden shipshape, but mostly you find them lending a hand to their neighbors and the many folks who proudly call them "friends."

STRACHAN COMMUNITY
submitted by M. Carswell

The following was a class', or rather several classes', project in 1946, when Mary (Bucknall) McDonald was the teacher. Only one article indicates who the authors were, but it would be interesting to discover the identity of the other writers. The booklet was entitled "LOCAL HISTORY - STRACHAN" by the Class of 1943, Pleasant Vale School.

Location of Our Community: Our district is a rural community in the bush country. The Rocky Mountains are about twenty miles to the west. Prairie Creek is about the most important stream in the district. To the west the district is bordered by the Clearwater Forest reserve. We are part of the Prairie Creek Municipal district. The only public installations are the school and post office. Our nearest town is Rocky Mountain House twenty miles to the northeast.

The Beginning of our Community: Our first settlers came in 1906. Dan Deeming and Ed Chesney were the first settlers in our district. They came out to trap. Chesney didn't go back, but settled here. Then other settlers came. The first one was George Gabler and family. They came in 1907. Then came Carson McDonald in 1908. They were followed by Majors, Millbanks and Strongs who came in 1908 and 1909. In the next few years many more settlers came to the district. The majority of people living here now are the children or grandchildren of these early settlers.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald moved to Strachan in 1908. They came from Vale, Oregon. They had to go to Innisfail for their supplies. There were no bridges, so they had to ford the creeks. The Indians called Mr. McDonald "the good white

man." Maud McDonald, his daughter, made dolls for the Indian children. The Indians camped in Mr. McDonald's valley. They were very good friends of the McDonalds. On Easter Sunday the Indians came to Mrs. McDonald with little cakes. Mrs. McDonald had baked the cakes for them. McDonalds are still residing in Strachan.

Gabler Family: Mrs. Gabler and her family left Oregon December 6, 1907. They arrived at Raven in the winter of 1907 and were unable to go any farther because of the abundance of snow. Mr. Gabler came here first to prepare a home for his family. They stayed with Carson McDonald in Raven that winter. In March they hired a man to bring them here in a buggy. A few days after Gablers arrived here, two of their colts strayed away. Mr. Gabler asked Mrs. Gabler and their daughter to watch and see if they returned. They looked out of the window and saw smoke which came from an Indian camp. They were a bit nervous, but finally plucked up enough courage to investigate. The inhabitants were three white trappers who came down from the north. They were two brothers, John Maddy and Ed Maddy. Ed Maddy had his son with him. The first mail carrier was Mr. Gabler. He carried it for four years. The district's only sawmill was owned by Mr .Gabler. Gabler built the first bridge across Prairie Creek. It is located a short distance from Gablers' house. Mr. Gabler died in 1935. (*Correction* In the "Beginning of our Community" it states Gablers came in 1907, but the Gablers left Oregon in December of 1907 and spent the winter with the Carson McDonalds at Raven. It wasn't until March of 1908 that the Gabler family arrived at Strachan.)

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne: Mrs. Osborne came from England in 1909. Some members of her family had come to the community before this. When she came, Innisfail was the nearest shopping place. It was about ninety miles away. There were no bridges and the only roads were trails cut by the settlers. Mr. Osbome came here from Washington in 1910 and went back and came here again in 1911 with his father and Charlie Apperson. They rode up on horseback bringing sixty head of horses with them. When they were getting ready to come they had a horse tied in the corral and the rope caught Mr. Osborne's dad and threw him through a rail fence. The horses were in a corral alongside of a railroad track. In the night the horses broke onto the railroad and some were killed while others were wounded by the train. The next morning they had to shoot the ones that were injured. Once one horse became lame, so they decided to sell it. Mr. Osborne sold it to an Indian. The Indian wanted a bill of sale for it and signed The Honorable So and So. They were stopped at the border for three days to have their horses inspected. The night before they arrived here they camped by the Clearwater(River) and the next morning they could hardly lift their blankets for snow.

Graham Family: Mr. and Mrs. Graham and their family came in 1913. They were ten days crossing the water from Scotland to Canada. They came by wagon from Red Deer to Congresbury. This took one week. They stayed at roadhouses on their way out. Six months later they settled in their present home. They brought a cow from a farmer on their way out. They had to trade work for the use of horses to break land. Mr. Graham died in 1926. Mrs. Graham and her three sons still reside in the community.

The Post Office: When people first came to live on Prairie Creek the nearest post office was Innisfail, a small village ninety miles away. Later there was a post office at Stauffer about halfway to Innisfail. Then Dovercourt obtained a post office and for many years people here went there for their mail. In 1915 we secured a post office of our own. Mrs. Gabler was the first postmistress, and the first post office was at her home. Vetchland, the name given to the post office, was chosen by Mrs. Gabler's daughter. The name was later changed to honour David Strachan, the first man from this community to be killed in the first World War. For many years the mail was hauled by Mr. Gabler. Then the task was taken over by Strong & Parson of Rocky. They were succeeded by Glenn Magoon. The post office like the mail hauling has changed hands several times. Since Mrs. Gabler retired in 1938, it was moved to its present location and Jim McDonald is now Postmaster.

The School: The board meeting was held Sept. 25, 1914. Mr. C. McDonald was elected chairman, Donald Major secretary and Mr. William Strong secretary-treasurer. They discussed the erection of a log school and the purchase of

school supplies together with a number of other things. Charles Apperson offered to donate land for the school, on condition that the land be returned if no longer used for school purposes. The department of education wrote that such arrangements would not be permissible and that the board must have a clear title of the land. The land was then bought from Mr. Apperson.

R.Graham, Mr. Parsons and B. Barkham were elected to cut the logs for the school. Donald Major was to do the skidding. The hauling was to be done by G. Gabler, S. Millbank, Strongs and Osbornes. Albert Pike, H. Garret, L. Major and W. Strong peeled logs. Mr. Keachem was asked to take contract for the building of the school. His price for doing that was three hundred dollars. The board, after discussing all the details, decided that this price was too high. Mr. Keachem was asked if he would reduce his price, and he did so. The contract was then given to him for two hundred and fifty dollars for doing the work. Money was borrowed from the Canadian Bank of Canada for the purpose of getting land and school supplies. School was opened Sept. 1916. Mr. Orvill Kirby taught till the end of December. Bill, Dick and Jock Graham, Don, Jim, Maud and Grace McDonald were the pupils.

The Indians: The Stoney Indians travelled through here from Morley to Nordegg. One winter they camped around the muskeg near Jack Hollingsworth's house and stayed there all winter. They were unable to travel on because the snow was too deep. While they were camped there, Jake Swamp's baby died. He came down with the measurement and Bert Barkham made the coffin. They buried it about where Jack Hollingsworth's house is now.

One day some of the Indians came down in a wagon and asked Mrs. C. McDonald to bake them some bread and cakes. Then they took them back and celebrated Good Friday. Another time when the Indians were passing through, Jake Swamp's wife died. She was buried somewhere along Prairie Creek. The Stoney Indians were very good friends of Strachan's early settlers. One winter Peter Wesley sent some pemmican up for Christmas. Some of the best known Indians were Peter Wesley, Morley Beaver, Jake Swamp (This name also appears once spelled as Swamy, don't know which is right). Paul Two Young Man, Philip House, David Big Stoney and Paul Big Stoney.

Farming: The people in this Community are occupied in farming, lumbering and trapping. Those engaged in farming raise cattle, hogs and sheep. Some grain is raised, but it is almost all used for feed in the community. Fairly large quantities of cream are shipped, most of this going to the Central Alberta Dairy Pool.

Sawmills: There are many small sawmills in the community. Railway ties and lumber are produced by the mills. Many of the farmers sell timber to the mills. A few of them spend the winter working at sawmills.

Trapping: Some trapping is done in the community and by special permits in the forest reserve joining it. The animals trapped are the coyote, lynx, fox, weasel and mink. In recent years cougar and timber wolves have made frequent appearances in the neighbourhood and have been hunted by those engaged in trapping.

Wild Animals in the Community: Many varieties of wild animals are found in the district. Deer and moose, although not so abundant as in earlier years, are still here in sufficient numbers to attract many hunters. Coyotes, lynx, fox, mink, squirrel and muskrat are all hunted for their pelts. Bear, cougar and timber wolves are appearing in increasing numbers, causing much annoyance to people raising stock. Bear are hunted mainly because they are a menace to cattle and sheep. The meat is sometimes eaten and hides often used for rugs.

Three varieties of fish: trout, mountain whitefish (grayling) and suckers are native to Prairie Creek. The creek is practically fished out in places close to the road but in less accessible places many fish are to be found.

Our New School, by Sharon O'Connor and Marjorie Evans, 1946

In 1943 and 1944 a new school was built in the Pleasant Vale district. Mr. Karlson of Oras was the trustee of the Rocky Mountain House School Division at the time. Mr. McCarrol, the contractor, began the construction of the building in August 1943 and it was completed in the spring of 1944. We moved in May 8, 1944. Native lumber was used for the framework. The outside walls are covered with insul-brick and the roof is of cedar shingles. The inside walls are covered with ten-test and masonite. British

Columbia Fir was used for the casings and moldings. The floor was made of Eastern birch. We have a full cement basement and a brick chimney. The school is finished with tables and chairs.

STRACHAN POST OFFICE

information submitted by Joan Smith

Early settlers who got their mail at Vetchland 1915, name later changed to Strachan in 1917

*Spelling may not be correct in all instances

Dave Strachan
Frank Hayworth
Major Boys
Carson McDonald
Bert Barkham
Joe Chambers
Charlie Apperson
Albert Parsons family
Fred Parsons
S.A. Osborne
Elmer Osborne family
William Strong Sr. family
Fred Strong family
Sid Strong
Sid Milbank family
Tom Milbank
Graham family
Hamelin family
John Pollock
Odendal family
Mr. and Mrs. Beagher
Sabler family
Chesney family
John Severs Sr. family
Roy Severs
Norman Scott
Bert Lea family
Bill Watkins
Mose Rundell
Albert Pike family
Jarrot family
Harris Smith family
Frank Miel
Mrs. Niel Sr.
Jim Watts
Walter Dobbs
Charlie Crotchet
Pat Bolan
Joshua Jackson
Jack Bold
Harry Beaver
Corbal family
Jim Wilson

Congresbury Post Office.

Strachan Post Office.

People who got mail at Congresbury from 1937 to 1950

Harris Smith, Sr.
Harris Smith and his family
Peter and Joan Smith
Walt Richardson family
Theodore Devet
John Mitchell family
Ernie and Nettie Smith
Charlie Bennett family
Ed Moberg family
Ralph Moberg
John Eagle
John Pollock

Jim Pollock
Woodward family
John Rankin family
Green family
Rosedal family
Stern family
George Matchet family
Edward Lund family
Fred Osmond
Jenson
Annie Sandsbury

STRAWBERRY, John
written by Fred Schutz, author of West Of The Blindman

John Strawberry was believed to have been the oldest living person in Alberta, prior to his death, on April 23, 1961, on the Sunchild Reserve, northwest of Rocky Mountain House. He was reported to have been born on February 5, 1850, making him one hundred and eleven years old!

He was born in the Qu'Appelle Valley in Saskatchewan but lived nearly all his long life in Alberta, moving here with his parents when he was three years old. Henry Stelfox, of Rocky Mountain House, who knew Strawberry for more than fifty years, has said of him, that he had always been an honest, hardworking man, who never wanted anything for which he didn't work. Old Strawberry, as he was known in his later years, was well known to people in this area, having worked and travelled about these parts ever since the region was first settled by Whites. Northeast of Medicine Lake there is a small lake where he lived, that is still known as Strawberry Lake.

I did not know John Strawberry, but I very much wish I had. I think that a conversation with the man who had lived in Alberta for one hundred eight years would have been a rewarding experience. I could have asked him a hundred questions about life in Alberta in those far-off days, and I think he could have told me much, for it is said that he remembered the early years of his life very clearly. Did he know those famous early missionaries, George and John McDougall, and Father Lacombe? Did he once go on war parties against the Blackfoot? Hunt buffalo with bow and arrow? And where were the last herds slain in this area? I might have questioned him about the performance of the shaking tent, staged by old time medicine men; and about the story of the men who drowned in a sudden squall while crossing Medicine Lake on a raft. How did Medicine Lake really come by its name? And did he, John Strawberry, travel to the Medicine Lodge Hills each spring to take part in religious festivals held there?

Strawberry remembered the Hudson's Bay post at Rocky Mountain House, and when it closed in 1875, he traded at a smaller post situated near the present site of Leedale. Just where was this post, I wonder, and did Strawberry know about another post farther north, near where the Medicine forks, just five miles west of where I life. Old-timers remember the remains of a Red River cart at the site, and a number of cellar holes and the rubble of stone chimneys. The location has been plowed and leveled, long before I ever saw it, but I know the spot, and likely Old Strawberry may have known it too. My questions could go on and on, but they will not be answered now. John Strawberry is gone; and he was one of the last remaining links between the well tamed west of the twentieth century and the undeveloped wilderness-covered west of the nineteenth century, which differed little from the west of the eighteenth and seventeenth and thirteenth centuries.

John Strawberry had seen enormous changes take place in the country where he lived; far more than any other single person can have witnessed in this province. And yet it seems too bad that Old Strawberry couldn't have lived to one hundred fifty.

STRAWBERRY, Mary Mae
(Cree and Stoney), O'Chiese Reserve

Born at Buck Lake, northeast of Rocky Mountain House, Mary Mae spent her early years tanning hides and working in the Rimbey and Caroline areas, taking odd jobs and working on farms. In 1947 the Saulteaux and Cree families in the Rocky Mountain House area accepted treaty and the Sunchild/O'Chiese Reserve was created not long after. She moved to the reserve after marrying her husband, making hides and dry meat while he hunted and trapped in the winter. She learned to speak Saulteaux on top of her Cree and Stoney languages.

In 1990 Mary Mae made $330 selling marten furs and a tanned moosehide. Alexander Reserve's

Ella Paul, who translates the elder's traditional teachings at conferences and workshops, describes Mary Mae as a self-sacrificing woman who has travelled so far along the spiritual path she no longer takes heed of the physical world's trappings. "Mary Mae believes that her Creator gives her things so she can pass them on to the needy," says Ella. "Giving away her things to others who need them makes her feel rich."

STRONG, Eliza

Letter written by Eliza Strong to her daughters in England on April 14, 1909, about her trip from England to Prairie Creek. (Eliza was Grandma Cabino's mother)

My Dear Gertie & Florrie:

I shall write this letter to you both as I am so much behind with my writing, sorry I could not send to you before. I thought I should be able to write a little every day but soon found it impossible. Soon after we got out of sight of Ireland I began to be bad. That was Saturday afternoon – then I was very bad till Tuesday. I had a glass of milk Monday evening that came back again at once. I do not think I should have been quite so bad, but the cabins are so stuffy and there is such a peculiar smell in all the cabins it made me much worse as soon as I got down. Then those lovely flowers would have been very nice in a room or if we could have had the window open but we could not do that as the waves were continually dashing over them. Then the boat rolled a good bit and pitched. It seemed to me to go up and down and round about. Then we could feel the thump, thump of the engines and the throbbing of the screw, and when we got further out into the Atlantic the seas was very rough and sometimes the propeller was right out of the water. Then the ship would shiver violently all over there was no rest anywhere as I felt the motion much worse in the berth, it quite shook me from side to side. I was obliged to do away with the flowers, was very sorry for they were lovely and the peculiar smell they say is in every ship and worse in the older ones. If I ever have another trip like that I will not be on the main deck but on the upper, there we can have the port holes open unless the weather is very bad and I think would not feel the throbbing quite so badly. I would have stayed on deck all night if they had let me, but Fred used to say he must see me down before he went to bed. I certainly should not have gone after, if he had left me. The steward and stewardess were very kind – if we could not get into breakfast they would come to see what we would have. Tuesday morning I had a glass of iced milk and dry biscuit then I managed with Pop's assistance to get up on deck, the weather was much better and brighter and so made us all feel better. I was not sick again after that, then about eleven the deck steward brought around cups of beef tea. I was afraid to try it on Monday but I spoke to a young lady who was having some and asked her if it was nice, she said "yes, very nice". So Tuesday I had some and I found it did me good, it really was very nice indeed—not the least bit greasy. It was quite amusing to see the rush for it, the steward was fairly mobbed but he always saw that we all had some—that set me up for the day. I tried a cup of tea in the afternoon but could not get on with the tea, it tasted as though it were stewed and very strong. Then Wednesday morning I had a third of a slice of bread and butter with iced milk, beef tea for lunch and felt much better - thought I would try to eat something. I had a little cold meat but was sorry after as it made me feel bad again. I wanted nothing more that day and the weather was bad again, which made it much worse. I stayed in the dining saloon in the afternoon and felt very miserable, then Thursday I felt better again, had a little bread and butter with a boiled egg. Thought I was getting on then, but by this time the sea was not nearly so rough and we were looking out for land, which made us all feel pretty perky. So they persuaded me into dinner which today was to be at 5:30 as we expected to be at Halifax quite early in the evening. I tried a little meat but could not eat it. The food is so different to home cooked. There is plenty of it and great variety but I could not get it down, but I had some grapes. We had fruit on the table at every meal, oranges at night were dessert, at breakfast there was fruit – oranges were very good, grapes also were nice. I tried one apple that was not so nice, then sometimes they had bananas. While we were at the table we stopped to take the Pilot on board, then there was excitement, everyone was in a hurry to get on deck. It was a most lovely evening, so clear and bright, it was like going along a lovely

river. It is 26 miles up the harbor to Halifax, a good many people got off there. We had a nice time promenading up and down on a nice quiet ship. We left there again about 9 and had a very peaceful time round to St. John where we arrived about eleven Friday morning. This morning there was no beef tea but lunch for any who liked to have it. I tried some fish but it tasted as though it was re-warmed so did not eat it. Then began the business of getting the not wanted luggage off. They will not allow the people on shore till the luggage is all off. We got off about three, it was all a fob to get so many people off with all their various boxes, portmanteaux, bundles and bags. However, at last we all got in a train and settled down till the next morning. It is so funny here at St. John. The train just seems to come down the street, houses close up at each side, no fence, little children standing close to the train and nothing to keep them away. Then there is a bell on the engine which keeps on ringing while we are in any place like this, to warn the people, it does not seem to me to be much use for the little ones but I suppose they are used to it. It was quite nice when we were in the train to have a good cup of tea, one that we could drink, although we did not like the condensed milk, but at first we enjoyed it very much. After 4 or 5 days of this we began to tire and want something fresh. We arrived at Montreal at 8:30 Saturday morning, we went and had some breakfast first thing as we had only cake with us to eat and that is not so nice for breakfast. We paid 25 cents each and had 2 eggs, bread, butter, coffee and potatoes. Oh, I think one or two had steak. We all enjoyed this meal, they did not give us egg cups but tumblers and the egg on that, but we asked for egg cups and they brought one, they also brought something that looked like one of those pie chimneys. After this we went to find Walter's place, it was not far but they did not expect us so soon, but Miss Hopper telephoned to Walter (the Doctor has the telephone on) and he asked her to take us to his room. The boys went for a walk and Pops and I went up to Walter's room. He has got a nice large room with sofa, table and chairs very comfortable, so I just lay down on the sofa and went to sleep. I felt quite tired out as we had sat up in the train all night. Walter came home about 1:30, we then had some lunch. The boys got theirs out, as Miss Hopper was not prepared for so many. Then we all sat chatting till we should say tea time but here they call it supper. Then Walter took us out to a place nearby, as one of the Miss Hoppers was ill and one was out. Here they gave us a menu card to choose our supper, there was soup, (fancy soup when you want a nice cup of tea!) fish, meat, vegetables and pies with soda scones, bread and butter, tea and coffee. I asked for oysters, these were not down on the card but I felt I could just eat these and nothing else, the girl said she could get some and how would I have them—fried or stewed. She seemed quite disgusted when I said just plain uncooked, so presently she brought them in a tumbler and I had to eat them with a spoon, she brought two lots as she thought two of us wanted them. Really, there were more than I wanted, and they were those long shaped ones, not the nice little round ones, but I managed to scramble through. Having asked especially for them I did not like leaving any. After supper, Walter took us for a train car ride ever so far round Montreal. We could not see very much as it was dark. In the afternoon Walter took some photos of us all and he gave us all a very good time, we all enjoyed it. Then we got down to the station about 9:30, the Doctor escorted me, the others were all in front. They put us in a train and we thought now we were all right, but soon found our mistake. The boys unpacked and made us all comfortable, so that we could all lie down. We sat up Friday night as they did not want to unpack for such a short time. They did not leave Montreal till nearly twelve, then all night we seemed to be passing trains and shunting, but about midday Sunday we heard a dreadful rumor, they had put us in an Emigrant train. We found this to be only too true and there we were just crawling along, all Sunday night. We only did 150 miles, then Monday morning about 6:30 our engine ran into a train of lorries, we do not have anything like these in our country. They are great trucks without tops but such a size—they looked to me twice as long as our trucks and much wider. Well, two of these were all smashed into splinters, our poor old engine and tender were over on their side and smashed too. The luggage van next to the engine had its sides all bulging, of course this all gave us a pretty good shaking but we had had so much jolting and shaking all

night that I did not think much of it. We were about the middle of the train and so did not get the worst of it, but in the front were some Italians and one of these died from shock, they said he had not been well, his heart was bad. No one else was hurt, the driver and stoker both jumped off, most of the people were up on the train. We were only too glad to be up as soon as we saw any sign of dawn. I was up and had completed my toilet before this happened, of course we all had to go and inspect the scene of the accident. I had never seen anything like it before—the engine looked a wreck, it could not have been up to much before, it was said the break would not act or this would have been avoided. They telegraphed for a breakdown gang, which soon arrived. We were taken back about ten miles, here all the men got out of the train. Bert bought oranges, 5 cents each. We thought we should be there a day or two as besides all the wreckage the rails had been torn up. However, about 2:30 off we went again, one train had already gone along, then we went along quite safely after that. This was the second upset with the trains as we had a coupling break coming from St. Johns. We got to Winnipeg midday Tuesday, changed trains and off again at 2, arrived at Calgary Wednesday evening. Here we had to put up at a hotel for the night, this cost us a dollar each for bed and breakfast, then soon after 11 Thursday morning we arrived at Innisfail. Here Pa and Don were waiting to meet us. Pa looks thinner than ever. I was sorry not to see Will and Sid, but Sid had to stay at home to look after the animals and Will had to join his survey party at Red Deer on Wednesday. Will had gone down to Calgary Tuesday night to meet us, but of course we had not arrived. I wanted to start off on the road journey at once, but they said we could not start till the next morning so we went to the Royal for some dinner. We had nearly finished when Don said to Pops "there is your brother," we could hardly believe it. Pops and I rushed up stairs and there was Will, he had asked for ½ day off so that he could come to see us. He was obliged to join at the right time for fear he might lose the job, and as he expects this to last 9 months with good pay he did not want to do that, so he asked for the time. You may guess we were glad to see him, he stayed till Friday morning and saw us off first, we had a demicrat and Don was driver. I thought Pa would drive, I soon understood why Pa did not drive. I never saw such roads, all through forest lands, trees just cut down, stumps left in the ground and such hills and vales to go up and down. Pops said once or twice "Oh, let us get our Don," but Don just drove on quietly. I do not think there was a bit of level road all the way and the mud about 8 inches deep with sometimes an extra dip into a sort of pond, then the hills we went down. I just shut my eyes and held on to the back and sides. The scenic railway was nothing to it, some places we went down sideways like a crab, then getting up it seemed as if the horses would never get us up but here we are arrived quite safely—I hardly thought we should. We have had a lot of snow all day Sunday. It kept us on the way, we could not travel at all that day and they tried to keep us Monday as well, but I was anxious to get to the end of the journey so they all made an effort and we arrived here Monday night about 8 o'clock. The boys traveled much slower than we, there were two wagons, two horses to each, we also had two. In one wagon was the luggage, in the other stores to last us the summer but the roads were so bad they left first one thing then another till our things seem scattered all along the road. The two boxes of china are left at different places, then sacks of flour somewhere else, some sugar at another place. I suppose we shall get up in time. The furniture Pa brought out was sadly knocked about, chairs had the tops of the backs off and the piano seems in a bad way, Pat thinks he can put it right again. We are getting on very nicely, there is plenty of milk, and yesterday Sid made 2 ½ pounds of butter. They are making about 6 lbs. a week and we are having some eggs every day. Monday Sid set two hens and today he has set another so I hope we shall have some chicks. They have got another little calf about six weeks old, I have not seen the cattle yet the snow is so deep, they are left out all night and are out all the winter except the tiny calf. We have got 13 hens and 1 rooster. There are several cows but some are Sid M.'s. We do not expect Will till Christmas so the others are to keep things going. The house is very warm and comfortable. When we get the extra rooms at the side we shall be able to get straight, at present the best room is kitchen, scullery, dairy and odd

room generally the little room is a sitting room. Here we have meals and have got one of the brown blankets as carpet. The partition is not filled in, only a frame work so we can see into the different rooms. Pa wants to get some material nailed on then paste paper over, but that will not be done till the fall.

I have written 5 letters already this week, what do you think of that for me? I had to send Walter and Miss Hopper a note and I have written to Uncle John and Nellie. I think.

Did I tell you there was a box of lovely things Fred had and the contents were just smashed, had to throw them all overboard. I suppose Fred told you we had no trouble with the customs, the officers came on at Halifax and came through the cabins in the evening, we all had our bags etc. on the floor and stood by them but did not open them. The officer came in and said had we anything for him, we said no, he just chalked our baggage and off he went, anyone that was nice to him got off alright but anyone was nasty he would make them open everything. I think I must say good-bye to you for the present till I get some of my other letters written. I shall hope to receive some when they come in again from Stauffer.

Good Bye, God Bless you all. Much love to all and kisses for Bertie and Marjorie, Pa and Pops send their love, Your loving Mother

STRONG, Mr. and Mrs. William Sr.
written by Joan Smith

Mrs. William Strong, 1916.

Strong Family, 1888.

William, better known as Will or Billy, came with friends to Manitoba in 1903. They worked there for four years, then decided to come west. They found our beautiful Prairie Creek Valley and decided to stay. The friends were the Major and Milbank boys who homesteaded here as well.

Grandpa, with son Sidney, came from London in 1908. Grandpa filed on NW5-38-8-W5. Grandma and daughter Katie, better know as Popsi, and son Fred came in 1909. Grandpa and Grandma must have found it very hard. Having come from the heart of London to be miles from their nearest neighbors and many more miles from their nearest town, Innisfail. The only roads were just trails through the bush and muskeg. The neighbors took turns in going for supplies and mail. They went about twice a year. A trip would take a week if everything went well, sometimes the rivers would rise so they would have to wait for them to go down before they could cross. No bridges in those days!

They brought their furniture, even a piano, and all had to be hauled by team and wagon. Often getting stuck in the mud. Everything had to be unloaded so the horses could get out. When they arrived, the boys had built a nice log house, two rooms downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. Water had to be carried from the creek, quite a distance from the house. Wood was got from the bush. The meadows were covered with red and diamond willows. Grandpa and Grandma spent many hours cutting and piling willows, so the land could be ploughed. The boys got jobs on survey parties and mills to get money for supplies

Grandpa did some carpenter work for neighbors, often having to walk six or eight miles to the job. He would not ride a horse! He was school secretary for Pleasant Vale School from 1914 to 1919 and helped to get a school built. It took three years to get it built. Money was a big problem. People couldn't pay their taxes. Grandma worked very hard, helped to clear land and had a big garden. She and her daughter picked a lot of wild berries. Made their own soap, bread, butter, vinegar, canned meat and vegetables. She always had meals and a bed for many bachelor neighbors who stopped in often. She helped at the birth of several children. Grandpa learned to farm the hard way. He and the boys built all their own buildings-the house, barns, chicken house, icehouse and work shop. The logs came off his own land. In winter they would cut ice from the creek for the icehouse. Sawdust was brought from Mr. Gabler's mill to cover the ice, which kept cream cool most of the summer. I remember as a child going to Grandma's. Uncle Sid made ice cream with ice from the icehouse. I have never tasted such good ice cream!

They dug a cellar under the house with an outside entrance, so vegetables could be stored without tracking through the house. They also built a large kitchen on the back of the house. The floor was made of unplaned lumber so was hard to keep clean, but after many scrubbings it became a bit smoother.

There was a large carpet in the living room, which had to be taken outside and hung on the clothesline to be beaten to get the dust out. Grandma and the girls picked and canned a lot of wild berries-blueberries, strawberries, cranberries and gooseberries. Many pies were made.

If an animal were butchered around the district, Grandma would ask for the head and make headcheese. Nothing was wasted. In those days dances and picnics were held in people's homes, the local boys suppling the music and the ladies the food.

Grandpa liked his smokes and sometimes ran out of tobacco. If the neighbors were expected back from Innisfail he would go over the creek and lean on the fence beside the road and wait, sometimes waiting all afternoon! Grandma would get so cross with him for wasting the time.

In May 1912, there was a double wedding at Grandma's home when their two daughters, Katie and Nellie, were married. My Mother Katie (Popsie) married Clarence Elmer Osborne and Auntie Nell married Albert (Bert) Parsons. Dad's homestead was about six miles from Grandpa's. Uncle Bert's homestead was a half-mile north and a half a mile west. So they weren't too far away. Grandma missed her daughters very much. Grandpa helped build their homes, putting in windows, doors and stairs. He always walked to the job. In 1918 they decided to move into Rocky Mtn. House. Grandpa built a nice house and got work as bookkeeper for Driscoll's store. Grandma and Grandpa did a lot of work for the church and helped get the Anglican Church built.

One morning, in 1932, Grandpa woke up with no sight. He was never to see again. Grandma was very crippled with arthritis so they moved in with their daughter Aunt Nell. She looked after them until they both passed away in 1936 at the age of eighty.

SUNCHILD: Chiefs of the Sunchild First Nation

Louie Sunchild- May 1944 to May 1947
Jim Yelloweyes – May 1947 to May 1952
John Lagrelle - June 1953 to June 1954
Mike Frencheater – 1957 to 1959
Shorty Goodrunning – 1959 to 1961
Shorty Redcalf – 1961 to 1963
Shorty Goodrunning – 1963 to 1965
Louie Sunchild – 1965 to 1969
Ekas (Tom) Bigchild – 1969 to 1973
Chauchiamus (Chuck) Frencheater – 1973 to 1977
Robert Whitecalf – 1977 to 1979
Robert Whitecalf – Feb. 1980 to Aug. 1980
Ekas (Tom) Bigchild – August 1980 to Feb. 1981
Robert Whitecalf – 1981 to 1985
Nelson Daychief – 1985 to 1987
Ekas (Tom) Bigchild – 1987 to 1989
Robert Whitecalf – Feb. 1989 to Jan. 1991
Harry Goodrunning – 1991 to 1997
Melvin Goodrunning – 1997 to 2002 (present)

SUNCHILD FIRST NATION BUILDS NEW SCHOOL

(May 17, 1996) A plaque was presented today on behalf of the Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, Ronald A. Irwin,

Sunchild School.

to Chief Harry Goodrunning of the Sunchild First Nation. Fred Jobin, Alberta Director of Funding Services for the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, presented the plaque at the sod-turning for the new Sunchild school. The sod-turning was one of the events taking place during the annual Treaty Day payments to community members. Construction of the school will begin in July of this year and will be completed in September 1997. The Sunchild School will provide a full educational program for children from kindergarten to Grade 12.

Minister Irwin was pleased to hear that the dream to build a new school was now becoming a reality. "The building of a new First Nation

Sunchild primary school.

Health Centre staff: (l-r) back row: Linda Baich, Barb Kilpatrick, Perline Edwards; front: Sidney Beaverbones, Jolene Gopher, Delphine Francis, and Donna Daychief.

Health Centre Office.

Back row: Carolyn, Angela Daychief, Cindy Yellowface, Maureen Lagrelle, Sylvia Goodrunning, Dave Brady, Ron Cowen, Maxine Gibson. Front: Louis Lagrelle, Thomas Lagrelle and Gail Goodswimmer.

Administration staff: Angela Goodrunning, Lisa Daychief, Raquel Lagrelle, Carl Bigchild, Irene Goodrunning, Sharon Goodrunning, Jenny Goodrunning.

Administration Office.

Health Centre Office.

Sunchild Store staff. Back row: Annabelle Goodrunning; Sheena Frencheater Front: Rhonda Goodrunning, Arlene Mason and Deanna Daychief.

Sunchild Chief in Council: Richard Daychief, Paul Bigchild, Sylvia Goodrunning, Chief Melvin Goodrunning, Brenda Bigchild, (missing: Kenneth Bigchild and James Frencheater).

school at Sunchild is an exciting event. Provision of quality educational facilities for First Nations people is an important investment in the future."

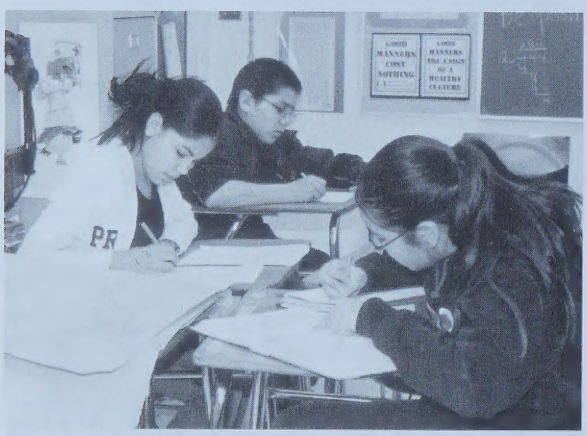
Chief Goodrunning said "The work that is involved in this whole initiative is enormous. I would like to thank the many people from the community and the department (DIAND) for the effort they have put into this project."

"Education is one of the most important contributions we make to our childrens' futures," Mr. Jobin said, "I am proud to be a part of this event today as it marks a new beginning for your students."

Once the school is completed, students in junior and senior high programs will no longer have to be bussed to school in Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. The school will contain eight classrooms, a kindergarten area, a library, an enlarged gymnasium and home economics, industrial arts and science facilities.

In addition, there will be an Elders' Room, a student meeting area and a kitchen, which are facilities in excess of the Department's School Space Accommodation Standard Policy and have therefore been funded by the Sunchild First Nation.

Two Sunchild high school students in front of mural (by local painter, Goodrunning).



Sunchild elementary students.

Grade seven class, Sunchild School.

SUNCHILD, Louie
as told to Carrie Mason by Dorothy Sunchild

The Sunchild family have a very prominent place in Sunchild history as a result of the role of the late Louis Sunchild in the original Treaty negotiations and the establishment of the Sunchild Reserve in 1944.

Dorothy Sunchild was born on May 8, 1960, at the Rocky General Hospital. She grew up on the Sunchild Reserve where she was raised most of her childhood by her father. She attended the Sunchild Stelfox School through her elementary years. Later she moved to Taber, Alberta, to live with her mother. There she graduated from Taber Composite High School. At one point in her elementary years, life was rudely interrupted when she was taken away to Residential School where she was very badly abused physically. She was struck if she spoke Cree and beaten when the Sweetgrass (sacred incense) her dad had left her, was found. When her dad came to visit, she told him what happened, and he took her home to stay.

Dorothy was given by her father to Henry Moosamin as his wife when she was a teenager, which was the custom at that time. She said her father must have known best as Henry was an excellent husband even though he was 20 years her senior. They had a good marriage until he passed away from cancer in June of 1991. Henry was a Sioux Indian from the Mosquito Reserve near North Battleford, Saskatchewan. He was a direct descendent of the great Chief Sitting Bull.

Dorothy and Henry had eight children: Everett, born July 16, 1977; Tammy February 17, 1980; Louis June 17, 1982; Harvey June 4, 1985; Travis born July 23, 1987; Tracy Dawn born July 28, 1988; Trevor February 15, 1990, and Todd born October 24, 1991.

Everett works on the oil rigs and is a trained fire-fighter; Tammy is attending Red Deer College majoring in Administration. The rest of the children are attending Sunchild School.

While growing up in her father's care, Dorothy and her siblings learned obedience and hard work as there were no modern conveniences. There were no school buses so they walked to and from school which was 4 miles each way. Louie would wake the children at 4:00 a.m. so they could get their chores done by 7:00, before they left for school. In the winter they would bring snow in and melt it on the stove for bathing, laundry and dishes. In the summer they could carry their water from the Baptiste River. Dorothy recalls fondly how her father worked quietly and faithfully at providing a good home for the children. He would cook big pots of beans, bacon and molasses to be served for breakfast

along with fresh bannock he had baked that morning. Besides moose meat, bacon was a favourite meat in Louie's cooking. He would render the rinds until he had made "cracklings", then cool the fat to be used for a spread on the bannock. (Cracklings are a popular traditional treat equivalent to what is known today as "piggy puffs.") The children were also given tea with a little sugar to go with their meals.

School lunches were generally bannock and moose meat carried in a lard pail, sometimes they would take some cracklings for a treat.

New Years' celebrations at Sunchild and O'Chiese are very special; it is a time for feasting and sharing. Dorothy remembers as a child, when Louie would bundle them up and send them out to visit all the homes along the Reserve for special New Years' feasting. Families all over the Reserve go to great lengths preparing for this annual feast. There are still some traditional delicacies served. However, these days there is always turkey, ham, all kinds of salads, fruits and vegetables, pies and pastries of all sorts. Dorothy says, "You just walk in and go to the table, everyone is welcome. You keep going house to house; this tradition still goes on today."

Dorothy remembers her Dad as being very traditional and religious. He hated alcohol and, to this day, Dorothy has never tasted alcohol. He was very respected by the people and Dorothy recalls his stories about the old days when he was the spokesman for the people. They trusted him in his negotiations with the government. He could articulate his concerns in English, and the people followed him around wherever he camped. He called them "flies" which, in Cree, sounds like "O'Chiese." They followed him like a swarm of flies and that is where the name "O'Chiese" originated. He later would become known as the first Chief of the Sunchild Reserve, serving from the date of registration in May of 1944 to May 1947, when he was relieved by Chief Jim Yelloweyes.

Dorothy says that her husband, Henry, was much like her father in many ways. He lived according to a strong combination of traditional values and Christian principles and tried to raise the children in that manner. They raised their children to speak both Cree and English, so they could survive in both communities. Dorothy has also passed on to her daughters the cultural tradition of sewing moss-bags, muk-luks, moccasins, dresses and the art of making jewelry.

SUTHERLAND, Johanas (John) and Amanda
by Trudy Houston

John and Amanda Sutherland came to the Alhambra district with the C.P.R. in 1917, and in 1919 they applied for a homestead in the Arbutus district. They did not move to Arbutus until 1923. They lived in the original log house built by an English family, Mr. and Mrs. Browne. In later years they remodeled and added on to it. John Sutherland was known for his carpentry work in the Rocky area.

John Sutherland immigrated from Jamtland, Sweden, in the early 1900s. Amanda (Ottesen) Sutherland came from Narvik, Norway, in 1912. They met in Revelstoke, B.C. where they both were working. After they married they lived in Calgary and later came to Alhambra. The Sutherlands had five children: Jennie born in Calgary in 1917; John born in Alhambra in 1919; Albert born in Alhambra in 1923; Elizabeth born in Arbutus in 1924 and Angie born in Rocky in 1933. Amanda Sutherland died in 1943 and John died in 1947.

The Sutherland children all attended school in Arbutus. Jennie nursed in the Rocky hospital in 1939 and went to work in the Eckville hospital in 1940. She married Ray Maki of Eckville in 1944. They lived on a farm west of Eckville. They had three daughters: Trudy, Barbara and Joan. Ray passed away in 1968 at the age of 46. Jennie later married Elwood Averill. They were divorced, and Jennie lives in Eckville.

John served in the army for five years overseas during WWII. When he came back to Canada, he worked as a carpenter. John worked on construction jobs in B.C. and Alberta. Albert worked as a carpenter, as well as in the lumber camps in the Rocky area. Albert passed away in 1991.

Elizabeth (Elsie) taught correspondence at the Arbutus school in 1943 and then managed the weather office in Rocky for five years. She married Fred Nelson in 1949, and they lived in the Leduc area where Fred worked on drilling rigs. Later, they moved to Bowden where Fred worked in a gas plant. They had two children, Wanda and Wayne. After Fred passed

away in 1979, Elsie became the mayor of Bowden for several years. In 2002 she retired to Camrose.

Angie went to school in Rocky and Eckville. After her mother died, she went to work in Leduc and met Del Fox. Angie and Del were married in 1952. They farmed in the Millet area, and had four children: Rose Marie, Loren, Darrel and Kirby. Rose Marie passed away in 1981 of diabetes and Angie passed away in 2002 of complications from diabetes.

The Sutherlands recalled many good times in Arbutus, visiting neighbours, skating on Mud Lake and attending many concerts and gatherings.

SWART, Bob and Joan (Terpsma)

Bob was born in 1933, the third child and eldest son of Simon and Joan Swart. His first year was in a small farm town of Wanswerd Freesland, the Netherlands. Bob was six years of age when World War II broke out. He had very limited education and for the most part was self-taught.

In 1949 the Swarts immigrated to Canada with nine children, sailing on the troop ship Tabinta. They landed in Quebec City and from there traveled by steam train to Edmonton, Alberta. A sponsor met them at the station, and Bob was sent to a French speaking family at a Pickerville farm. After a hard summer on the farm, Bob got a job at Alberta Hospital, Oliver. He worked on the farm as well as in the wards with the patients housed there. While in Edmonton he got the Frision, Dutch, French and English sorted out and became fluent in English. In 1953 the Swart family moved to the farm at Cow Lake corner. Soon after the family was settled, and Mary (Forester) came into the family, Bob went to work for Mobil Oil as a shooter for seismic. The greatest adventure of the next eight years was the work in the Arctic. The crew flew to Fort Nelson and got on a barge at Fort Liard and went on to the McKenzie River all the way to the Beaufort Sea.

Bob had met Joan Terpsma in 1959 and, before leaving for the Arctic, proposed marriage. When he returned in October of 1960 they were engaged.

Joan was born in Barrhead, Alberta, in 1943, and had six younger brothers. In 1955 the Terpsma family moved to Armstrong, B.C. where her education came to an end after Grade nine. When her parents moved to Rocky Mountain House in 1959, Joan stayed with a family in Armstrong and continued to work there. When she arrived in Rocky Mountain House she was employed by Henry Stelfox, and continued her education. In the spring of 1960, she went to work at Deerhome in Red Deer and took training.

Joan was still working at Deerhome, and Bob was working for Rea Vista when they married on May 20, 1961. In 1962, after Anita joined the family, they moved to Strachan Valley while Bob worked for Strong and Ferrey and Joan worked at the Voyageur Motel. In 1963 after moving the former Zander home from Leslieville, they settled on a one-quarter section west of the Cow Lake Store.

In 1967 an auction was held, and the family, which included two more children (Carol in 1964 and Stan in 1966), moved to 53 Street in Rocky Mountain House. The new home, Rocky Cartage and Star Taxi were new business experiences. In 1970 the move was made to Alpine Motel and Janice joined the family that October. After a very busy life raising the children, along with children from the nearby Reserves who attended high school in Rocky, the Alpine Motel was sold in 1978. After a year of relaxing and recuperating, Bob and Joan built the Chinook Inn in 1979. In 1988 Bob bought the Truck and Car Wash with his family working with him. The children took it over in 1991 and worked hard at it until 2000 when it was sold. The Chinook Inn was sold in 1998, and Bob and Joan retired to Ferrier Acres where they spent twenty-one years in total. Bob passed into glory on January 4, 2003.

Bob was always learning and teaching to the last days. He loved his family over everything else. He enjoyed reading, and Bob and Joan did lots of camping and holidays were often. The ships, he built from kits or from scratch, are displayed in several homes.

Joan continues to live at Ferrier and keeps busy with the Toy Pomeranians, yard work and going to extended care to visit her mother, Annie Terpsma. Her best times are spent with the family: Anita, Darren, and their children Ty, Michelle and Scott Bauer and their grandchild Blair and her mom, Chrissy Stuart; Carol and Lynn Dressler and their children Joelene, Joshua and

Jenaya; Stan, Diane (Varty) and their children Morgan and Ryan Swart; Janice and Lawrence McDonell.

Life in Rocky was very good for the fifty years Bob spent here—it was always his home base. The celebration of forty years of marriage in May of 2001 was a very special occasion with family and friends of fifty plus years attending. We thank God for all that Rocky Mountain House and district has been to us, and for us, over the years.

TERPSMA, Art

In April of 1959 my dad, George, accompanied by my twelve year old brother, Wayne, and me aged nine, drove our 1953 Chev one-ton, loaded with all our household goods across the bridge over Lobstick Creek, up the hill and on to Main Street, Leslieville. We had come from Armstrong, B.C., via the Crowsnest Pass, while Mother with younger brothers, Jim and Roy, travelled by passenger train. Brother Douglas with neighbor, Ed Jorritsma, brought cattle, horses and machinery in two CN box cars to Edmonton and then south. Sister Joan stayed at her job in the Armstrong Bakery, but joined us on the farm three months later.

Cheaper land near Rocky Mountain House and the opportunity to expand a cattle operation with five sons, were good reasons for Dad to move. Wayne and I continue to make farming our way of life.

Mom was not impressed with a house that had neither indoor plumbing nor telephone, but had a half-mile driveway that could be wet or drifted, leaving us stuck at home for days. It seemed a long way to Rocky, but we attended church—when we could get out. Sometimes, we walked to the road and caught a ride with Wally Hogberg in his "push button" Dodge, to attend church and Sunday School in Leslieville. One Sunday morning, Mom upset our "galloping outhouse," (her name for our truck), while going into Rocky. Brother Jim's head left a nice spider web in the windshield, but it didn't slow him down much. He completed two school grades that year. He received more injuries while playing cowboy, when I roped a wild cow and I forgot my rope was dallied around his waist. Doug and Wayne heard him screaming and helped unravel him from fence posts and brush.

Rabbits were everywhere! Doug, Wayne and friend, Dan Gibson, shot one hundred in a day and sold them to a mink farmer for ten cents each. During our first planting season, both Mom and Dad were ill, so several church members and neighbors finished putting in the crop. It was a real treat to have community families come to visit. In B.C. our neighbours had been much closer, and we played with lots of kids, but here we learned to appreciate our brothers' company more.

Dad purchased two quarters of land in the Oras district in 1961, but couldn't move there right away. So, we spent a year on a farm in the Dovercourt area where living conditions were worse. The log house had no electricity, and the water supply was a spring down in a ravine.

Many times our horse team pulled vehicles out to the road. Driving in was easier; it was downhill all the way. Harvest time was the best with the neighbours coming together for threshing. Although most church families and neighbors lived some distance away, several came to help pitch bundles.

We attended Chedderville School in the spring, but in the fall we high school students went to Rocky. We walked a mile to the Dovercourt road where Elio DellaCosta picked us up and took us west to the Everdale road where we boarded the bus, driven by Tom Bertagnolli. With Dad and Doug working in lumber camps and chores falling to us kids, our school attendance was poor. I missed sixty-seven days of school, and it was the last year for Wayne, the promising student who had won a provincial award for his farm safety essay. Sister Joan married Bob Swart that year

We had great neighbours in the Sam Howes family. It was Sam who fired up his farm truck on a cold winter morning and brought Mom to the hospital after she had sent me to go for help. It was time for the baby to arrive. He was named Thomas, but died a few days later.

In 1962 we loaded up our belongings once more and returned to the Oras area. Settling closer to town, we attended church more often and became friends with many in the community. I am thankful for the support our family received while enduring tough times on the farm. Our Young People's Club, at the Christian Reformed Church, and visiting at friends' homes was a

blessing to me during my high school years. I studied at NAIT and worked several years in the Assessment Branch of Municipal Affairs out of Edmonton. I returned to the Rocky area in 1971 working in construction and on the farm.

Karen Bott took me for better or worse in the last days of 1974. It seems she thought her sister, Lucy, was none the worse for having married my brother, Jim, a few years earlier. We both worked on and off the farm and built up a small herd of beef cows. Working two years at the Rev Rok Dairy with the Korvers gave me more knowledge, and I benefited from the courses I took through Olds College.

Julie was born in '79, Aaron in '81, and Kari in '82. We all have fond memories of the Christian Reformed Church and the Oras Community Club where we helped with sleigh rides and turkey shoots, Christmas concerts and Vacation Bible School. The kids all attended Rocky Christian School and graduated from Will Sinclair High. Julie currently works at the Grey Nuns Hospital as an R.N., in Edmonton; Aaron attends Olds College and Kari studies at NAIT.

TERPSMA, George, Annie and family

George was born on the family farm in Neerlandia, October 23, 1915. He married Annie Visser (Fisher) on April 6, 1941. Annie was born in Edmonton in 1918 and moved to the Neerlandia district near Barrhead in 1930. George and Annie lived on the homestead that had been acquired before their marriage, and that is where they started the family in 1943. Their daughter, Joan, was followed by six brothers: Douglas, Wayne, Arthur, James, Roy and Louis.

Times were hard on the farm, in those days, with no facilities as we know them today. Shoveling a path to the outhouse and hauling water from a pump, worked by hand, was hard work. And carrying the heavy pails gave some of us longer arms than if we had only turned a tap. Many times the groceries were brought home on horseback with the long awaited mail and newspapers which were often the only news we got from the outside world. Many evenings were spent with heads bent to the old radio to catch news and hockey games. One goal of George and Annie was to have their children attend church and be brought up in the Christian community. The school in Neerlandia and Drayton Valley Eldorado are the only two Christian schools in Alberta that are government funded to this day.

Getting to school was by walking three miles each day. Often the drifting snow caused the kids to fall through the banks, and then the big neighbour guys would have to pull them out. When the temperature reached 30 to 40 below, the children would stop at peoples' homes to reheat the stones from their mitts and have hot milk and biscuits before going on. When arriving at school, the heat from the big stove was most welcome. Often there were three grades taught by one teacher, and the younger ones would learn from the older ones. The children were never bored as there were always chores and stuff to do, such as getting magpie and crow legs from the new hatches in the spring. The legs, put into a tobacco can by Wayne, were taken to town for a return of a nickel a leg, and they often caused the agent to turn green when he opened the can.

Being out in the barn in the cold of winter, catching new born piglets and bringing them in the house, so they wouldn't freeze, were some of the many adventures of our life down on farm in the early years. Harvest time saw milk pails full of potatoes and carrots to peel for the threshing crews who devoured them in one sitting, along with pork, beef and roasted chicken. Numerous pies were baked and eaten in one sitting, too. One fall, when Joan was eleven years old, she was shoveling grain in the granary when it got too full. She had a scary time when nobody came to get her out.

In 1955 after several bouts of illness and failed crops, the Terpsmas sold the homestead and had a farm sale. On May 9, 1955, the family of seven, along with Rusty the German Shepherd and all the necessities, were piled into the 1953 Chev sedan, and off through the mountains they went. In the 50s the only decent route to B.C. was through Colville, Washington, and then over to Highway 97, and up to Enderby where George had a sister. She lived on the banks of the Shuswap River—and was that an adventure. George bought a farm at Armstrong which was home for the next four years. In 1956 Roy joined the family, and it was tough going as Dad had back surgery and was on a Stryker bed for seven weeks. He came home in a body cast which he cut off one day in September when the

temperature reached 101 degrees. Annie suffered many years with ulcerate varicose veins, and she had an operation for relief of that condition. .During those years the children took over the responsibilities of the house and farm.

Hauling hay, or turning peas, or milking cows, meant being up at four a.m. in the morning and then the rush in for breakfast, a change of clothes, then off to school. Sometimes the children only got to school two or three days a week. There were high times when the boys tried catching bear cubs. There was the time the twenty-two went off and the bullet went through Wayne's arm, and the time the loft lid closed on Jim's head, severing his tongue.

In 1959 with five sons, George and Annie thought it wise to move back to Alberta as land was more available there. The move was made with some going by truck, and some with the cattle and horses on the train. Their new home would be Rocky Mountain House. The first impressions of early thaw were not great, getting stuck every time they turned around, picking rocks and new schools. Poor Joan had to quit school at fifteen to supplement the family income, so she stayed in Armstrong with the Albert Raller family. It was not long before she had to come home as George and Annie were both in the hospital and the boys couldn't look after Annie's aged mother who had moved in with the family.

Joan's first impressions of Rocky was, "Oh please let me go back to the Okanagan." But she felt at home at the young peoples' group at the Christian Reformed Church. Joan stayed on the farm for several months before staying with the Henry Stelfox family, where she learned a great deal about the countryside and the First Nations communities in the area. Henry taught Joan how to read the clouds to predict the weather and much more. In 1960 Joan started work at Deerholme in Red Deer, and again an education took place as she was the youngest one on staff at the time. Living in nurses' residence proved to be quite an education, in itself, and Joan was always grateful for her 4-H background which had taught her so much. In 1961 Joan married Bob Swart, and they made their home at Red Deer for a year where Anita was born in 1962. In 1962 they moved to the Poulson Place on Prairie Creek in Strachan Valley. They were able to move the old Zander's house from Leslieville on to their own farm, one mile west of Cow Lake corner, in 1963. This is where Carol joined the family in 1964.

In 1965 Mr. Neilson, with Indian Affairs, asked Joan if she would take children from the reserves, so they could continue their education in the schools in town. Four children joined the family, and so some lasting friendships are still ongoing today. In 1966 Stan joined the family on the homestead and Bob continued working long hours for Strong and Ferrey, hauling fuel. The pay was poor and the cream cheque didn't amount too much. So, in 1957 the Swarts bought Rocky Cartage, hauling groceries in the front door and picking up garbage from the alleys. In 1968 Joan and Bob bought Star Taxi from Jim and Ina Verhesen, and then in 1970 they purchased the Alpine Motel. In the fall of 1970, Janice joined the family, and they continued there for eight years. In 1979 they built the Chinook Inn, and by 1988 they had put the family to work at the Shell Car Wash and Gas Bar.

Bob and Joan were fortunate to be able to take the kids camping and enjoy the great outdoors of the Rocky Mountain House area. For many years they enjoyed the mountains and their home at Ferrier Acres, together. Bob passed away in 2002.

In 1967 Douglas (who had married Ann Valstar in 1964), along with their children, George and Angela, moved to Tillicurn Valley, near Silver Star, to establish their own farm. After going their separate ways, Doug met Donna, and his third child, Leesha, came to his family. In 1983 when Leesha was one year old, Doug along with his son, George, were putting up hay, when an enraged farmer shot and killed him at the age of thirty-eight.

Wayne worked the farm with George and Annie, and also worked on the rigs. Many a time Wayne brought home the bacon and paid the farm bills, enabling his parents to stay on the farm. His sharing also helped his younger brothers, because they could stay in school. They have always been grateful for his kind efforts. Wayne married Sharyn Dickson in 1969. They farmed in the Alhambra area for thirty years and raised their children, Jim, Brady, Donny and Chantelle, on the farm. While the family was growing up, Wayne coached many a hockey team in Eckville,

George and Annie Terpsma, 50th Wedding Anniversary.

as well as ball teams in the district. Sharyn was always by his side and they have now moved to a smaller place in the Leslieville area. The children are ranching in the Valleyview community near Sturgeon Lake, and a cabin by the water is going to be a very relaxing place for them one day.

Roy left Rocky in the mid seventies to go to Vernon to be near Doug. He started a band and continued with that for many years. He married Terri Torgerson, and they have one son, Dane. Terri and Dane live in Rocky Mountain House. Roy continues to live in B.C. Louis, the youngest child born to George and Annie, lived only two days and passed away due to an enlarged heart.

In 1962 George and Annie bought a farm in the Oras area from Henry Stelfox. This was their home for many years. Annie went out to work in local restaurants and also at the hotels for a time. She took up selling Fuller brushes. Through sales, she met most of the people in the community and still talks about the good friendships made in those days. In the 1970s, she knew the country so well that she often drove Star Taxi. She also helped Joan at the Alpine Motel, and this enabled her to get to know her grandchildren very well. George worked for the Forestry for a time and had many interesting experiences at the Brazeau Dam, during the log clean-up of the newly formed lake. In 1972 George and Annie went to work for Calgary Power at the Bighorn Dam. This was a highlight for Annie, cooking for a bunch of guys, the way she had done so many years before. George did maintenance. He missed the farm very much, but always spoke highly of the fellows he worked with. George and Annie retired back to the farm at Oras in 1980 and enjoyed their travels in the little motor home until George passed away in 1992. Annie now resides in Rocky at continuing care and is always very happy to see all the folks she met so many years ago.

The Terpsma family loved music. George played the accordion, and the boys played guitars. Many evenings were spent around the campfire, or in someone's recreation room, in song, music and enjoying good tales of long ago. Time marches on, and the Terpsmas find themselves related to the rest of the community in one way or another. The children all married into big families, and George and Annie's great-great-grandchild was born in the spring of 2002. God has blessed us abundantly, and we are happy to live in the best community, in the best province, and the best country in the world. God is good!

TERPSMA, Jim

I was born in Barrhead, Alberta, in 1952 and, at age three, moved with my parents to various places in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia before moving back to the Rocky area at age seven. I completed my schooling at Will Sinclair High in Rocky.

I was employed at Rocky Distributors while in school. After I left school, I worked at Rocky Wood Preservers until 1970 when I bought into a trucking business owned by my brother, Wayne, who had purchased the business from my sister and her husband, Bob and Joan Swart.

It was also in this time frame that I met my future wife, Lucy Bott. I was at a talent competition at the Oras Hall, in 1970, where Lucy and her sisters were competing against myself and my brothers in the same category. It so happened that I came out the winner all around as we won the competition, and I won Lucy and her parents' favor.

In 1974 we sold our trucking business, and I went to work hauling lumber from Revy's Harlech mill to the planer mill in Rocky for D & Z Trucking. In 1978 we bought our own logging truck. We operated it until late 1979 when I went to work for Braidnor Construction in Rocky. After being employed there ten years, as well as being involved in a farming operation with my brother, Art, and his wife, Karen (my wife's sister), we started our own backhoe and gravel truck business which we presently operate.

Going back to the talent night when I met Lucky, I courted her for two years, and we were married in 1972. From that union we were blessed with two beautiful children: Deanna, in 1977, and Christopher, in 1981. Deanna is married to Mark Fraser from Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia, and they have three children: Kareck, Nicholas, and Olivia. Chris is presently enrolled at SAIT where he is taking electronic technology.

Throughout the years we have been involved with church life, music and various community and school activities with our children. We thank God for placing us in this area. We enjoy all our wonderful friends and family and many outdoor activities in this beautiful country.

TESKEY, Wes and Fran

Wes's father, William H. Teskey, arrived in Rocky from the prairies in 1923 to work for the Calder logging operation (for which the Calder district in Edmonton was named). His mother, Clara, and children, Myrtle, Mildred and Willis, arrived later. Wes was born in 1925, in a little house on 49th street and 48th avenue. Later, the family purchased property on 48th street and 48th avenue, building a small house there, which was added onto as the years progressed. A small house sat on part of this property, and it had been occupied by Jess Hepner, before Jess moved to B.C. This house became Wes's Grandma Graham's home, and she lived there until her death in 1954. Neither house still stands. The property is now the location of the Rocky Funeral Home.

Miss Newton was the grade one teacher when Wes started school, and she was a strict disciplinarian from all accounts. The school was only a block from home, and Wes's sister, Myrtle, taught there, so there was no opportunity for Wes to play hooky. As they grew older, Wes and his friends formed different groups, or "gangs of kids," with similar interests. When they were not at home doing chores, they were free to roam the village. Chores for Wes included chopping wood, hauling water from the community well, and feeding and milking their cow. The cow was pastured on the present "Gateway" property. Wes's mother also raised chickens, and on one occasion fed them fermented fruit which caused some concern when the chickens were seen falling over, but they soon recovered—probably with slight hangovers.

Summers were great fun for active boys. Some of them ran, others walked, to Crimson Lake for a swim. They climbed the railway bridge (four different ways), swam in the pond at the Atlas yard, or in the Clearwater River where the older ones taught the younger ones to swim. Another activity was running on top of box cars, jumping from one to another. Wes still has a scar under his jaw from missing a boxcar and falling on a stick. This required a visit to Dr. Greenaway's office in the Mount View Hotel. The stockyard was another temptation the boys couldn't resist. They practiced their rodeo skills there—when no adults were around. After John Plathan organized his band, the band members often spent

part of the summer holidays at Crimson Lake in Plathans' cabin "Chateau Dief."

Blueberries were a staple part of their diet when rations were short. Winter also had its benefits, especially skating on Mud Lake, but falling through the ice wasn't much fun when you had to walk home in frozen clothes. As they grew older, hockey became the winter sport, and Nordegg and Horseguard teams were two of their adversaries. Another favorite activity was sleigh riding down the river hill and out onto the ice of the Saskatchewan River. This was fairly dangerous as the road was shared with local traffic and logging trucks. In the spring, the school districts held a sports day, in Rocky, with competitors from the outlying schools. This was a big event, and Rocky had some good athletes competing. It was also very exciting for the rural students as some of us didn't have the opportunity to come to town very often.

During the 1930s jobs were scarce everywhere, and Rocky had its share of transients who rode the rods. Since the Teskey home was only a couple of blocks from the railway, it wasn't unusual for a stranger to appear at the door looking for a handout. There was always an extra potato in the pot and a place at the table for these unfortunates.

Wes joined the R.C.N.V.R.(Royal Canadian Volunteer Reserve), in 1944, training in Calgary and Cornwallis, before serving on a minesweeper. He returned to Rocky in 1946 to start his own business, "Gateway Service," in the building, formerly owned by Lamming brothers, where he had milked cows as a boy. He operated the Gateway Service until 1978, then worked with Max Vandenbrink in John's Rocky Agencies. Later he returned to Gateway Service and managed the business for daughter, Carol, and her husband, Ray Williams, who still own the property. Wes officially retired in 1984.

I (Fran) was also born in Rocky at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sims. The Sims family were friends of my parents, Elizabeth and Frank Patterson. Miss Meston (my mother) taught at Beaver Flats and boarded with the Sims family before she was married. As there was no hospital here in Rocky, "mothers-to-be" stayed with friends, or at Nurse Stewart's or Nurse Fleming's Nursing Home. The doctor in attendance was Dr. Hill.

My life at Alhambra was very quiet compared to town life. I was fortunate in that we lived one half mile from school, although the road usually drift in during snowstorms. Miss Alma Sande was my teacher from grades one to eight, when she married and became Mrs. Sunde. Grade nine was a different year, as we had two teachers: Miss Stagg from Nordegg who taught the elementary grades in the old school, and Miss Kennedy who taught the big kids in another building which doubled as a teacherage. Because there was a shortage of teachers during World War I, Mrs. Sunde returned to teach when I was in grade ten. There were two "bonus" days for us: one being the annual Christmas Concert held in the community hall and the other, the Dominion Day picnic, held each year on the first of July. Miss Sande's concerts were fabulous. The hall was decorated with care, and there was a huge Christmas tree with real candles. There was always a capacity audience as these concerts were famous. Miss Sande and her sister, Magda, along with volunteers, sewed costumes, and we practiced during noon, recess and after school for weeks. We were taught folk dances, carols and modern songs, such as "White Christmas," and took part in plays. Everyone participated in some way. Then the biggest thrill of all, Santa Claus bringing gifts, which had been purchased by the community. As if this wasn't enough, there was a dance afterwards. My mother was the pianist; she worked with Miss Sande for the concert and usually played for the dance, too, along with Frank Scott and Sam Dickson who played violins.

The other exciting day was Dominion Day, and the celebrations were held in various locations around Alhambra. There were sack races, three-legged races, track and field sports, ball games and a dance in the evening. This continued for several years after the war, but eventually gave way to other attractions.

I attended Red Deer High School for Grades eleven and twelve, staying at the dormitory on Gaetz Avenue for the first year. The second year, I batched with my friend, Edith. The week of my graduation, we got word that my brother, Leaman, who had been reported "missing" after the Dieppe Raid, was safe in England after being held as a POW (Prisoner Of War).

In September 1945 I was hired as a steno for the Treasury Branch in Rocky, with G. H. Potter

as manager. I worked there until 1947 when Wes and I were married at a little church in Alhambra. Our wedding reception was at my parents' farm, and our first home was beside the garage-service station, in what had originally been the Lamming brothers' office. In 1956 we moved to a house (47th Avenue and 48th Street), which we built with the help of our families. In 1959 I returned to work at the Treasury Branch and spent six years there, then worked for the Welfare Department and finally at the Forestry, retiring in 1985.

Our children, Carol, Bill, Pat, Barbara and Chris, all have fond memories of living on 47th avenue. There was no shortage of playmates; the Mahs, Moffords, Zimmermans and the Carters all lived close by, so there was always someone to play with. School was two blocks away, and the movie theater (for Saturday afternoon matinees) was close by. We lived on 47th avenue until 1979. Then we moved to our acreage east of town where we had many happy times with our family, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Carol married Ray Williams, and they have two children, Lisa (Klassen) and Terry. Lisa has two children and her husband, Troy, has two children, so we have four great-grandchildren. Bill and his wife, Theano, have two children, Wes Jr. and Vicki, and live in Calgary. Pat and Earle (Houghton) have five children: Bobbi, Darla, Blaire, Joey and Robin. Barb and her husband, Pat (Murray), have three children, Greg, Nicole and Kimberley. They farm at Drumheller. Christina and her husband, Mark (Vieweg), live in Burns Lake, B.C., and have two children, Cameron and Meghan.

I'll leave this with them to write their family histories thirty years hence. Two and a half years ago, we left our big house on the acreage. My mother had lived there with us (in her duplex), for a few years before going to Westview Lodge. Later, Wes's old schoolmate, Alex Plathan, lived in the duplex. From there we moved west of Rocky where we enjoy the quiet and solitude of the beautiful foothills of the Rockies. We've been very fortunate to have lived in the best location in Alberta, and although we've travelled to many interesting places, we're always happy to return to Rocky Mountain House.

TESKEY, William H. and Clara
submitted by Robert H Teskey

W. H. (Bill) Teskey and his, wife, Clara lived in Rocky from their arrival in 1923 until their deaths. They were originally from Michigan and had come to the Canadian west in 1910 to homestead about 50 miles west of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Bill was born in 1886 in the Bruce Peninsula of Ontario. He grew up believing that he was of Irish descent, notwithstanding what seemed to be a very non-Irish name. In fact, his grandparents had come to Canada from Ireland in the 1820s. However, their ancestors had originally been Protestants from the Palatinate of western Germany. They and a group of other "Palatines" had set out for North America in 1709. They got to Rotterdam, but there was no ship there to take them to the New World. After camping there for some time, Queen Anne of England took pity on this group of several thousand Protestants and invited them to come across the Channel to England.

These Palatines spent some time in England, but not surprisingly, soon wore out their welcome there. They were ultimately dispatched to the south of Ireland as part of the policy of the English government (even then) to populate southern Ireland with Protestants. To this day there is still a community of "Palatine Irish" (including some Teskeys) south of Limerick. They easily co-exist with their Irish Catholic neighbours.

Thus Bill was indeed Irish in one sense but in a very real way he was a German.

Clara had been born in Michigan of German parents, so in a very real way their family was largely German. She was from a family of 10 children and soon after the youngest was born in 1905, her father died, leaving his wife Mary Adrian to cope on her own. While in those days the community was very supportive, there was no state support and she had to support her family with her own resources. In addition to Clara, three other of Mary Adrian's children ultimately made their home in the Rocky area. Mary (Teskey) Rodgers moved to Rocky in the 1940's after the death of her first husband, Dave Teskey who was a distant relation of Bill's. Albert and Alfred Adrian farmed southwest of town and their families continue to live in the area. Mary

Adrian herself remarried Dick Graham and after her second husband's death moved to Rocky where she died at the age of 90 in 1954.

Bill's family had moved from Canada to Michigan in the late 1890s. Bill and Clara met and married there in 1908 while Bill was working as a steam engineer opening a shale pit for a plant being built in Alpena, Michigan, that was the first to produce dry cement in the form that we know it today.

Soon after they were married Bill and Clara heard of "free" land in the Canadian west and decided to go there to seek their fortune. Mary Adrian came with them, and she, her oldest son and Bill all claimed homesteads close to one another on the fertile Canadian prairie. Bill and Clara's first child, a daughter Myrtle, was born in 1909. As time went on the family put down roots, but ran into difficulties when there was no high school for Myrtle to attend. Through Bill's brother they heard that there was a high school in Rocky and on the spur of the moment they decided to move to Rocky for the winter of 1923-24 so that Myrtle could continue school.

They purchased 7 lots at what is the present location of the Rocky Funeral Home and built a small temporary"shack" there. They migrated back and forth to the homestead for eight years, putting in the crop in the spring, and returning to harvest in the fall, but spending the rest of the year in Rocky. As time went on, the roots became deeper in Rocky and in the early 1930s they abandoned the homestead to the drought that had overtaken the prairies.

Over the years there was a succession of additions to the original shack and the house was home to the family until Bill's death in 1981.

From the beginning, Bill found jobs in lumber camps as a steam engineer and doing carpentry work in Rocky. Early on he started working for D. C. Alexander who carried on a variety of businesses including the Imperial Oil Agency. In the early 1930s Bill took over the Imperial Oil Agency and carried on that business until 1950 when it was, in turn, taken over by his son Willis. Willis ran the business until 1977 when he sold the business to his son Tom, who operated the agency until it was closed in 1999. Thus three generations of the Teskey family operated the Imperial Oil Agency in Rocky for almost 70 years.

William and Clara Teskey. June 28, 1945.

Bill was involved in many aspects of the community. He was the last mayor of Rocky as a village and its first mayor as a town in 1939. He was mayor again in 1945. He worked hard with many others to get the first hospital in 1938. A small reward for his work on that project was that his first grandchild, Edward Good, was the first baby born in the new hospital.

Bill and Clara were married for almost 64 years. A second daughter, Mildred had been born on the prairies in 1916 followed by a son, Willis in 1921. The youngest child, Wesley, was born in Rocky in 1925. Mildred died suddenly while attending school in Calgary in 1932. She and her grandmother Mary (Adrian) Graham are buried side by side in Pine Grove Cemetery.

Myrtle became a teacher and taught in the Confluence (Rocky) school until she married Walter Good in 1934. They operated the telephone office which had been opened by Walter's mother and started a greenhouse business. In 1949, they moved to Red Deer where they opened Central Alberta Florists, which continues to be operated by their son Harold and his family.

Willis married Ruth Richardson of Crossfield who came to Rocky to nurse in the hospital and Wesley married Frances Patterson of Alhambra. Both families established their roots in Rocky and parts of their families continue to live in the community.

Clara was a hard working homemaker. She was a very good cook and for years would knit a "si-wash" sweater in a week. They always found a ready market. At the start of the oil boom

in Rocky, in the days long before cell phones, she operated a two-way radio from her kitchen to transmit drilling information from local rig sites through to company offices in Calgary.

In retirement, Bill and Clara enjoyed motor travel, making several trips back to Michigan. They enjoyed fishing and regularly fished at Jackfish Lake west of town. Clara died at age 82 in 1971. Bill continued to live in the family home for another 10 years. He learned to cook and took pride in the many hooked rugs that he made and gave to family and friends. He was able to drive until he was 94 and drove to Blackfalds to visit Myrtle almost every week. He passed away just after his 95th birthday in 1981.

Bill and Clara and their families were proud to be part of Rocky. They grew with the community and helped to make it the great place it is today.

TESKEY, Willis and Ruth
submitted by Robert H. Teskey

In many ways the lives of Willis and Ruth Teskey were synonymous with Rocky Mountain House. They spent their entire adult lives in Rocky, raised their family here and were significant contributors to the community for the whole time.

Willis was born on the family homestead west of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, in 1921. He came to Rocky with his parents, Bill and Clara Teskey, in 1923 and Rocky was his home for the rest of his life. He graduated from the old Confluence School, which was on the present location of Rocky Elementary. One of the things that set him apart was that he spent grades four, five and six in the classroom of his older sister, Myrtle Teskey (later Good). He was the drummer in John Plathan's boys band.

After graduating from high school in 1939, Willis spent a short stint in the wartime army and then joined the staff of the Imperial Bank of Canada. He worked first for Stan Hooker in the Rocky branch, then for the Bank in Eckville, and finally worked in Edmonton. Bank pay was notoriously bad, in those days, and he finally quit when it became clear that he was losing ground—it was costing him more for room and board than he was making in wages. He came back to Rocky and worked for a time in the lumber industry and then for his dad, Bill Teskey, in the Imperial Oil Agency. Willis took over that business in 1950. He operated it until 1977 when he retired due to ill health, and the business was, in turn, purchased by his son, Tom.

Ruth was the daughter of Clarence and Esther Richardson who farmed in the Crossfield district. She was born in Carstairs in 1922. After graduation from high school, she took nurses' training at the old Calgary General Hospital, graduating as an RN in 1944. Friends from Crossfield, the Flemings, suggested she come to work at the Rocky Hospital. Mr. Fleming had been the CPR station agent in Crossfield and had moved from Crossfield to be station agent in Rocky.

Soon after arriving in Rocky, Ruth met Willis and they were married in June 1945. A son, Bob, was born in 1946, another son, Glen, in 1947, and finally a third son, Tom, in 1951.

Willis and Ruth were deeply involved in the community. Ruth organized the first swimming lessons at Crimson Lake as well as blood donor clinics in town for many years. Willis was a Kinsman, and Ruth a Kinette.

Willis was elected to Town Council in 1958 and was elected mayor in 1963. He served until 1966 and then again from 1971 until1977 when he retired due to ill health. One of his passions was to get a covered arena for the town. A start had been made after the War with a huge round-roofed structure at the present location of the Pioneer Centre. That was thought to be a bad location for an arena, and Willis worked with others to get the building moved up the hill to the present location of the Tamarack Inn. However, the project seemed to be plagued with bad luck and, after it was moved, the building was seriously damaged by fire before a covered section, over the rink, could be started.

In the late 1950s, Willis started to work towards the construction of the present Arena. Money was scarce, but some help came from federally sponsored "Winter Works" funding, from money that had been contributed to the old 1% Club, and from other sources. The 1% Club was a fund into which local people had contributed 1% of their income to finance community projects. Even though money was scarce, Willis just kept pushing—although he would often come home at night very worried about where the money was going to come from, for

commitments that had already been made. The Arena actually got completed, and was soon complemented by the curling rink. The trusses for the curling rink had originally been part of the Nordegg arena. They had been given to Rocky by the Nordegg community which had dispersed after the mines closed in the early 1950s.

Willis was always quietly proud that he had been able to get the arena built. While he was still in Town leadership, he was able to see both the new swimming pool and the present town office completed.

Willis and Ruth had started selling bottled propane from a tank and shed at the back of their home in the early 1950s. About 1960, they expanded the business by opening Apex Propane at the present location of the IGA. Ruth started working there, as office manager, but quickly took over full management and continued to run that business successfully until it was acquired by their son, Glen, in 1981.

Willis and Ruth bought a log cabin on the south side of Crimson Lake in 1947. It had originally been built for Charlie Edwards in 1933. At the time the same craftsmen also built cabins on the east side of the lake for other community leaders in Rocky. The other cottages, originally owned by Dr. Greenaway, the Kirbys, the Rosses and others ,were removed when the public beach was expanded in the 1960s. Ruth still owns the cottage which is now the oldest on the lake. It has always been a very important family place, and is now seeing the fifth generation (if you include Willis's parents) enjoy it.

Willis had always been troubled with bad lungs, and the disease became progressively worse, so that by the-mid 70s, he and Ruth were forced to find a warmer climate for the winter. They bought a condominium in Phoenix in 1977. They wintered in Phoenix until Willis died there in January 1986. Ruth continues to spend her winters at the condo, driving back and forth in the spring and fall.

Bob moved to Edmonton to go to University in 1964. He became a lawyer and still lives in Edmonton. His wife, Hazel, was killed by a drunk driver, just west of Rocky, in 1997. Bob and Hazel had two children, Kent and Caryn, who are both university students. Bob maintains his connection with Rocky through his own cottage at Crimson Lake. He has achieved some unearned fame as one of the first people to receive an "islet cell transplant," at the University of Alberta.

Willis and Ruth Teskey, 1985.

Glen became a pressure engineer and worked in the petroleum industry before taking over the Apex Propane business from his parents in 1981. He married Shannon Adrain in 1966. He has served on Town Council and in many other community endeavours. Glen and Shannon have two sons, Greg and Warren, who are both married to local girls, and who live with their families in Rocky. Glen still operates a business with his family and lives in Rocky.

Willis and Ruth's 40th Wedding Anniversary. June 28, 1985. Back row: Bob, Hazel (d. October 12, 1997), Tom, Vickie, Willis (d. January 23, 1986), Ruth, Glen, Shannon, Greg and Warren (sons of Glen and Shannon). Front: Carla (daughter of Tom and Vickie), Caryn (daughter of Hazel and Bob), Kent (son of Hazel and Bob).

Tom became a Professional Engineer and, after working for Dupont for a short time, came back to Rocky and took over the Imperial Oil Agency from his father in 1977. He married Vickie Bryanton in 1973, and they have a daughter, Carla, who is an engineer working out of Calgary. He has also served on Town Council and, with his wife, is deeply involved in many community activities.

Ruth continues to live in the family home in Rocky. She still golfs and stays active in many other ways.

THOMPSON, David and Charlotte (Small) written by Pat McDonald

David Thompson (1770 - 1857), was the greatest North American land geographer of his time. He was involved in events that shaped history in both Canada and the United States. A man of many accomplishments, he was responsible for the following: the establishment of the trans-mountain fur trade; exploration and mapping of a vast area of western North America; documentation of the nature, history and culture of this region; and establishment of sections of the international boundary. Thompson's life and work overlapped areas of what is now British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Nunavut, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and North Dakota.

David Thompson spent twenty-eight years in the fur trade in Canada, after he arrived as a fourteen year-old apprentice of the Hudson's Bay Company, fresh from the Grey Coat Hospital School in London.

Rocky Mountain House was headquarters for Thompson on more than one occasion. From here, he mounted his epic treks through the mountain, travelling through both the Howse and Athabaska passes. His very first child was born here, and since Thompson was known to travel with his wife, Charlotte, and their children, and it would be safe to assume that the family travelled the North Saskatchewan on more than one occasion.

During his lifetime, Thompson surveyed and mapped almost two million miles of terrain. He accomplished all this by hard work and extensive travel. So, accurate was his work, that Thompson's maps were used well into the twentieth century. No one has disputed Tyrrell's description of David Thompson; Tyrrell said Thompson was the greatest land geographer who ever lived. Tyrrell, who traveled through the area in 1885, recalled that First Nations Peoples who were living on the Upper Saskatchewan, still remembered Thompson, as did a band of Crees who had settled around the Baptiste and Brazeau Rivers, close to the banks of the swift flowing North Saskatchewan. In their oral tradition, they had passed on their stories telling of the feats of the dark haired, ruddy-faced man who had always treated them with such kindness.

To his credit, Thompson never lost any of the men who worked for him, during all the years he spent in the west. This was a significant achievement, considering how treacherous the terrain was. Through it all Thompson remained devoted to his family and his men. He was neither petty nor mean-spirited, and on more than one occasion took his meals with members of the rival Hudson's Bay Company while at Rocky Mountain House. In addition to his meticulous and accurate maps, Thompson, filled his journals and field notes with his observations of the aboriginal groups he encountered. He described their way of life and their legends and beliefs. In many ways David Thompson was the trailblazer for the Northwest Company in their push westward through the mountains towards the mouth of the Columbia.

John Bigsby , who knew and worked with Thompson, described him thus: "No living person possesses a tithe of his information respecting the Hudson's Bay countries, which from 1793 to 1820, he was constantly traversing. Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair, he had a very powerful mind and a singular faculty of picture-making. He can create a wilderness, and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snow-storm, so clearly and palpably, that only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of the rifle, or feel the snowflakes melt on your cheeks as he talks."

The story is told of the Salish Indian chief who discovered a dead American trader and took the body to Thompson knowing that Koo-koo-sint (as the Indians called Thompson), would give the American a decent burial. When the wife of a voyageur passed away, Thompson was again

called upon to provide a fitting burial. On another occasion Thompson excised a porcupine quill from the side of a voyageur who had swallowed it. Other compassionate deeds are recorded in his journals—all of which he performed as a matter of course.

In Thompson's day, many European fur traders married in the west, then left their wives behind when they returned to their homeland. Yet, this was not Thompson's way; he was faithful to Charlotte. When he arrived back east with his family, the first thing he did was legalize his marriage to Charlotte and, at the same time, have his children baptized by a minister. David and Charlotte's marriage lasted fifty-seven years.

Before David and Charlotte died, they were living in poverty. At the age of seventy, David was still trying to find employment and finally had to pawned many of his surveying instruments in order to keep body and soul together.

Destitute, Thompson and Charlotte went to live with their daughter, Eliza, and her husband, Dalhousie Landell, in the Montreal suburb of Longueuil. The daughter stated that, in old age, her father had sore feet, and a collection of slippers. Due to blindness, he was led to a doctor in 1848, where he was relieved of scleritis and a cataract. At seventy-six years of age, he still found the energy to record some of his travels. His daughter, Mary, recalled that, as he wrote, he would relive his adventures, and "We would hear him laugh heartily, until tears streamed down his cheeks." Fifty years after his death, the unfinished manuscripts were retrieved and edited by J. B. Tyrrell, a Canadian geologist, and published by the Champlain Society in 1916. Since then, scholars have worked to retrofit Thompson into history as one of North America's founding fathers.

David died in Montreal in 1857, ten years before Canada became an independent nation, and Charlotte followed him a short three months later. It wasn't until 1926 that a tombstone was erected, at the urging of J.B. Tyrell and the Canadian Historical Society. Until that time his grave was unmarked, and Charlotte had no marker until recently, when a new tombstone was set on her grave with the inscription, "Woman of the Paddle Song."

At the Mount Royal Cemetery in Montreal, Section C, Lot 507, an unkempt juniper pushes against the pedestal of a marble column scarred by acid rain. Metal rods protrude from where a bronze sextant had once been attached to its top. Heroic people such as David Thompson are all too rare in the annals of a nation. So long as honor is due to greatness, his memory deserves to be enshrined in the heart of Canadians. In 2007 Canada and the Pacific Northwest will honor David Thompson. The year 2007 will be the bicentennial of David Thompson's first crossing of the Rocky Mountains and the establishment of the trans-mountain fur trade. It is the 100th anniversary of Jasper National Park protector of Athabasca pass, an important fur trade route, first used by David Thompson in 1811. It also marks the 150th anniversary of Thompson's death.

As this historic date approaches, I believe neither Canada, nor Rocky Mountain House, will allow this great man to fade from memory.

THOMPSON, Opie and Pearlie
submitted by Shirley Delaney

In 1913 Opie and Pearlie Thompson loaded up all their possessions, including their young son, William, and headed west from Circleville, West Virginia. Their trip through the States and Canada was rather uneventful. However, this changed while being ferried over the North Saskatchewan River, on their way to their homestead in the Buster Creek area. While going across, some boxes were swept overboard, sending everyone scrambling to get their possessions. One of the things salvaged was a picture of George Washington, which has been handed down through the years, and most recently was passed down to William's grandson, Brent Thompson.

Many years later, when Opie's niece, Hazel Gillis, went back to West Virginia to visit, she returned with a family history book which recounted the General's great adventure and further embellished the tale with the tragic demise of both Opie and William, claiming they too were swept into the river and never seen or heard of again. Of course this was not true!

In 1916 Opie took over the job as ferry operator from Burl Gray, and the family moved down to the landing on the North Saskatchewan. He ran the ferry for 40 years, until the bridge was built in 1947. Opie died in 1953.

During the winter—the slow season—Opie and Pearlie ran a service station, called the "North Star Service." During the summer months this was primarily Pearlie's job which she maintained for over 50 years. William (Bill), having come such a distance at a young age, developed a taste for travel and went to work for the railroad and worked as a brakeman for the C.N. until his passing.

In 1930, Bill brought his new bride, Josephine (Webb), home to Rocky. Her first impressions of Rocky Mountain House and some of its more colorful characters were to remain with her the rest of her life. Bill bought a small house close to the old post office, which was later sold to Les Becker, and in time became a large part of what is now Dr. Klosse's parking lot.

William and Josephine (Jo) Thompson had three children, Lawrence, Joanne and Shirley. Shirley died in 1942, at the age of seven, due to complications from measles. William passed away in 1944, at the age of 40. Jo, Lawrence and Joanne then moved to New Westminster, B.C. Here Joanne met and married Harold Churchill. They have three children, Warren, Wendy and John. Harold and Joanne now live in Medford, Oregon, and their children live in Los Angeles, California.

Lawrence Thompson returned to Rocky in 1947. He spent his time helping his grandparents with the service station and working in logging camps and driving truck. In 1957 he met and married Catherine Stroebele who was then fresh out of nursing school, but has since spent over forty years working as a nurse. At the present time she is working at the hospital's extended care wing in Rocky. Lawrence and Cathy lived on the home place, lending a hand to Pearlie at the garage, until Pearlie's passing, in 1963, when they took over the garage. In 1965 Lawrence leased the garage to Fred Fisher and went trucking. Later he became a grader operator at the Nordegg River Gas plant, working there until his retirement.

Jo returned to Rocky in 1966 where she stayed with her son, daughter-in-law and their children, Shirley and Brent. In 1967 she married Charlie Mofford who died in 1996. She died in 1999, at the age of 88.

In 1981 Lawrence and Cathy sold the Riverview Service Station to Trans Alta Utilities and bought an acreage in the Brouwer subdivision, north of Rocky on the other side of the "new" bridge.

Shirley married Lyle Delaney, a grandson of Will Sinclair who was one of Rocky's old-timers. Shirley has four children: Clinton, Kristi, Mary and Aimee.

Brent married Brenda Ahlstrom and has two children, Shelby and Austin.

THOMSEN, Doreen (Lees)

I was born on my parents homestead at Carlos, thirteen miles north of Leslieville, Alberta, February 12, 1941. I was the third daughter of William and Gertrude Lees who emigrated from Southport, Lancashire, England. My father farmed and was also the postmaster at the Carlos Post Office, from 1939 to 1963.

I took my early schooling at Aurora school (1947-1955), with Mrs. Gladys Beckett as the teacher. Some of my fondest memories are of my childhood. I remember the interesting hikes up the big hills behind the school. Locally, we called the hills "Kinnikinnick," or "Ol' Kinni," because the evergreen plant which grows abundantly along the top of the hills is called kinnikinnick. I enjoyed the excitement of finding the first wild flowers of the season for the competition Mrs Beckett held each spring.

I remember the large cavalcade of Indian wagons, complete with extra horses and several dogs, which passed by our farm every summer. They often camped about a half mile north of our place by the creek. There would be many "kids" and strange dogs, standing by the road as we made our way to school. They came long distances to hold their Sundance three or four miles north of our home. Our family, like many of the neighbours, followed the winding trails through the bush to take farm produce there to sell. This was readily purchased by the Indian families. Attending an old-time Sundance was a great experience, watching the dancing, and listening to the chanting and beating of the drums.

Other memories include the great times we had at the Saturday night softball games. In the winter there were skating parties on the beaver dam or at various ponds in the area. Everyone in the district was welcome to attend and took turns cleaning the ice. Usually most of the work

was done by whichever young fellows showed up on a particular night. I also have fond memories of the family vacations and picnics my parents took us on. It was a big occasion to take the train to Rocky when I was small. We always enjoyed the annual Raven Fish Hatchery picnic and the trips to Banff, Jasper and Waterton Parks. For many years we travelled west of Nordegg to Windy Point and beyond, either as a family or with a group of neighbours. Later, we took part in the David Thompson Cavalcade, camping out on the Kootenay Plains with hundreds of other campers. The trail past Windy Point was reduced to powdery dust with so many cars using it on the Cavalcade. I recall on one occasion we travelled beyond the Kootenay Plains alone. My dad was driving our 1950 GMC truck. The rocky "sheep trail" over the high ridge at Whirlpool Point was almost more than our truck could manage. My dad was determined though, and after several attempts the truck made the rough climb over the steep rocky ridge. The little motel at Saskatchewan River Crossing was a welcome sight, when we finally arrived covered with dust from our trip.

I took my high school education in Leslieville and David Thompson High Schools, finishing the last year in Rocky, in 1959. My first job was at the Imperial Bank of Canada at Sylvan Lake. Later I transferred to the Imperial Bank at Rocky which became the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce that same year. I also worked for a short time at the Rocky Co-op Hardware and Lumber. I was married to Ray Davis in May 1961, and we lived in Rocky where Ray was employed by the Hudson Bay Co., as a meat cutter. We also lived in the Frisco district, on the Jack Shantz place, where we had a beautiful view of the mountains.

After leaving Rocky area in 1970, I lived in Lacombe for a short time before moving to Red Deer. I then took a teacher-aide course at Red Deer College and worked at West Park School in Red Deer where my children were attending school. In 1974 I married Clinton Olauson, originally from Vanscoy, Saskatchewan, and we lived in what is now Lynn Valley subdivision. We also lived in Airdrie and Carstairs, after which the children and I moved to Innisfail. Between 1978 and 1997, I worked for the Scotia Bank in Innisfail as well as in Red Deer and Bowden. In 1986 William Carl Thomsen and I were married at Markerville. William was born and raised in the Markerville district where we lived for five years. William's son, Kevin (my stepson), lives in Red Deer. William and I make our home in Innisfail on the shore of Dodds Lake. We spend much of our time travelling, gardening, camping, canoeing, skiing and hiking. It is always a pleasure to drive out to the Rocky area and take in the beautiful view of the foothills and mountains, as seen from that area.

My eldest son is Brian Ray Davis, born April 28, 1962, at Rocky (children Tina, Scott, Timothy, and Jordan). Brian attended school in Rocky Elementary, Lacombe, West Park and River Glen in Red Deer, and Caroline. He finished school in Rocky, while staying with my sister and brother-in-law, Annette and Dennis Gray, and working for them at Gray's Turbo. He finished up his education at Red Deer College. He has a natural talent for anything mechanical, and enjoys camping and outdoor activities. He has as a love for travel and has visited many places in the world, including Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Hawaii and France. He has worked with oil companies here in Alberta, and in Saskatchewan, BC, Yukon, NW Territories, several locations in Africa and in Saudi Arabia. He lives in Edmonton at present.

Daughter, Susan Elaine (Thompson) Steadman, was born February 25, 1964, at Rocky. She and her husband, Michael Steadman, and daughter, Krystal Thompson, live at Kaledan, B.C. Susan started school in Rocky and also went to school in Lacombe, River Glen, Airdrie, Carstairs and graduated from high school in Innisfail. She was very musically inclined at a young age. She has worked for the Royal Bank of Canada in Alberta and BC. Presently, she works for the Valley First Credit Union in Penticton, BC. She and her family enjoy playing golf, skiing, and travelling.

Son, Colin Michael Davis, was born May 4, 1965, at Rocky. Colin started school in Lacombe before attending West Park, River Glen, Airdrie, Carstairs and Innisfail. He finished high school at David Thompson. He stayed with my niece and her husband, Pat and Patrick Alexander, and worked for them on their ranch. He was working for R. Pollitt Oilfield Construction when involved in a tragic accident. He was caught in an explosion at an oil company battery sight,

north of Leslieville, on July 23, 1987. He was very badly burned and airlifted to Foothills Hospital, Calgary, where he suffered three months in the burn unit and spent several years in recovery at home. He bought my father's homestead quarter (SE-27-41-5-W5), and once again looked forward to the future when he was killed in a snow machine accident in the Faraway district, west of Rimbey, November 28, 1993. He enjoyed the outdoors, snow machining and trail biking, and the company of his dog Bosco. He had a creative talent and a keen intellect. Colin was a very capable and compassionate young man, and our family certainly do miss his caring and understanding presence.

Doreen and William Thomsen.

Son, Kerry Lorne Olauson, was born January 6, 1975, at Red Deer. He started school at Airdrie, then went to school on Vancouver Island, Innisfail, Fiji, High River and Vancouver, and finished high school back in Innisfail. He enjoys skiing and travelling, and has a keen interest in geography and biology. He is currently pursuing a B.Sc. degree at the University of Victoria, BC. He has worked at various jobs, such as hospitality positions at Banff, tree planting in northern BC and seismograph, and is presently employed as a research assistant at the university.

Back: Colin. Kerry, Susan and Brian.

TITFORD, Herbert and Mabel

Tom, Ella, Dorothy and Winnie, 1921.

Herbert and Mabel (Seammen) emigrated from England to Saskatchewan, eventually settling in Rocky Mountain House in 1917. (see Titford History–page 676 in Rocky's 1977 history book–"The Days Before Yesterday".)

They had a family of three daughters and two sons: twins, Dorothy (Harold) Davis and Winnifred (Frank) Chevallier; Robert (Winona McCoy); Ella (Lloyd) Martin, and Thomas (Ruby Simons, Ann Sutherland)

Bert passed away in 1960, at the age of 79 years. Mabel passed away at the age of 97 years, in November 1987.

Mr. Bert Titford and Dennis Chevallier.

TITFORD, Bob
written by Nathan Moore

Few people know more about or have been more of a part of Rocky Mountain House than Bob Titford. He was born Robert George Titford, to Herbert Charles (Bert) Titford and Mabel (Seammen) Titford in September of 1925, the youngest of five children. His parents had both moved from London, England, after World War I and had first lived in Saskatchewan, farming with the first ox team in the province. They moved from Saskatchewan because of the poor weather conditions for farming and found Rocky Mountain House. They bought much of what is now the northwest half of the town. Bob's father did a little bit of everything.

Farmers brought their grain into town to have Bert use his steam-powered hammer-mill to make chop to feed their livestock. They used the same mill to make their own flour. Bert also raised pigs. They had 30 brood sows of their own, but they would go down to the stockyards (where the Home Hardware now sits) each week and pick up the pigs that had been brought in underweight. At that time cultivated land was scarce, and farmers did not have the land to feed them up past a hundred pounds. The stockyard could not ship pigs until they were 220 pounds, so Bert would come down, pick up the hundred-pounders, take them home and feed them up to 220 pounds. The yard would pay him for the extra 120 pounds. A couple of times, the pigs ready for sale would escape out the back of Bert's pickup on the way to the stockyards, and the town would enjoy watching them get rounded up.

The family also milked 12 to15 goats. Some infants in Rocky were saved because of the Titford's goat milk. When a baby couldn't breast-feed or drink cow's milk, the family would come to the Titfords for their goat milk. The goats were trained well enough that, during the winter, they would come up onto the back porch, wait their turn, and one by one come into the house, up onto the washing room counter and stand patiently while they were milked. When finished they would hop down, and the next would come in. Bob can't remember them ever leaving anything other than milk behind. They also raised chickens, and the chickens, goats and other farm animals would help to pay the workers who came to help with the farm work.

The steam engine used in the mill was run by wood. All the land around Lochearn School, west of 54th street and north of 51st avenue used to be called "Tin Can Alley." This was all cleared by hand to provide wood for the mill as well as for the home. Workers would come in from along Tin Can Alley to cut down trees and would take the trees to the Titford farm yard to pile them. In the spring, Andy Klein (the Premier's grandfather) would come in with his portable saw-mill and cut up all of the wood in one week. Then the workers would spend another week splitting it all. The workers were paid in kind.

Earning money as a boy wasn't easy for Bob, but with a little creativity he made do. He did chores for Gus Urch for fifty cents a week. It took him over two years to save up for the bicycle he bought from the Eaton's Catalogue. He also found money by crawling under the board sidewalks by the Mountainview Hotel. Bob and his friends picked up the nickels and dimes which dropped through the slats. He was disadvantaged in this, though, as his friends lived closer to the boardwalk than he did, and so Bob got second pickings. Bob also earned money shooting rabbits. He was paid five cents per rabbit with their legs chopped off. He and his brother

worked all Saturday (the day farmers brought their grain into town to be chopped), so the two would head out to go shooting on Sundays. They would take their 22s and head along Frisco Road (60th Street), their collie dog pulling their sleigh with an apple box on it. When the apple box was too full, they would bury the rabbits in the snow and mark the spot with a branch. On one trip out to Trapper's Creek they ran out of shells, so Bob's brother, Tom, got a branch to use as a club. Bob flushed the rabbits through the willows, and Tom would club them.

Childhood also meant school. Bob went to Confluence School until Grade 9. The teachers were pretty tough then. Mr. Finley was the Principal and stood 6'6". He had to give Bob the strap a couple of times. Bob found Math pretty easy, but History he was not overly strong in. Physical Education was different then. Students didn't need to be taught to keep in shape; they got enough exercise doing chores to keep anyone in great health. For sports they played softball in the summer. Bob was the catcher, and everyone spent two months preparing for Sports Day. Other schools came to compete, bussing their students in the back of grain trucks. That day everyone competed in track events, high jump and broad jump. It was a big event. It was also a place of friends. When he was young, Bob's best friends were Walter Bakka, Joel Sadd, Bob Shea and John Gigolotti. Although they played some pranks, pushing the neighborhood privies forward a little, and such, by the time they were six years old they all knew right from wrong. The worst joke they heard of was played one Halloween night when Rob and Arnold Spoor and Art Fisher put Henry Stelfox's wagon and the Gigolotti's goat up on top of the school.

His "young years" passed with the onset of World War II. Bob signed up to serve in the Navy just after his eighteenth birthday. He had just returned from working as a freight-hauler for the crews building the Alaska Highway. (The war years were the only years Bob has not lived in Rocky.) For two and a half years he served on a Motor Torpedo Boat, H.M.C.S. 797, operating out of Flushing, Holland, and Ostanden, Belgium. German mine layers would come out at night, laying mines for the Allied supply boats. Bob's boat had to patrol from one port to the other each night, clearing the sea of mine layers. Bob joined as a gunner, but also served as the ship's cook and barber. Normally, to be assigned a cook, a ship had to have forty-five men on board. They had only thirty, so the Captain asked for a volunteer. Bob volunteered (he had cooked at home), and how hard could it be? He says of his cooking, "because of the rations, I had to make pretty creative things, but nobody died."

The skipper helped out by allowing the crew to take the boat out periodically, during the day, and practice shallow depth charging (25 pound charges at 30 and 50 feet). Then they would circle back and pick up fresh fish for supper. The second responsibility came as the captain saw him cutting a fellow crewman's hair. He had learned to cut hair during basic training in Cornwallis. When 1000 men showed up for the four available barbers who worked only for an hour or so after classes, it was an impossible situation. So, Bob wrote home for a barber kit and taught himself. The end result was that he was paid an extra $1.00/day wages (50 cents as a barber, 50 cents as a cook).

When action stations were called, however, Bob became one of the two gunners on board. One night the six boats which patrolled together located a German mini-sub and, using depth charges, they forced it onto a mud bar outside of Yarmouth. Another time, they were attacked by German E Boats. These were much faster than British boats and the short battle which followed saw Bob's boat hit by shells in quick succession; one hit the engine, another the deck, but the boat remained intact. The worst experience occurred on their first trip with their new boat. They had picked the boat up at Tybert, Scotland, and headed out into the North Sea. They immediately hit waves that rose over thirty feet high. So, they fought their way to the Isle of Mann where, for three days, they waited out the storm. During the storm, Bob had a roast in the oven and left to help with the ship. When he came back the roast was rolling from one side of the galley to the other. He quickly put it back into the oven, and the crew ate it anyway. (Meat was hard to come by.)

When the war ended, Bob came back and had to make something of himself. Like his father, he did a little bit of everything. He and his brother formed Titford Bros. Contractors Ltd. in 1957. With this company they built the first trailer

park and motel in Rocky, calling it "The Sportsman" (1959). Bob ran it for thirty-five years and then sold it. They owned the first cabled backhoe in Rocky (1949). It was truck mounted, and it is still being used out at Terratima. The company did excavations (they dug the basement for David Thompson High School), hauled gravel, and trenched for plumbing and sewers in all of Rocky. (Bordger Bros. from Calgary laid the sewer lines.) The company also did all of the sewer and water line trenching in Beaverlodge. Bob also owned the first Ready Mix Concrete in Rocky. He also ran a caterpillar and used it to plow snow from the highways during the winter. One snowstorm in 1951 was memorable as it took three days of constant work to clear the highway from Rocky to Sylvan Lake. The snow was so high Bob couldn't push the drifts higher on the roadside because he was coming too close to the telephone lines (They knocked his hat off).

Among his many other jobs, Bob ran a registered trap line with his partner, Gene Symes, for fifteen years. It ran east of Nordegg. During the first two years, they had months where they trapped sixteen 1ynx (for $750.00 each), fifty marten and all kinds of squirrels and wolves. They skinned them and sent them to the fur auction in Edmonton. Trapping was a family activity. The wives went with them, and all had a great time. Bob also raised cattle, gaining recognition as the first to bring Chiannina cattle into Rocky Mountain House (from Italy). He was also the first to bring a Charolais Bull into the Rocky area (1965), and every farmer around thought he was crazy. Because of his cattle, he also became an Artificial Insemination Technician for five years. He showed his cattle all across Canada and never took less than Reserve Champion.

Shortly after returning from the war, and in the midst of starting his many careers, Bob met his wife, Winona McCoy. They met at a dance out at Jack Browning's Bighorn Rodeo. He says he must have been stunningly handsome in his uniform. They were married in 1948 and have built a family of two boys (Larry Titford and Allan Titford) and one girl (Barbara Johnson). They now are the proud grandparents of six (three boys and three girls). When they were first married, they lived where the Zellers store is now. They had to use a bar table for their kitchen. Allan and Larry were born there. Soon they upgraded to the Bertrand house (across the street where the old I.G.A. was situated, now Bauer's Country Wide). There Barbara was born. After this they lived in a suite on top of the shop in the Sportsman Trailer Park. They lived there for thirteen years, and the kids loved it. They could ride their bikes inside during the winter (the bottom floor was the shop). They moved again into a double-wide, and finally they built their house at 5812-60th avenue. They have lived here for twenty-six years.

Add it all up: the history of their land; the family involvement; the companies; the people; the careers; the stories and the contributions—the story of Robert George (Bob) Titford is one of the foundational supports of the history of Rocky Mountain House.

TOEWS, Jason and Doreen (Valstar) (DeBRUYN)

Doreen is the daughter of Sarah (Daychief) and Hank Valstar. She was born June 24, 1971, in Eckville, and was later adopted by Dien and Arie DeBruyn. Jason was born February 21, 1976. Some years later, he moved to Rocky where he met Doreen, and they were married August 24, 1996, at the Christian Reformed Church in Rocky, by pastor Barry Beukema. They have two little boys, Jeffrey and Dustin who are being raised by Peter and Trudy DeBruyn.

Doreen was good worker on the farm, doing chores and driving a tractor or silage truck. She was a "carry-out" at the Co-op for a time, but now works at the Hilltop Berry Farm which is owned by Bob and Marie Aasman. They grow tomatoes and cucumbers in the greenhouses and saskatoons on the hilltop. Jason works at the Saddle Sore Saloon. Doreen and Jason live in a basement suite in Rocky and like to walk and bike a lot.

TORSTI, Matt

Matt Torsti (born in 1869) and Sanna Korpi (born in 1866), lived and were married in Finland before immigrating to North America in the early 1900's. Seven of their nine children were born in Finland. They were: Richard, Jack, Hilda, Elviira, Hulda, and two other sons who died when they were very young. Matt first moved to Wyoming where he worked in the coal

mines. After he saved enough money, he sent for his wife and youngest daughter, Hulda. Later his sons, Richard and Jack, joined him and worked in the mines also. Two more sons were born in Cumberland, Wyoming: George in 1906, and Louie(Louie) in 1908 or '09.

There were several Finnish families living at Cumberland working in the coal mines. They heard about Alberta, where you could buy 160 acres of land for $10.00. So, several of the men came to the Taimi, Bingley and Codner areas to file on this affordable land.

In 1910 Matt filed on a homestead in the Taimi area (NW 24-40-7-W5, now owned by George and Ruby Reid). In the spring of 1911, Matt's wife and some of the children joined him on the homestead. Their two eldest daughters, Hilda, and Elviira, arrived from Finland in the summer of 1911. Their son, Richard, also moved from Wyoming to Alberta and worked in the lumber camps west of Rocky. In 1913, Richard filed on a homestead (N.W. 25-40-6-W5) in the Bingley area. The youngest boys, George and Louie attended school at Taimi, while the girls drifted off to find work to other areas. Jack stayed on the homestead to help his dad. He also worked on the C.N.R. grade between Rocky and Nordegg.

Later, Matt sold his homestead and he and his wife and two youngest sons, George and Lauri, moved to the Hespero area and settled on 5-39-3-W5. The boys attended the Shady Lane School. In 1930, Lauri filed on a homestead (SE 4-41-7-5) in the Frisco area and Matt, Sanna, Lauri and George, all lived and farmed on this homestead. The two boys also ran a trap line in the wintertime. Years later, Matt and Sanna's sons purchased a retirement home for their aging parents in Sylvan Lake. Matt died in the Red Deer hospital in February 1950 and Sanna died in May 1957. They are buried at Sylvan Lake.

Richard, the eldest son, returned to the States and is buried at Roberts, Montana.

Matt's second son, Jack, married Nelmi Saari, daughter of August Saari, of the Frisco district. Jack and Nelmi settled on a farm near Hespero where they farmed for many years. Nelmi's father, August, also left his Frisco homestead and moved to Hespero. Jack and Nelmi had two children, Ailie and Clarence. After Jack and Nelmi left Eckville, they moved to the Westview Lodge in Rocky Mountain House, and later to Valley Park Manor in Red Deer. Jack died in December 1980 and Nelmi died in Sept. 1982. Both Jack and Nelmi, and their daughter, Ailie, who died of cancer at the age of nineteen, are buried "under the big pine tree" in the Hespero cemetery. Jack and Nelmi will be remembered for the lovely hand-loomed rugs they made on the loom Jack built.

Jack's son, Clarence, married Delores Kelm of Eckville. They have two children, Lorrie and Douglas. Clarence and Delores live in Fort St. John, B.C., as do their children and their families. Clarence retired after working many years for the Alberta Wheat Pool. Clarence and Delores celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary in November, 2000.

Matt's third child, Hilda, married Jack Hiitola of the Eckville district. Jack Hiitola's wife first died, and Hilda went to look after his children: Martha, Wayne, Hilja and Fanny. Later, Jack and Hilda were married and their children were Ivy, Otto, Elsie and Violet. Jack died in 1952 and Hilda in 1986. Hilda and Jack are buried in the Eckville cemetery.

Elviira, the fourth child, went to work as a maid in Edmonton when she first came to Canada and attended night school in order to learn English. In 1916 she married Joseph Saari and they moved to Drumheller to run a laundry, washing miners' clothes. Their daughter, Juanita, was born there. In 1917 they moved to the Bingley district where Joseph's homestead (SW 36-40-6-W5) was located. While living in Bingley, a second daughter, Elvie, was born. In 1920 the Saaris moved to the Hespero district where Aivi, Eugene, Miriam, Sylvia, Jack, Violet and Edna were born. In 1959 Elviira and Joseph retired and moved to Sylvan Lake. Elviira died in 1981 and Joseph died 1972. Both are buried in the cemetery at Sylvan Lake.

Hulda, the fifth child of Matt and Sanna, married Oiva Macky. Hulda and Oiva lived in Nordegg for a time and had one son, Arnold, who died at the age of 2 ½ in 1918, in Nordegg, as a result of the "Big Flu." Later Hulda married Jack Macky and lived in British Columbia for several years before moving to the Eckville Manor. After she relocated to Calgary where she died in August 1995 and is buried at Sylvan Lake.

Matt and Sanna's sixth child, George, went to work on the Alaska Highway as a cook. Later, when the highway was completed, he married Senja (Woltti) Mackie of Sylvan Lake and they moved to the farm at Frisco. Senja had two boys, James and Marvin Mackie, from a previous marriage. The boys attended Frisco School, and George served on the school board. In 1960, the farm was sold to Gary Devlieger and George and his family moved to the Woltti farm near Sylvan Lake. In 1967 George and Senja moved to the town of Sylvan Lake. George died at the Eckville hospital in Nov. 1972 and Senja died in February 1983. Both are buried in the Sylvan Lake cemetery.

After joining the army in 1930, Lauri (the youngest of Matt and Sanna's children), served in England and France as a corporal in the Royal Canadian Engineering M.E. Division.. After the war he and Mae, his English war-bride, lived in Sylvan Lake. Later, they moved to Red Deer, where Lauri worked as a mechanic for Stewart Brothers. He was killed in a highway accident on Highway 11 in June 1955 at the age of 46 years old. He is buried in the Red Deer Veterans' Cemetery. Mae returned to her homeland.

There are many descendants of the Matt and Sanna Torsti family still living in the districts, not far from where the original Torsti family first homesteaded.

TRAIN, Allan and Marilyn

Our first impression of Rocky was not the best. It was the winter of 1963 and we had gone for a drive to look around—a sight seeing excursion from Sylvan Lake where we were living at the time. The weatherman had not been kind to Rocky that year. The snow lay in enormous mounds up the middle of main street. It was evening and the only people we saw were Natives. We had never seen a town quite like Rocky Mountain House. With its hillside main street and bars top and bottom, the town appeared like a prop from a wild west movie, not the sort of place one would want to live. However, Allan's work brought us back to Rocky 33 years ago and now we can't imagine living any other place.

Allan was born at Nobleford, in southern Alberta. I was born in Regina, Saskatchewan and was raised on a farm north of Estevan. Allan and his family moved to Whiskey Gap, near the Alberta/Montana border, when he was six years old. He went to school in Del Bonita. I met Allan through his brother who boarded in my parents' home when he came to work in the oil fields in Saskatchewan. Consequently, the Train family welcomed me to Alberta when I moved to Lethbridge in 1959 to take a hairdressing course. I graduated in 1960 and started my first job as a hairdresser in Cardston, Alberta. Allan was working for a farmer in the Champion area so we didn't see each other too often. We got married in March of 1961, between calving and seeding times! Allan made $150 a month on the farm and I made $30 a week at a salon in Vulcan. After expenses were paid, there wasn't anything left over. Allan decided to try his hand at roughnecking on the oil rigs so that summer of 1961 we moved to Pincher Creek. His time spent with Brinkerhoff Drilling took us to Weyburn, Saskatchewan, back to Whiskey Gap, to Cardston and then to Sylvan Lake.

Our daughter Ellyn was born in Cardston in 1962 and Scott was born in Magrath in 1964. While we were living in Sylvan Lake, a chance came for Allan to change jobs again, this time to grain buyer. He took his training with Alberta Pacific Grain in Milk River, AB and then managed the elevator at Whiskey Gap. The local post office was run from the elevator so I became Postmistress. The mail was delivered twice a week and the elevator was a gathering place for visiting when neighbors came to pick up their mail. Whiskey Gap, at one time, was a bustling village, but in the early '60s, there were three elevators and two managers and their families living there. Now there is nothing to say the place ever existed. By 1966, Allan had developed an allergy to grain dust and, after much soul searching, decided to go back to school. DeVry Technical Institute in Toronto was his choice. We sold our furniture, loaded a small trailer, packed up our two small children and headed east. My brother was already training at DeVry. His landlady took pity on us and let us stay till we found an apartment. City living was much faster paced for two people raised on the farm! We lived on Jane St. and Wilson Ave., two of the busiest thoroughfares at that time.

My brother moved in with us and baby-sat after school. Allan got a job at a service station and I worked evening shift in the central supply

at Humber Memorial Hospital. In September of 1967, friends and we scraped together enough money to spend a week-end at Expo '67 in Montreal. That was an experience we will never forget. We found life in the big city very tiring and were happy after Allan's graduation to return to Alberta. 1968 found us in Coaldale, AB. Allan serviced pinball machines and together we operated a bowling alley. Ellyn started grade one there.

Early in 1969, Allan got a job with Alberta Gas Trunk Line (name changed later to Nova, an Alberta Corporation). He took his training in Hussar, Alberta, and on Nov. 1, 1969, he was transferred to Rocky Mountain House. He worked in the compressor department until 1977 when he transferred to construction and worked all over Alberta. He accepted early retirement in October, 1995. We started our own company then and began hauling ostriches.

I was a stay-at-home Mom until both children were teen-agers. I needed 25 credits to complete my grade twelve, so I went back to school in 1975. Upon completion, I went to work for Quinn Contracting and advanced to payroll administrator. I retired in December 1995 and went on the road with Allan hauling ostriches. We got to see a lot of Canada travelling with the birds. We had trips to Montreal, numerous points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and to Terrace and Victoria, B.C. Allan got to travel with a load to Japan, which was very exciting for him.

During our stay in Rocky we have belonged to various organizations. Allan was active in the Kinsman Club until he went on the road, and I belonged to Kinettes. He still is an active member of the Masonic Lodge. While Ellyn was in Brownies and Girl Guides, I was a member of the Local Association. I also helped with costumes for the figure skating club. I am a long time member of the Presbyterian Church choir and have belonged to Northern Crossing since it started in 1985.

Both Allan and I enjoy our children and grandchildren. Ellyn has three: Katelyn and Joshua Lemley and Tasha Roberts. Scott has two girls, Olivia and Emilie Train. Ellyn lives in Rocky now and works for Cope. Scott works for Ledcor and lives in Nordegg. They married Barry Lemley and Julie Hoisington, respectively and both are now divorced.

Our dream, when we retired, was to travel. So far we have been to Scotland and England, many states in the US, and in the late summer of 2000, we spent seven weeks touring Eastern Canada. We stayed off the Trans Canada Highway as much as possible and saw a lot of our beautiful country. We had a wonderful time but it was good to come home to Rocky Mountain House.

TURNQUIST, Mr. and Mrs. Andy
by Irene Salmon (nee Allen)

Anders Andersson Turnquist was born July 26, 1866. Johanna Vilhemina Bengtsson was born March 5, 1875. They were both from the Parish of Ore in the province Kopparbergs, Sweden, and they were married there December 7, 1895. They were my maternal grandparents.

Four of their children were born there: Louisa Vilhelmina, Anna Elfira, Allan Andreas and Karl Bernhard. The spelling of their names changed when they came to Canada.

Grandma's brother, Charlie Bengtsson immigrated to Canada around the turn of the century and he wrote home of the wonders of this new land called Alberta. With beautiful mountain scenery it was a hunter's paradise and the land was practically free.

This really appealed to Grandpa and he finally convinced Grandma that they should move to Canada. So they left their comfortable home, family and friends, never to see them again and sailed for Canada May 11, 1903.

After eleven days on the ship they landed at Halifax. From there they took the train to Red Deer, arriving June 3, 1903. Charlie Bengtsson was there to meet them with a team of horses and wagon for the last leg of their journey, twenty some miles over a rough trail to his bachelor home in Evarts. The entire trip was very difficult for Grandma, having to leave her family and coping with four small children including a two month old baby. They lived with her brother until Grandpa could get his citizenship papers, which took 3 years. Then Grandpa filed on a homestead three miles west of Evarts. There he built a small house, their first home in Canada. It was here their fifth child, Lilly Alexia, was born in 1908.

The older children walked to the Bluebell School, three and a half miles north of their farm,

The style at that time, Allan and Carl Turnquist, 1916.

where Mrs. Killick was the teacher. While living at Evarts the eldest daughter, Vilma, married Claude Card and moved to Red Deer. In 1913 Elvera married Jack Allen. They farmed about five miles west of Rocky on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River. After about ten years at Evarts, Grandpa got the urge to move further west to better hunting and fishing. So they left the homestead and 1914 found them living in a cabin just south of the railroad bridge at Rocky Mountain House.

The next four years they were continually on the move, first to Tom Gray, now owned by Fred Fisher (Jr.). Then they spent one year taking care of Jim Thompson's place while the Thompsons made a trip to their old home in Virginia. When Thompsons returned my grandparents moved to the McKay place for a while, then headed west again to the Baptiste River area where they finally settled down for another ten years. They were now about twenty five miles west of Rocky and the nearest store. The trip to Rocky would take two days with an overnight stop with friends or family to rest the horses and visit.

Anders and Mimi Turnquist going to Rocky to shop, a two day trip from Chambers Creek.

They had horses, a few cows, a flock of chickens, some turkeys and a couple of pigs which supplied them with meat, milk, cream, butter, cheese and eggs. Grandma always had a big vegetable garden and wild berries were usually plentiful. Grandpa, Allan and Carl loved to hunt and fish so there was always fish and wild meat for the table. Trips to Rocky were only necessary when they needed flour, sugar, salt, tea, coffee and oil for the lamps.

By 1929 with both boys working away from home my grandparents felt it would be better if they moved closer to Rocky so they stayed at Jack Allen's farm until they were able to lease a small piece of land from Jack Greer. The boys moved a building there, added a couple of rooms and made them a comfortable home. They were now only five miles from Rocky, a distance either one of them could walk. They often did this and carried home their groceries, except when

Horburg train station, 1919. Boss and Allan Turnquist on right.

they bought heavy bags of flour or sugar. Then they would pay Jack Edgerton one dollar to take them home in his truck.

Grandpa was an easy going guy and didn't seem to worry much, but Grandma knew they needed money to live on. So, she did whatever she could to make a few dollars. She took in laundry and scrubbed it on the washboard (Grandpa had to carry the water from the river). She washed and carded wool to make quilts, knitted sweaters, socks and mitts, sewed and embroidered pillow slips made from flour and sugar sacks, hooked rags through gunny sack for rugs—and all were for sale. As a practical nurse she served the west country for years, going for miles in a wagon, on horseback or even on foot, to assist at the birth of many of the babies—so many she lost count after one hundred. She would take over the household chores until the new mother was up and around, which used to be ten or twelve days. Often people did not have money to pay her, so she was grateful whatever they gave her, be it meat, vegetables, wool, firewood or even a pig. If there was sickness or death among the neighbors she would hurry to their place to be of help.

Turnquist family: Anders, daughter Lillian and Mimi.

In 1935 Social Credit came to power in Alberta, and one of their promises was to pay every Albertan (over the age of seventy) a monthly pension of twenty-five dollars, and although it didn't happen for awhile, when the pension came into effect it was a great help to my grandparents. Grandpa died November 16, 1946, leaving Grandma alone. So, Allan quit his job and moved her to his brother Carl's farm, formerly owned by Andy Klein just south of Rocky, but there were personal problems, so Allan bought a house in Hartville, a subdivision of Rocky and moved her for the last time. Grandma really enjoyed living in town, close to her grandchildren. She loved the little garden, the flowers, shrubs and fruit trees Allan planted in the yard.

Grandma was a happy person in spite of all the hardships she endured. She never forgot her Swedish heritage; she received a newspaper from Sweden regularly and if she got excited or angry she would revert to her native tongue. I often wondered about the meaning of some of those words.

However, in 1960 she required special care and the nearest nursing home was Ponoka. Because of the distance, we were unable to visit her as often as we wished. Grandma passed away November 23, 1963. She was 88 years old. She was buried beside her husband, Anders, in the Pine Grove Cemetery in Rocky Mountain House.

She will always be remembered as a special Grandma, a good friend and neighbor, one who insisted every visitor must stay for coffee. All of the Turnquists are deceased, except Lilly and she will be 94 this year 2002.

TURTON, Harold and family
submitted by Trudy Hall

Harold Turton was born July 3, 1884, in Carlton, Yorkshire, England. He sailed to America at the age of 21 years, aboard the ship *The Lucania,* landing in New York, October 27, 1905. After spending 2 years in Jacksonville, he then moved to Nanaimo, BC in 1907. Working at the Western Fuel Co. Mine, making $2.85 a day. Those days one could purchase a pair of boots for $2.50, a hat for $0.20 or 6 pairs of socks for $0.50.

On January 25, 1908, he came to Alberta and homesteaded in the Beaver Flats district (NE6-40-5- W5). Being 50 miles to the nearest town of Red Deer, it took two days to walk there and back; backpacking groceries on the return trip. In 1913 he bought an ox, called Spot, for $85.00 and with his brother, George, who had the breaking plow was able to plow a few acres for the neighbors. Harold worked on the concrete piers of the present North Saskatchewan railway trestle, firing the steamer.

Harold Turton and family.

In the early 1920s Harold married Winnifred Lawrence who had two children, Frieda and Harry. They had a daughter, born January 16, 1925, whom they named Kathleen. Both mother and daughter died about one and a half years later with tuberculosis. Harold then raised Frieda (Mrs. Henry Courtright) now residing in Rocky Mountain House with her husband. Frieda and Henry had three children: Dorothy (Bill Fink), Gary (Marlene) Courtright and Gordon Courtright (deceased). Harold also raised Winnifred's son, Harry Lawrence, (Pearl) of Airdrie, Alberta. They had 2 boys: Larry (Sue) whose children are Ryan, Shauna and Kelly, of Calgary; and Kim (Susan) and their children, Ben and Toby of Airdrie, Alberta.

Florence Turton.

On February 2, 1939, Florence Kathleen Milborrow and Harold Turton were united in marriage. Florence came to Canada from England at the age of five years with her mother and stepfather Will. Hambleton.

Harold and Florence had three daughters: Hilda (Mrs. Clayton Grosso) born in 1939; Trudy (Mrs. Clifford Hall) born in 1943; and Kathleen (Kay) (Mrs. Francis Klein)born in 1945. On November 8, 1963, Hilda married Paul Overgaard and they had two sons: Kent, born on January 8, 1966, and Wendell born on May 2, 1969.

Kent married Brenda Carson on May 28, 1988. They have two children, Bridget and Justin. Wendell married Angela Bryant, July 27, 1996. They have two children, Morgan and Leigh. On August 3, 1977, Hilda married Clayton Grosso. Clayton had two children from a previous marriage, Linda and Karen. Clayton and Hilda have a son, Gene, born December 16, 1977. Gene married Becki Brown on August 23, 1997, and they have a daughter, Teja. Linda married Cory Saar and they have a son, Dane. Karen has a daughter, Jada. All are residing near Rocky Mountain House.

On June 23, 1973, Trudy married Clifford Hall. They have three sons: Lorne, born June 29, 1974; Rodney, born November 4, 1975, and Ashley, born November 15,1979. Rodney married Laureen Ames (nee Cheaters) on August 4, 2001. Laureen has 4 children: Travis, born April 19, 1984; Sheldon, born October 14, 1993; Jesse, born April 4, 1996 and Hayley born May 11, 1998. All reside near Rocky Mountain House.

On August 2, 1969, Kay married Francis Raymond Klein and they have four children. Twins, Christina Trudy (Tina) and Geoffrey James Klein, were born on January 19, 1971. Darcy Harold Klein was born on April 14, 1974, and Todd Edward was born on January 18, 1977.

Tina married Jeff Barrett on August 3, 1991. They have two children, Jessica, born November 20, 1993, and Donavin Raymond born February 3, 1997.

Geoffrey married Tracy McBride on August 9, 1997. Darcy married Krista Hawkings on September 7, 1994, and has a daughter, Mackenzie Karrington, born October 4, 1999.

The girls, Hilda, Trudy and Kay attended Beaver Flats School. Their schoolteachers were Miss Rose Erskine and Mrs. Roberta Lynn. A few years later, the girls were bused to Rocky Mountain House.

Florence was a member of Beaver Flats Women's Institute and Harold was a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge in Leslieville. Being an avid gardener, Harold took pride in his many flower gardens, fruit trees and shrubs. Still standing along the driveway to the farm are the

spruce trees and poplar shelter belt, planted well over sixty-five years ago.

In April of 1957 the Turtons had a farm sale, but remained on the farm until November 1958. At this time they retired to Rocky Mountain House. They continued to be active in church functions. Florence was a member of the ACW and Harold was an honorary member of the Anglican Vestry. Florence worked as a cook at the Rocky General Hospital for quite a few years.

Harold Turton passed away December 25, 1973, at the age of 89 and Florence passed away on February 2, 1992, at 75 years of age.

VALSTAR, Arie and Pietronella (Oosthoek)

Arie and Pietronella.

Valstar were both born in Holland. Arie was the oldest child of nine and attended a Christian school, completing grade six. At age eleven, he started working for his father who was a market gardener. But since his ambition was to be a farmer, he went to work milking fifteen cows by hand, morning and evening, and then delivering milk in the afternoons. At nineteen he was drafted into the army for one year, and later started his own milk business using a dog and cart to deliver the milk. Arie was recalled to the army, but a short time later the war was over.

On March 29, 1933, Arie married Pietronella (Nel) Oosthoek whom he had met while he was "the milk man." Nel was the youngest child of seven. The Valstars were very family oriented and enjoyed children. During the war they often took in other family members or children from the church, who did not have enough to eat. They rented a farm and milked forty cows and continued farming until they left Holland.

Propaganda and talk of a "land of milk and honey," encouraged them to immigrate to Canada. There were not a lot of opportunities in Holland, and with a family of ten children this new land sounded real good, although Nel had some doubts when it was time to leave. Many of the family came to say good-bye, thinking they may never see them again, and grandfather was not happy.

In July of 1949 they boarded the "Tabinta," and headed for Canada with nine of the ten children. They docked in Quebec, before taking a train and arriving in Castor, Alberta, fourteen days after they had left Holland. The whole town came out to meet them, but there was a problem—the Valstar's could not speak English. Nel would have gladly caught the next train back to Holland. Their sponsor picked them up and took them to their new job and home. They lived in a small house, and Arie and daughter, Nel, worked for the farmer, and their total income was $75.00 per month. It was hard times, and many of the luxuries they were used to in Holland were not there. There was no electricity, no phones, no indoor plumbing, and no church. After ten months they went to Chin to process sugar beets, many of the children helping out as well. Then they worked in Vauxhall one winter, sorting potatoes, back to Taber and sugar beets, then for a short time Arie, Henk, and Gus went to Smithers, B.C. where they worked in the bush for the winter. They found the winter extremely cold, and the mosquitoes almost ate them alive in the summer.

Other Dutch families talked of cheap land near Rocky Mountain House, and this turned out to be their final move. In the spring of 1952, Arie bought a quarter section (NW 18-41-7-W5), fifteen miles northwest of Rocky in the Buster Creek flats. Their house was across the creek, and sometimes the bridge would be washed away, and if it rained five minutes there was no

going to town because the road was just a bush trail. They had a mixed farm, milking cows, feeding pigs, raising chickens and growing a garden. Arie also bought the SW 19-41-7-W5 which he later sold to his son, Gus. He also bought three quarters near Crimson Lake from Frank Carswell, and sold them later to his sons, Pete and Arie, and son-in-law, Dennis Ladd. The family worked at the coal mine in Nordegg as well as working in bush camps. They attended the Christian Reformed Church in Rocky Mountain House, where services were held in both Dutch and English. In the end all turned out well, and the new country became their home and even appealed to their free nature.

Nel passed away May 12, 1981, and Arie passed away August 21, 1996. They were both buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery. Ten children were part of this family. Because of the language problem many of the names were changed.

Neeltje Paulina (known as Lien) married in Holland, and immigrated to Canada two years after the rest of the family. She lives in Smithers with her husband, Henk Vandermeulen, and they have seven children: Henry, Keith, Casper, Alice, Rick, Ron, and Linda,

Pieternella Maria (known as Nel) married Martin DeRuyter, and they live in Kamloops, B.C. Martin worked for the CN railroad. They had three boys, Martin, George, and Edward. Martin lived with his grandparents, Nel and Arie, and attended school in Rocky for a time. Edward DeRuyter married Marian Zwaagstra (daughter of John and Riene Zwaagstra). Edward has his own company, Buster Creek Trucking, and hauls logs and gravel. They live in the Taimi area and have three children: Adam (has a little girl, Karrah) Christopher and Amanda. Adam is apprenticing for an electrician at Modern Electric; Chris works for Kal Tire after school, and Amanda is still in school.

Hendrik Dirk (known as Hank) married Sarah Daychief, and they had two girls, Doreen and Tammy. He worked for Rocky Wood Preservers. Hank passed away December 9, 1986, after a battle with cancer, and is buried in Pine Grove Cemetery.

Casper Adrianus (known as Gus) married Ruth Clary, and they had five children: Nellie, Joanne, Debbie, Harry and Casper. Gus drove school bus and farmed, raising beef cattle. He lives in the Buster Creek flats. He started his own gravel business in 1979 and has his own pit and trucks. Gus remarried in 1977 to Margaret (Baker) Muyres.

Arie Cornelis married Helen Redbear (now deceased), and they had four boys: Robert, Harry, Dale, and Walter. Two sons have passed away, Harry in a car accident and Dale from a heart attack. Arie worked in the bush, and on the rigs. He moved to High Level where he homesteaded and now has a grain farm. He has a truck and works for oil companies. He is married to Annette Gillard.

Petronella (known as Nellie) married "Bob" Robert Croy. Bob worked in the bush, and on a gravel crusher, and had his own trap line. He passed away May 28, 1985. Nellie and Bob had four children, Rodney, Anita, Renee and Jacqueline. Nellie remarried in June of 1993 to "Bob" Robert Clary. They live on an acreage northeast of Rocky, and Bob has his own gravel truck.

Adrianna (known as Audrey) married Dennis Ladd, and they have three children, Bruce, Tammy, and Denise. Dennis worked in the oil patch, and has also worked in Russia. They live in the town of Rocky Mountain House.

Pieter (known as Peter) married Suzanne Hogan, and they have four children: Marie, Rick, Randy and David. Pete worked in the oil patch and farms, and Suzanne is working in the administration office in the Co-op, and they also live in the Buster Creek flats.

Johanna Klazina (known as Annie) married Doug Terpsma (son of Annie and George Terpsma), and they had two children, George and Angela. Doug passed away August 24, 1983. Annie owns a craft store called "Trends'N'Treasures," in Cranbrook, B.C., and is now married to Ray Simpson.

Dirk Hendrik (sometimes known as Dick) married Laverne Hainsworth, and they had three children, Tanya, Shirley, and Grant. He also has two other children, Jonathan and Merrily. Dirk is now married to Sandra (Huson) Flett, and they farm southwest of Rocky, raising buffalo. He has also worked in the logging industry and oilpatch.

A big family who are quite happy, they immigrated to a new country, and have all the freedoms and opportunities this country has to offer.

VALSTAR, Gus

Gus was actually born Casper Adrianus Valstar on the 21st of August 1935, in Rotterdam, Holland, to Pietronella (Oosthoek) and Arie Valstar. He attended a Christian school until he was thirteen, and at that time the family immigrated to Canada (in 1949), sailing on a boat called the Tabinta.

After the war there was not a lot of work, and things were poor in Holland, so they came to Canada. They arrived in Castor where his Gus's father worked for a farmer who had sponsored him. Later they moved to Chin where Gus worked with his father, processing sugar beets, then to Vauxhaul to work on a potato farm, back to Taber to work with sugar beets, to Smithers, B.C., to work in the bush, then the railroad. Finally they moved to Rocky Mountain House where his parents settled for the rest of their lives.

When they arrived in Castor, no one could speak English, so they all wore name tags. Gus's name tag was spelled "Cas" and in Holland was pronounced "cuss." But the Canadians said "Oh yah, we have that here, Gus," and he has been known by that name ever since. He was supposed to attend school in Castor, but he didn't do too much of that before going out to work. In the meantime, his father bought a quarter section on the Buster Creek flats, about fifteen miles northwest of Rocky. When Gus came to Rocky for the first time, he hired a taxi to bring him out to his parents' place. The cab drove, and drove, and drove, along the old Crimson Lake road. It was a winding sandy road, and Gus was sure they were lost. The cab driver kept assuring him that he knew where he was going, but Gus didn't believe his father would buy land so far from town. So, he asked the driver to wait at the gate until he made sure it was the right place. It was!

Gus then went to work in the coal mines in Nordegg. He was actually too young, so he used his older brother Hank's ID. He never answered when the other miners called him "Hank." To fix that, he told the men his nickname was "Gus," so from then on the communication lines were open. The first time he lined up to go down into the coal mine, he saw that big black hole in front on him and wanted to turn around and run, but with all the other guys, standing behind him, he knew he had to walk down that mine shaft with them. At first he didn't like it. If his light went out, it was so dark he couldn't see a thing, and it was a long way out. But after he got used to it, he enjoyed driving the horses to move the mine cars, and the temperature in the mine was always the same. Gas poisoning was always a risk in the coal mine. Once he was sent to the hospital due to gas poisoning, and almost lost his appendix before they realized what the real problem was.

He wanted to farm, and in 1959 he bought the quarter (SW 19-41-7-W5) from his dad for $2,500.00. There were a lot of rocks on it, and everyone said he could never farm it, but it was cheap and would pasture some cows. Gus and Ruth moved a shack from Newt Fenton's sawmill onto the farm. There was no running water or electricity, but this served as their home until 1966. At this time, they built a new house with the help of Bob Nicolay and Dick Opdendries who helped work on it in between school bus runs. The new house had lots of room, a propane furnace, power, and indoor plumbing. Gus and his brother, Pete, fenced the quarter by hand, pounding posts, but never knowing which way the posts would go, because there were so many rocks. It turned out good, because it is now a gravel pit and he sells his farm, one load at a time, and still has pasture for the cattle. In 1964 he bought an isolated quarter (NE 12-41-8-W5), cleared, broke and seeded it to hay. Then in 1973 he bought more hay land (SE 18-41-7-W5), and two of his children now live in mobiles on this quarter. Lastly be bought his mother and fathers' home place from the estate (NW 18-41-7-W5), and rents out the old house and hays the rest. Gus drove the school bus for twenty-three years, milked cows, worked in the bush camp for Art Fisher and Howard Long, went pipelining and helped in the building of the House Motel.

In 1979 he bought his first gravel truck, a body job. The truck had farm tires and ran on gas, so he had to leave the job in the middle of the day to fuel up. He hired his young nephew, Edward DeRuyter, to drive it. He had lots to learn. A few weeks later, he traded the farm truck for a real gravel truck that ran on diesel. Soon after that he bought a pup-trailer and more trucks and trailers, a loader, some graders, a cattle liner, a high-boy and a cat. And why not try some rental property, too? There was lots of

work! Marg did the books, drove bus, helped with the cows and did the usual house, garden and yard work. With kids in school, 4-H, swimming and music, there was no free time, and with the gravel business they were tied to the phone—but not anymore. Gus has a cell phone.

Now, January 2002, Gus has sold the trucks to some of the family members, helping them get started with their own trucking business. Earlier he gave them jobs, driving truck or operating equipment. Now he just keeps one truck and loader for himself and operates the gravel pit. He owns four quarters of deeded land in the Buster Creek area, with some of it bordering on the North Saskatchewan River. Buster Creek runs through the home quarter. Until recently he pastured about three thousand acres of government grazing lease, bordering his deeded land. At one time he calved over two hundred cows, but has sold them now, and just pastures a few cows at home during the summer. Most Saturdays he spends at Cole's Auction Mart, buying feeder cattle to send to a feedlot where they are custom fed and then sold to a packer-buyer on a bidding system. Haying time is a busy time, trying to beat the weather, but the big round balers and new haybines sure beats cutting hay with a sickle mower and putting up small square bales.

And what does Gus like to do for entertainment? Early in the morning, he likes to go for that twenty-five cent cup of coffee at the local Rocky Co-op. He enjoys visiting his family and friends, and in January he wants to go south to beat the cold weather.

On March 3, 1956, Gus married Ruth Mary Ann Clary, daughter of Marion (Fenton) and Robert "Sam" Clary. Ruth was born December 20, 1939, in Rocky Mountain House, and was married when she was sixteen. Gus and Ruth had seven children, all born in Rocky. Two died as infants and are buried in the Garth Cemetery.

"Nellie" Pietronella Jane was born August 21, 1956, in Rocky Mountain House, on her dad's 21st birthday. She married Jack Tocher in May of 1977. They moved to Nordegg and Jack drove the school bus to Rocky. Later he drove gravel truck for his father-in-law, Gus Valstar, then drove truck for Terroco. Nellie worked at the liquor vendors for a short time. They also lived in Airdrie, Drumheller, Sylvan Lake and Carstairs. Nellie is now living in Alix, and works at the remand center in Red Deer. They have four girls: Charmaine who has a son, Alex; Kim who has two sons, Bailey and Byron, and Nicole and Jacque.

"Joanne" Audrey was born October 1, 1959, in Rocky and married Pete Moeller, son of Mae (Larson) and Chris Moeller, in May of 1977. They have two children, Barbara and William. (See Moeller in another section of this book.)

Debbie Diane was born August 28, 1962, in Rocky and attended school in Rocky.

She married Curtis Kramer, and they have four boys, Matthew, Owen, Aaron, and Kelly. (See Kramer in this book.)

Harry Cornelius was born August 15, 1963, in Rocky and is the oldest son. He married Sue Baldry, daughter of Beth (Knieper) and Lee Baldry on August 20, 1983, at Peace River. Harry operated a loader for his dad and later worked for Hopkins, and Sue volunteered at the Rocky food bank. Harry still lives in the Rocky area.

Casper Gus Adrianus, the youngest child, was born Dec. 21, 1965, in the Rocky Mountain House hospital. He is married to Sandi (Monastyrski), daughter of Jeannitt (Hunnie) and Ed Nordal. There are two children: a boy, Chance born Dec. 12, 1991, and a girl, Cydney born Oct. 25, 1994. Both go to Lochearn School. Casper first worked for his dad, operating the loader then driving a gravel truck. After his dad helped him buy his first gravel truck, he worked for the MD of Clearwater and oil companies. He has since sold the truck and works for the Clearwater County. Sandi works at the 7-11. They live in a mobile home on his dad's land and have some registered paint and quarter horses.

All the kids rode the bus to attend school in Rocky, leaving home about seven-thirty in the morning and returning home about four-thirty in the afternoon. They were all baptized in the Christian Reformed Church. All of the children have made their homes in Rocky at one time or another, and three of the five still live in the Rocky area—a good place to be.

Gus and Ruth later divorced. Ruth now lives near Fairview with Steve Wilson, and cooks at forestry and rig camps in Northern Alberta. In 1977 Gus married Margaret (Baker) Muyres, daughter of Ralph and Irene Baker. Between Gus

and Margaret, they have nine children; he has five and she has four (and at first, only one bathroom). Gus has four great-grandsons, with a fifth great-grandchild on the way. In 2001 Peter Belder did a nice job building a new house (with three bathrooms) and a big shop for Gus and Marg on the original home quarter, just across the highway from the old one. Rocky Mountain House has suited Gus well !

VALSTAR, Hank

Hendrik Dirk (Hank) was born March 3, 1934, in Holland and immigrated to Canada in 1949, with his parents, Pieternella (Oosthoek) and Arie Valstar. He was fifteen at the time and helped the family work sugar beets in southern Alberta, then worked on a sawmill in BC, before he came to Rocky and went to work on a sawmill at the Nordegg coal mine. He later worked for farmers but spent the last fifteen years working at the Rocky Wood Preservers, west of Rocky.

Hank married Sarah Daychief, daughter of Wilda (Gopher) and Tom Daychief of the O'Chiese Reserve. They had two daughters, Doreen, born June 24, 1970, and Tammy, born June 17, 1972. These two girls were later adopted by Dien and Arie DeBruyn and raised on the farm. Both girls attended the Rocky Christian School, were involved with Calvinettes and sang in the choir.

Tammy still lives in Rocky, helps out at the COPE office and really enjoys being with people. She has also worked at the Flames, the Petro Canada restaurant and the 7-11 store. Doreen also lives in Rocky and is married to Jason Toews. (see Toews).

Hank died Dec. 9, 1986 after a battle with cancer and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

VAN DAMME, Petrus

(a history of my father who worked in Nordegg mines, contributed by Rene Van Damme, Oude staatsbaan 28 9930 ZOMERGEM oost-vlaanderen, belgium. e-mail: Rene.vandamme@tijd.com.)

September 12, 1904, a baby boy was born in Belgium named Germain. He was the son of Petrus Van Damme and Maria Van Oudheusden. (Maria was of Netherlands origin). This baby would become my father. Germain's half brother, Leon Van Damme (real name Leonardus), was born March 30, 1897. Leon was born before Maria married Petrus, thus Leon was not the biological son of Petrus.

In 1907 Maria and Petrus, my grandparents, moved to New Mexico trying to find a better place to live. Alouisius, a brother of Petrus, already lived there. It seemed like that place wasn't any better than Belgium, because a year later Maria and Petrus returned to Belgium where Petrus worked as carpenter. In 1912 the family moved to Vernon, B.C., in Canada. Petrus's brother, Polidor, already lived there. (Two of Polidor's children are still alive; Mary who we visited in 1978, 1986 and 1997, lives in Kelowna, B.C., and her sister lives in Ontario.)

My father was eight years old when the family came to Canada, and his sister, Germaina, was eleven. They went to school in B.C., and learned English very well. Our family still has some of my father's Canadian school books. My grandfather, Petros, worked as an industrial worker in the fruit sector. In 1920 all of the family, except Leon, returned to Belgium. (Petrus said he did not want to be buried in those stones.) It has been said that my father and his sister did not want to return to Belguim, because they had spent all of their childhood in B.C. However, in 1922 when my father was eighteen, he returned to Canada with his uncle, Alfons Van Damme, and a daughter of Leon, who was born in Belgium. On their arrive, they worked with Leon in various coal mines (or so I'm told). I know they worked in the coal mine at Nordegg, Alberta. (After contacting John Koch, I was able to visit the mine in 1997.) I remember my father saying that carriages filled with coal were pulled by horses, and that they made whisky in their spare time and went hunting. Some of the pictures they took in Nordegg were sent to John Koch.

My father returned to Belgium in 1923, because he had received many letters, saying his mother was ill, and she wanted to see him again before she died. My grandmother died on August 17 1926. Two years later, on April 11, 1928, my grandfather died, too. My father wanted to return to Canada again, but his sister, Germaina, begged him not to go. When Germaina died in 1953, my father made plans to get back to Canada, but he had an accident

on his motorcycle which ended this dream. He spent a long time in the hospital, and later was restricted to light work. So in that way it became impossible to migrate.

In 1978 my father and I came to Canada with a friend, to visit relatives. Before leaving we tried to contact Leon's son, Petrus Jr., who was about four years old when my father left Canada in1923. I have since learned of Petrus's death, but, thanks to John Koch, I was able to meet his children in 1997, after trying to find them for more than twenty years. Now I continue writing to them and to their children.

VAN KLEEK, W.C. (Carl) and E.L. (Edith)
submitted by Don Van Kleek

In the spring of 1933, Carl and Edith Van Kleek moved from their original farm near Stettler, Alberta, to the Rocky Mountain House area with their seven year-old daughter, Thelma Jo Thelma (T J) was born November 11, 1926, in Stettler, Alberta.

They preempted two homestead quarters, plus one quarter of soldier grant, which Carl had earned through service in WWI. Cow Creek runs through the home quarter which is located about twelve miles southwest of Rocky. Cow Lake backed most of the three quarters while Cow Creek formed the approximate southern border. The VanKleeks proved up, and thus became owners of the homestead before WWII. While proving up the homestead quarters, Carl, who had his steam papers, found time to run the steam engine at Edgar Scott's sawmill, some four miles along the road towards Rocky. Edith, who will be remembered by many of her students in the area, continued her long teaching career at Glacier School in 1942.

Carl and Edith's first son, C. R. (Bob), was born in the Stettler Hospital on September 2, 1935. Their second son, W. D. (Don), was born in the Rocky Hospital September 24, 1939.

In the fall of 1942 the weather proved too much. The hay crop was ruined by rain, and early frost spread ice over the grazing land gleaned from the forests. There was no feed for the cattle. Sadly, Carl and Edith sold the small heard of thirty-three Herefords and moved to Rocky.

They purchased five lots at the corner of 51st avenue and 48th street. Carl, with his steam ticket, found employment running the large coal-fired boiler which heated all the Killico Stores. His other assignment was as the "heavy man," catching freight as the truckers slid the heavy containers down the chute and into the basement for storage. He was known as "Van" to the many staff and customers.

Edith continued her teaching career and over the years spent several years at various district schools, including Hardindell, Clearwater, Arbutus, a second stint at Glacier, Everdell and Frisco, before moving to the town school in 1960. Both Edith and Carl displayed the pioneer work ethic. Besides their day jobs, they found time to build houses. The first was built in 1948, in the empty lot beside their old house. In 1954, they, with the assistance of the two boys, tore down the old house and built the present house and garage.

Carl was a long time member of the L.O.L and loved curling and fishing. Edith joined the L.O.B.A. Both were members of the Presbyterian Church. In 1968 Carl and Edith decided to return to Stettler to retire. Again Carl's skill and love of carpentry came in useful. A first house was built and sold. In 1969 they built a cedar log home in West End, where they resided for many years.

Both Carl and Edith were avid travellers. Over the years they travelled a good deal of North America, Europe, Southeast Asia and Australia. Edith always kept excellent records of their travels to share with friends and family back home. Edith's writing was not limited to their present travels. She wrote and published "Our Trail North," a documentary of her memories of the wagon trip taken in 1912 from Red Deer to a homestead near High Prairie, Alberta—and the first edition of her book has been sold out.

Carl passed away in October of 1991 and is buried in the Stettler cemetery. Edith stayed on in the Stettler home for several years before moving to Heart Haven Seniors' Home, in 1993. In mid September of 1996, Edith, still writing more of her stories, fell from her wheelchair and broke her hip in several places. She survived the operation, but not the later complications. She passed away on September 29, 1996, and is buried beside Carl.

VAN KLEEK, W .D. and family

While living in Kitimat in 1979, the Van Kleek family decided to tour the province to check out various areas in which they might relocate. After a fairly exhaustive search the "Sunshine Coast" was the unanimous choice, and Roberts Creek was the particular location. To the families delight, Don was selected to teach grade seven at Roberts Creek Elementary School, in September 1981. So, the move was on.

The Van Kleek family bought property on Lower road, and moved in a temporary mobile home, while planning to build their dream home. Their daughter, Lorinda, enrolled in grade eleven at Elphinstone, while son, Mark, had the misfortune to be in grade seven at R.C.E.S. and have his dad as his teacher. Over the next few years, the new house was completed, the mobile home sold, and the family became devoted "Creekers." Jean worked as a fitness teacher in the retail clothing industry and as a dental receptionist in Sechelt and Gibsons.

Lorinda liked the Coast, but after graduating from Elphi headed for university in Alberta. She returned to Roberts Creek in 1999 with our granddaughter, Elizabeth. She has since completed her master's degree in library science at U.B.C

Mark also graduated from Elphi and, after a couple of years travelling and working at various jobs, entered U.B.C. to complete a degree in mining engineering. After working with Knelson Concentrators for several years, he is now completing his M.B.A. at Simon Fraser. He married Sue Maxwell in August of 2001. He would like nothing better than to call Roberts Creek home, but his new career will probably take him to the four corners of the world.

Don, transferred to Cedar Grove Elementary School in 1988, retiring from there in 1995, after completing thirty years of working as an educator. Jean also retired in 1995.

VANDENBRINK family

In the spring of 1949, Max VandenBrink came to Alberta from Apeldoorn, Netherlands, sponsored by his mother's family members (ten Hoves) who had settled in the Blackfalds-Lacombe area in earlier years. He also had relatives in Rocky Mountain House, his uncle Dirk and aunt Jenny (ten Hove) Kikstra who, with their family, had come to farm.

The railways had promoted Rocky as an area with a great future. Max found employment at the local creamery and at Spoor's Meat Market. In those days the roads were sometimes impassable, and Max walked on the railway to get to town. Later he joined a start-up Canadian oilfield and seismic company in Calgary, with work in Saskatchewan, Alberta and B.C.

It was during this time that he met and married Ella Cruson who lived in Regina, Sask., and later worked at his in-law's steel and welding business in Regina. In 1953 his parents, three brothers and a sister moved to Rocky Mountain House. His father died due to a highway accident about six months later, and since employment in Rocky was not too plentiful, the two youngest brothers moved to Red Deer, later to BC, as employees of the psychiatric institutions there. The sister married a local farmer, and they moved to the Bentley area, and now live in Edmonton. Her four daughters also live in Edmonton with their families.

Brother John remained in Rocky, and married Jean Brouwer in 1956. Five of their six children were born in Rocky. After a few years, employed at local businesses, John started his own business in insurance, real estate and accounting in 1960, a business which still exists today as John's Rocky Agencies.

Max moved back to Rocky Mountain House with his wife and three young children in 1962, and became a partner with John in the expanding business. John was actively involved in the Chamber of Commerce, was on the Town Council, and served on many committees. He also had appointments as Notary Public and Commissioner for Oaths (as did Max later). But in 1967 he decided to further his education and moved to B.C. with his family, so he could attend university. He became a teacher, teaching business courses at a university college at the coast full time. Since retirement, he still teaches there on a part-time basis. Mother passed away in 1969.

The insurance business was sold to Helen Hunley, and Max and Ella continued the accounting and real estate business, until retirement in the late 1990s. From the mid 60s-90s, they partnered in several town and country subdivisions, and businesses, such as a local motel. During the 60s and 70s there was a lot of development taking place in the town of Rocky as

well as in the country. The oil and gas industry boomed, gas plants were built, and more people came to live in Rocky Mountain House. As a realtor, Max was busy helping people settle in the town and the surrounding countryside. With other investors, Max bought land at Ferrier in the 1960s and later developed Ferrier Acres. There the family built a Cedar-Log home in which Max and Ella still live. Max was also involved in the community as member (and chairman) of the local I.D. Council for many years, as well as in Economic Development and Westview Lodge boards. Ella was always involved in music, playing the organ (or piano), singing in choirs, working with young people, etc. Both Max and Ella are active members of the Christian Reformed Church here in Rocky .

Of Max and Ella's six children (3 boys, 3 girls), three still live in the Rocky area with their families. The others still like to come "home" to Rocky Mountain House. With Ella's father (Pieter Cruson) now living in Rocky, the family gatherings now involve five generations. There are twenty-four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. At community events, school graduations and sports, and especially in church music-choirs, you will likely find one of the family members participating, or in the audience. This is a "tradition" likely to continue. Looking at the "under-twenty-five" family members, some are already involved.

VECCHIO, Cathy

Cathy was born in Nordegg on April 17, 1934. She attended school in Nordegg and quit to work for the Big Horn Store in Nordegg for four years. She then spent two years in Slave Lake, working in a grocery store and later worked in the Mountain View Store, Calgary. Cathy married Frank Martens on April 20, 1957. They moved to Hinton, in 1959, and remained there until 1966. After that they lived in Prince George, B.C., La Belle Sur Quvion, Quebec and Brynon, Quebec, finally moving to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, in 1968, where they are still living. Cathy's husband, Frank, was born April 28, 1933, on a farm fifteen miles south of Swift Current. He went to school in Wymark, Saskatchewan, before moving to Alberta where he worked in Calgary and Hinton. Later he took a course on steam engineering by correspondence, then worked in B.C., Quebec and Saskatchewan. He retired from the Weyerhauser pulp mill as a maintenance supervisor in November 1993, and now enjoys playing golf. Frank and Cathy have two daughters: Janete (born, November 4, 1959) and Cheryl (born, April 29, 1964). Janete graduated from Carlton in 1977, and works in the Royal Bank in Prince Albert. She married Allan Pasloski on September 28, 1985. Allan took his schooling in Prince Albert and Moose Jaw, trained as a marketing administrator, and has worked many years with computers. Janete and Allan have one son, Mathew (born March 10, 1990), who is an ardent hockey player (goalie). The Pasloski family moved to Saskatoon in 2001.

Cheryl Martens was born in Hinton, Alberta, and lived many different places with her family, ending up in Prince Albert Sask. In 1983-85 she attended Kelsey Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences and received a diploma in animal husbandry. Cheryl worked as an AHT from 1985-1990, in Regina, before moving back to Prince Albert where she married Neil Moreau on March 20, 1993. Neil is currently working as a control room operator in the Prince Albert pulp and paper mill. In 1990-1996 Cheryl worked as a summer student at Weyerhaeuser. She has also worked as a sales clerk, a floral designer, a cashier in a grocery, before leaving the work force to have children. Presently Cheryl is a "stay-at-home mom" for her two boys, Evan (born, February 16, 1996) and Jarrod (born, December 5, 1997).

VECCHIO, Frank and Susie

Frank Vecchio was born in Grimaldi, Gosenza, Italy, July 24, 1893. He arrived in Fernie, B.C., in 1912, and then moved on to Nordegg, Alberta, in 1914. He worked in the coal mine until the mine closed down. After the closure, he bought a café in Didsbury, Alberta, and only had the café for a short time before moving to Calgary in 1954. He loved riding the streetcars and later the buses. He had a favorite beer parlor that he visited regularly; here he would meet up with old friends and pass the time.

Susie Forresta was born in San Giovanni, Infiore, Italy, on October 8, 1904. She and her mother, a sister and two brothers landed in Fernie, B.C., in 1911. In 1914 they went to Nordegg where she met Frank Vecchio. They

were married on June 23, 1919. They had eight children: Ralph, Rosie, Nora, John, Fred, Joe, Cathy and Ginny. Susie was a "stay-at-home mom", baking bread, cooking and looking after her large family. Frank died of cancer May 1, 1968, at the age of 75 years. Susie died May 22, 1962, of a heart attack.

VECCHIO, Fred

Fred was born in Nordegg on November 2, 1929. He received his formal education in Nordegg, before quitting school to work in the coal mine. When the mine closed, he moved to Calgary with the family. He was employed by the Calgary School Board and worked as a custodian. He married Iva Blair who was born in Calgary, September 1, 1916, and died October 20, 1989. Fred died of cancer on October 24, 1987.

VECCHIO, Ginny

Ginny was born in Nordegg on January 5, 1940. She started school in Nordegg before moving to Calgary with her family. She then attended St. Anne Catholic School, St. Mary's Catholic School and Mount Royal College, then worked in the Bank of Montreal for many years. Ginny married John Bishop in Calgary on June 1, 1963. They had no children, but have a dog, "Chi Chi." Ginny enjoys arranging flowers, crocheting and playing scrabble. Ginny's husband, John Bishop, was born in Emmen, Holland, on February 9, 1939. After completing his schooling in Holland, he came to Canada in 1954, and worked for the CPR, before working in various commercial industries. John's main interest is working with computers. He and Ginny and Chi Chi reside in Airdrie.

VECCHIO, Joe

Joe was born in Nordegg on December 20, 1931. He went to school in Nordegg, then quit to work in the mine. He moved to Calgary when the mine closed and worked at several different jobs. His last job was as a welder. Joe married Helen Curtiss who was born in Innisfail on January 21, 1929, and died on May 22, 1979. Joe and Helen had two children, Frank (born, June 20, 1963), and Cindy (born, October 12, 1965). Joe died of a massive heart attack on March 27, 1990.

VECCHIO, John

John was born in Nordegg on May 22, 1927. He went to school in Nordegg, before quitting to work in the coal mine. He was always interested in horses, and used to be an outfitter for hunters. John married Myrtle Verhaege, and they moved to Calgary when the mine in Nordegg closed. John worked in a distillery company in Calgary, and died in an industrial accident in the plant on May 9th, 1962.

VECCHIO, Nora

Nora was born in Nordegg, July 17, 1925. After completing grade twelve in Nordegg, she attended the war emergency teacher-training program, and taught a year in Hespero, six years in Nordegg, three years in Manning, two years in Slave Lake and twenty-four years in Hinton. After retiring from teaching in 1980, she spent two years working in a dress shop in Hinton. Nora is still active in the Royal Purple Lodge and the Canadian Diabetes Organization. Nora married Arthur Creighton (Buck) Rogers on July 17, 1951. Buck was born November 9, 1920, and attended his first year of education at Central West River in Nova Scotia. The rest of his education was taken in areas around Millet. Buck worked at various jobs, driving gavel trucks and fuel trucks, on road construction, hauling logs and lumber. He was in the army from 1941 to '46, and went overseas, where he was enrolled in the Royal Military College in Sandhurst and became a lieutenant. After the war ended, he stayed on with the occupation forces in Germany. After returning to Millet, he worked at odd jobs until he was hired by the Alberta Forestry Services in 1948. His first assignment as a forest ranger was in Nordegg, and later worked in Manning and Slave Lake. In 1956, he left the forestry and went to work for the pulp mill in Hinton, leaving that job to become Hinton's fire chief for two years. Finally, on July 23, 1982, he and Nora retired to Sicamous. Buck did many things during his life, such as being a town councilor in Hinton, president of the Kiwanis Club, a steward of the United Church, President of the OAPO, and Exalted Ruler of the Elks. Buck and Nora have one daughter, Susan Jean. Susan Jean was born in High Prairie, October 29, 1954. She attended school in Hinton, and worked in the Hinton tourist booth and for the Royal Bank

in both Hinton and Edmonton. Presently she is a teacher's aid, working with special needs children in Hinton. Sue married Reynold Francis Werbieki on May 25, 1974. Ren (born, Nov. 20, 1950) has a diploma in business administration, works in the Hinton pulp mill and enjoys tennis and hockey. Ren and Sue have two sons, Craig (born April 27, 1976) and Geoff (born July 16, 1975).

Craig Reynold Werbicki took his schooling in Hinton, then attended Mount Royal College and the University of Calgary, graduating in 1999 with Bachelor of Commerce and Bachelor of Arts degrees. Craig married Jody Howerton on July 15, 2001 in Calgary, and they live in Calgary. Jody is presently enrolled in nursing at Mount Royal College in Calgary.

Geoff Mathew Werbicki was born in Hinton. After graduating from high school in 1996, he went to Medicine Hat for a two-year course in Graphic Design. He graduated from the U of A, Edmonton, in 2001, and is engaged to Rachel Oliver with wedding plans set for August, 2002.

VECCHIO, Ralph

Ralph was the oldest in the Vecchio family. He was born June 7, 1920, in Nordegg. He took his schooling in Nordegg, and in later years worked in the coal mine. He enlisted in the army and went overseas in 1941. When he was in England, he met Gladys Cooper who was born in Staffordire, England, August 7, 1920. She was also in the army in 1942-45. Ralph and Gladys were married in England on November 11, 1945. They returned to Nordegg in 1946, and lived in Nordegg until 1955 when they moved to Calgary. They had two daughters, Diann and Annette. While in Calgary, Ralph worked at National Tank and the Alberta Liquor Control Board. Gladys worked at a nursery for many years. Ralph suffered from Alzheimer's disease and passed away on April 25, 1999. Gladys still lives in Calgary.

Diann was born June 5, 1949, in Nordegg. She moved with her parents to Calgary when she was five years old. After completing her schooling, she met and married Stephen Pannett on December 19, 1970, in Calgary. Stephen was born in Calgary on February 17, 1950. He graduated from James Fowler High School and attended SAIT. Stephen and Diann had two children, Sherry and Danny. The family moved to Linden in July 1988, and then onto Innisfail in June, 1997, where Stephen works as a welder.

Stephen and Diann's daughter, Sherry, was born in Calgary, May 9, 1971, and took her schooling in Calgary. She and her companion, Brian, live in Innisfail where Sherry works as a waitress. Brian and Sherry have two daughters, Stephanie (born 1991) and Brittany (born 1997). Brian was born in New Waterford, Nova Scotia, and works as an assistant foreman and journeyman welder for Layden Industries

Stephen and Diann's son, Danny, was born in Calgary, Dec. 18, 1974. He completed his schooling in Calgary and graduated from SAIT in 1996. He has also attended Devry Institute of Technology. Danny lives in Linden, Alberta, and works as a welder.

Annette Vecchio (Ralph and Glady's second daughter) was born in Nordegg on October 28, 1953. She moved to Calgary with her family in 1955, and attended school in Calgary. Annette has worked as an engraver, window CD, worked in green houses, has done housekeeping, babysitting and has been a caregiver. Presently Annette is living in Calgary with her mother.

VECCHIO, Rosie

Rosie was born in Nordegg on May 12, 1923. She received her schooling in Nordegg, before working in the Boarding House Hotel in Nordegg. She and Jack Owchar were married in Edmonton on October 13, 1942. They left Nordegg in 1954 to live in Winnipeg. Later they moved to Thunder Bay, Ontario, where she still resides. Her husband, Jack, was born in Arns, Manitoba, on June 20,1918. He worked in Nordegg and Winnipeg, then worked in Thunder Bay in elevators until he retired in 1980. Jack passed away on April 29, 2001. Jack and Rosie had two children, Noreen and Jack. Noreen Susan (Owchar) Ihamaki was born in Nordegg. She took some schooling there before moving with her parents to Winnipeg, and from there to Thunder Bay, Ontario. She graduated from the School of Nursing in Port Arthur (Thunder Bay), in 1965, and worked in hospitals and homes for the aged until 1992. She married Leo Ihamaki on November 6, 1965, and she and Leo still live in Thunder Bay. Leo was born in Thunder Bay on April

24, 1941, and was a mechanic, working with the Trans Canada Pipelines until 1999. Leo and Rosie have one daughter, Janice Kelly (born April 24, 1967), who graduated in 1988 with a diploma in Interior Design. She married Andrew David Morgan on October 4, 1991, and they have two daughters, Madison (born March 28th, 1995) and Bryn (born April 29th, 1999). Andrew was born on January 26th, 1961, in Thunder Bay and is employed as a highway transport driver.

Jack Roy Owchar was born on December 26th, 1947, in Beardmore, Ontario, and was a great hockey player. Jack worked for the city of Thunder Bay, in the sanitation department. He married his first wife, Teresa Brennan, in 1970. They had two children: Steven Roy Owchar (born January 1, 1971) and Rebecca Ann Owchar (born January 28, 1973). Rebecca has a son, Brennan Steven Roy Owchar, born February 11, 1998. Jack and his second wife, Judy, were married on September 12, 1992. Judy works as a loans officer. Judy has two children, Tracy and Brian.

VELLA, Salvatore
submitted by Tracey Watson-Disturnal

Salvatore was born October 3, 1889, in Siculiana, Agrigenti, Sicily. He was the eldest of eight children born to Mario Vella and Guiseppa Lo Presti. Salvatore was determined to immigrate to Canada, and when he was sixteen he attempted to stow away on a ship destined for Montreal and New York. However, he was discovered before the ship set sail and his father was contacted. Finally his father consented to Salvatore immigrating and paid his passage.

Salvatore arrived in Canada in 1906 and made his way to the Crows Nest Pass in search of work. He first settled in the Coal Creek area and worked in the mine. He then moved to work in a mine at Michel, British Columbia, where he met Rosa Farano, and they were married April 24, 1916, in Michel.

Rosa was born August 22, 1899, in San Massimo, Campobasso, Italy. She was a twin, born to Gaetano Farano and Angela Micone. Sadly, both Rosa's mother and twin died during childbirth. So, Rosa was brought to Canada by her father and stepmother Maria Tortorelli, in 1904. After Salvatore and Rosa were married, they lived in the Pass, before moving to Nordegg in 1922. For many years Salvatore worked in the mine and, in later years, became the town maintenance man. When the mine closed, he and Rosa moved to Crossfield where Rosa died in 1959. Salvatore then moved to Calgary and lived with his daughter, Angelina, until his death in 1976. Salvatore and Rosa had four daughters: Maria Guiseppa, born in 1917 in Michel B.C.; Angelina, born in 1918 in Michel B.C; Vincenza (Jenny), born in 1921 in Hillcrest, and Carmella, born 1923 in Nordegg.

Maria married Loren Schenk and had four children, Iris, James, Islay and Irene. Angelina married George Thomas Wood and had two children, Judy and James. Vincenza (Jenny) married Everett Noonan and had three children, Dianna, William, and Robert. Carmella married Marcel Weyts and had two children, Wayne and Terry.

VON HOLLEN, Herman
from an interview by Janna Grandy

Herman's parents, Fred and Lily (Lachmund) von Hollen, were born in Germany and grew up on the very same street. They immigrated from Germany to Landa, North Dakota, in 1896, before moving to Alhambra, Alberta, in 1909.

Fred and Lily's first children, Margaret and Sophie, were born in North Dakota, Margaret (Chochrane) in 1907, and Sophie (Hussin) in 1908. The rest of the family, except for the youngest, were all born in the family farm house in the Alhambra district. Their births were as follows: Annie (Hansel) in 1910; Eugene in 1911; Herman in 1913; Lily (Leslie) in 1915; Gusty in 1917; Hilda (Miller) in 1920; twins, Willa (Miller) and Katie in 1924. Tony was born in 1931 in a nursing home in Eckville in 1931. Katie contracted whooping cough and passed away at the age of five and a half.

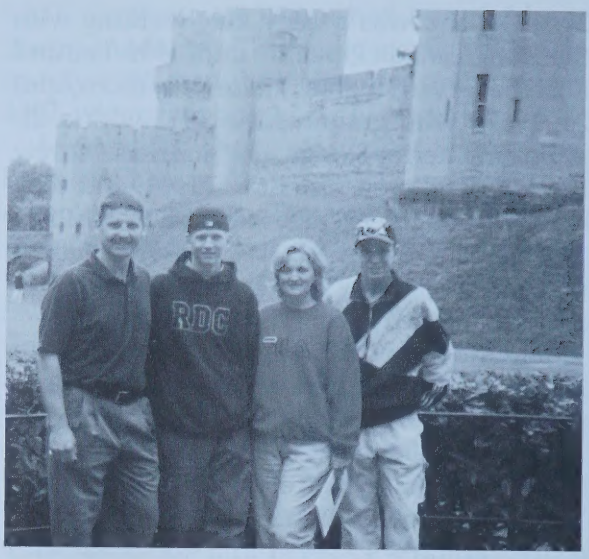
Herman, who was born January 1, 1913, was baptized at five months, and at age seventeen was confirmed in the Lutheran Church. His schooldays were tough because he grew up in "the dirty thirties." The winters seemed to be much colder, then, with a lot more snow. Herman had to help with chores on the farm, but Sundays were days of rest. Herman met Hildur Nelson at a dance. Two years later they were married on March 21, 1949, and have enjoyed making a home and raising their four children: Alfred, Beverly, Carmen, and Wayne.

Hildur was born on June 11, 1924, at the Waseca Hotel in Saskatchewan, and grew up on a farm. After the couple were married, Herman farmed and had a milk delivery for 13 years. he was also a school bus driver for 26 years. After moving to town, Herman said pickings were slim, until he got his first school bus driving job. Looking back, they have no regrets; they have enjoyed gardening, visiting friends and neighbors as well as attending various church and community activities. Hildur was a faithful supporter of the Rocky Mountain House Girl Guide Association, and served as the Guide Badge Secretary for well over twenty years. Living in town has agreed with them, and they are happy to call Rocky Mountain House "home."

WASIK, Myles Ward and Tina Maureen (Salmon)

The Wasiks. Ryley, Myles, Tina, and Cody at Buckingham Square in England, 2000.

Myles was born in 1958 to Wesley and Helen Wasik of Stettler, Alberta. He was the eldest of three children. When Myles was six years old the family moved to Bentley where he attended school. Sports such as hockey, volleyball and fastball were a big part of his life and continue to be. After graduation in 1976, Myles worked on a farm and then at the Bentley United Grain Growers elevator. He was commended for his effort in saving the elevator from a fire. 1977-1979 Myles attended NAIT and graduated as a Instrumentation Engineering Technician. From



The Wasiks. Myles, Ryley, Tina and Cody at Warwick Castle in England. 2000.

school Myles came to work at the Aquitane gas plant where he was recruited to play hockey for the Rocky Rams Hockey Club.

Tina was born on August 6, 1964, the youngest daughter of seven children, to Harry and Irene Salmon. She had three sisters: Anetha Glover, Judy Lougheed, and Terry Gray; and three brothers, Arthur, Ken, and Lloyd.

Tina attended Lochearn grade school and graduated from Will Sinclair High School. As a young girl Tina figure skated and was involved with the school choir. Later she was involved with the Rocky Rams Hockey Club. This is where Myles and Tina met. They were married at the Presbyterian Church in Rocky on September 11,1982. They lived in the Ferrier district for 6 years. During this time they were blessed with two sons: Ryley Andrew McKenzie on February 22, 1983, and Cody Layne Wesley on August 31, 1984. Myles continued to be involved with hockey and ball in the community while they raised their young family.

In 1989 the Wasiks moved to their present home in the Alhambra district. The boys attended Leslieville school and moved on to David Thompson High School. Following in there father's footsteps, the boys are active playing hockey and fastball while the whole family added a new sport, rodeo. Myles spent many seasons coaching the boys in their sports, and now he team ropes for his enjoyment Myles worked for the gas plant for 10 years until he

transferred positions to Nova, where he is still presently employed, although it is now known as Trans Canada. Myles went to Red Deer College and received a Journeyman's Electrical Ticket.

Tina stayed home with the boys while they were little and then went to work as a Aesthetician in Rocky. For the past five years Tina has worked in Red Deer for the Green Apple Hair Company as a stylist and Aesthetician. Tina founded and leads a successful mounted drill team, known as "The Strike Forces Riders," which performs at various Rodeos and Equine Events. Music continues to be a hobby as she follows in her father's footsteps by playing the guitar.

Ryley graduated from D.T., in the year 2001, and is presently working for Pollitt Construction in Leslieville. Keeping with family tradition, Ryley is playing for the Rocky Rams Hockey Club.

Cody is now in grade twelve and is playing for the Rocky Midget Royals Hockey Club. Ryley and Cody enjoy their sports, their friends and cousins, and spending time with their uncle Art snowmobiling. As a family we enjoy travelling to places such as the Dominican Republic, Mexico and Cuba. We have experienced a very memorable trip to England, making lifetime friendships. Camping and rodeos are also on the list of fun times.

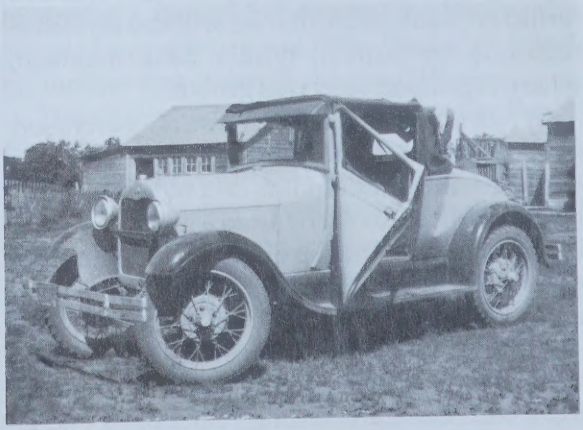
WEAVER, Withrow Wellington

Cathy, LaVerne, Withrow, Gen, Dave, Perry, Phyllis and Rodney. July 18, 1976.

Withrow Weaver.

When Withrow's father, Wesley, was twenty-three years old he purchased a quarter section near Senlac, Saskatchewan, and during the summer months farmed the sandy, rolling land with horses. Then, with the approach of winter, Wesley turned the horses out to fend for themselves and returned to Ontario to work with his brother in the dray business in Kitchener. While there, he began courting a young lady by the name of Valleta Bowman. Similar to Wesley, Valleta was born in Ontario and was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction.

With the coming of spring, Wesley left for Saskatchewan. Soon after he was joined by Valleta, who came by train to Wilkie. Here the young couple were married before settling down in the small two-room house on the Senlac farm. Withrow, the eldest of their seven children, was born April 25, 1931, at nearby Unity, Saskatchewan, as were his siblings, Ruth, born Sept. 14, 1933; Roy, born Oct. 26, 1934; Irene, born April 5, 1935; Ira, born Aug. 8, 1936.



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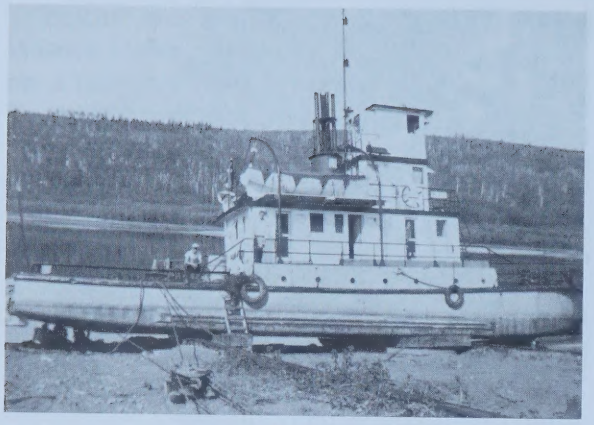


Boat.

Withrow admired his hardworking father, as well as his industrious mother, whom he describes as "a very special lady." Yet, hard as they worked, the Senlac farm was unproductive. Year after year rain escaped them, their crops burned in the summer heat, finally forcing the family to move back to Ontario where twins, Ruby and Reta, were born March 27, 1941.

Withrow, who had started school in Airdale School near Senlac, continued grade school in Floradale, Ontario. As a child, he had many pets such as guinea pigs, white rats, pigeons, rabbits, turtles and cats. His favorite childhood memories are of family reunions and spending summer vacations on his relatives' farms. As a teenager, Withrow attended Elmira High School in Ontario and considered himself lucky to be taught by the venerable Ernie Kendall, whose community involvement won Kendall a place in the Waterloo County Hall of Fame.

When school was not in session, Withrow worked as a plumbers' helper and, on leaving school, his first full-time employment was in a fertilizer plant. After that he worked on a thirteen quarter farm in Wilkie, Saskatchewan, where registered seed was grown.

While in Saskatchewan, Withrow purchased a 1928 Model A, Roadster, a canary yellow convertible with black fenders and red leather upholster. He and his friends had a great time touring around with the top down and the rumbleseat open. It was a real beauty, guaranteed to catch the eye of every girl in town.

Besides farm work, Withrow worked in a logging camp; then as a section hand on the railroad. Next came an exciting year, sailing on tug boats on the Peace River and Lake Athabasca—taking in the sights of Fort MacMurray, Fort Fitzgerald and the gold fields.

The next year Withrow drifted down to Red Deer where he worked in a sheet metal plant, before moving to Rocky Mountain House. During Easter of 1951, Withrow met Genevieve Lecerf, who was going to school in Red Deer and spending the school break at her father's bush camp. They were married in the old Catholic Church in Rocky Mountain House on February 12, 1953 and are now divorced.

Withrow began trucking in '53 and continued trucking until he retired in 1992. The Weavers have six children: LaVerne (Rea), Dave, Cathleen (Watson), Rodney, Perry and Phyllis (Young). They also have nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Withrow's special message to his descendants is, "I love you all and wish you success in everything you do."

WEDMAN, Ernest and Ruth
submitted by Ruth Wedman

West side of house built in 1935 at Prairie Creek Farm.

On July 1st, 1976, we, Ernest and Ruth Wedman and daughter, Laurie Wedman, moved from Edmonton to our farm located ½ mile south of Struble Lake. The existing 1 ½ story house had been built during the summer of 1935 for a Mr. And Mrs. Fred Little. Fir lumber, used in the construction, had been brought to the site by horse and wagon from B.C., as told to us by John Rankin, a long time resident of Struble Lake. This

Wheels of Time.

charming old home still has most of the original doors and woodwork, hardwood floors and cupboards. These walls have housed many families in their time. The last occupants, before us, were Glenn and Wanda Stevens. This farm is still referred to as the Stevens' place by many long time residents. A few renovations updated the home to create a comfortable space for our family. We farmed the land until poor health prevented us from handling the heavy work load. The land is still farmed through leasing while we enjoy our piece of heaven.

We have five children: Linda in Edmonton, Gerry at Rainbow Lake, Wanda of Redwater, Donald in Edmonton and Laurie in Rocky Mountain House. We have fifteen grandchildren born into the family and one brought in. We also have two great-grandsons.

Ernest and Ruth Wedman.

It was wonderful to move into an area with no preconceived notions or expectations and find ourselves amidst friendly neighbours and townsfolk. Our farm is a place of rare beauty, well treed, beautiful meadows, with many deer and birds to enjoy. For those who love to fish, the creek beckons with a challenge to catch and release an elusive brown trout. The surrounding area and the mountains to the west are enjoyed by our entire family. Frequent campers take day trips to the distant hills and always return in awe.

But, we do think that, after 25 years, our place should be call "The Wedman Place," as we take our place in the history of this area.

WESLEY, Barry and Paula
as told to Annette Gray

Edna Penner, Barry Wesley and Paula.

Barry is the great-grandson of the great "Ta Otha" (Peter Wesley), the man who led his people from Morley to the Big Horn River area, west of Nordegg. Barry's father was John Wesley, the adopted son of Mary and Peter Wesley (Jr.), and his mother was Helen (Rolinmud) Wesley.

The day we met Barry and his wife, Paula (Smallboy) they were on their way to watch their daughters, Wyann (14) and Ema (13) play hockey. Both girls are very athletic and participate in kick-boxing and Taekwondo.

Barry has six brothers: Dion, who is older than Barry, and Reggie, Charles, Gordon, Lowell and George, all younger. He has three sisters: Olivia, Robin and Helen. Edna Penner and I very much enjoyed our short visit with Barry and Paula who reside at Big Horn with their family.

WESLEY: the Peter Wesley family interviewed by Edna Penner

Peter Wesley, known as "Ta Otha." and his son, Peter Wesley, known as "Against the Wind," led the Wesley Band from the Stoney Reserve at Morley, to the beautiful Kooteney Plains area, and took up residence along the western side of the Big Horn River.

Peter, the main leader of this band, was born at White Rabbit in 1872 to Ta Otha and his wife. Peter claimed a large section of land along the Big Horn River where it enters the North Saskatchewan River. His ranch had horses, cattle, rabbits and numerous fowl. A large garden was grown each year.

At this time there was no reservation; each family set out their own parcel of land. Neighbors worked together and helped one another in the fields and gardens. Years later, cattle and horses were sold in Rocky Mountain House to buy farm machinery, and Peter brought the first car to the Big Horn area. As leader, Peter organized feasts and gatherings for his people.

In August, the big hunting and camping season started in preparation for gathering winter supplies. People fanned out in all directions, fishing each fishing hole in the various streams and rivers. Hunting was done with a .22 cal. rifle, and long rifle shells were Peter's only ammunition. "One shot got his animal." Moccasins were the footwear to keep the forest quiet.

During 1948 and '49 a school was built at Big Horn. Construction started by cutting trees, skidding them and peeling the logs.

John Wesley, Peter's adopted son, was born in the area in 1941. At age seven, John helped Peter with cutting the logs, using a team of horses to skid them, and then using the large log peeler to remove the bark from the logs. The school was built, opened and named Big Horn School in 1949.

This new school was built on the east bank of the Bighorn River. Since there was still no bridge across the river, this created a serious problem as the children could not get to school. Peter moved his family across the river and down the road apiece, to accommodate the school children.

John Wesley was then able to attend the school he helped build, and attended school until it was time to work a trap line. At age eighteen, John started guiding and hunting trips, and a few years later obtained a guiding license.

John married Helen Rolinmud in 1962. Work went on. Now it was with a road construction company at Windy Point, and required laying dynamite charges to blast a rock cut through the mountainside. This portion became part of the David Thompson Highway and allows travellers to continue west to the Saskatchewan River Crossing. John also worked for both the Johnson sawmill and the Art Fisher sawmill. During this time logs were cut on the Big Horn Reserve and sold to Art Fisher.

A group of men, including John Wesley built the community hall, as well as a number of homes. At the age of twenty-eight, John was elected Councilor of the Wesley Band, representing the Big Horn people at the Morley Stoney Council. This began his political career, and John has served as Band Councilor for a total of eighteen years. During this time, John and Helen have raised a family of ten children: Dion, Lorne, Reginald, Charles, Olivia, Robin, Lowell, Sanders, George and Helene. They also have twenty-two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

When Peter Wesley, the son of Ta Otha, died in the Rocky Mountain House Hospital he was well over a one hundred years old.

WEST COUNTRY MEMORIES

written by Ira Gray in 1963

Start of Settlement in District

The first settlers at Rocky Mountain House west of the North Saskatchewan River (in the vicinity of the old trading post) were three American families: the Hunts, Websters and Grays.

W. H. Hunt and family; his son, Hudson Hunt, and Hudson's wife and one child, and Mr. and Mrs. John Webster arrived late in the fall of 1906. Next, in the spring of 1907, my father, mother and their four sons, aged four to fifteen years along with Mr. Horace Churchill moved in to join the original settlers at Rocky—all were Americans who had previously located at the Medicine Lodge Hills (now the Sunset Hills), ten miles west of Bentley, in 1906. In the spring of 1909 my father, Thomas M. Gray, started the first general store on his homestead, one mile west of the "Old Fort." At that time the only post

office and small stores were at Leslieville and Stauffer, each some fifteen miles east of the North Saskatchewan River.

A few more settlers had arrived on the east and west of the river and with the Indians, did their trading at our store. We received a ferryboat in the summer of 1908. Before that, we used rowboats and swam our livestock across. The ferryboat operated at the same location as the present day railway and highway bridges.

How I First Met Martin Nordegg: The summer of 1910 was characterized by a considerable amount of rain. On Sunday, cold and wet, I rode four miles down river to visit my uncle who was operating the ferry boat. On the way back home, I met my younger brother, Eph, who said that Father instructed us to bring in a bunch of horses which were ranging in the vicinity of the chimneys of the old fort, which we did. On arriving at our pasture gate, the sight I saw was of about fifty head, or more, of saddle and packhorses in our pasture and many tents near our house.

This was the party of Martin Nordegg of Brazeau Collieries Ltd. (German Development Co.), which had been prospecting for steam coal and had found a coalfield on the Blackstone River, some forty miles northwest of the present day town of Nordegg. The party had come into the Blackstone country, via Edson, Alberta, and the Brewster Brothers of Bowden or Banff, Alberta, who were Fred, George, and Jack, outfitted it. It seems that there were other outfitters along with the Brewster Brothers. If so, my omission of their names is purely unintentional.

This event marked my first meeting with Mr. Nordegg, the Brewsters and Stuart Kidd who was a company agent. The head engineer of the company was a Mr. Charley Howard (or Hower). How well I remember him: red or sandy complexion, weight about three hundred pounds. The Brewsters gave him the largest riding horse they had. I remember the remarks of others in the party that Howard (Hower) never dismounted uphill or down. The horse was a large sorrel with a stripe and white socks. I worked him later when Brewsters employed me.

That night the party camped at our place. Mr. Nordegg and some of his party slept in our house. This included a Mr. Cory Weatherby who later was the first mine manager at Nordegg in 1912 and 1913. All had supper and breakfast at our place, as it was a treat to have decent accommodations after many days of following the pack trains and living in damp tents on damp bedding.

The purpose of the horse roundup by Eph and me was to make up three teams to haul the Nordegg party to Innisfail Alberta, a distance of some seventy miles. Two days were required for this trip to the railway town on the C.P.R. Calgary-Edmonton line. Where the pack outfits turned back, I can't say—possibly to Banff, Jasper, or Mountain Park.

Stuart Kidd and Fred Brewster rode on their horses, along with the wagons. Stuart was in charge of the party. There were men in the party, other than company men, such as Canadian government men, and geologist, and so on, cook, laborers, axe man and pit diggers. I was driving the lead wagon as we crossed the Saskatchewan River by ferryboat and I had orders to wait until all were across the river. Mr. Nordegg and his headmen were in my wagon.

One man in my wagon was a queer-looking fellow, as well as dumb-acting, and wore city clothing and very thick glasses. As we parked on the gravel bar, on the east side of the river, I noticed this fellow took his toilet case, dug into his duffel bag for towel and soap and went away downstream, as I suppose he had been advised always to go that way to perform his toilet. Mind you, this was early morning as we had traveled only about four miles. When the entire outfit had gotten across on the ferry, Stuart Kidd counted noses as a final check before resuming the travel. I heard him remark, "There is someone missing. Who could it be?

I replied, "There is a man down there who had his top shirt off and toilet articles spread around on the bar."

Stuart gave one of his sharp shouts, calling the fellow's name. "You have been a nuisance on this whole trip and here you are again holding up everything! Gather up your belongings, get in the wagon and stay there 'til I tell you to get out," and to me it was, "Boy, watch him! We're apt to leave him behind anywhere."

We made Stauffer Store and Post Office by noon, and later, Raven where we stayed for the night at the Tom Berry farm. Berry's farm was a regular stopping place for any traveler coming that way.

The next morning was very foggy. My wagon was loaded, and all accounted for, including the queer fellow. There seemed to be some delay, when this Mr. Howard shouted to me, "Kid, what are you waiting for? Get going!" So, off I went down the well-traveled wagon road going in the opposite direction from where we had turned in the previous night. After a short distance the road forked. I took the most traveled road to the right. Next thing I knew Fred Brewster came at high speed out of the fog to inform us that we were taking the wrong trail, so once again we backtracked to the proper wagon road. Later we discovered Stuart Kidd waiting at another fork in the trail in the dense fog. We did not overtake the other wagons until we arrived at Innisfail. When the fog thinned, toward noon, Stuart and Fred discovered we were not on the same trail as the others of our party, so he had waited for us to catch up. Soon we heard voices inquiring about dinner. We came to a large two-story log farmhouse. Stuart went in and came back saying that the ladies would be glad to give us our dinners. When he reported to Mr. Nordegg that the ladies and their home looked very neat, he decided that we would stop there. We made Innisfail in the afternoon, after being properly directed on our way.

That evening at Innisfail, after a lot of handshaking and farewells, Mr. Nordegg and party took the train for Edmonton. Father and I returned home with the three teams and wagons loaded with freight supplies for our Store, etc.

Pack outfit at Mire Creek.

Outfitting West of Rocky, 1910: The next I saw of the Brewster and Brazeau Collieries men was in the early days of September, 1910. Father had outfitted a man by the name of Earl Hill and me. We were on a hay flat near where Saunders Creek Coal Mine later came into being—to the east of that mine site. We were putting up hay on the chance that it might be sold to the railway and construction camps.

I was cocking hay in a small clearing when I heard pack bells to the east. Just as I raised a forkful of hay, Mr. Cory Weatherby came out of the willows in a high leap. His horse did a side jump and Mr. Weatherby just sailed on ahead, only to pile up on the solid ground. He got up, gathered the reins, petted his steed, mounted it, and hightailed it on to our camp near a small creek. That evening after supper when we visited Mr. Weatherby's camp, I said that I was sorry I had caused his spill and explained that I was raising the fork of hay when his horse spooked. He responded, "Did you see that? I thought we were all alone."

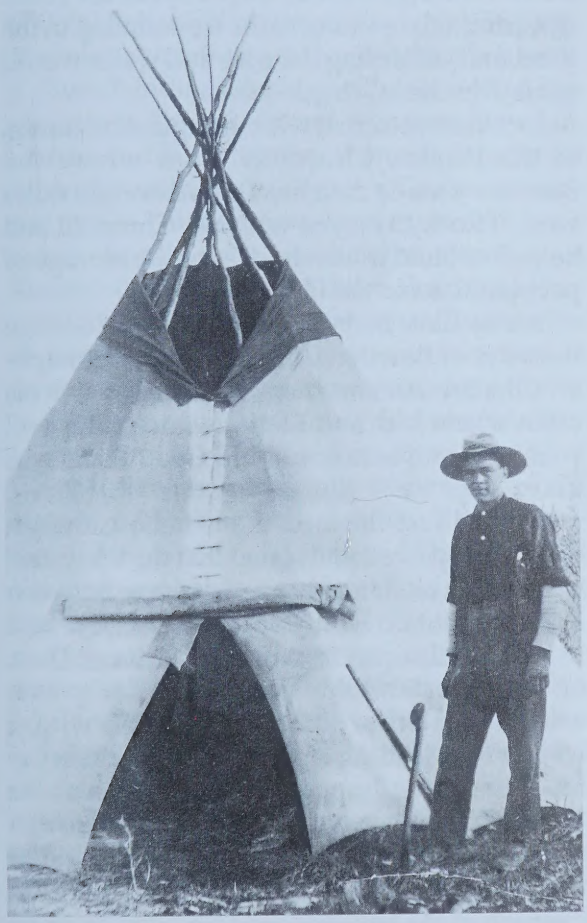
That pack train was loaded with some of the first freight to be packed into the Blackstone prospect, west of where Mons Forestry Cabin was later located. My Father hauled that freight to our home place from Innisfail. The pack train was loaded up at our place and Stuart Kidd went with the train. I remember, as they packed up the next morning at the hay meadow end of our camp, there were a blacksmith outfit, anvil, etc., axles and car wheels for mining cars and food supplies. They made a tent cache at the Blackstone prospect and left an old gentleman to guard the cache until spring.

To Nordegg, 1911 The next I saw of Stuart Kidd was the spring of 1911, perhaps about May 1st. He came by our place with saddle horse and packhorse, saying, that he was on his way to see how the cache guard was getting on. A good while later Stuart returned with the old gentleman who was pretty nearly dead from scurvy. By that time we had a Northern Construction Company tent and hospital on the east side of the North Saskatchewan River near the present site of Rocky Mountain House (1963).

Later in the spring of 1911, I left home at the age of seventeen years, to work on a Brewster pack train, packing for the Canadian Northern Railway survey party who surveyed the line to the Blackstone coalfield, first running a try line and locating back to the east of Saunders Creek at Ancona or Sunset water tank where they tied on to their main location.

Meanwhile a man by the name of Fraser located the present Nordegg field. My brother Eph was with that party.

The survey party was camped at Bow Camp, east of the Mire Creek gap. Later, Stuart Kidd came by and camped with a small party of two men and Johnny Constable, who all the early people of Nordegg should remember.



Ira Gray, age 17. CPR survey party, 1911.

We were camped later on Lower Mire Creek when an outfit camped across the creek from us, perhaps 150 yards away. We packers, Beau Gaetz, Chas Apperson and I, were in our teepee wondering who the campers were when I heard Stuart give one of his high pitched laughs. Then we knew beyond a doubt—It was Stuart.

Our next survey camp was at the mouth of Mire Creek, the last of September or the first of October. While we were there, a pack train came by loaded with Brazeau Collieries freight. It must have been billed for the Blackstone cache because I took a picture of the outfit for one of the party members, using his Kodak, as that outfit was crossing Mire creek. Just now, I counted the packs in that picture; there were ten packs. I also have another picture (taken with the same Kodak) of the outfit while it was stopping on a slope just west of Mire Creek gap. The picture shows the head packer "Old Dutch" in his moose hide suit; Harry Bertrand of Rocky and H. McDonald, our first Presbyterian student minister at Rocky of 1910, whose Kodak I used. At that time the Nordegg field was only a prospect.

While we were camped at the creek, we were getting low on supplies for the kitchen. It was decided that Beau and Charley would make a trip to Rocky for enough supplies to put us through until the Survey was completed or joined to the location near Ancona. I was to go on as far as Jackfish Lake (Alberta Central Survey Cache), and take back four packhorse loads to do until the return of Beau and Charley.

We had been experiencing a long stretch of splendid fall weather and in the morning, when we were to leave the camp, there was about six inches of wet snow and the trees were bent over the pack trail. Beau and Charley had to go ahead and takes turns striking the trees to loosen the snow.

As I returned from Jackfish lake, one of the man shot a fat, dry cow moose out to the north of where Alexo mine and #11 Highway are today. That was my first experience with moose. And, when we were through cutting up the huge carcass, there were four horse loads of meat including the slippery hide. That meat was a treat after we had been feeding on salt-cured meat. Eventually the survey was joined at Ancona and we packed out to Rocky Mountain House.

Red Deer Interlude As Beau Gaetz was a native of Red Deer and a brother of Tom and Hal Gaetz, he suggested to the chief that it would not cost any more to take the pack train to Red Deer than to hire teams to haul the camp (equipment), and in the latter case the men would have to walk or catch rides. The chief and cook rode horses along with the outfit, and we unloaded the train behind the Arlington Hotel at Red Deer. That was in October 1911. We pitched our teepee where North Red Deer is today. The horses grazed in the small poplar bluffs and on the flats. Beau kept his big bay, "Prince," in the feed barn in town.

Beau had told Chas and me how he used to rope the town cop at Red Deer and take Prince into the Alberta Bar for a treat of beer. As Charley and I craved some town recreation, we built plenty of smudges for the packhorses, fenced them so they would not burn their feet, and rode into town. We saw Beau coming somewhere near the Alberta, taking down his rope. Then we saw "Mr. Cop" making for a power pole, saying, "Now, Beau, Beau, don't do it, or I will have to arrest you, and I don't want to." After a while Beau coiled his rope, rode over and extended his hand. As Charley and I went on, they were talking over happenings and old times.

Back to Surveying, Fail of 1911 We returned with an empty outfit to the Holbrook cache of the Alberta Central Survey party. There we spent two days of splendid warm fall weather, making up packs to pack on northwest to the survey party.

The next morning we were to pull out, there was six inches of fresh snow and it was cold. The third day found us on the Nordegg River where we met (at camp) some Brewster packers from the survey party with a bunch of empty horses.

A Brewster packer from New York City, by the name of Charles Hone, took my place with Beau and Chas, and I returned to the Holbrook cache to join Jack Brewster. All the other men went out to Rocky. Jack and I shod four horses with "never-slips"—two saddle and two pack-horses—and took these horses, with saddles and all, over to the Saskatchewan River at the mouth of Mire Creek, then through the Saskatchewan gap and to Uncle George Brewster's cabins to leave the horses on the winter range. It was very cold. We were using a lean-to and an open fire for shelter and warmth. In going though through the gap, we used an old Indian trail that was very hard to follows. Both there, and on the mountain slope to the river, the trail was poor and seemed to take all day. Those smooth footed horses would lose their footing and down they would go, over and over—and end for end. They were peeled and bruised, but able to travel on. We found George's cabin by dark on the bank of the Saskatchewan River.

The cabin had been chinked with moss, but most of it was loosened in the logs, board floor, and roof. There was a four-hole cook stove, steel bedstead and mattresses. Indian-tanned cow and moose hides hung up on the walls. I had been sick all day. After tending to the horses, we went inside, but the cabin would not warm up. Jack made supper while I arranged our beds of pack blankets, tarps, and hides from the walls, and crawled under them. Jack gave me a cup of black coffee. Pack rats and mice amused themselves running over our tarp. I spent the night shivering and listening to the ice jamming in the river and wondering if the ice and water would come over the low bank nearby.

Jack and I returned with the four shod horses to the Horace Churchill place where the Brewster's made their headquarters eight miles west of Rocky. I stayed with Mr. Churchill and helped to build a warehouse for the storage of packsaddles and the like.

It may have been at that time when George Brewster of Bowden, Alberta, joined his nephews, the Brewster brothers, because it was at his cabin where Jack and I left the horses. He will be referred to, below, as "Old Geo," as he was called.

We had just finished the warehouse when Old Geo appeared and stated that the Brewsters were going to start a passenger stage between Rocky Mountain House and Red Deer. He said to me, "Boy, I'm putting you on as driver." Thus, on December 5th, Old Geo and I left Rocky with a team and an ordinary bob sleigh with a wagon-box, leading a good team of horses behind them. We dropped the extra team at the McLeod farm, north of Leslieville, for use as a relief team on our way back. We drove on to Red Deer, where I caught an awful cold from sleeping in the hall of a boarding house, operated by people by the surname of Waburn, whom we knew when they lived hear Stauffer.

When I left Red Deer the next day I drove a splendid pair of bays, a light, wide gauged bob sleigh with 2 ft. by 7 ft. runners, and three seats which held three persons each, blankets robes and foot warmers. It was a sixty-mile ride in one day. We left Red Deer at 7 a.m., called at each of the four hotels, drove straight across Sylvan Lake and changed teams about three miles west of the lake, took that team on to Eckville for noon lunch, and then on we went to Leslieville where I took the fresh team and continued into Rocky's "Old Town" by 6 p.m., and returned to Red

Deer, changing teams as before mentioned. If I remember correctly, the fare was five dollars. We hauled letter mail and express.

After two weeks a married man from Red Deer, by the name of Pete Gillespie, took my place. I was directed to go to Bowden and rejoin my old packer buddies, Beau Gaetz and Chas. Apperson, and deliver a coal prospecting party of five men to a place on the Blackstone, which I believe is now known as Nelson Flats. There is a splendid vein of coal in the creek bend.

Beau handled a four-up, Chas and I had single teams. On the second day from Bowden, which was Christmas day, we made Stauffer for the night and we were given a Christmas supper by the Ducommuns—turkey and all, on a candle-lit table. The next night found us at Rocky—that was the Old Town. From Rocky we went up the North Saskatchewan River on the ice to the mouth of Mire Creek where we camped for the night, on the second day out from Rocky.

That afternoon Beau's sleigh developed a broken bunk pin. He secured it with a log chain, which held without difficulty while we were still traveling on the smooth river ice. But, thereafter, on the ground the going would be rough and the chain probably would not hold. Something had to be done. But, how?

Freighting to the Nordegg Coalfield On my return to Rocky, Jack Brewster sent me with a load and the bay team back to the Cache at Mire Creek. Traveling with me were the men and two teams I had just brought up from Bowden, as well as a mule team driven by Harper Berry of Raven, and the old retired Clydesdales pushed by the lad named Ben. Jack put me in charge of the outfit and told me to move the freight from the Cache on Mire Creek into Nordegg. We were to load each team with 1600 pounds of freight and take three days for a round trip.

We would load up in the morning, camp in the spruce on Mire Creek, east of the Gap where we used a tarp for windbreak, and a campfire in front for warmth and cooking. The wind seldom blew hard at that camp, just enough to keep our eyes full of smoke. And every time we changed the location of the tarp, someone would suggest it would be better on some other side from the fire. From east of the Gap we would make Nordegg for dinner, unload and return the following day.

Dave baked bannock for each of our trips. Later Stuart Kidd was at the Nordegg cabin and cache and helped out on bannock. We would thaw out the canned beans, corn, peas, fry bacon and ham. That was the regular diet on the trail. Oh yes, rolled oats for breakfast for those who cared for it. One thing about oats is that they were easy to prepare and good if not burned. Dave moved to Nordegg to cut logs. I cannot remember who took his place as the cache tender, unless it was Stuart. All I can say is that it took us a good while to put all the freight into Nordegg. As you can see, a heavy amount of horse feed was used on the job. The sleighing was very poor. Then we camped at Nordegg and skidded and hauled the logs up to the building site, up near where the tipple was later built. The logs were cut on the side hill back where the Collieries stables are now (1963).

When hauling the logs to the building site at Nordegg. We arranged them in order on the sites where they were to be erected, end logs and side logs in place for each building. Later that spring of 1912, the buildings were raised by rolling the logs into place. The buildings consisted of the following: office buildings, large cookhouse and mess, bunkhouses, two warehouses, stables, and feed storage. Lumber was freighted in for the roofing and flooring of all the buildings.

As manpower increased during the summer of 1912, packhorses were used to pack needed supplies into Nordegg. I left Brewster Bothers in the spring of 1912 in time to do spring work at my father's home. That summer, Stuart asked me to transport men to Innisfail by team and wagon a couple of times early in the winter of 1912-13. I was asked to freight a load of baled hay by sleigh to Nordegg, which I did by employing my cousin, Wilfred Gray. He had the time of his life over those rough trails which were just freshly frozen up. Cory Weatherby was the mine superintendent at that time.

The Canadian Northern Railway steel reached Rocky by the midsummer of 1912. In the winter of 1912-13 a great amount of freighting was carried out from Rocky to Nordegg by contract. During my time with the Brewsters, the year before, freighting was paid by the day.

I put on a team, driven by Brother Eph. There were two construction camps between Rocky and Nordegg. When a sleigh was loaded at

Rocky, it went through to Nordegg by relay teams from camp to camp. Empties were relayed back for reloading, 4500 pounds to the load, on the river ice, as we did the previous winter.

There was heavy freighting up river to all of the Northern construction camps. There was a large camp just east of the Gap at the rock cut where Highway No. 11 goes overhead now. It was called Camp No. 172, which number represented the mileage from Mirror or Alex.

Jack Lawrence was given the warehouse job at Rocky. In early spring he asked me to take four packhorses loaded with emergency articles and mail to Nordegg, and then stay at Nordegg for a few days until letter mail were arranged for the return trip. I still have a picture taken at that time of Stuart Kidd, an office clerk, and myself.

After unloading the packs, and seeing that the ponies were provided with hay and oats (which was quite a change for them), I went to the mess room. It was supper-time, and a person in white cap and apron called "Hello, Ira." Puzzled, I stepped closer and found the challenger to be Johnny Constable. Later, Cory Weatherby took me back 500 feet in the No. 2 slope. Men in the pit were calling me by name, and they really had it over me with their dusty faces.

WESTERN STAR
by Danny Gibson

The Western Star began publishing in May, 1979, and has enjoyed steady growth with a loyal following of readers and advertisers. The "Bulletin Board," the "Question of the Week," the "Western Girl" and the classifieds are features which have been habit forming for readers. These features combined with local news (and club reports) by conscientious correspondents are the backbone of the paper.

Much of the editorial content of the paper is submitted, and the policy of the Western Star is to publish submitted articles with a minimum of editing. The end result is a weekly paper with a down home flavour. A side benefit to publishing articles that are written by "insiders," is a degree of accuracy that has become the hallmark of the paper. The late Paul Jenson paid the paper a wonderful compliment when he noted, "People read the Western Star who don't read anything else."

Many up and coming poets, writers, artists and photographers have had their work published in the Western Star, and the number of small businesses who use the paper to "drum up business" is gratifying to the publishers. The memoirs of local legends, Nayda Hallett and Dewey Browning, give today's residents of west-central Alberta a vivid link to the rich heritage of this region, and the Western Star is proud to be the publisher of these truly great stories. The Western Star is published at Leslieville by the original founders, Danny and Judy Gibson. It is a typical family business in that it kept operating, but not without some struggles. Production was a difficult part of the operation in the early goin'. We often worked twenty-four hour shifts on paper day. Every member of the family pitched in. On more than one occasion we woke the kids up in the middle of the night and said, "If you help us finish the paper you won't have to go to school."

All three of our girls have printer's ink in their veins and are in no small measure responsible for the successes we've enjoyed. Susan is now a social worker with a family services agency in Calgary. Jenny (Harden) is back helping us on a part time basis after taking five years to start her family. Charlotte's computer capabilities and expertise at typesetting and graphic arts have made her a valuable asset to the paper, and we hope she remains on staff forever. Lea Ann Maki has worked with us for nearly a decade, and understands how I like a paper to look. She also cheerfully accepts the inevitability that I just might change my mind after looking at a finished ad or a completed page. Val Margareeth joined us about a year ago, and her experience has been very helpful in the accounting department.

Mom and Dad, Gordon and Freda Gibson, helped a lot, from baby-sitting when the girls were small, to stuffing flyers and delivering proofs. Mom still does the proofreading and writes the local news.

Modern technology has helped us, perhaps more than anything else. It is now on computers that we set our type, develop our photographs, keep files of past papers...and do the billing. We no longer work past midnight, even on Mondays.

Starting in January of 2002, the paper, photographs, color separations and all, are sent to

the printer (Webco in Leduc) via the Internet. We are excited about the future ... but intend to keep the Western Star's attitude intact. It seems to have worked okay so far.

WHITESELL, Charles and Audrey

Whitesell Family. Back row: Doug, Audrey, and Charles. Front: Marianne and Gary, 1973.

We are both of early pioneering homesteader stock. Our parents came to Central Alberta at the turn of the last century from the American mid west, where poor crops were common and the urge to move on to new land was strong. I, Charles, was born on June 13, 1929, the fourth son of Delbert and Olive Whitesell on their farm east of Rimbey. I attended Wooddale Public School and Rimbey High School and then Vermillion School of Agriculture. I intended to make a career of farming.

Audrey was born on May 29, 1932, to John and Roseamond Anderson; she was the youngest of the family of two girls and four boys. She attended Rose School and Rimbey High School and soon after graduation started working for the Bank of Montreal.

Audrey and I were married on March 3, 1953, by Rev. W. E. Julian in his home in Rimbey. We started our housekeeping on the Whitesell farm east of Rimbey. I had been farming in the summer and working on oil drilling rigs in the winter months since 1951. However, we decided there was better money to be made off the farm, so in 1955 we left the farm, and I started working full time on the rigs. During the next nine years we worked pretty well over all Alberta, from Manyberries in the southeast, to Bistcho Lake in the northwest. I worked for various contractors, but most of the time for Commonwealth Drilling, and it was during this time that we came to live in Rocky Mountain House.

In June 1960, rough and dusty (or rough and muddy), those were the roads to the rig. It would seem bad today, but that was the norm for the oil patch in those days, so the Rocky area was no different than most of the other places we had been. However, there was one difference—the people. They were genuinely glad to see us come to live in their town, unlike some places we had lived. We were not looked down upon as second-class citizens, migrants or troublemakers. I shall never forget Mr. Joe Cony, in Cony's Store, being willing to cash my pay cheques. Sometimes he even acted as my banker when I was on day shift and couldn't get to the bank. We faithfully continued to buy our groceries there, until the store went out of business.

We now had three children: Doug, born in Rimbey on December 5, 1953; Gary, born in Rimbey on Jan 1, 1956, and Marianne, born in Red Deer on June 10, 1957. We decided that we had to settle somewhere for school purposes and, of all the places we had lived, there was none we liked better than Rocky Mountain House. We had lived in a house trailer since leaving the farm. Once we decided to stay in Rocky, we could hardly wait to buy a home. Eventually our finances, choices and availability came together, and we bought a new house in the A & K subdivision, on 56 street.

I continued to work on the rigs until June 1964 when I was hired on by Texaco Exploration, as a roustabout, in the Willesden Green field. Here I would stay in various capacities as a roustabout, operator, head roustabout, assistant production foreman, and drilling supervisor until August 1976. At this time, I tried self-employment, by leasing L. J. Titford Trucking's wood shavings baling outfit. Nice warm winters with little snow are great, but when you're trying to sell shavings for livestock bedding, it's

not good for business; there's no demand. One year of this, and I was ready to go back to the oil patch.

In 1977 I started contract operating the wells and the gas plant at ARCO 9-22-39-8 W5. Petro Canada later bought the operation, and I became an employee and stayed there until my retirement Dec 31, 1989. Once we were settled in our house in Rocky, Audrey and the kids could participate in the community activities. Doug and Gary were in Minor Hockey, Marianne in Figure Skating, and Audrey in Curling. Audrey won boxes of trophies. For several years her rink was "the rink to beat" if you wanted to win the Ladies Bonspiel in Rocky Mountain House.

Working for Texaco was all day shift work, and I too was able to take part in the local activities. Though not a hockey player myself, I found myself coaching little boys hockey teams and serving on the executive of the Rocky Minor Hockey Association. I also served as secretary of the Rocky Oilmens for several years. In 1973 I joined the Leslieville Elks and enjoyed many years of fraternal friendship and fellowship. I have also devoted a lot of time and effort in the political area; I am a Western Nationalist.

Our children now have families of their own now. Doug lives in Red Deer and has two girls: Janet, attending the University of Alberta (Engineering); Candra is in Grade 12, in Calgary, and Amy is at home. Marianne (Glen McDougall) has a daughter and a son: Shannon who is attending the University of Lethbridge (Education), and Scott at home.

Our family always enjoyed the outdoors, so in 1971 we sold our house in town and moved to an acreage in the Ferrier district which we bought from John and Marion Hunley. Here we have enjoyed raising and riding our own horses, tending the flower and vegetable gardens, fixing fences, cutting acres of grass, and all the good things that go with country living.

While we don't camp much in a tent anymore, we still enjoy a few days in the camper every summer and some fishing and a little hunting. There is still magic in sitting around a campfire and having a good old-fashioned sing-song, often reminiscing about the good old days, the good old dogs, and the good Old Strawberry Roan.

WIGGETT, Buster and Grace
written by their daughter, Dorothy Fink

Buster and Grace Wiggett on their 60th Anniversary.

Buster married Grace Wood on October 12, 1937, and they lived ten miles north of Glenboro, Manitoba. They raised four children: Reg, (October 1, 1938); Grace, (October 2, 1944); and the twins Dorothy and Doreen (January 26, 1949). Buster, my dad, was a grain farmer and raised stock.

I have heard many times how Dad took my mother to the hospital by horse and cutter, when she was expecting her baby. It was midnight and fifty below. Much to everyone's surprise there were two babies, myself and my twin sister. With two brothers, we grew up tough and had a wonderful childhood. There wasn't anything we wouldn't attempt.

Dad made us some very tall stilts that we could walk anywhere on. He encouraged us girls to compete at everything the boys could do, letting us have our turn to shoot at turkey shoots. When we were fifteen years old, he told us we were moving to Alberta. We both thought it would be the end of our lives, having to leave all of our friends and our dearly loved grandparents. We soon realized it was the best thing our parents could have done for us.

My parents sold everything including their farm, and we moved to Alberta in a black '57 Chev with a few valuable possessions, including our orange cat. Considering we had not travelled further than fifty miles at one time, it was a real eye-opener. Dad and Mom bought a ranch in May 1964 from Wilf Jarvis, forty miles west of Rocky Mountain House. There was power, but no running water. The house was small and needed a lot of repair. Dad soon changed the

house to accommodate the four of us. We rode the school bus eighty miles every day, over a very rough and dusty gravel road. Once we got to school our social lives evolved.

Dad restored a bunkhouse that was near the house, and we always had lots of friends stay over on the weekends. My mother is a very good cook and fed many people a delicious meal of moose or elk. Some never knew that it wasn't beef. Trust me, if they don't ask, you don't tell them. Something you soon learn when you live in the west country. Soon we had everyone we ever knew from Manitoba to visit. To them it was like going to a resort.

Dad intended to "just farm," but soon realized he would need another source of income. He guided with a local outfitter and very much enjoyed the outdoors, but it was seasonal. He hired on with the Department of Highways, driving a grader. He traveled from Nordegg to the Saskatchewan River Crossing, and he and Mom stayed in a government trailer at Windy Point and many other locations.

By now Doreen and I were working in town, and only coming home when we could. Mom especially missed us and all of our friends. She found the winters long and lonely. In 1968 Doreen married Bill McLean on September 6, and they had one daughter, Katherine Grace, on November 17, 1973. I married Arnold Fink May 10, 1969, and we had two sons: Gregory Arnold, born October 4, 1971, and Douglas Roy, born March 18, 1974. Doreen and I raised our families just west of Rocky Mountain House, and still live here.

My two brothers worked many years in the oil patch, traveling all over and living in many places. Reg and Clara were married on December 30, 1959, and they had two sons: Darwin born on January 13, 1961, and Warren born on February 14, 1967. Garry and Linda were married April 25, 1964, and they have three daughters: Jackie, born October 17, 1965; Patty, born on January 22, 1968; and Deanna, born April 8, 1974.

My parents decided to buy a house in Red Deer in 1969. My oldest brother and his family are living there also. Dad hired on with the Department of Highways out of Edmonton and covered the area from Red Deer to the United States border.

My mother, after being a housewife all those years, went to work at Valley Park Manor as a cook. She loved the job and adored the elderly people. She made their last few years more enjoyable, I am sure. They made a point of greeting her at the door, both coming and going from work. Dad spent most of the time away from home on the roads, and he became very tired of the job. He quit the job and became a carpenter. He did finishing work, and did an excellent job. He worked in private homes, stores and motels, and he was busier than ever. In 1981 Dad decided to retire and move to Kelowna, B.C. My mother dragged her feet all the way. She didn't want to leave her kids and the grandchildren. She soon found out that everyone was very eager about seeing beautiful B.C. We stayed two weeks every summer holidays with them while our boys attended hockey school in Penticton.

They bought a beautiful big house that wasn't totally completed, and there wasn't any landscaping done. Their job was to complete everything the way they wanted it. They had a very beautiful garden and yard. My mother canned eighty quarts of tomatoes, plus fruit and pickles, every year. That, too, was part of the attraction—visiting and enjoying the orchards. They had many good neighbors and friends. They became very active in the Winfield Club, and my Dad became very good at his horseshoe game. In 1986 he won bronze at the Victoria Summer Olympics, and he continued to compete and did very well at many more Seniors' Olympics. My parents are now 84 and 83 years of age and have decided to leave Kelowna after living there twenty years. Dad said, "it's time to be closer to our kids," so they moved to Rocky after thirty-six years away. On August 9, 2000, they bought a lovely home in Meadow View Estates in Rocky Mountain House.

They have had a very busy and fulfilling life together. Their home is always open to their many friends, relatives and neighbors. Now everyone from Kelowna is looking forward to visiting them here. We hope they will have many more years of good health and good times with their family and friends. They taught me that life is what you make of it.

WILDMAN, Jim
as told to Annette Gray

Jim Wildman was the son of Killian Wildman. Jim and his wife, Kathleen (Dixon), had thirteen children. Kathleen was the daughter of Esther Dixon and granddaughter of Mary Louse Dixon. Both the Wildman and Dixon families were among the "first" residents on the Big Horn Reserve.

WILDMAN, Killian
as told to Annette Gray

When Killian Wildman was a child, long before his people lived in permanent residences, his parents wintered on the Kootenay Plains which were almost always snow-free. The weather was usually very mild on the plains, but when cold weather came, Killian kept warm in the moccasins and coats his mother made from the fur of animals.

Killian's first home was a teepee. However, by the time he was fourteen, his family had acquired white canvas wall-tents for use in the summer. In the winter they lived in a log cabin which was chinked with mud to keep out drafts. At one time there were a lot of cabins on the Kootenay Plains belonging to the Stoney people.

Killian was the son of Joshua Wildman. Killian and his wife, Rachel (Abraham) had three children: Jim, who still lives on the Big Horn; Murphy who died in a highway accident and Casey whose death resulted from a rodeo accident.

Killian's son, Jim, and his wife, Kathleen (Katie) Dixon had a large family of seven sons and five daughters, all of whom go by the name of Dixon. Their sons are Gabriel (deceased) Bill (deceased) Joshua , Alfred, Stan, Thomas and Ivan. Their daughters are Freda, Marina, Rebecca, Dorothy (deceased) and Rachel. Jim and Katie's daughter, Rebecca, has recently become the proud mother of twins, a boy and girl, born in 2003.

Jim's uncle, Enock Wildman, was well up in age when the Big Horn reserve was established. As an old man, Enock lived out his days in a small cabin behind the home of his daughter, Mary, and was said to be over one hundred years old when he died in 1956.

WILEY, Gordon and Lottie
submitted by Annette Gray

Gordon Wiley was born in 1909 and worked hard all his life. He was well known around Rocky Mountain House, especially in later years when he was a regular cattle buyer at Cole's Auction Mart. Gordie knew his cattle, and if a certain cow caught his eye, you would hear him describing her, in a reverent tone, as "a good cow and a big cow, too."

Prior to dickering and dealing on cattle, Gordie worked for many years in the oil industry, putting together one of the most impressive oilfield firms in Alberta, "Wiley Oil Field Hauling." The firm which hauled "big rigs" to sites all over Alberta, was later sold to Magestic.

Gordie and his wife, Lottie, had three sons and a daughter: Bill, Ralph, George and Jeanette (Barnes). The community was deeply saddened when Gordie died October 10, 1985, as a result of a vehicle accident.

WILLIAMS, Reta M. (nee Fentiman)

Wayne, Cheryl and Mom (memorable bridge in the background).

Christmas 1934 was drawing nearer, and Dad and brother Malcolm were still away. It was the usual cold winter weather. We walked two miles to school in Rocky and trekked back to town in the evening for the annual school concert which was exceptional that year.

Near Opie Thompson's garage. Elmer Wayne Speight enroute to Confluence school uptown.

Earlier we had gone to a small country school, Brownlee, near Breton, but now we were in Rocky, and I was intrigued to see grown ladies and gentlemen still going to school—or so it seemed to me. That evening the high school girls were made up and wore lovely dresses and stood across the stage, singing several beautiful carols. This we learned later was also to shield the scenery for the next play.

However, Christmas Eve Day, still no Daddy. Anxious as we children were, Mom must have been really agonizing. After bringing in wood for the night for the cook stove and heater, we continued to watch across the drifted field towards the road. Then, when I was in the adjoining shed bringing in sister Marlene's frozen diapers, there were headlights slowly turning our way. Sure enough, it was Dad and Malcolm, laden with goodies from Grandma and Grandpa Fentiman of Three Hills. Accompanying them were two darling goats (our own Nativity). Our Christmas was bountiful after all. And there was truly something magical about that clear starlit night. There was a bow of soft white fur hanging from the eaves. Even as an eleven year-old, I had to wonder. Had Santa really been there?

Cheryl Moraine Speight, below railway bridge at Rocky Mountain House.

On a rare day in June, 1950, Uncle Noble Ettinger came to visit us at Rocky. He told us a player piano would follow. So, this was a wonderful event when the beautiful piano arrived. We saw the crate on Jim Winchester's truck with Elmer, John Winchester and John Rodtka steadying it. Since there was no TV, it was (and still is) phenomenal, and many beautiful piano rolls accompanied it.

Since then, this great gift has travelled many miles, from Edmonton to Rocky Mountain House, to Nordegg and back to Edmonton. Later it travelled to Omaha, Nebraska, Seattle, Washington, Oscoda, Michigan (Mamlstrom AFB), Great Falls, Montana, and now it is back in Edmonton. Having renewed friendships made in Rocky and Nordegg, the first question asked is, "Do you still have that player piano?." School friends of Cheryl and Wayne are especially interested in the piano. We're happy to add, it has stood the journeys well.

While the bridge was being built across the North Saskatchewan River at Rocky Mountain House (replacing Mr. Opie Thompson's ferry), no one was more interested than seven year-old Wayne Speight. He watched the construction daily, and was disappointed when the activity and machines moved away. He was even more annoyed when the brilliant orange primer paint was painted over with the traditional aluminum colour. The freight and mixed trains passing over

the railway bridge, to and from Nordegg, created a bustling atmosphere for us when we lived between the two bridges. The area is scenic, but we had great respect for the swift North Saskatchewan River as it swirled around the pillars. Today, any trip west usually means a stop, especially for Wayne and his wife, Judy, and Cheryl and her husband, Jack, and their families.

WILSON, David and Millie
submitted by Judy Conn

David and Millie Wilson came to Alberta and the Dovercourt area from Estevan, Saskatchewan, in approximately 1918. They brought with them seven children.

William Herbert (Bud) was Millie's child from her first marriage. Her first husband was Sergeant Mayo, with the Salvation Army. He was killed in a buggy accident before Bud was born. He used Wilson as a last name, so we assume that Millie had married David before he was born. The remaining six children were products of Millie's marriage to David. They were Byron Percy, Otis Mahlon, Vivian Pearl, Perley Clare, Arthur and Vern (Jack). An infant daughter, Fannie Mae, died at birth.

The family took out a homestead quarter. As the older children reached the age of majority, they also homesteaded in the Ricinus area. A frequent guest in the Wilson home was David's brother, Tom. Tom Wilson is well known for being the first white man to see Lake Louise. When he wasn't exploring, he would travel around and visit family. After two years on the farm, David Wilson decided that this life was not for him, so he abandoned his family and went home to Ontario. One year after he left, Millie received a letter from her sister-in-law informing her of David's death from pneumonia.

Millie and the children remained in the Dovercourt area. Years later, it was discovered that David had not died after all. He moved down into Michigan, USA, and started a second family. He had four or five more children in that "marriage."

WILSON, George and Helen
submitted by Helen (Wilson) Burn and Rose (Wilson) White.

Some time before the First World War, our father immigrated to Canada. Later (1915) he enlisted in Winnipeg with the Lord Strathcona

George Wilson and daughters, Helen and Rose in background.

Horse, and while in Scotland he met our mother. They were married in Aberdeen in 1916. Dad was wounded in France and spent a long time in hospital in Scotland and in Calgary's Colonel Belcher Hospital.

In 1921-23, Rose and I came with Mom (the second time for me), to join Dad in Calgary. He had been improving his homestead land and building a house. It must have been a slow process with a crippled arm. Neighbors, Tom and Bramley, and others may have helped.

By this time there was a train to Rocky Mountain House. Lucky us! At first we stayed at Slim

George Wilson first homesteadhouse.

Wilsons' home, 1932. Present owners, Lou and Doris Soppit.

Melton's Hotel. The outhouse facility came as quite a shock to two little city girls. In time we moved to the country. The summer road took us past Brockmans' place, left turn and past Hayworths' house. The west road past Cummings' farm was corduroy and lumpy to say the least. This didn't deter friends: the McLeods, Titfords, Parkers, and many others who came to pay us a visit. Once, on the way to town, a bad storm stopped us in our tracks; falling trees landed on our horses' backs, ending the trip.

The family increased when Lilian Georgina was born in Calgary. When it was time for me to go to school, Dad built a house in Rocky. Neighbors on one side of us were the Borstads, the Sims, Charlie and Nurse Stewart, Dr. Hill, Mooneys, Candys, while the Leggart family lived on the other side. You may know the house we lived in. It is the present home of Mayor Soppit and his wife, Doris. I can hardly believe how the town has grown and how beautiful it has become!

The Wilson girls back of house.

My sisters, Nora and Alice, were both born in Rocky, completing the family of seven. Our mom, a dressmaker by trade, continued to sew for us, as well as for people in town and the surrounding area. A war bride, she was one of many pioneers in the west. She, and other pioneer women like her, are to be admired.

We lived in Rocky for seventeen years and moved in 1939, finally settling down in Vancouver. We loaded up the truck (from Mat Bradshaws') and said goodbye to the "Rockies" as we knew them—we didn't know the mountainous "ups and downs" ahead. Dad wanted us to see some of Alberta and British Columbia, so he chose the narrow gravel road through the Fraser Canyon. It was quite an experience! We arrived in Hope (well named), and the country looked a little more promising.

It's hard to forget the Rocky sunsets, the rustle of the leaves in the fall, sleigh riding down Browns' hill and stars in an evening sky.

WILSON, Janet and family
submitted by daughters Kelly Coley and Tracy Ekelund

After living in the Arbutus district on the family farm since 1946, our mother, Janet Wilson, moved to Red Deer in 1959 to receive her post secondary education and pursue her career in nursing. As the saying goes, "you can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl." My mother followed her heart—she returned to her farming roots and her parents in 1972. She brought her young family with her: Tracy born March 28, 1963; Kelly born August 13, 1965; Kimberly born October 11, 1967, and Keith born April 29, 1970.

We have to wonder if the decision was also influenced by Grandma McLeod who wanted to ensure all her children came home to visit every weekend. However, we took the long way home with some stops along the way. From Red Deer we went to Calgary, from there to Crossfield, then to Carstairs, before finally settling close to our grandparents, Irene and Charlie McLeod.

We rented a farm house for a few months while arrangements were being made for our "new home." This turned out to be a house that was moved onto five acres taken out of my grandparents' quarter. My grandpa, then in his seventies, helped pour the basement for the house. Our neighbor, Don Buck, used his stack mover, pulled by his tractor, to set the house on the basement. It wasn't until the house reached the Clearwater River that the movers discovered the house was too wide to cross the bridge. The house had to be partially dismantled, in the pouring rain, before the entourage could continue. The rain had created a mud slide with the newly broken ground in our yard. With a few heart stopping moments, the house was finally set on its final resting place.

When we first moved into the house we had no sewer or running water. We hauled water from my grandparents' house, only a few hundred yards away. There never was such excited children as we were, when we finally had cold running water and a usable bathroom commode. At that time there were six children; my parents had taken in two of our cousins to raise. Slowly, the house came together. From two bedrooms, we suddenly each had a bedroom to ourselves, though we didn't sleep in our own rooms for awhile as we preferred to be in the same bed with our oldest sister, Tracy.

The Arbutus community was as rich with helpful neighbors then, as it is now. Raymond Ahlstrom assisted with the clearing of the area where the house and yard were to be. As all farm kids know, this created mountains of brush piles and roots that never seemed to end. The job that everyone wanted was running the tractor which was used to pull stumps. This privilege, as we saw it, was reserved for the oldest boys, my cousins, Sandy and Roy McIvor. That all changed when Roy lost the whole front end of the tractor in an attempt to pull out a giant stump.

Family bonding times were spent around the brush fire roasting hot-dogs and marshmallows after a day of picking roots or landscaping a yard. We had a very large garden which fed our family of eight and the many friends we brought home. Mom probably thought there were as many friends to feed as we thought there were roots to pick. Now that we are older, we can see the value of the hard work and working as a family—especially since we now have children of our own.

It has become evident Mom created a lifestyle and taught us certain ethics we wouldn't have had in the city. We grew to appreciate hard work, had fun and were protected by community and neighbors. Being in a rural neighborhood we learned to drive at an early age. Driving brought it's own reward. One day, just for fun, I decided to take a quick drive up the Arbutus road, before my parents got home. All went well on the road, but I was in such a panic to get back to the house before they got home, I went too fast, hit a pot hole, lost control and hit the ditch in front of our house. Unfortunately, I took out several lengths of Phillips's fence. To this day, I don't know who fixed that fence. I imagine my mother and older sister, Tracy, did, as I had conveniently slipped away to avoid the initial storm.

My sister, Kim, and I loved to ride horses and had many unforgettable riding experiences. We enjoyed riding with our neighbors, Sally Perry and all the Phillips kids, to name a few. Kim and I were daredevils on our horses, and it seemed those around us usually got hurt. I'm not sure why! My little brother, Keith, was particularly traumatized at the young age of seven. He was riding behind Kim one day, going very fast. Although they were flying flat out, Kim was still urging the horse on, and Keith, who had been hanging on for dear life, fell off. My mother didn't act on Keith's complaints until a day or two later, and then it was a tossup which was more painful, the initial break or the doctor rebreaking Keith's arm in order to set it. Keith really doesn't like horses now.

Until our barn was built we milked cows and kept pigs over at my grandparents' place. The older children carried out this task. Every morning at six a.m., Tracy was the first to troop over to the barn, carrying two five-gallon pails filled with hot water. On one particular morning she returned to the house on the dead run, announcing that she had just seen a bear cub in a tree in my grandpa's bush.

Our family has many memories of community picnics and barbecues. We established many friendships while playing on the Arbutus baseball teams and taking part in the annual Christmas concerts. It wasn't unusual to get off the bus and find a neighbor at our house, having a

visit. My Mom always kept the coffeepot on, so she could share a cup of coffee with friends and neighbors, and she still does—just in case.

Footnote: Tracy and her husband, James Ekelund, and son, Nickolas, reside in Sylvan Lake, as do daughters, Jessi and Chantelle. Daughter, Christal, is presently attending the University of Alberta. Kelly is residing in Salem, Oregon, with her children, Natasha and Mitchell. Kim and her husband, Al Breen, and their daughter, Beth, are residing in Smokey Lake, and Keith is residing in Fox Creek.

WILSON, Millie and Jack Ramsay
submitted by Judy Conn

Millie Mayo Wilson and Mr. Jack Ramsay (third husband).

Believing herself to be a widow, Millie Wilson then married Jack Ramsay of Dovercourt. Mr. Ramsay operated a general store in the area. He was known for his generosity to the local people, allowing them to charge their supplies in the difficult times.

My grandfather, Perley Clare, told us stories which painted a much different picture of Mr. Ramsay. He was not pleased to be responsible for the support of Millie's children.

Millie was a nurse and a midwife, delivering many of the children born in that area between 1918 and 1923. She also traveled back and forth to the mining town of Nordegg. She would stay for a week at a time, being the only source of medical care for the citizens of the town. In the winter of 1923, during one of her stays at Nordegg, Millie fell ill with acute appendicitis. With no medical personnel to care for her, she was put on a train back to Rocky Mountain House. She died en route. Her body was placed in a shack in a lumberyard until spring, since the ground was too frozen for internment. Perley and his brothers and sister took turns sitting vigil with Millie until she could be buried in the Rocky Cemetery on May 9, 1924.

Things at home went from bad to worse with Millie no longer there. Mr. Ramsay left the homestead, and once more the children were abandoned. Perley told stories of going out first thing in the morning to shoot something to eat. If no deer were to be found, they would eat rabbit or squirrel. In 1925, Perley, aged 17, and Percy left Dovercourt, walking to Raven, where Vivian had moved after her marriage to Verl Campbell. They ran the general store there. From there Perley made his way to Calgary, where he eventually became a member of the Lord Strathcona's Horse.

None of the children remained in the Dovercourt area.

(Bud) William Herbert left and served in WWI. He went on to serve in WWII as well.

(Jack) Vern married a woman named Eva. They eventually settled in Kelowna, B.C.

Arthur moved to Kelowna and had two marriages, first to Irene, and second to Melba.

Perley Clare married Carolina, eventually settling in Calgary. They had six children – Ramona, Iris, Gerald and Robert. Two girls, Dianne and Melody both died in childhood.

Vivian Pearl married Verl Campbell. They eventually moved to Edmonton.

Otis Mahlon married Queenie. They lived in Edmonton as well.

Byron Percy married Dora and moved to Ontario.

WILSON, Perley Clare
submitted by Judy Conn

Perley Clara Wilson.

My grandfather, Perley Clare (P.C.) Wilson, was born in 1908 in Estevan, Saskatchewan, one of the younger children of David and Millie Wilson. He came to the Dovercourt area in 1918 when his family homesteaded there and told us stories of growing up in the area.

One such story is about the winter he spent at a logging camp in the area. We believe it was in 1924, the year he was sixteen. He was a small person, but strong. The bunkhouse was full. The only way to get a bed for yourself was to kick somebody else out of it. Perley tried his darndest, but was just too small to succeed. He spent many cold nights, sleeping in a box made from the timbers he was hired to cut, lined with straw that he stole from the horse barn. When he had had enough of sleeping out in the cold, P.C. determined to move inside. He walked into the bunkhouse and picked out the smallest man there. It was a French Canadian, who was new to the camp. Perley literally attacked the poor unsuspecting logger. He told us that if the other men hadn't pulled him off the French Canadian, he would have killed him. He was that determined that he would no longer sleep outside. The poor fellow didn't remain in the camp very long after that day.

Another incident he told us about occurred when he was heading home from the logging camp, still in the winter. He was riding his horse along the Clearwater River. The horse slipped on the bank and they both ended up in the cold flowing waters of the river. Perley was fished out of the water by a group of local Indians. They took wonderful care of Perley and his horse until the weather warmed up enough for him to move on.

Perley left Dovercourt in 1925 with his brother Percy. They walked to Raven and spent some time with their sister, Vivian, and her family. From there P.C. made his way to Innisfail where he was able to jump a freight train and travel to Calgary. He spent some time in the Lord Strathcona's Horse, and was a disciplinarian and basic training instructor in the air force during WW II. He was stationed in Shilo, Manitoba; Toronto, Ontario and Calgary, Alberta.

Perley had one son, Raymond, from his first marriage, which ended in divorce. Raymond married a woman named Pat. They lived in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Perley then married Carolina May Salchenberger. They had six children: Ramona, Iris, Gerald, Robert, Dianne and Melody. Dianne died of illness at the age of two. Melody only survived a few hours after birth.

Perley Clare Wilson passed away in June, 1978. In 1976 Perley's son, Gerald, along with his wife, Jean, and their four children, Gerald Jr., Juanita, Judy and Joanne, moved back into the area. They lived at Ricinus and then Caroline, before moving on to Calgary. Juanita married Wade Noirot, son of Louis and Violet Noirot of Ricinus. She is the only descendant of Perley Clare Wilson remaining in Ricinus. Juanita and Wade have three boys, David, Christopher, and Bradley. David lives and works in the district. Christopher and Bradley are still living at home. Gerald and Jean now live in Irma, Alberta. Gerald Jr. lives in Calgary. Joanne married Dane Pedersen of Milk River. They live in Calgary as well. Judy married Greg Conn of Innisfail where they now ranch. They have two children, Tiffany and Devon.

WILSON, T. E. (Tom)
by Anne Belliveau

Tom Wilson (the First) came from Ontario. Born in 1859, he joined the North West Mounted Police in 1880, coming west with them. Later, he left the Force and became a packer for the railroad. He was Major Rogers' special assistant while Rogers was deciding on the best route for the railway to follow westward through the mountains (Kicking Horse and Rogers Passes got the nod.)

In 1882 Wilson became the first non-native to see what the native people called the Lake of Little Fishes, later named Lake Louise. Tom set up a horse ranch/trading post on Kootenay Plains in 1903. It became a focal point for early

T.E. (Tom) Wilson.

travellers and photographers to the Canadian Rockies.

This establishment was located on the south side of the River, where White Rabbit Creek emptied into the North Saskatchewan River. When the Bighorn Dam was being constructed in the early 1970s, these historic buildings were moved to the north side, as that location was expected to be flooded. The buildings were placed on the Flats where, in 1906, E.C.Barnes had established the Kadonna Ranch in order to raise pure-bred Clydesdale horses. This is also the same general area where the David Thompson party, including women and children, camped for three weeks on their historic journey through the mountains, in 1807. Mount Wilson, near Saskatchewan Crossing, is named for Tom Wilson.

In 1884 Tom Wilson and his friend, George Brewster (who made the Nordegg area his home from 1911 to the time of his death in 1937), began "courting" two relatives of the pioneer missionary, Reverend John McDougall. In 1885 Tom became a scout for Major Sam Steele, and took part in the Reil Rebellion. That same year Tom married Minnie McDougall. Tom and Minnie had four daughters and two sons. The two sons, Tom II (known as Ed), and John, lived in Nordegg and both worked for Brazeau Collieries.

John, who was an outside timber-man (working at the Brazeau Collieries Timber Camp) died accidentally (by drowning) in 1932.

Rene Wilson, one of the daughters of Tom and Minnie, was the Nordegg postmistress from 1922 to 1950.

T.E. Wilson II (Ed) was born in Morley, in 1892, and he died in 1973. Ed accompanied Mr. Nordegg on the exploration trip of 1910, when Brazeau Collieries was planning on opening the South Brazeau coalfield. It was in the fall of 1910, when returning east via Rocky Mountain House, that Martin Nordegg noticed the coal strata in the mountains where the town of Nordegg later was built.

Ed was an outside foreman at Brazeau Colleries from 1914 to 1920. From 1920 to 1950 he was a company official, manning the weigh scales. In 1918 Ed married Margaret Hall, whose family had come to Nordegg when the town opened in 1914. Margaret's father, Stephen, had begun working at the new mining centre in 1913. Margaret and Ed had two sons. Thomas Edwin the Third was born in 1919, and George Stephen was born in 1923. George was killed in WWII action, in 1943.

Tom married Marian McKelvie in 1945, after returning from overseas, and they had three children: Dorothy (Wilson) married Barry Legat > Korby; Nathan; Kalvie Gail (Wilson) married Peter Fetting > Jeret George Wilson married Nancy (Kelly) > Kelly; Brett; Hannah; Reagen.

Mrs. Tom Wilson's (Peggy's) parents were Stephen and Mary Ann Hall. Stephen Hall came to Nordegg in 1913, to work at the Brazeau mines. He and his wife, originally came to Canada from Whitehaven, in Northwestern England. They lived in Coal Creek and Ladysmith before moving to Nordegg.

Stephen Hall, who survived duty in the 1914-1918 WWI, was killed in the mine in 1923. The Hall children (eldest to youngest) were: Jim Hall, who became a pitt boss; William Hall, who was a miner; Elizabeth Hall, who married George Bainbridge (steam engineer) 1916; Margaret (Peggy) Hall, who married T.E. (Ed) Wilson 1918; and Andrew Hall, who was a miner.

WINCHELL, Keith and family

We arrived in Rocky on March 17, 1984. With a friend driving his grain truck, loaded with furniture, my wife, Elsie driving our car full of stuff and two kids, and me with our supercab with more stuff and two more kids, we left Fairview, Alberta, after school and arrived at our new farm about one a.m.

Winchell Family. Jan, Daena, Marty, Cindy, Keith, Elsie, Neil, and Kiersti.

We had lived in Fairview for almost 10 years. I had worked as a livestock specialist with Alberta Agriculture and Elsie had worked part time as a nurse at the hospital and for a time as office nurse for Dr. Doug Snider(disappeared 1998). Our family consists of myself (born/raised at Spirit River, AB) and my wife, Elsie (n. Jensen, raised at Standard, AB) and four children: Daena (1973), Martin (1975), Neil (1977), and Jan(1978).

I had decided to try farming and had purchased a broiler chicken operation from a family company called Starline Developments Ltd. The farm is about 3 kilometers north west of Rocky on the upper flood plain of the west bank of the North Saskatchewan River. The broiler barns as well as the house had been built by then owner, John Brouwer, in the 1970s. I had not raised commercial broilers before, so for the first few flocks the learning curve was very steep! With the family helping we managed to do fairly well in the business. We had a major setback in April of 1988, when a freak electrical problem caused the loss of 9,000 birds. It took several years to recover from that loss. I sold the broiler quota in 1997 and since that time have been contract growing broilers and raising broiler breeder pullets for several broiler breeder farms near Edmonton.

In addition to farming, Elsie worked part-time at the Rocky Hospital, and for a time as a public health nurse. She also worked for Red Deer College, as a nursing instructor, and also taught LPN upgrade courses. She currently works as a public health nurse. Over the years the kids progressed through Rocky Elementary, Pioneer, and Will Sinclair schools. Daena graduated in 1991 and went to the University of Calgary and the University of Alberta, receiving a B.Sc. in Physiology in 1995 and an M.Sc. in Nutrition in 1999. She spent time at a Bible school in Sweden(1995) and with a music ministry team (2000-01) touring northeastern U.S. and Australia. She worked for a time in nutrition research in Edmonton and currently works as an assistant director of Camp Kuriakos (year round Lutheran Bible camp at the west end of Sylvan Lake).

Marty graduated in 1993 and went to the University of Alberta, receiving a B.Sc. in Agriculture in 1998. He spent time at a Bible school in Camrose, worked at church camps in northern Ontario and southern Alberta, worked as a roofer and as an ambulance driver in Edmonton, and worked in the poultry industry in the Fraser Valley in B.C. for several years. In 1997 he married Cindy Fochler (Prince George, B.C.). They have just moved to Alberta where Marty will be working in the broiler breeder industry.

Neil graduated in 1995 and spent time at a Bible school in England, took courses toward a B.A. in Film Studies at both U of A and UBC, worked in a theater and for television in Edmonton and worked on some film production in Vancouver. In early 2000, he returned to Rocky to begin planning for a new theater. On May 18, 2001, he opened The Bard Theatre at the same location as the previous theater which had burned down. In August of 2001 he married Kjersti Kvello (Eide, Norway).

Jan graduated in 1996, went to U of A and received a B.Sc. in Nursing in 2000. She worked summers at Camp Kuriakos and after graduation worked for a time in the neo-natal intensive care unit at Foothills Hospital in Calgary. She currently works in the special care nursery at the Misericordia Hospital in Edmonton.

WINDLE, Roy and Margaret (Rahko) Windle

{See Rahko, Margaret}

WIRTANEN, Roy and Joy

submitted by Roy Wirtanen

This story is a follow-up to the Sam and Eliina Mikkila story.

My mother, Aila Mikkila, came from Teuva, Finland, to the family homestead near Bingley in 1912. My father, Matt Wirtanen, immigrated

1998 Wirtanen family portrait. Karen, Kevin, Kent and Tracy. Seated, Joy holding baby Anika and Roy.

from Kuortand, Finland, in 1929 and came to the Rocky Mountain House area in1942.

I was born in Rocky on August 23, 1943. My sister, Florence, was born one year later, on August 17, 1944. Our home, while we were growing up, was the "Mikkila" homestead, NE10-40-6-W5. My sister and I grew up in, what was still largely, a Finnish community, and when we started school in 1950 neither of us knew any English. We attended this country school for three years. Dad usually transported us the 3 miles to school, sometimes in the pickup truck, sometimes with the tractor and other times with a team of horses and sleigh. At times we even had to walk in snow up to our arm pits—uphill both ways—in minus 40 degree temperatures.

In 1953 we started to go to school in Rocky, riding on the bus driven by Doug Meston. Roads were terrible, and at times the bus travelled across farmers' fields because the roads were drifted in. This was due to all the brush along the road allowances that acted as a snow fence. Snowplows on the country roads were unheard of. A few years later, Bill Wright took over the bus run from Doug. In the late 50s, the condition of the roads in the area improved by leaps and bounds, because of the oil activity. During the summers, when I was old enough the major activity was helping out on the farm, especially getting the hay crops in.

I graduated from the Rocky Mountain House High School in 1962.This was the last graduation class from that school because the new high school opened up the next year. The renovated school is now the Rocky Elementary School. Jim Marshall, who had been principal at the school for all the years that I went there, retired that year.

After graduating from high school, I got a job at the Deerhome in Red Deer. I worked there until I started my post secondary education at the University of Alberta in the fall of 1965. I worked at Deerhome again, for a couple of summers between sessions. It was at Deerhome that I met Joy Zabok, the daughter of Paul and Lil Zabok of Calgary. We dated for a couple of years. In the spring of 1965, Joy and a friend she worked with left for Australia. They were gone for over a year.

On September 16,1967, Joy and I were married in Calgary. Joy got a job at the University Hospital as a Nursing Aide, and I continued my studies until I received a teaching degree in 1969. On August 19, 1969, our son, Kevin, was born in Edmonton. I moved our belongings to a teacherage at the David Thompson High School, while Mom and baby were in the hospital. We moved out to the "sticks." Joy was a city girl, having grown up in Calgary. She was totally amazed to see real live bar fights happening in front of the "lower" bar on Rocky's main street.

I started my teaching career at the David Thompson High School, in September 1969. Our second son, Kent, was born at Eckville on March 28, 1972. I had taken a transfer to the Rocky Junior - Senior High School, to teach "shop," also known as Industrial Arts, and later renamed Career Technology Studies. The school was renamed Will Sinclair High School about 1985, and I stayed there until retiring in 1998.

In 1973, we built a home in the Brouwer subdivision, just north west of Rocky. This became home for the family while the boys were growing up. They, along with a large number of other boys in the neighborhood, were into motorbiking, snowmobiling, and playing ball together. The boys' grandmother, "Nan," bought them their first motorbike. Going camping and fishing was a regular weekend activity for the family.

After I retired from teaching in 1998, Joy and I decided that we had been doing the same thing for close to thirty years and that it was time to do something different. We sold our place in Rocky and moved to the new subdivision at Nordegg. We are just now getting the place close

to being finished. I also drive the school bus from the Nordegg area to the schools in Rocky.

We have always enjoyed the west country. Rocky Mountain House and area has always been home. It is the best area, of the best province, in the best country. There is no place like this place.

Kevin graduated from Will Sinclair High, in 1987. He attended the University of Alberta for awhile, and then did a number of different things including a year with Canada World Youth. This included a few months in Indonesia. He married Karen Roth of Edmonton, in 1994. They have a daughter, Anika, born December 22, 1997, and a son, Ian, born April 19, 2000. Kevin is currently employed by Alberta Sustainable Renewable Resources in Edmonton (Alberta Forestry as it used to be known). Karen is busy looking after the children and her numerous other interests.

Kent graduated from Will Sinclair High in 1990. He attended Red Deer College and the University of Lethbridge. He married Tracy Lester of Red Deer in June 1998. Both Kent and Tracy are teachers. Kent is currently teaching in Delburne, and Tracy is teaching in Eckville. They live in Red Deer, and are expecting their first child, later this summer.

WOITAS, Vern and family

2000 Woitas family portrait.

Vern Woitas was born in 1938 at Estevan, Saskatchewan. He took his schooling in Lake Alma and after graduating went to work for Producers Pipelines in Estevan in November 1956. Darlene (nee Dedora), also from Lake Alma, was born in Bengough in 1941. We were married in 1960 and purchased a home and settled in Midale, Saskatchewan for 11 years. Four of our children were born while there.

Later, Producers was bought out by Dome Petroleum and in August 1971 the family transferred to Red Deer (due to lack of housing available in Rocky). For six weeks Vern commuted to work from Red Deer to Rocky until a new home was purchased at 5215- 56A Street in Rocky. The children were uprooted to another new school.

In the late 70s Darlene owned and operated Marian's 24 Hr Answering Service in their home. After that was sold she worked in real estate, at West View Lodge and then as a teller at the CIBC. In 1983 we moved to a quieter location at 6335 - 47th Avenue testing our skills by landscaping with wildlife. Later Dome Petroleum was acquired by Amoco and Vern took early retirement on December 31,1993. Currently he is contracting as a pipeline inspector.

Darren was born July 1961. He is living in Red Deer, working for Johnson Controls and has two children, Tyler (10) and Kristen (8). Barbara, born June 1963, is living in Red Deer also and working at the Alberta Hospital as a Dietician. Sheila, born July 1964, is presently living in Sherwood Park with her partner, Bob Magico, and two sons, Jordon (7) and Calum (4). She is also working part time at the Royal Alex Hospital as a lab technician. Tim, born May 1967, married Lenore (nee Booth) and is presently living in Rocky Mountain House, working for Petro Canada. They have one daughter, Taylor (2). Melanie, born in the new hospital at Rocky, June 1972, is living in Red Deer and teaching at Blackfalds.

The family all enjoyed the many opportunities and recreations Rocky Mountain House had to offer!

WONG, Curly

Curly Wong was another of Rocky's beloved characters. He was the tall, handsome, square-shouldered man of Chinese origin, who owned and operated "Deluxe Foods," a grocery store on the lower, east side of main street, across from the David Thompson Hotel. Curly's big charismatic smile won his customers over, as did his practice of carrying their groceries to awaiting vehicles. Curly married a local girl, Enid Williams, and they had two daughters.

WONG, Shorty

Shorty Wong, one of Rocky Mountain House's highly respected entrepreneurs, was of Chinese extraction and, during the 1930s and '40s, owned the "Modern Café," located on the east side of main street—about two-thirds of the way down. He was known as a generous, smiling employee who provided work for many local residents. Some of his waitresses were high school students working their first job; others were young married women, trying to keep body and soul together. Shorty seldom, if ever spoke of personal aspirations, but once or twice a year would accept a ride to Calgary from Bob or Tom Titford. After leaving Rocky, Shorty operated a restaurant in the Red Deer Bus Depot where customers and employees alike appreciated his cheerful smile and patient manner.

WOOD, Elias Wilson
submitted by Tracey Watson-Disturnal

Elias Wilson Wood, Gertrude (Perry) Wood, and Pearl Wood.

Elias was born May 8, 1873, in Elm Tree, Ontario. He was the eldest son of George William Wood and Catherine E. Parks whose ancestors were United Empire Loyalists and came to Canada in the late 1700s from New York.

Elias married Gertrude Perry on December 20, 1905, in Cloyne, Ontario. Gertrude, the daughter of David Thomas Perry and Elizabeth Delyea, was born on July 31, 1886. Gertrude's ancestors were also United Empire Loyalists who had settled in Canada in the late 1700s.

Wood Children. Catherine, Pearl, James, George, and Herald (center).

Elias and Gertrude moved to Alberta in 1917. Initially they lived and worked on the Bott family farm near Leslieville, before moving to Nordegg in 1918, where Elias was employed at the mine. On February 21, 1928, Elias died in an accident while working at the mine. Gertrude and the children remained in Nordegg where the children attended school, worked and married. Gertrude died October 3, 1938 in Nordegg.

Elias and Gertrude had five children: Pearl Frances, born on July 19, 1908, in Harlowe, Ontario; James Arthur, born on June 18, 1912, in Harlowe; Catherine Elizabeth, born on June 13, 1914, in Harlowe; George Thomas, born on September 19, 1916, in Harlowe, and Elias Herald, born on November 12, 1920, in Nordegg.

Pearl married Erminio Facco August 7, 1928, and they went on to have five children: Alfredo (Fred), Erminio, Antonietta (Nita), David and Rosalie.

James married Nora Moon October 30, 1935. They had two children, Ronald and Dorothy. Catherine (Lizzy) married William Walker April 16, 1935, and had two children, James and Joyce. George (Tom) married Angelina Vella June 23, 1939, and they had two children, Judy and

James. Elias Herald married Gertrude Zarimba November 22, 1949,and they had two sons Gary and Darrel.

Although the mine closed and the family moved on, Nordegg still holds very special memories. The family continues to return to Nordegg each summer and enjoy the area, the history and being together.

WOODWARD, Frank

Frank Woodward came from England in 1905 at the age of 16 years. He was in the first World War. He came to Rocky Mountain House in the spring of 1927 and opened a shoemaker shop. Some of the boys came to him and wanted him to start a Boys' Club. He sent them to Clarence Weeks and Alf Hooke who were school teachers. They started a group for boys from 12 to 16, called "Trail Rangers," supported by the Anglican Church. This was Frank Woodward's group. The jeweler, named Lou Pearson had a younger group for ages 8 to 12, called "The Explorers."

They held meetings every Wednesday just to learn whatever seemed important. Their scarves were blue and gold. A forest ranger named George Elliot had tents shipped down so the boys could camping at Crimson Lake. They were to camp for two weeks and each boy was charged $4.00.

George Candy and Harry Bertrand were draymen and they had a flatbed truck. After loading the boys and their camping equipment on the truck, they set off along the river to the MacDonald Hill. Then traveling towards Crimson Lake, they passed the old Crimson Lake School to a campsite on the south end of Crimson Lake.

Harry Leggett had a boat, so they took it and went up the lake to where the summer resort is now. They had two camps, one for the big boys and one for the smaller boys. The next day Mrs. Spoor, Mr. Smith and Mrs. Brown cut a road. It was cut from the road they came in on, angling north to where the boys were camped. I guess this was the beginning of the Crimson Lake Campground. George Candy and Harry Bertrand later built a flat-bottomed boat which was used by the boys for a long time. The boys who were camping that year were Alvin Brown, Harry Leggett, Eddy Good, Jack Beverage, Bob Spoor, George Brown, Willie Leggett, Harold Good and Art Fisher.

When crossing the river they used the railroad bridge. One boy, named Fred Barbee, fell and rolled down the high grade. When they got to him, he was dead. A minister, Pastor Vic Smith, held the funeral service. This was the year the Anglican Church was built. I don't know if this was the reason the club broke up, but it only ran two years before it folded. I guess it was the forerunner of the Scout troop which started years later.

(Frank Woodward, who said he was 96 years old at the time, gave this information to George Calvert on August 19th, 1984)

WRIGHT, Bill, Ivy and Family of Oras

Bill Wright's retirement presentation by Don Shaw (1973).

William Edward (Bill) Wright, was born in Butte, Montana, on Feb. 18, 1905 to Johan and Olga Raitila. This name was changed by Johan, (John) to Wright, as it was thought to be easier for others to pronounce. The family and some of their friends had heard of the cheap land in Alberta, and moved from Butte in 1907. The Wright family settled at Kuusamo and in 1914, moved to the homestead at Oras (NW 22-39-6-W5). At the time of his marriage, he had taken out a homestead in the Frisco area and built a cabin on it, but his new bride was not too keen on the idea of living in the cabin, so they made their home at Oras. Bill lived in the Oras district from the age of nine to age eighty-five when he died in hospital on September 9, 1991.

Bill was well known in the district, as a neighbour, friend, bus driver, hunter, and fisherman,

farmer, and a man who cared for his family. He always found time to visit with those he met, often entertaining them with a story or amusing incident. He spent nearly 20 years driving school bus in the Bingley and Taimi area. He always considered the kids he drove to school as "his kids." Getting them to school and home again was his main concern.

In his younger years, he enjoyed hunting. This was done mainly as source of food, but on one elk hunt, he met a black bear which wasn't about to retreat. After shooting the bear, he and his hunting buddies realized it was an unusually large animal, and decided to take it home to show others. Bill especially wanted to show his wife, who might think it was just another one of those "hunting stories." At the checking station Bill was told he should register it in the Boon and Crockett Record Book. It scored as 20 ¾, in it's category, placing it as # 49 (in 1962) in the World Record.

Bill married Ivy Hiitola of the Eckville district on March 24, 1942. It is interesting that both Bill's father and mother, and Ivy's father, Jack Hiitola and his first wife and family, traveled together to Alberta, from Butte, Montana in 1910. After Jack's first wife died, he later married Hilda Torsti, who was the mother of Ivy and her siblings. Hilda's family were homesteaders in the Taimi and Frisco districts.

Bill and Ivy retired from farming when Bill became 74 years old. But they always kept themselves busy, Bill "puttering" and visiting, and Ivy working in her flower and vegetable garden. Bill and Ivy also enjoyed camping and fishing in the west country. In August of 1980, Ivy caught the largest brook trout, that month, which weighed 1 pound 6 oz. Bill took this as a challenge to see if he could "beat her record." To amuse themselves, there was usually an ongoing card game in play between the two of them at the kitchen table. This was also amusing for anyone witnessing a game in session, since both Bill and Ivy had their jar of pennies beside them keeping track of their wins and losses.

A bit of excitement was added to their lives when Ivy won a brand new Ford Bronco on a lottery ticket. After that win, another contest arose between Bill and Ivy, which kept them entertained in their retirement years. Bill was seen purchasing lottery tickets on a regular basis, looking for the "big one," to beat that Bronco!

Ivy was a great cook, but it was impossible to get a recipe from her, as it was always "just some of this, and a little of that," until it "feels right." Her homemade bread was the best. There was always enough food on the table to feed anyone who dropped in. She also spent many hours on the rug loom making rag rugs, some of which are still in friend's homes. A green thumb was another of her attributes. It seemed like she could make anything grow, if she wanted to. Knitting socks and mitts for her family kept her fingers busy, as she ardently watched her favorite football, baseball, or curling team on T.V. In the summer she enjoyed watching her son and grandchildren play baseball. As of this writing (March 2001), Ivy is a patient in the Rocky Extended Care.

Bill and Ivy had two children Donna and William (Jr.).

Donna was born on Feb. 16, 1946, and married Tom Clark of McLennan, Alberta. They raised three daughters, Lee Anne , Lorna and Debra.

Bill and Ivy's second child, William (better known as Billy), was born Oct. 31, 1962. He still lives on the home place and works around the Rocky area.

WRIGHT, John and Olga of the Oras district

John and Olga emigrated from Finland, separately, and later met and married in Ely, Minnesota on Feb. 10, 1901. John worked in the mines here and there, but mostly in the copper mines in Butte, Montana. When hearing of more affordable land for sale in Alberta, John and some of his friends decided to take advantage of it. So, in the spring of 1907, John and his wife Olga, with their three children, Violet, William and Walter, (all born in Butte), along with Charlie Randall, Andrew Elson and Jack Hiitola, loaded their possessions in a box car and arrived in Red Deer, Alberta. John and his family went to their recently purchased farm at Kuusamo, previously owned by Reverend Oscar Hjelt, who John had met in Butte.

The only building on this farm was a one-room log shack, which they lived in for two or three years, before a new house was built. John

was still a miner at heart, so did not take to farming too well, and whenever finances dwindled, he would be off to the copper mines in Butte. He would hire other people to do the clearing and breaking and have them put in the crops on shares.

John's youngest brother, Victor Johnson, wanted to come to Canada as well. So John sent him the fare. In return, he helped with the farming for about a year. Victor wanted some land of his own, so in about 1907, John and Victor came to Rocky Mountain House. John filed on N.W. 22-39-6-5 and Victor filed on N.W. 34-39-6-5 . Both quarters were located in the Oras district. Victor built a fair sized house of logs, which stood on site for about seventy years, before it accidentally burned down.

Victor soon tired of mosquitoes, muskeg and wet feet, and still being single and footloose, he abandoned his homestead and went looking for higher, dryer, country. He eventually settled in Idaho, where he married, and raised a family of three girls.

In 1913, the John Wright family consisting of John, Olga, and their children, Violet, William, Walter, Florence and Mabel (the last two born at Kuusamo), moved from Kuusamo to the homestead at Oras. Their new home was a 12x14 tarpaper shack. They planned to stay here just long enough to "prove up" and get the title to the land, and then move back to Kuusamo, but they never left. A new frame house and log barn were built, and the land slowly was cleared and farmed. A newer frame home was built about 1932, when Bill married. The "old house," was moved back and forth a couple of times from another quarter, across from the Oras hall. This was the home of John and Olga. (It is also where Bill and Dennis Delaney were born.)

John had his steam engineer's papers, so he worked out operating steam engines, threshing machines and saw mills. When World War I broke out, he joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps and was stationed in Calgary for the duration. He finally moved his family to Calgary for two years. While serving in the Army, John sold the farm at Kuusamo to Matt Harju. After his discharge, the family moved back to the homestead at Oras, bought a few cows, a team of horses and some machinery.

John didn't seem to be able to forget his trade as a miner, and yearned to go back. Four years in the Army, the grub hoe and mosquitoes that went with homesteading did not suit him, so he went back to Butte and the copper mines where he worked off and on until 1930. By this time he was getting on in years and was quite happy to enjoy semi-retirement on the homestead . Olga and the boys did most of the farming during this time, with Bill doing the most of it.

The children attended school at Oras No.1 and later Florence and Mabel boarded in Rocky and attended high school there. Florence worked at Cony's Store, and later went to work for the Bank of Montreal in Forestburg, Islay, Rimbey, and in 1942, their main branch in Calgary. She retired from there in 1972. Florence was married to John Bower. They did not have any children. Florence died in 1996 and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery at Rocky.

Walter was a section man in the Brazeau and Red Deer subdivisions and a member of the I.O.O. F. Lodge in Rocky in 1926. He died at the young age of 21 in 1929, of a ruptured appendix and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

Violet died of pneumonia in 1917 at the age of 14 years old. She is buried at Kuusamo.

Mabel married Martin Delaney and lived in the Leslieville district. They had two boys, Bill and Dennis. Mabel died in 1938, when the boys were two and four years old. She is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

Dennis Delaney and his wife, Christine, live in Lethbridge ,Alberta. They have two boys,

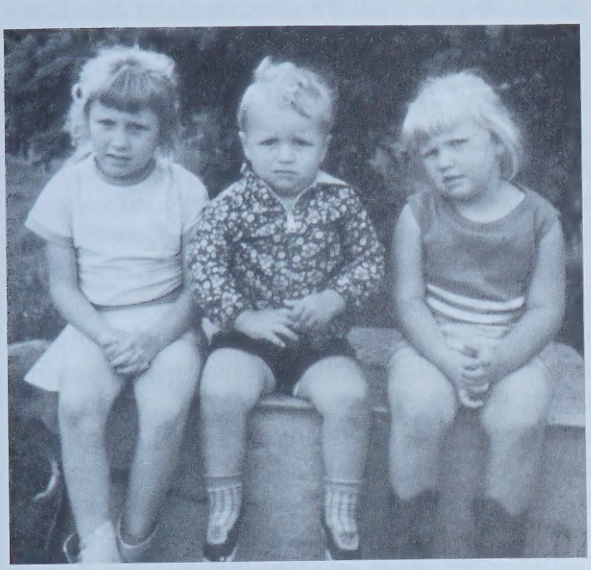
Michael and Terrance, and one daughter, Linda. Michael and his wife, Linda, live in Regina, Saskatchewan with their family. Terry lives in Calgary and has three children. Linda also lives in Calgary with her two sons.

Bill Delaney lives in Kamloops,B.C. with his wife, Vera. Bill had three children, Lyle of Edmonton and Steve and Kevin of Kamloops. Cindy died as the result of a car accident near Grande Prairie in 1972.

Bill married Ivy Hiitola of Eckville. They lived on the farm at Oras and raised two children, Donna and Billy. Bill died in the Rocky hospital in September 1996, and is buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

John died in September 1947, and Olga in July 1957. Both are also buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

WYLHUIZEN, Herb and Gertie



Carla, Shelly and Rodney Wylhuizen with dog, Betty.

I, Gertie Ham, immigrated to Canada in the year 1952 with my parents and two brothers. After losing my mother with tuberculosis, we were adopted out by Canadians. In 1953, I lived in Monarch with the minister and his wife, and later lived with the Canadian family and was adopted legally with the name of Parkin. From Pincher Creek, we moved to Bowness where I finished school and worked at Edith's Nursing Home. There I also worked for Dad's Cookies in Calgary.

Herb immigrated into Canada in 1956. I worked for his uncle who was already living in Cochrane. After that I worked for a dairy and

Herb and Gertie Wylhuizen with children: Carla, Shelly, Rodney, and Herby Jr., 1976.

grain farmer in Crossfield. Then in 1964, Herb and I met and we were married in 1965 at the Reformed Church in Calgary. We lived in Crossfield for a couple of months, and moved to the ranch called S-7 Ranch north west of Cochrane. We raised a family of three children; two girls and a son. In 1970, Herb and I decided to buy a farm in Rocky Mountain House, which we did. Our location is five miles south of town, on Everdell Road S.W. ¼ of 34-38-7-5.

In 1975, we had another son, Herby Jr. He was born in the Rocky Mountain House Hospital.

Our children's names are: Carla, Shelly, Herby and Rodney. Carla, who is married to Darcy Smith. They live in Rocky Mountain House and have three children: Travis, Jenessa and Chanace.

Herb's mother in front of Wylhuizens' log house, home for four years.

Herb's sister and children from Holland, with Carla, Shelly and Rodney in 1970.

Shelly is married to Gary Peterson. They live in Calgary and have two children, Jeffrey and Michelle. Herby Jr. is not married yet. Rodney is married to Kerry Willis and they have 3 boys, Shawn, Brynn and Liam. They live in Rocky Mountain House.

Wynn, Ken and Jackie

The Wynn family lived in Rocky Mountain House from July 1967 to July 1979. Ken and Jackie moved from Edmonton along with children, Perry, Brian, Trevor and Heather. Ken worked with Northwestern Utilities Ltd. (the gas Company). Ken's activities included working with the Rocky Mountain House Chamber of Commerce, the Volunteer Fire Department and the Kinsmen and K-40s—and is a life member of the Kinsmen.

Jackie was employed by the Mountaineer Publishing Co., for many years and was an active member of the Kinnettes. Both Ken and Jackie were involved in the Golf and Curling Clubs as well as other communities activities.

Ken was transferred to Camrose in '79 and later to Fort Saskatchewan where he and Jackie still reside, but now are both retired.

After completing High school in Camrose, Trevor moved back to Rocky Mountain House and married Debra Gray. They still reside in Rocky with their children, Nicole and Megan. Perry lives in Edmonton; Brian in Whitecourt and Heather (Jennings) in Fort Saskatchewan.

WYNN, Trevor and Deb

Nicole, Debbie, Megan and Trevor Wynn in 2002.

Trevor Bruce Wynn came to Rocky Mountain House in 1967 with his parents, Kenneth (Ken) and Jacqueline (Jackie) Wynn, his older brothers, (Perry and Brian), and younger sister, Heather. As Rocky's new "Meter Man," Trevor's father quickly became a familiar figure around town as he cheerfully made the rounds to everyone's home, reading meters for Northwestern Utilities—the gas company.

Having been born in Edmonton in the Royal Alex Hospital on January 16, 1962, Trevor was five years old when he arrived in Rocky, and remembers the thrill of making new friends, many of whom are still "best buddies" even today. His school days were spent at Lochearn, before beginning high school at RMH Jr.-Sr. High School. In his early teens he stocked shelves at Cony's at week-ends and after class.

When his father was transferred from Rocky Mountain House, in 1979, Trevor moved with the family to Camrose and completed grade twelve there, before returning to Rocky to marry his high school sweetheart, Debra Gray, on August 21, 1982.

Debra Anne (Deb) Wynn was born on Friday the thirteenth, January 1961, a lucky day for her parents, Dennis and Annette Gray. Deb has an older brother, Dennis Gray (Jr.); two younger brothers, John and Curtis Gray, and a younger sister, Janet (Gray) Dornan.

Debra has lived in the town of Rocky Mountain House most of her life, first going to kindergarten which was held at the Presbyterian Church (with her mother as teacher), then attending Rocky Elementary and RMH Jr.-Sr. High School.

When Deb was seven, she joined a Brownie pack in Rocky and ever since the Girl Guide organization has been extremely important to her. As a Brownie, Girl Guide and Ranger, she earned badges in all the major challenges, learned camping and survival skills and most importantly learned to think of others and give assistance when necessary. Deb's grandmother, Josephine, and mother, Annette, were her Guide and Ranger leaders. Visiting Baden Powell House (the Scout and Guide headquarters) in London, England, with her mother in 1977 was a wonderful adventure neither will forget. At seventeen, Deb became a Girl Guide leader in her own right and, as her own daughters work their way through Girl Guides, she has continued to volunteer her

time and service as a leader. On occasion, Debra invites her mother to a Girl Guide camp-out, then three generations enjoy tenting, horseback riding and hiking together—a real treat for all.

Debra began working with her mother, bookkeeping at Gray's Turbo Service, then worked as a bookkeeper for Baich Brothers, before joining Rocky's CIBC staff for ten years where she became a loans officer. Later, she worked at the Rocky Credit Union for six years.

In 1997 Deb decided her girls needed a "stay-at-home mom" and resigned her full-time position. She now sells Mary Kay from her home and works part-time at Peter Crosley's legal firm. Deb and her daughters are good cooks and take pleasure working on various crafts—especially cross-stitching.

Although Trevor is a licensed carpenter, specializing in cabinet making, he has his steamfitting and boiler papers and works for Quinn Construction at Husky's sulfur plant southwest of Rocky Mountain House. Trevor enjoys curling, golfing, biking and hunting. Last season he bagged an elk and filled the freezer with delicious steaks and roasts.

Trevor and Debra are currently building their own home, nine miles west of Rocky on land which once belonged to Deb's great-grandfather, Thomas Gray, one of Rocky Mountain House's earliest pioneers.

Trevor and Debra have two daughters: Nicole Cathleen, born March 7, 1987, and Megan Colleen, born January 14, 1989. Having attended French Immersion classes both girls are bilingual and enjoyed visiting Quebec on school tours. Along with their Girl Guide activities which has seen them camping, hiking, canoeing and horseback riding in various parts of western Canada, they both play clarinets in school bands. At the present time the family's only pet is a dog named Pooky and Nicole has an ever-growing, bright orange and red corn snake. Both Megan and Nicole enjoy English riding and look forward to owning their own horses when they move out of town.

YELLOWFACE, CHIEF OF THE CREE
by Pat McDonald

Chief Yellowface was the last hereditary chief of the Cree. The November day I visited his burial site, with the help of Cree historians, it was windy and cold. This burial site is adjacent to Prairie Creek, the last resting place of many of the early settlers, including Eliza Strong. Nearby was a major pathway of buffalo and aboriginal hunters centuries ago. There is much evidence of their passing with the things homesteaders report to finding, buffalo scrapings, fire broken rocks, and arrowheads.

As we started to walk up the hill to the burial site, I could see deer grazing nearby. The grave site is surrounded by a very old picket fence. Someone had carved a cross on one of the wood slats many years ago. There is no direct evidence that Yellowface ever became a Christian, but many of his followers and descendants did. Peace offerings surround the perimeter. Ocher symbols are painted on a smooth rock near the foot of the grave. In another place someone has tied a kerchief around one of the pickets. There appears to be at least seven other burial sites on the hill, but not within the fenced enclosure. Some say the graves are those of children. Others say that at least one other chief is buried here, but that is unlikely.

In the burial place of Chief Yellowface there is now a large depression. This was explained to me by one of the Cree interpreters. In the early days, before Christianity had any impact, these Cree buried their people, particularly their chiefs, on a raised scaffold. The aboriginal peoples were not "diggers of the earth" as the earth was much respected. Old time residents recall these raised burial mounds all over the area.

When Christianity started to have an impact, burial practices began to change. Burying meant into the ground. This was difficult for the traditional native peoples. So they compromised. What they did, and still do on many reserves, is to place the body in a shallow grave or depression with very little earth. Then they place logs across the open depression and then they cover the wood with dirt, thereby appeasing both customs. Chief Yellowface was the first cousin of another famous Chief, Jimmy O'Chiese.

ZANDER, Helen Travis (Stelfox)
submitted by Helen Zander

I was the ninth and last child born to Henry and Janet Stelfox. I was born on October 4, 1931, at home on our farm (on the outskirts of Rocky Mountain House), and was one of the first babies delivered by Dr. A. C. Greenaway.

1950 Confluence School Graduation. Back row: Don Bert, Henry Orava, George Carter, Bob Stronach, David Thompson, Jack Walker, Vic Wilson. Center row: Evelyn Rauch, Joan Brown, Eva May Murgatroyd, Dorothy Wilson, Ina Sinclair. Front row: Helen Stelfox, Roxiena Mortimer, Dawn Brierley.

I grew up on the farm, learning to milk cows at the early age of four. I spent a good deal of my time outdoors, tagging along with my brother, John, who was two and a half years older than me. John and I had great times together, and we seldom fought. If one of us needed a spanking, mother or dad may as well have spanked both of us, because we both cried. The only time I can recall getting mad at John ('Naw' to me because I couldn't say "John" when I first learned to talk), was when I was about five or six. John was teasing me, so I picked up a piece of coal and threw it at him. It hit him on the head and made quite a gash. I thought for sure I had killed him. I hid in the raspberry patch, and that's where mother found me some time later.

I had a happy childhood for the most part. There was lots of work to do on the farm, and each one had their own chores to do. As a general rule, mine was milking cows and carrying in wood for the stoves. I also had to empty the chamber pot in the winter. That is a story in itself! One day I was carrying the chamber pot down the stairs to empty it, and I let it "ride" on the banister. My sister, Janet, had just washed her hair in the kitchen, and was drying it. At that moment, the pot slipped from my grasp and landed upside down on her head. There was much shrieking from Janet—and from me, later on.

Our summers were spent helping in the gardens, along with our other chores. We had three gardens for several years, which included one or two acres of potatoes, a vegetable garden and a fruit garden. Mother and my older sisters were kept busy baking and canning. Bread was baked every second or third day, as I recall. The bread had to be mixed up one day, covered with towels and blankets, set to rise over night and then baked the next morning.

Many summer and fall days were spent picking wild fruit around the outskirts of Rocky. Mother would pack a lunch for us. We went off for the day, with pails in hand, hoping to return

The Stelfox house on outskirts of Rocky where Helen was born. Garden in front.

several hours later with our pails full of saskatoons, strawberries, or blueberries. I quickly learned not to eat berries while I was picking, because as soon as our syrup pail was full we could go home. One time I had eaten too many berries and was left behind because my pail wasn't quite full. I certainly didn't like having to walk home by myself.

I also remember lying on the grass with my brother, looking at the sky above, and making out all kinds of figures in the clouds. I loved the summer when we spent a week of holidays at my uncle and aunts' place at Bluffton; going down the lane with mother on hot afternoons; the picnics; the sing-songs around the piano on winter evenings, and lots of wonderful stories my dad told as we sat on his knee before bedtime.

I remember one winter morning, John and I were going to draw water for the cows from a spring well across the field. The well lay east of our buildings (east of where the Dept. of Highways site is now). We decided to tie the sleigh to the tail of mother's cow, Betsy, and get a free ride. The cow started off, but there we sat on the sleigh—going nowhere. Poor Betsy's tail lay on the ground with the rope tied securely to it. Apparently we had tied the rope too tightly on previous occasions and had cut off the blood circulation. So, the tail eventually froze. I was scared. We hid the tail in the barn, in the hay manger. Mother was horrified when she saw poor Betsy with a stub for a tail, and we had to tie a piece of rope on her stub to help swat flies in the summer.

Our house was always open to anyone, and our doors were never locked. My dad was the Indian agent. We often had native people in our home for meals. Sometimes they stayed overnight in front of our big heater in the dining room. We also had many visits from town drunks.

One dear old Cree lady, Mrs. Strawberry, used to come to our place in the fall. She would measure our feet with a piece of string. On her next visit she would bring a pair of moccasins for each of us to wear in the winter. She could only speak two words of English: "Please," and "t'ank you."

Dad sold the farm in 1942 to Kingersky's. We moved to town, to a house across the street from Dad's livery stables (where the White Elephant store is now). We lived in this house for four years, then moved to the top of main street, behind the Presbyterian Church (where Columbus House is now). This home was previously owned by Dan Ardell.

I received all my schooling in Rocky and graduated in 1949. That fall I attended the McTavish Business College in Edmonton. My first job, as a secretary, was with Credit Protectors in the city, and I worked with the Dept. of Agriculture at the Parliament Buildings. In the summer of 1951, I accepted a job as secretary at the Fairview School of Agriculture which was to open that fall. Due to illness, I returned home to Rocky in the summer of 1952. That fall I worked for Dr. Norman Mellor as a receptionist, and continued working at his clinic until the following May.

On June 25, 1953, Paul Zander and I were married in the Holy Trinity Anglican Church in Rocky. We took up residence on Paul's family farm where he had been born (June19, 1928). In the ensuing years we had two children: Patricia Ann (January 8, 1956), and Donald Carl (September 11, 1957). The children received their schooling in the Leslieville and David Thompson schools.

Pat married Donald Dirsten in 1974. They had three children: Darryl, Christy and Jeffrey. Don was killed in a tragic vehicle accident on March 7, 1997, at the age of 43. Pat and her youngest son, Jeff, are now living in Red Deer and attending Red Deer College. Darryl married Erin Ohmstead in 1999, and they are living in Innisfail where Darryl is a paramedic. Erin is

taking her final year in the Education at Red Deer College. Christy graduated from the Nazarene Bible College in Calgary, in 1998, and is married to Chris Babiston. They lived in Calgary for a year. Their son, Wesley Donald Robert, was born on October 30, 1999. In 2000 they moved to Barrie, Ontario, where they continue to reside.

Paul and I are now retired from farming, but our home is still on the same spot where Paul was born. We have enjoyed extensive travels over the years: Jamaica, Cuba, Hawaii, British Isles, Europe and South America, to name a few. Paul enjoys stamp-collecting, and I enjoy knitting, crocheting, and rug hooking. I am also a member of the Withrow Gospel Mission, the Central Alberta Antique and Model Club, and the RMH/ Nordegg History Book Committee.

ZENGEL, R. L. VC MM
submitted by his niece, Eileen Lawton

The official name of the Royal Canadian Legion in Rocky Mountain House is R.L. Zengel V.C. Branch #8. It was named for Raphael (Ray) Louis Zengle. Ray was born, the youngest of seven children, on November 11, 1898, in Faribault, Minnesota. His parents were from France and Germany. After his father died, Ray and his mother moved to Canada.

When war was declared, Ray, then age sixteen, signed up with the 45 Battalion in December of 1914, and was later drafted into the 5th Canadian Infantry Battalion in France where his daring qualities and good marksmanship won him a military medal. The official citation reads "His company was ordered to the front line to reinforce the attacking battalion and form a defensive flank, and when his platoon officer and sergeant were wounded and the platoon came under very heavy shell fire, he (Ray Zengel) rallied the men, assumed command of the platoon and led them forward to the new position, where he encouraged them in consolidation of the new position under very heavy shell fire and depressing circumstances. Throughout the entire operations his disregard for personal safety was a stimulus to the men under him."

Sergeant Ray Louis Zengel V.C. M.M. of RMH.

On December 13, 1918, Sergeant Zengel was invested with the Victoria Cross by King George V at Buckingham Palace. He was only 20 years old. In WW II, Ray served in the Army as a Regimental Sergeant Major.

After the war, Ray was a fireman in Calgary. He won a medal for rescuing a boy who was trapped under the ice in the river. For many years, Ray farmed about five miles south of Rocky Mountain House, in the Dovercourt area. He retired to Vancouver Island in 1969, and died in Nanaimo on February 25, 1977, at the age of eighty-two. Following a memorial service in Rocky Mountain House on Friday, March 1, 1977, his ashes were buried in the Field of Honour in the Pine Grove Cemetery. His niece, Eileen Lawton, lives in Eckville.

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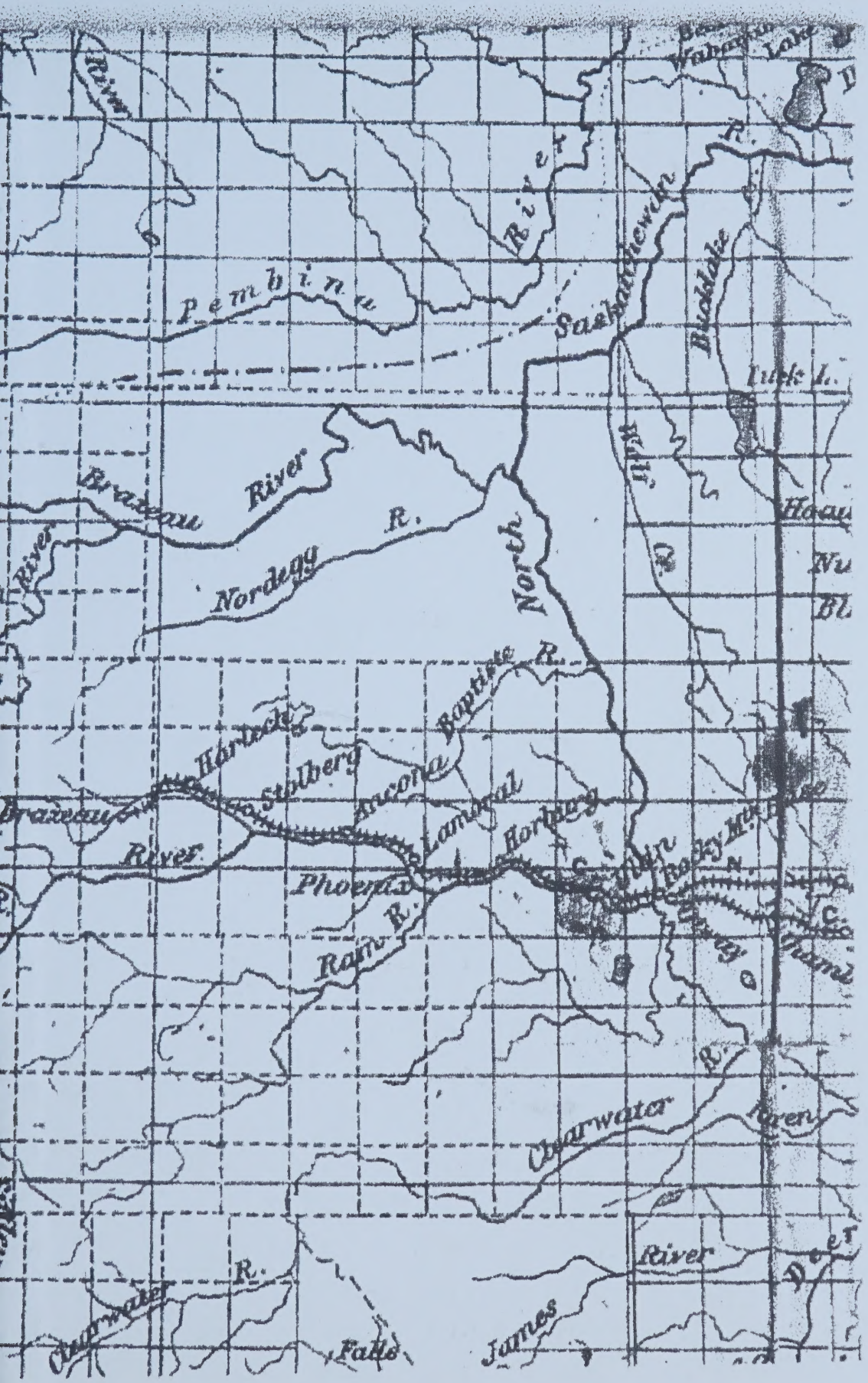

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